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## ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

COMPREHENDING

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VOL XI.

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APRIL TO OCTOBER, 1822.

Monthly Magazines have opened a way for every kind of inquiry and information. The intelligence and discussion contained in them are very extensive and various; and they have been the means of diffusing a general habit of reading through the nation, which, in a certain degree hath enlarged the public understanding. HERE, too, are preserved a multitude of useful hints, observations, and facts, which otherwise might never have appeared.—*Dr. Kippis.*

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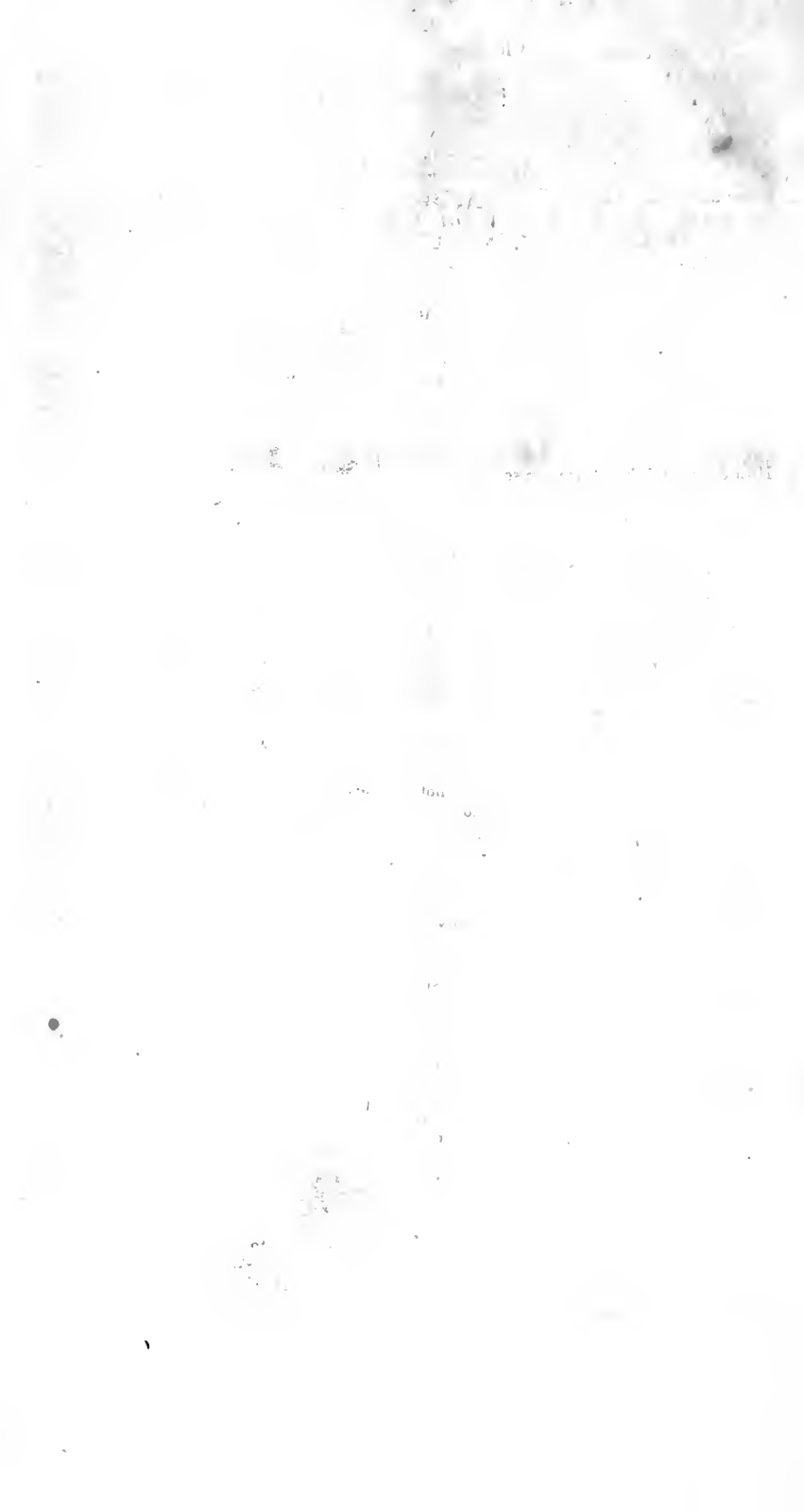
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# SPIRIT

OF THE

## ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

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BOSTON, APRIL 1, 1822.

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(London Time's Telescope, for April, 1822.)

### April.

Now Nature, to her Maker's mandate true,  
Calls *Spring's* impartial heralds to the view.  
Behold how lovely shine the gems of rain,  
Like sparkling diamonds on the glitt'ring plain;  
How hanging on the flow'ring shrubs they blaze,  
And dart beneath the leaves their silver rays.

**S**UCH is the general character of April; yet we have sometimes very sharp frosts in this month as well as in its successor, May. In the higher tracts of Persia, the balmy season of Spring advances with singular rapidity. During the months of April and May, every mountain's brow is covered with rich herbage, and the air is filled with perfume from the full-blown flowers of the numberless gardens: the whole country puts on its fairest garb, looking enchantingly, and breathing sweets from every quarter.

The love-laboured song of the nightingale is occasionally heard in the day-time in England, and all day in the *East*, and in some parts of Europe. An English traveller of the seventeenth century, writing from *Shiraz*, and inspired by the climate, says, 'the nightingale, sweet harbinger of light, is a constant cheerer of these groves; charming, with its warbling strains, the heaviest soul into a pleasing ecstacy.' The Persian poet, Hafez, a native of *Shiraz*, repeatedly alludes to the night-

ingale in his beautiful and truly Anacreontic Odes:—

In shrubs which skirt the scented mead,  
Or garden's walk embroidered gay,  
Can the sweet voice of joy be found—  
Unless to harmonize the shade,  
The *Nightingale's* soft warbled lay  
Pours melting melody around.

The Persian writers frequently compare their poets to nightingales; and, indeed, Hafez has acquired the constant appellation of the '*Persian Nightingale*;' to this the bard alludes in his sixth ode, as translated by Nott. The beautiful fiction of the Asiatic poets, that the nightingale is enamoured of the rose, has been noticed in the Introduction to our last volume (p. xlv); Hafez, speaking of our eagerness to enjoy the pleasures of the Spring, beautifully observes, '*We drop, like nightingales, into the nest of the rose.*'

Again, in his seventh ode, he says, 'O Hafez, thou desirest, like the nightingales, the presence of the *rose*: let thy very soul be a ransom for the earth, where the keeper of the rose-garden walks!' In the eighth ode, also, we have the following:—

The youthful season's wonted bloom  
Renews the beauty of each bow'r,  
And to the *sweet-songed bird* is come  
Glad welcome from its darling flow'r.

In the sixth stanza of the ninth ode, the bard again alludes to this favourite

fiction, which, literally translated, would stand thus : ‘ *When the rose rides in the air, like Solomon\*, the bird of morn comes forth with the melody of David.*’ In Ode XIII, on the return of Spring, we are presented with the following beautiful stanza on the same subject :—

The love-struck nightingale's delightful strain,  
The lark's resounding note are heard again ;  
Again the rose, to hail Spring's festive day,  
From the cold house of sorrow hastes away.

Sir William Ouseley, who resided for some time at *Shiraz* in the year 1811, says that he passed many hours in listening to the melody of the nightingales that abounded in the gardens in the vicinity of this city ; and he was assured by persons of credit that several of these birds had expired while contending with musicians in the loudness or variety of their notes. Sir William Jones records a similar contest, not mortal, but of extraordinary result. An intelligent Persian, who repeated his story again and again, and permitted Sir William to write it down from his lips, declared, that he had more than once been present when a celebrated lutanist, Mirza Mohammed, surnamed *Bulbul* (nightingale), was playing to a large company in a grove near *Shiraz*, where he distinctly saw the nightingales trying to vie with the musician ; sometimes warbling on the trees, sometimes fluttering from branch to branch, as if they wished to approach the instrument whence the melody proceeded ; and, at length, dropping on the ground in a kind of ecstasy from which they were soon raised, by a change of the mode.

In confirmation of the Persian report given by *Sir William Ouseley*, it may be mentioned, that, according to *Pliny* (Nat. His. lib. xc, 29), in vocal trials among nightingales, the vanquished bird terminated its song only with its life ; and *Strada* (lib. ii, prolus. vi) supposes the spirit of emulation so powerful in the nightingale, that, having strained her little throat, vainly endeavouring to excel the musician, she

breathes out her life in one last effort, and drops upon the instrument which had contributed to her defeat.

That nightingales have often been entranced through the effect of instrumental musick, appears from *Bourdelot's 'Histoire de la Musique.'* Nothing is more common (he observes) than to see the nightingales, at particular seasons, assemble in a wood, when they hear the sound of certain instruments, or of a fine voice, which they endeavour to answer by their warblings, with such violent efforts, that I have (he continues) beheld some of them fall, as if entranced, at the feet of a person who possessed what is called a ‘nightingale throat,’ to express the flexibility of a fine voice. *Bourdelot* adds, that, frequently, both nightingales and linnets, perched even on the handles of lutes, guitars, and other instruments with which it was usual for persons, about a century since, to amuse themselves at the *Tuileries*, in *Paris*, in the month of May.

The primrose now (*primula veris*) peeps from beneath the hedges.

#### TO THE PRIMROSE.

Mark in yonder thorny vale,  
Fearless of the falling snows,  
Careless of the chilly gale,  
Passing sweet the *Primrose* blows.

Milder gales and warmer beams  
May the gaudier flow'rets rear,  
But to me the *Primrose* seems  
Proudest gem that decks the year.

Darling flow'r ! like thee, may I,  
Dauntless view the tempest rise,  
Danger neither court nor fly,  
Fortune's bleakest blasts despise ;

Oppression's threats regardless hear,  
Nor past regret nor future fear.

APRIL 1.—ALL OR AULD FOOLS' DAY.

Formerly on this day every body strove to make as many fools as they could with ridiculous absurdities. *Fools*, in the modern or dramatic sense, were known in the church, and called also the *Vice*. *Shakspeare* makes *Richard* the Third say,

Thus, like the formal *Vice*, Iniquity,  
I moralize two meanings in one word. *Act 3, sc. 1.*

\* The Comparison of the beauty of a flower to the richness of King Solomon's attire, was, perhaps, a favourite figure among the Eastern writers, and may be found in holy writ. (Luke xii. 27.)



The Fool, Vice, or Iniquity, was a character in the antient Mysteries. There is a Fool introduced among the persons at the Crucifixion, in the great window at the east end of King's College Chapel, at Cambridge. Thus, perhaps, All Fools' Day was set up by the common, or by scoffers, in opposition to, or ridicule of, All Saints' Day and All Souls' Day, which happen on the 1st and 2d of November in the opposite season of the year.

#### APRIL 4.—MAUNDY THURSDAY.

The ceremony instituted in commemoration of our Saviour's washing the feet of the apostles is still practised by the Pope at Rome, and is thus described by a modern writer :— ' There are *thirteen* instead of twelve ; the odd one being the representative of the angel that once came to the table of the twelve that St. Gregory was serving. The twelve were old priests, but the one who performed the part of the angel, was very young. They were all dressed in loose white gowns, with white caps on their heads, and clean woollen stockings, and were seated in a row along the wall, under a canopy. When the Pope entered and took his seat at the top of the room, the whole company of them knelt in their places, turning towards him ; and on his hand being extended in benediction, they all rose again and resealed themselves.

' The splendid garments of the Pope were then taken off ; and clad in a white linen robe which he had on under the others, and wearing the bishop's mitre instead of the tiara, he approached the pilgrims, took from an attendant Cardinal a silver bucket of water, knelt before the first of them, immersed one foot in the water, put water over it with his hand, and touched it with a square fringed cloth ; kissed the leg, and gave the cloth, and a sort of white flower, or feather, to the man ; then went on to the next. The whole ceremony was over, I think, in less than two minutes, so rapidly was this act of humility gone through. From thence the Pope returned to his throne, put on his robes of white and silver again, and proceeded to the Sala di Ta-

vola : the thirteen Priests were seated in a row at the table, which was spread with a variety of dishes, and adorned with a profusion of flowers. The Pope gave the blessing, and walking along the side of the table opposite to them, handed each of them bread, then plates, and, lastly, cups of wine. They regularly all rose up to receive what he presented ; and the Pope having gone through the forms of service, and given them his parting benediction, left them to finish their dinner in peace. They carry away what they cannot eat, and receive a small present in money besides.'—(*Rome in the Nineteenth Century*, vol. iii, p. 139.)

In the forenoon of this day, the *effigy of our Saviour* is laid in the sepulchre in many of the churches at Rome, and remains there till Saturday at mid-day, when he is supposed to rise from the grave, amidst the firing of cannon, blowing of trumpets, and ringing of bells, which have been carefully tied up ever since the dawn of Holy Thursday, to protect them from satanic influence. During these two days and nights, hundreds, clad in deep mourning, are continually kneeling in silence the most profound, and in devotion the most fervent, around the illuminated sepulchre of their crucified Redeemer, over which they weep in anguish of spirit.

#### APRIL 5.—GOOD FRIDAY.

The drama of the *Tre Ore*, or three hours of Christ's agony upon the cross, is performed in several of the churches at Rome, on this day, and generally lasts from twelve o'clock till three. The ingenious author of '*Rome in the Nineteenth Century*' witnessed this ceremony as it was performed in 1817, in the church of S. Andrea delle Tratte, and thus describes it :—' The upper part of the church is arranged like a theatre, with painted trees, and pasteboard rocks and thickets, representing Mount Calvary. A little way down, two Roman centurions, large as life, dressed in military uniforms, and mounted on pasteboard horses, flourish their pasteboard swords. Higher up on the mount, on three crucifixes, are nailed the figures of Christ and the

two thieves ; so correctly imitating life, or rather death, as to be taken for wax work. Catholics say, Christ spoke seven times upon the cross,\* and at every saying a dagger entered the heart of the Virgin, who is therefore painted with seven daggers sticking in her breast, and adored as 'Nostra Signora de' sette dolori'—Our Lady of the seven Sorrows. The service of the *Tre Ore* is therefore divided into seven acts, between each of which there is a hymn. In every act, one of the seven set dissertations, upon the 'sette parole' of Christ, is read—or begun to be read—by a priest, who goes on until his lecture is interrupted by the preacher, who breaks in upon it at whatever part he pleases with a sermon (as they call it), or rather a tirade, of his own, which seems to be extempore, but which is previously learnt by rote. These dissertations drawing to a close, and the three hours having nearly expired, '*Ecco il momento*' cried the priest, and every body sank prostrate on the ground in tears ; and sobs, and groans, and cries, and one loud burst of agony filled the church—'*Ecco il momento ! Già spira Gesù Cristo !—Già muore il nostro Redentore !—Già finisce di vivere il nostro Padre !*'—(The moment is come ! Now Jesus Christ expires ! Now our Redeemer dies ! Now our Father ceases to live !)

At length the preacher cried, 'Here they come—the holy men—to bear the body of our Redeemer to the sepulchre ;' and from the side of the scene issued forth a band of friars, clad in black, with white scarfs tied across them, and gradually climbing Mount Calvary

by a winding path among the rocks and bushes, reaching the foot of the cross unmolested by the paper centurions. But when they began to un-nail the body, it is utterly impossible to describe the shrieks, and cries, and clamours of grief, that burst from the people. At the unloosening of every nail, they were renewed with fresh vehemence, and the sobs and tears of the men were almost as copious as those of the women.—Five prayers, separately addressed to the five wounds of Christ—first, the wound in the left foot, then that of the right foot, and so of the two hands, and, lastly, of the side, were next repeated. They were nearly the same, and all began, '*Vi adora, piaga Santissima*'—(I adore you, most holy wound.) The body of Christ being laid on a bier, decked with artificial flowers, and covered with a transparent veil, was brought down Mount Calvary by the holy men,—as the preacher called them,—who deposited it on the front of the stage, where all the people thronged to kiss the toe through the veil, and weep over it.† The congregation consisted of all ranks, from the prince to the beggar, but there was a preponderance of the higher classes.‡

#### APRIL 6.—EASTER EVE.

Particular mortifications were enjoined to the earliest Christians on this day. From the third century, the fast was indispensable and rigid, being protracted always to midnight, sometimes to cock-crowing, and sometimes to the dawn of Easter-day ; and the whole of the day and night was employed in religious affairs.

On the day preceding Easter Sunday, it is the annual practice at Rome

\* The seven sayings of Christ are as follow :

- 1st. 'Father ! forgive them, for they know not what they do !'
- 2d. (To the good thief.) 'To-day thou shalt be with me in Paradise.'
- 3d. (To the Virgin-Mary.) { 'Woman ! behold thy son !'  
(and to the apostle John.) { 'Son ! behold thy mother !'
- 4th. 'My God ! my God ! why hast thou abandoned me !'
- 5th. 'I thirst.'
- 6th. 'It is finished.'
- 7th. 'Father ! into thy hands I commend my spirit !'

† The body was made of pasteboard, extremely well painted for effect ; it had real hair on the head, and it was so well executed, that even when closely viewed, it was marked with the agony of nature, and seemed to have recently expired.

‡ See 'Rome in the Nineteenth Century,' vol. iii, pp. 146-152 ; particularly pp. 148-149, for some specimens of the very extraordinary *eloquence* used by the priest on this occasion.

to procure two or more Jews, or Turks,\* to convert them to Christianity, and confer on them the rite of Baptism. The ceremony is thus described by a lively, and, we believe, accurate narrator of the religious ceremonies, manners, and customs, of the modern Romans, whom we have before quoted in our account of the Holy Week. 'The two devoted Israelites prepared for this occasion, attired in dirty yellow silk gowns, were seated on a bench within the marble font of the Baptistry, which resembles a large bath, both in form and shape, conning their prayers out of a book with most rueful visages. Fast to their sides stuck their destined god-fathers, two black-robed doctors of divinity, as if to guard and secure their spiritual captives. The antient vase at the bottom of the font, in which, according to an absurd legend, Constantine was healed of his leprosy by St. Sylvester, stood before them filled with water, and its margin adorned with flowers.

The Cardinal Bishop, who had been employed ever since six o'clock in the benediction of fire, water, oil, wax, and flowers; now appeared, followed by a long procession of priests and crucifixes. He descended into the font, repeated a great many prayers in Latin over the water, occasionally dipping his hand into it. Then a huge flaming wax taper, about six feet high, and of proportionate thickness, painted with images of the Virgin and Christ, which had previously been blessed, was set upright in the vase; more Latin prayers were mumbled—one of the Jews was brought, the Bishop cut the sign of the cross in the hair, at the crown of his head, then, with a silver ladle, poured some of the water upon the part, baptizing him in the usual forms, both the godfathers and he having agreed to all that was required of them. The second Jew was then brought, upon whom the same ceremonies were performed; this poor little fellow wore a wig, and, when the cold water was poured on his bare

skull, he winced exceedingly, and made many wry faces. They were then conveyed to the altar of the neighbouring chapel, where they were confirmed, and repeated the creed. The Bishop then made the sign of the cross upon their foreheads, with holy oil, over which white fillets were immediately tied to secure it; he then pronounced a long exhortation, in the course of which he frightened them so that the little Jew with a wig began to cry most bitterly, and would not be comforted. This being over, the Jews were conducted, with great ceremony, from the Baptistry to the door of the church, where they stopped, and after some chaunting by the Bishop, they were allowed to pass the threshold; they were then seated within the very pale of the altar, in order that they might witness a succession of various ceremonies.—(*Rome in the Nineteenth Century*, vol. iii, p. 155.)

At twelve o'clock on this day, the *Resurrection* is announced to the people by the ringing of the bells of more than *three hundred* churches at once; the firing of cannon from the castle of St. Angelo; the blowing of horns and trumpets, the clang of kettle-drums, and every species of tumult. During the days in which the bells are tied up (from Holy Thursday to Saturday at noon,) the hours on which they are usually rung for prayers, viz. six in the morning, three in the afternoon, and at sunset, are announced by a little wooden machine, called *tric-trac*, making a sound similar to its name, but very noisy, with which some of the inferior clergy run about the churches at the proper times. Though the resurrection takes place on Saturday at noon, the fast is not over till midnight, at which time most good Catholics eat *gras*,—that is an enormous supper of fish, flesh, and fowl. A total abstinence from food, during the two previous days, is still practised by many, but the feasting is now more universal than the fasting. The priests are very actively employed, at Easter, in run-

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\* Turks are preferred, when they are to be had, but they are very rare. Eighty Roman crowns each are paid to the Jews, and all debts due to their brethren are cancelled.

ning in and out of every house, blessing it with holy water. Every Italian must at this time confess, and receive the communion.

#### APRIL 7.—EASTER SUNDAY.

On Easter Sunday, the grandest Catholic festival of the year, the church puts forth all her pomp and splendour, which are seen to the greatest advantage in the noble church of St. Peter's at Rome. The Pope assists at high mass, and there is a very grand procession, which, as it took place in the year 1818, is well described by the indefatigable author before quoted with approbation. 'The church,' says our observer,\* 'was lined with the *Guarda Nobile*, in their splendid uniforms of gold and scarlet and nodding plumes of white ostrich feathers, and the Swiss guards, with their polished cuirasses and steel helmets. The great centre aisle was kept clear by a double wall of armed men, for the grand procession, the approach of which, after much expectation, was proclaimed by the sound of a trumpet from the farther end of the church. A long band of priests advanced, loaded with still augmenting magnificence, as they ascended to the higher orders. Cloth of gold, and embroidery of gold and silver, and crimson velvet, and mantles of spotted ermine, and flowing trains, and attendant train-bearers, and mitres and crucifixes glittering with jewels, and priests and patriarchs, and bishops and cardinals, dazzled the astonished eye, and filled the whole length of St. Peter's. Lastly, came the Pope, in his crimson chair of state (*sedia gestatoria*,) borne on the shoulders of twenty *Palfrenirie*, arrayed in robes of white, and wearing the tiara, or triple crown of the conjoined Trinity, with a canopy of cloth of silver floating over his head; and preceded by two men, carrying enormous fans, composed of large plumes of ostrich feathers, mounted on long gilded wands. He stopped to pay his adorations to the miraculous Madonna in her chapel, about half way up; and this duty, which he

never omits, being performed, he was slowly borne past the High Altar, liberally giving his benediction with the twirl of the three fingers as he passed.

'They then set him down on a magnificent stool, in front of the altar, on which he knelt, and his crown being taken off, and the Cardinals taking off their little red skull-caps, and all kneeling in a row, he was supposed to pray. Having remained a few minutes in this attitude, they took him to the chair prepared for him, on the right of the throne. There he read, or seemed to read, something out of a book, and then he was again taken to the altar, on which his tiara was placed; and, bare-headed, he repeated—or, as by courtesy, they call it, sang—a small part of the service, threw up clouds of incense, and was removed to the crimson-canopied throne; and high mass was celebrated by a cardinal and two bishops, at which he assisted. During the whole of the service, it was observed that the only part of the congregation who were in the least attentive, were the small body of English, whom curiosity, and perhaps a sense of decorum, rendered so. All the Italians seemed to consider it quite as much of a pageant as ourselves, but neither a new nor an interesting one; and they were walking about, and talking, and interchanging pinches of snuff with each other, exactly as if it had been a place of amusement,—till the tinkling of a little bell, which announced the elevation of the Host, changed the scene. Every knee was now bent to the earth, every voice was hushed; the reversed arms of the military rung with an instantaneous clang on the marble pavement, as they sank on the ground, and all was still as death. This did not last above two minutes. The Host was swallowed, and so began and ended the only thing that bore even the smallest outward aspect of religion. The military now poured out of St. Peter's, and formed an extensive ring before its spacious front, behind which the horse guards were drawn up, and an immense number of

\* Rome in the Nineteenth Century, vol. iii. p. 163.

carriages, filled with splendidly dressed women, and thousands of people on foot, were assembled. But the multitude almost shrunk into insignificance in the vast area of the piazza; and neither piety nor curiosity had collected together sufficient numbers to fill it. The tops of the colonades all round were, however, thronged with spectators; and it was a curious sight to see such a mixture of all ranks and nations,—from the coronetted heads of kings to the poor cripple who crawled along the pavement,—assembled together to await the blessing of an old man, their fellow mortal, now tottering on the brink of the grave. Not the least picturesque figures among the throng, were the *Contadini*, who, in every variety of curious costume, had flocked in from their distant mountain villages, to receive the blessing of the Holy Father, and whose bright and eager countenances, shaded by their long dark hair, were turned to the balcony where the Pope was to appear. At length the two white ostrich-feather fans, the forerunners of his approach, were seen: and he was borne forward on his throne, above the shoulders of

the Cardinals and Bishops, who filled the balcony. After an audible prayer he arose, and, elevating his hands to heaven, invoked a solemn benediction upon the assembled multitude, and the people committed to his charge. Every head was uncovered; the soldiers, and many of the spectators, sunk on their knees on the pavement to receive the blessing. That blessing was given with impressive solemnity, but with little gesture or parade. Immediately the thundering of cannon from the castle St. Angelo, and the peal of bells from St. Peter's, proclaimed the joyful tidings to the skies. The Pope was borne out, and the people rose from their knees.'

The Pope's benediction this day, the Italians say, extends all over the world, but on Thursday it only goes to the gates of Rome. On Thursday, too, previously to the benediction, one of the Cardinals curses all Jews, Turks, and heretics, 'by bell, book, and candle.' The little bell is rung, the curse is sung from the book, and the lighted taper thrown down among the people. The Pope's benediction immediately follows upon all true believers.

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(English Magazines, December and January.)

#### MILES COLVINE, THE CUMBERLAND MARINER.

ON the English side of the sea of Solway lies a long line of flat and unelevated coast, where the sea-fowl find refuge from the gun of the fowler, and which, save the headland and the deep sea, presents but one object of attraction, namely, the cottage of Miles Colvine, the Cumberland mariner. The owner of this rude dwelling, once a seaman, a soldier, a scholar, and a gentleman, was shipwrecked on the coast about thirty years ago, and was the only living soul that escaped from the fatal storm. The vessel was from a foreign land, and something mysterious always hung over her fate and the destiny of her crew. The conduct of Miles Colvine was less likely to remove than confirm suspicion. He heard all enquiries concerning the ship and the

crew in perfect tranquillity and silence, and once only he deigned to answer, when a shepherd asked, "was it the blood of beasts I saw upon the deck?"—"No, it was the blood of men." From this time forward, no farther intercourse was courted by the peasantry, and he was allowed to construct a small hut, fence it round with a wall of loose stone, and occupy it, without any molestation. He seemed anxious to shun all intercourse with human beings, and sought and found his subsistence in the sea; for it was the common remark of the Allan bay fishermen that no man dipped a hook, or wetted a net, between Skinverness and Saint Bees, with greater skill and success. In this solitude, exposed to every storm that swept the beach from sea or land, amid

much seeming wretchedness and privation, he resided during a summer and autumn : winter, a season of great severity on an unsheltered coast, was expected either to destroy or drive him from his abode, but he braved every storm, and resisted all offers of food or raiment.

The first winter of his abode was one of prodigious storm and infinite hardship. The snow lay long and deep on the ground, the ice was thick, on lake and pool, and the Solway presented one continual scene of commotion and distress. The shore was covered with the wrecks of ships, the eddies choaked with drowned men, and the sea itself so rough and boisterous that the fishermen suspended their customary labours, and sat with their families at the hearth-fire, listening to the sounding of the surge, and relating tales of maritime disaster and shipwreck. But on Miles Colvine the severe and continued storm seemed to have no influence. He ranged the shore, collecting for his fire the wrecks of ships : he committed his nets and hooks to the sea with his usual skill ; and having found a drifted boat, which belonged to some unfortunate vessel, he obtained command over the element most congenial to his heart, and wandered about on the bosom of the waters noon and night, more like a troubled spirit than a human being. When the severity of winter had passed away, and sea-birds laid their eggs in the sand, the mariner remitted his excursions at sea, and commenced a labour which surprised many. The sea shore, or that portion of the coast which lies between the margin of the sea and the cultivated land, a region of shells, and drift sand, and pebbles, has ever been regarded as a kind of common, and the right of suspending nets, hawling boats aground, and constructing huts for the summer residence of the fishermen, has never been disputed by the natural lord of those thriftless domains. It was on this debateable ground, between the barren sea and the cultivated field, that the mariner fixed his abode ; but it soon appeared that he wished to extend his possessions, and augment his

household accommodation. He constructed a larger and more substantial house, with equal attention to durability and neatness ; he fenced off the sea by a barrier of large stones, and scattered around his dwelling a few of the common flowers which love to blossom near the sea breeze. The smoke of his chimney, and the unremitting clank of his hammer finishing the interior accommodations, were seen and heard from afar. When all this was concluded he launched his boat and took to the sea again, and became known from the Mull of Galloway to the foot of Annan-water.

I remember the first time that ever I saw him was in the market-place of Dumfries : his beard seemed of more than a year's growth, his clothes, once rich and fine, were darned and patched, and over the whole he wore a kind of boat-cloak, which, fastened round his neck, descended nigh the ground ; but all this penury could not conceal the step and air of other and better days. He seldom looked in the face of any one ; man he seemed to regard with an eye of scorn, and even deadly hatred ; but on women he looked with softness and regard, and when he happened to meet a mother and child he gazed on them with something of settled sorrow and affection. He once made a full stop, and gazed on a beautiful girl of four or five years old, who was gathering primroses on the margin of the Nith ; the child, alarmed at his uncouth appearance, shrieked and fell in its fright into the deep stream ; the mariner made but one spring from the bank into the river,—saved the child, replaced it in its mother's bosom, and resumed his journey, apparently unconscious that he had done aught remarkable. Ever after this the children of Dumfries pursued him with the hue and cry, "Eh ! come and see the wild bearded man, who saved Mary Lawson." On another occasion, I was hunting on the Scottish mountain of Criffel, and having reached its summit I sat down to look around on the prospect of sea and land below me, and take some refreshment. At a little distance I saw somewhat like the fig-



ure of a human being, bedded in the heath, and lying looking on the Solway from a projecting rock, so still and motionless that he seemed dead. I went near; it was Miles Colvine: he seemed unconscious of my approach, and, looking stedfastly on the sea, remained fixed, and muttering, as long as I continued on the mountain. Indeed, wherever he went he talked more like a man holding communion with his own mind, than one sharing his thoughts with others, and the general purport of such imperfect sentences as could be heard was that he had vowed many men should perish for some irreparable wrong they had offered to a lady. Sometimes he spoke of the lady as his wife, or his love, and the men he had doomed to destruction as the lawless crew of his own vessel. At other times he addressed his seamen as spirits whom he had sent to be tortured for wrongs done in the body, and his lady as an angel that still visited his daily dreams and his nightly visions. Thro' the whole the cry of revenge, and the sense of deep injury, were heard and understood by all.

When Miles Colvine had fairly finished his new residence, and the flowers and fruits had returned to field and tree, he was observed to launch his boat: this was a common occurrence, but a small lair of sheep-skins, a jar of water, and some dried fish, called kippered salmon by the Scotch, looked like preparation for a long journey. The journey was begun, for he was seen scudding away southward, by the light of the stars, and no more was seen or heard of him for some time. Day after day his door continued shut, his chimney ceased to smoke, and his nets hung unemployed. At length the revenue cutter from Saint Bees arrived at Allanbay, to land a cargo of fine Hollands which the officers had taken from an Irish smuggler, between Carrickfergus and the Isle of Man. They had been terribly alarmed, they said, on their way, by the appearance, about the third watch of the night, of a visionary boat navigated by a bearded fiend, which scudded with supernatural swiftness along the surface of the wa-

ter. This tale, with all the variations which a poetical peasantry readily supply, found its way from cottage to hamlet, and from hamlet to hall. Old men shook their heads, and talked of the exploits of the great fiend by sea and land, and wished that good might happen to Old England from the visit of such a circumnavigator. Others, who were willing to believe that the apparition was Miles Colvine on a coasting voyage, seemed no less ready to confound the maritime recluse with an evil being who had murdered a whole ship's crew, sunk their ship, and dwelt on the coast of "cannie Cumberland," for the express purpose of raising storms, shaking corn, and making unwedded mothers of half the fair damsels between Sarkfoot and Saint Bees. Several misfortunes of the latter kind, which happened about this time, confirmed this suspicion, and his departure from the coast was as welcome as rain to the farmer after a long drought.

About a fortnight after this event, I happened to be on a moonlight excursion by water, as far as the ruined castle of Comlongan. I was accompanied by an idle friend or two, and, on our return we allowed the receding tide to carry us along the Cumberland coast, till we came nearly opposite the cottage of Miles Colvine. As we directed our boat to the shelter of a small bank, I observed a light glimmering in the mariner's house, and landing and approaching closer, I saw plainly the shadows of two persons, one tall and manly, the other slim and sylphlike, passing and repassing on the wall. I soon obtained a fairer view. I saw the mariner himself, his dress once rude and sordid was replaced by one of the coarsest materials, but remarkably clean, his beard was removed, and his hair, once matted and wild, now hung orderly about his neck and temples. The natural colour was black, but snow-white locks now predominated; his look was hale, but sorrowful, and he seemed about forty years of age. The figure of the creature that accompanied him was much too tender and beautiful to last long in a situation so rude and unprotected as

the cottage of a fisherman. It was a female, richly dressed, and of a beauty so exquisite, and a look so full of sweetness and grace, that the rude scene around was not wanted to exalt her above all other maidens I had ever seen. She glided about the cottage, arranging the various articles of furniture, and passing two white hands, out-rivalling the fairest creations of the sculptor, over the rude chairs and tables, and every moment giving a glance at the mariner, like one who took delight in pleasing him, and seemed to work for his sake. And he was pleased. I saw him smile, and no one had ever seen him smile before; he passed his hand over the long clustering tresses of the maiden; caused her to sit down beside him, and looked on her face, which outgrowing the child had not yet grown into woman, with a look of affection, and reverence and joy.

I was pondering on what I witnessed, and imagining an interview with the unhappy mariner and his beautiful child, for such his companion was, when I observed the latter take out a small musical instrument from a chest, and touching its well-ordered strings with a light and a ready hand, she played several of the simple and plaintive airs so common among the peasantry of the Scottish and English coasts. After a pause she resumed her instrument, and, to an air singularly wild and melancholy, sang the following ballad, which relates to the story of her father's and mother's misfortunes; but the minstrel has observed a mystery in his narrative which excites suspicion rather than gratifies curiosity.

#### O MARINER, O MARINER.

O mariner, O mariner,  
When will our gallant men  
Make our cliffs and woodlands ring  
With their homeward hail agen;  
Full fifteen paced the stately deck,  
And fifteen stood below,  
And maidens waved them from the shore,  
With hands more white than snow;  
All underneath them flash'd the wave,  
The sun laugh'd out aboon,  
Will they come bounding homeward,  
By the waning of yon moon?

#### 2.

O maid, the moon shines lovely down,  
The stars all brightly burn,  
And they may shine till doomsday comes,  
Ere your true love return;  
O'er his white forehead roll the waves,  
The wind sighs lone and low,  
And the cry the sea-fowl uttereth  
Is one of wail and woe;  
So wail they on, I tell thee, maid,  
One of thy tresses dark  
Is worth all the souls who perish'd  
In that good and gallant bark.

#### 3.

O mariner, O mariner,  
It's whispered in the hall,  
And sung upon the mountain side  
Among our maidens all,  
That the waves which fill the measure  
Of that wide and fatal flood,  
Cannot cleanse the decks of thy good ship  
Or wash thy hands from blood;  
And sailors meet, and shake their heads,  
And ere they sunder say,  
God keep us from Miles Colvine,  
On the the wide and watery way.

#### 4.

And up then spoke he, Miles Colvine,  
His thigh thus smiting soon,  
By all that's dark aneath the deep,  
By all that's bright aboon,  
By all that's blessed on the earth,  
Or blessed on the flood,  
And by my sharp and stalwart blade  
That revel'd in their blood—  
I could not spare them; for there came  
My loved one's spirit nigh,  
With a shriek of joy at every stroke  
That doom'd her foes to die.

#### 5.

"O mariner, O mariner,  
There was a lovely dame,  
Went down with thee unto the deep,  
And left her father's name"—  
His dark eyes like a thunder cloud  
Did rain and lighten fast,  
And, oh, his bold and martial face  
All grimly grew and ghast:  
I loved her, and those evil men  
Wrong'd her as far we ranged;  
But were ever woman's woes or wrongs  
More fearfully avenged?

The ballad had proceeded thus far, when a band of smugglers from the coasts of Ireland and Scotland, uniting the reckless desperation of the former with the craft and tact of the latter, attracted by the secure and naked coast, and perhaps by the lonely house, which presented hope of plunder with little appearance of resistance, landed to the number of seven, and leaping over the

exterior wall, seized the door and shook it violently, calling loudly for admittance. I lay down with my two companions behind a small hedge of furze, to see the issue of this visit, for at that time I imagined the mariner maintained some mysterious correspondence with these fierce and lawless men. "Open the door," said one, in a strong Irish accent, "or by the powers I'll blow your cabin to peelings of potatoes about your ears, my darlings."—"Hout, Patrick, or what's your name," said one of his comrades in Lowland Scotch, "ye mauna gang that rough way to wark, we maun speak kindly and cannie, man, till we get in our hand, and then we can take it a' our ain way, like Willie Wilson's sow, when she ran off with the knife in her neck." The mariner, on hearing this dialogue, prepared himself for resistance, like one perfectly well acquainted with such rencounters. With a sword in one hand, a cocked pistol in the other, and a brace in his belt, he posted himself behind the door, and in a low voice admonished his daughter to retire to a little chamber constructed for her accommodation. With a voice which, though quivering with emotion, lost nothing of its native sweetness, the young maiden answered, "Oh let me be near you?—let me but be near you?"—Her low and gentle voice was drowned in the wild exclamations of one of the smugglers. "Och, my dears, let us break the door, and clap a red turf to the roof, and all to give me light to see to kiss this maiden with the sweet voice. I have not been within seven acres broad of a woman since we sailed with Miles Colvine's lady.—And by the bagpiper she was a bouncer, and a pretty din she made about it after all, and took it into her head to shriek till the shores rang, and pray till the saints grew deaf; ah, my hearties, it would'nt do.—What the devil holds this door? stand by till I show you how handsomely I'll pitch it against the wall;" and setting his shoulders to the door, he thrust with all his might, and though seconded by his comrades, who seemed all alike eager for violence, the door resisted his utmost efforts. "Stand

back, my darlings," said the miscreant, "I'll show you a trick worth two of this; I'll teach you how we bring out a bonnie lass from a bolted chamber in little Ireland;" so saying, he proceeded to prime a pistol, having previously hammered the flint with a little steel cross, curiously chased and ornamented, which he took from his bosom. "Now, come on, my early boys—my souls of boys; the boy that wont do as I do deserves to be whipped through Purgatory." In a moment the door opened, Miles Colvine stood on the threshold, a cocked pistol in his right hand, his sword gleaming in his left, his eyes shooting from them a fierce dark light, but his manner perfectly calm and collected. Behind him came the beautiful form of his daughter, with a bent pistol in her hand, and shuddering, from head to foot at the immediate peril which seemed to beset her father. These maritime desperadoes started back at this sudden apparition of an armed man, and even their miscreant leader, forward as he was, recoiled a pace or two. The mariner eyed him for a moment, and said, "Did my sword then do its work slovenly, and did the deep sea not devour thee, thou immeasurable villain? but God has given thee back to earth, to become a warning how sure and how certain just vengeance is." And leaping on him as he spoke, I saw the pistol flash, and the gleam of the descending sword, in almost the same instant. I instantly started up with my companions, and the smugglers, perceiving this sudden reinforcement, carried off their companion, groaning, and cursing, and praying; and pushing their boat from the shore, vanished along the misty bosom of the summer sea.

I found Miles Colvine standing on the threshold of his house, and his daughter on her knees beside him. He knew me, for we had often passed each other on the beach and on the sea, and he was aware that I was a friend, for I had endeavoured in vain to oblige him in his forlorn state with little acts of kindness. "Come hither, sir," said the mariner, "I have to thank you for aid this night." He paused for a mo-

ment, and then said, in a lower tone, "I know your faith is not my faith, and that your life is not embittered with what has embittered mine. But tell me, sir, tell me, do you believe that the events of our life are ordained, for what hath happened to night seems of a wise Being's ordering." "Surely, sir," I said, "God knoweth all things, present and to come, but whether he permits evil deeds to be wrought or ordains good ones to be done?"—"Enough, enough," said the mariner, "May Colvine, my love, trim thy father's shealing, and set the supper-table in array, for it is ordained that our deliverers shall rest with us, and break bread at our board; so come in, Francis Forster." And into the mariner's cottage we walked, not unawed by the presence of a being of whose temper and courage we had seen such a proof.

If the exterior of the cottage was rude and unskilfully built, the interior was wonderfully commodious and neat. The floor was laid of drifted ship timber, and the walls were hung with nets as with tapestry, and fish-spears and gaff-hooks of steel, sharp and bright, were grouped like weapons for battle in a chieftain's hall of old. The fruits of the fisherman's skill were every where visible; the chimney-mantle, a beam of wood which extended from side to side of the cottage, was covered with kippered salmon, large, and red, and savoury, and various kegs were filled with salted fish of the many excellent kinds which the Solway affords. A small bed stood near the chimney, swelled with the feathers of sea-fowl, and hillocked high with quilts and mantles, from beneath which some linen looked out, only rivalled in whiteness by the snow. A very small chamber was constructed at the farther end, into which May Colvine disappeared for a moment to re-adjust her dress, and, perhaps, add some other of those artificial attractions which women always bring in to the aid of their natural charms. The mariner seated himself, motioned me to a seat, over which a sheepskin was thrown, while a lamp, fed plentifully with oil, and suspended from the roof, diffused light over the

apartment. Nor was the place devoted to brute comfort alone: some books, among which I observed Robinson Crusoe, and Homer's *Odyssey* in Greek, with a curious collection of northern legendary ballads, were scattered about, and a shepherd's pipe and a fiddle were there to bring music to assist in the dissipation of melancholy thought. May Colvine now came forth from her little chamber, with an increase of loveliness, such as a rose appears when refreshed in dew. She had laid aside the snood of silk and pearl which enclosed her hair, and the curling luxuriance of her ringlets descended over her shoulders, while her white temples, and whiter neck, were seen through the waving fleece which fell so profusely over them. Her father gazed on her like one who recalls the lovely past in the beautiful present, and his thoughts had flitted to other days and remoter climes, for after a brief reverie he said, "Come, my love, the vessel is ready, the mariners aboard, the sails spread to the wind, and we must pass the haunted headland before the moon goes down." The maiden meanwhile had filled the supper board with such coarse fare as the cabin afforded, and addressing her father said, "Sir, the table is prepared, your guests are waiting, and will expect you to bless the fare which is set before them." The mariner laid his hat aside, and sitting in his place, after the manner of the Presbyterians, said—"Thou who spreadest thy table on the deep waters, and rainest down abundance in the desert places, make this coarse food seem savoury and delicate unto these three men and this tender virgin,—but my hands, on which the blood of man yet reeks unatoned for, may not presume to touch blessed food." And spreading the fold of his mantle over his face, and stooping down, he appeared to busy himself in mental devotion, while, tasting the supper set before us, and obeying the mute invitation of the maiden to a glass of water, we complied with all the forms which this extraordinary audience seemed to impose upon us. After this was past, the young woman took up one of the instruments, and singing as she played,

with inexpressible sweetness and grace, her father gradually uncovered his face, his looks began to brighten, and uttering a deep sigh, he waved his hand, the minstrelsy ceased, and he thus addressed us :

“ I was not always an unhappy man — I had fair domains, a stately house, a beauteous wife, and a sweet daughter : but it is not what we have, but what we enjoy, that blesseth man’s heart, and makes him as one of the angels. I dwelt on a wild seacoast, full of woods and caverns, the haunt of a banditti of smugglers, those fierce, and vulgar, and intractable spirits, who find subsistence in fraud and violence, and from a continued perseverance in hostility to human law, become daily more hardened of heart and fierce of nature. I was young then, and romantic, and though I did not approve of the course of these men’s lives, there appeared glimpses of generosity, and courage, and fortitude, about them, which shed a halo over a life of immorality and crime. I protected them not, neither did I associate with them : but they soon saw in the passive manner in which I regarded their nocturnal intercourse with the coast, and the ready and delighted ear which I lent to the narratives of their adventures by sea and land, that they had nothing to fear and much to hope. Their confidence increased, and their numbers augmented, and they soon found a leader capable of giving an aim to all their movements, and who brought something like regular craft and ability to their counsels.

I was reputed rich, and was rich ; my treasures were mostly of gold and silver plate, and bars of the former metal, the gain of a relative who had shared with the Buccaneers in the plunder of Panama. I had also been wedded for a number of years, my wife was young and beautiful, and our daughter, an only child, my own May Colvine, here where she sits, was in her thirteenth year, with a frame that seemed much to delicate to survive the disasters she has since been doomed to meet. We were counselled to carry her to warmer climates, and were pre-

paring for our voyage, and my wife was ready to accompany me, when a large smuggling cutter cast anchor in a deep woody bay which belonged to my estate, and as I sat on the top of my house, looking towards the sea, a person in a naval dress came and accosted me. He was, he said, the captain of the Free trader lying in the bay, with a cargo of choice wine, and his mariners were bold lads and true, had periled themselves freely by land and water, and often experienced the protection of Miles Colvine’s bay, and the hospitality of his menials. They had heard of my intention to carry my wife and daughter to a more genial climate, and, if we wished to touch at Lisbon, or to go to any of the islands where Europeans seek for health, they would give us a passage, for they honoured us next to commerce without law or restraint. But I must tell you, that the chief of this band, knowing my love for marvellous tales, hinted, that he had men on board, who, to the traditionary lore of their maritime ancestors, added their own adventures and deeds ; and could, with the romantic ballads of Denmark and Sweden, mingle the Troubadour tales of France, the Moorish legends of Spain, and the singular narratives which survive among the peasantry on my native coast. To soothe and propitiate my wife he had recourse to another charm ; from the pocket of a long boat-cloak he produced a mantle of the most precious fabric, and spreading it out before her, with all its rich variety of colour, and Eastern profusion of ornament, offered it as an humble present from himself and his mariners. I need not prolong this part of my narrative, we embarked at twilight, and standing out of the bay, dropped anchor till morning dawn. The captain sat armed beside us ; this excited no suspicion, for he went commonly armed, and related adventures of a trying and remarkable kind which had befallen him on foreign shores, with a liveliness, and a kind of maritime grace, which were perfectly captivating. All night we heard overhead the tramp and the din of sailors passing and repassing, and with the grey of

the morning we plucked up our anchor, spread our sails to a shrill wind, shot away seaward, and my native land vanished from my view. All was life and gladness, we danced and we sang on deck, and drained cups of the purest wine; while the breeze favoured us, and the sky remained unclouded and serene.

In about fifteen days the spice groves of one of the Portuguese islands appeared before us, and as the sun was setting, it was resolved we should remain at the entrance of a bay till daylight. We were crowded on the deck, looking on the green and beauteous land, and a gentle seaward wind wafted the perfume of the forest about us. My wife was then in the bloom of youth and beauty, full of health, and life, and love; and as she stood leaning on my arm, the sailors smoothed their rough looks, and refrained from curses, so much were they touched by her beauty; but this awe lasted but a little while. The captain was merry far beyond his usual measure of delight, and drained one wine cup after another to my wife's health and mine; he vowed I was as a god among his men, and that my wife was revered as a divinity. 'But come,' said he, 'Miles Colvine, I have a curious and a cunning thing to show you, which you alone deserve to see; I got it among the Moors, so come, and come alone.'—I rose and followed him, for my curiosity was unbounded; he conducted me below, and opening a small wicket in the wall of his cabin with a key, ushered me in, and closing it suddenly upon me, locked it, and then I heard him bounding up the stair to the deck. I stood half imagining this to be a jest, or something, at least, of a light nature; but shriek after shriek of my wife, uttered in the piercing agony of anguish and despair, soon undeceived me. I called, I entreated, I used force, and though I was armed by anger and despair, with almost supernatural might, the door withstood all my efforts. But why should I dwell upon a scene of such unutterable misery? What I endured, and what the woman I loved and adored suffered, are fit only to be imagined, not, surely, to be spoken.

Her wrongs were remembered, and her shrieks numbered by a power far more terrible than man, and a certain doom and deplorable death was pronounced against them, at the moment their joy was fullest.

The evening passed away, and morning came, and through a little wicket which looked upon the sea, the light showed me that my chamber was the treasure-room of the pirates, for such they were, as well as smugglers; at the same moment a hole opened above, and a piece of bread and an antique silver cup filled with wine, were lowered down. Amid the misery of my situation it seemed but a light evil that I recognized the silver vessel to be part of the treasure I had left at home, and in seeking for a weapon to force the wicket I found that my whole riches, in gold as well as silver, had been seized and put on board. I could now measure the extent of my calamity, and prepared myself for a fate, which, among such miscreants, could not be deemed far distant. The morning was not much advanced when the sun dipped at once into a dark and tempestuous ocean of clouds, the wind began to whistle shriller and shriller among our sails, and the sea, upturned by sudden and heavy gusts of wind, showed as far as the eye could reach, the dark and tremendous furrows so fatal to mariners. The wind was from the land, and I could both see and feel that the vessel was unable to gain the harbour, and had sought security from the approaching tempest by standing out to sea. I heard the wind wax louder, and saw the billows roll, with a joy that arises from the hope of revenge: the sky became darker, the sea flashed over the decks, and the tempest hurried the ship onward with a rapidity which alarmed the sailors, accustomed as they were to the element. The seams of the vessel began to admit the sea, and every where symptoms appeared of her immediate destruction.

I heard a conversation over head I shall never forget. "I tell you," said a voice in lowland Scotch, "good can never come of such evil as your captain and you have wrought; had you taken Miles Colvine's gold and sil-



ver alone the sin had been but small, and a grey-headed repentance might have mended all. But the bonnie lady! her voice has been heard to-day, and tremble all you that touched her sweet body, for here has come an avenging tempest. The sea will soon devour us, and the mother who bore, and the wife who loved me, and the bonnie babes I have nursed on my knee, will behold me no more; and all for being in company with such hell-hounds as you." A voice replied to all this, in a tone too low and suppressed to be audible; and the Scotchman answered again. "Lo, look, did ever eyes behold such a sight, all around us the sea is smooth as glass, and other ships pass by us under a gentle breeze, without a wetted sail, but we! the anger of heaven has found us, for on us the thick tempest beats, and the evil-one is pursuing us to destruction. O thou villain—captain, shall I call thee no more—and you!—you fifteen wretches, who shared with him in his crime, make you ready, for that storm will neither leave you, nor forsake you, till you are buried in the ocean." At the very moment when ruin seemed inevitable the tempest ceased, the clouds passed away, and the descending sun shone brightly down, making the shoreless waters sparkle as far as the eye could reach. No bounds were now set to the joy of the crew; they crowded the deck, made a circle round several vessels of wine and baskets of biscuit, and before the twilight had passed away a few only were capable of guiding the vessel. The night grew very dark, and as I sat in utter despair I heard the same friendly voice, that I had so lately heard, say, "Miles Colvine, put your trust in him who can still the tempest, the hour is come." In a moment the wicket opened, and the same voice said, "Take this sword, and come with me. If you have courage to avenge the miseries and the death of your beautiful and wretched wife, come, for the hour is at hand, and as sure as I hate sin, and love immortal happiness, I shall help you." I took the sword and followed in silence, and coming on deck, I beheld a scene which the hope of sure and immediate revenge rendered inex-

pressibly sweet. The captain and five sailors, though nearly overcome with wine, were seated on deck; the remainder of the crew had retired below; some shouted, some sang, all blasphemed, and one loud din of cursing and carousal echoed far and wide: the mingled clamour that ascended from this scene of wickedness and debauchery partook of all the evil qualities of debased minds and the most infamous pursuits, and cannot be described. Discord had its full share in the conference on deck between the captain and his confederates; they were debating about their shares in the plunder of my house. "Share! by my saul, man," said a Scottish sailor to the captain, "your share in Miles Colvine's pure gold can be but small; one hour of his sweet lady, a hundred leagues from land, was worth all the gold that ever shone."—"I shall share all fairly," said the captain, laying his hand on the hilt of his cutlass, "and first I shall share thy scoundrel carcase among the fishes of the sea, if I hear such a word again. Did I plan the glorious plot of carrying away the fair lady and her lord's treasure, to share either with such a Scottish sawney as thee?" The wrath of the Scotchman burnt on his brow, far redder than the flush of the wine he had drunk. "Fiend seethe my saul, if ye taste na' could iron for this!"—And out came his cutlass as he spoke. "That's my hearty Caledonian," said one of his comrades, "give him a touch of the toasting iron; didn't he give a blow to the head of my mother's own son, this blessed morning, for only playing pluck at the lady's garment. Ah, give him the cold piece of steel, my hearty." A blow from the captain's cutlass was the answer to this; several drunkards drew their swords, and ill-directed blows, and ineffectual stabs, were given and received in the dark. "Now," said my sailor, laying his hand on mine, to stay me till I received his admonition, "say not on-word, for words slay not, but glide in among them like a spirit; thrust your blade, for anger strikes, but revenge stabs, and I will secure the gangway and fight along with you." I heard and obeyed, and gliding among them,

thrust one of them through and through; a second and a third dropped, ere they saw who was among them. The captain attempted to draw a pistol, but my sword, and my friend's, entered at back and bosom; and though two yet remained unhurt, I struck my sword a second time through the bosom of my mortal enemy, as he lay beneath me; and the last expiring glance of his eye was a look worth remembering. Ere this was accomplished, the other two were both lying with their companions. I have frequently imagined that a firmness and strength, more than my own, were given me during this desperate encounter. Meanwhile the remainder of the crew below set no bounds to their merriment and shouting, and seemed as my friend remarked, ordained to die by my hand, since their clamour, by drowning the groans of their comrades, prevented them from providing for their safety. We fastened the cabin door, and barricaded the gangway, keeping watch with pistol and sword, with the hope of seeing some friendly shore, or a compassionate sail, while the vessel, urged onward by a strong wind, scudded with supernatural swiftness thro' the midnight waters.

We had entered the Solway sea, when the storm, augmenting every moment, carried us rapidly along, and when opposite Allanbay, a whirlwind seizing our ship by the rigging whirled her fairly round, and down she went head foremost. Even in this moment of extreme peril, I shall never forget the figure that, couched among the slain, started to its feet before me, in health, and unhurt. There is a fate in all things: it was that fiend in human form whom I slew to-night. Revenge is sweetest when it comes unhop'd for. As we sank, a passing vessel saved my pretty May Colvine, her murdered mother's image, and her wretched father's love, and saved too the heroic sailor; while the drunken wretches went to the bottom, without the chance of swimming for an existence they deserved not to prolong."

Such was the narrative of Miles Colvine. He has been dead for several years, and though his daughter wedded the man who saved her father and her, he refused to forsake the sight of the Solway and the sound of its waters, and was found at his cottage door cold and stiff, with his eyes open and looking seaward.

## Original Poetry.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

### THOUGHTS AND IMAGES.

"Come like shadows, so depart."—*Macbeth*.

THE Diamond, in its native bed,  
Hid like a buried star may lie  
Where foot of man must never tread,  
Seen only by its Maker's eye;  
And though imbued with beams to grace  
His fairest work in woman's face,  
Darkling, its fire may fill the void,  
Where fix'd at first in solid night,—  
Nor, till the world shall be destroy'd,  
Sparkle one moment into light.

The Plant, up springing from the seed,  
Expands into the perfect flower;  
The virgin-daughter of the mead,  
Woo'd by the sun, the wind, the shower;  
In loveliness beyond compare,  
It toils not, spins not, knows no care;  
Train'd by the secret hand that brings  
All beauty out of waste and rude,  
It blooms a season,—dies,—and flings  
Its germs abroad in solitude.

Almighty skill, in ocean's caves,  
 Lends the light Nautilus a form  
 To tilt along th' Atlantic waves,  
 Careless and fearless of the storm ;  
 But should a breath of danger sound,  
 With sails quick-furl'd it dives profound,  
 And far beneath the tempest's path,  
 In coral grotts, defies the foe,  
 That never brake, in all his wrath,  
 The sabbath of the deep below.

Up from his dream, on twinkling wings,  
 The Sky-lark soars amid the dawn,  
 Yet, while in Paradise he sings,  
 Looks down upon the quiet lawn,  
 Where flutters in his little nest  
 More love than music e'er express'd :  
 Then, though the nightingale may thrill  
 The soul with keener ecstasy,  
 The merry bird of morn can fill  
 All Nature's bosom with his glee.

The Elephant, embower'd in woods,  
 Coeval with their trees might seem,  
 As if he drank, from Indian floods,  
 Life in a renovating stream ;  
 Ages o'er him have come and fled,  
 Midst generations born and dead,  
 His bulk survives,—to feed and range,  
 Where ranged and fed of old his sires,  
 Nor knows advancement, lapse, or change,  
 Beyond their walks, till he expires.

Gem, flower, and fish, the bird, the brute,  
 Of every kind, occult or known,  
 (Each exquisitely form'd to suit  
 Its humble lot, and that alone,)  
 Through ocean, earth, and air, fulfil,  
 Unconsciously, their Author's will,  
 Who gave, without their toil or thought,  
 Strength, beauty, instinct, courage, speed ;  
 While through the whole his pleasure wrought  
 Whate'er his wisdom had decreed.

But Man, the master-piece of God,  
 Man in his Maker's image framed,—  
 Though kindred to the valley's clod,  
 Lord of this low creation named,—  
 In naked helplessness appears,  
 Child of a thousand griefs and fears :  
 To labour, pain, and trouble, born,  
 Weapon, nor wing, nor sleight, hath he ;—  
 Yet, like the sun, he brings his morn,  
 And is a king from infancy.

For—him no destiny hath bound  
 To do what others did before,  
 Pace the same dull perennial round,  
 And be a man, and be no more !  
 A man ?—a self-will'd piece of earth,  
 Just as the lion is, by birth ;  
 To hunt his prey, to wake, to sleep,  
 His father's joys and sorrows share,  
 His nich in nature's temple keep,  
 And leave his likeness in his heir.

No,—infinite the shades between  
 The motley millions of our race ;  
 No two the changing moon hath seen  
 Alike in purpose, or in face ;

Yet all aspire beyond their fate ;  
 The least, the meanest would be great ;  
     The mighty future fills the mind,  
 That pants for more than earth can give ;  
     Man, in this narrow sphere confin'd,  
 Dies when he but begins to live.

Oh ! if there be no world on high  
     To yield his powers unfetter'd scope ;  
 If man be only born to die,  
     Whence this inheritance of hope ?  
 Wherefore to him alone were lent  
 Riches that never can be spent ?  
     Enough—not more—to all the rest,  
 For life and happiness, was given ;  
     To man, mysteriously unblest,  
 Too much for any state but Heaven.

It is not thus ;—it cannot be,  
     That one so gloriously endow'd  
 With views that reach eternity,  
     Should shine and vanish like a cloud :  
*Is there a God ?—All nature shows*  
*There is,—and yet no mortal knows :*  
     The mind that could this truth conceive,  
 Which brute sensation never taught,  
     No longer to the dust would cleave,  
 But grow immortal at the thought.

J. MONTGOMERY.

## Biography.

### COUNT BOURWLASKI, THE DWARF.

**T**HERE appears to be no reason drawn from either physiology or analogy, why the most astonishing powers of intellect, the soundest sense, the most luxuriant imagination, should not take up their abode in those abridgements of human nature, called Dwarfs. Even were we so unhappy as to yield our assent to the startling and humiliating propositions, “that medullary substance is capable of sensation and thought,” “that the phenomena of mind result entirely from bodily structure,” and “that Shakspeare’s and Newton’s superiority consisted only in having an extra inch of brain in the right place,” we might still stand up in support of the mental capabilities of the pigmy race. Messrs. Lawrence, Spurzheim, &c. must confess, that the brain of a Dwarf bears, at least, the same proportion to the weight of his whole body as that of a full-grown man, and, in many instances, a much larger, if we were permitted to judge from the size of the casket which contains it. Large heads, however,

are almost proverbially indicative of small brains ; and those little beings whose Lilliputian character has been stamped, not by injury prior or subsequent to birth, but by the finger of Nature herself, are often beautifully proportioned in every respect, perfect and pleasing miniatures of the human animal. If, from speculating, on the *possibility* of having dwarf statesmen, philosophers, and poets, we proceed to inquire into the results of actual experience, we shall indeed find less reason to expect a Locke thirty inches high, or an epic poem written by fingers no thicker than a goose-quill.—Genius, indeed, would be no compensation for tiny stature ; on the contrary, it would considerably aggravate the misfortune of personal singularity. That acute sensibility, that proud consciousness of superiority, which usually accompany strong mental powers, would for ever torment and distress the tenant of a ridiculously small body. Better, happier is it for Dwarfs, that instead of being *wise*, they are *vain* ; that they

are generally great admirers of their own curious little figures, amused by dressing and decorating them, and inclining, like a conceited woman, preposterously attired, to mistake the stare of astonishment for that of admiration. On the score of intellect they feel equally comfortable: every thing they say is listened to with attention, and its merit, by an almost unavoidable mistake, magnified by the smallness of their stature. Compliments, witticisms, and remarks, which would be considered very commonplace if they issued from a mouth five feet from the ground, are highly applauded when they proceed from one at half the distance.

The Count Boruwlaski, of whom every one has heard, has given his memoirs to the world, a singular specimen of pigmy auto-biography, from which considerable entertainment might be expected. They are preceded by an eulogy from the pen of one of his friends, who affirms that "Nature has endowed the Count with a mind superior to the generality of men," and that having "seen much of mankind in various stations of life, though considered more as a plaything than as a companion, he had omitted no opportunity of making remarks." On perusing the book, we confess ourselves unable to discover any proof of either of these assertions: we see no glimpses of superior mind, we find no traces of a habit of observation.—The Count Boruwlaski was a great traveller, he visited nearly the whole of Europe, and a considerable part of Asia; his pecuniary circumstances opened the middle and lower classes to his inspection, while his size admitted him into palaces, and introduced him to the most distinguished characters; yet we hear nothing new or entertaining of either persons or places, and the compliments and repartees which gained him rings and caresses, appear to lose all their merit when transferred to paper. Neither have we any particulars as to the workings of his own mind under the circumstances of his very peculiar fate; and over the most interesting relations of his life, he has thrown a veil of pride, of prudence, or of deli-

cacy, at once tantalizing and impolitic, which provokes the curiosity it refuses to gratify, and occasions suspicions and conjectures for which there may possibly be no foundation.

His days appear to have glided on, if not in a very happy, in a very similar manner, without any of the fatal celebrity which attended Jeffery Hudson, the Dwarf of whom England makes her boast. This curious little creature was born in 1619 at Oakham, in Rutlandshire, as a compliment, we suppose, to the size of the county. At seven years old he was eighteen inches high, and continued in all the preeminence of this extraordinary elevation till the age of thirty, when he shot up to the comparatively gigantic stature of three feet nine inches. By his fair mistress, Henrietta Maria, this progressive increase must have been watched with unmixed vexation; while Jeffery himself was perhaps divided between his love of consequence and his dislike of ridicule, between his desire of escaping the jests and insults of the courtiers and attendants, and his fear of losing the perquisites and privileges of Dwarf to the Queen. He stopped, however, far below the height where wonder ends and insignificance begins, revelled in former favour, and fretted under former scoffs. His introduction to her Majesty was curiously managed. He was served up in a cold pie at an entertainment given by the Duke of Buckingham to Charles I. and his Queen, soon after their marriage, and presented to Henrietta Maria by the Duchess, his former mistress. Royal favour and caresses gave him high notions of his own importance, and thus, increasing the natural waspishness of his disposition, rendered him little able to bear with patience the inevitable consequences of his pigmy stature; and he was once so provoked by a young gentleman named Crofts, that he immediately sent him a challenge. His antagonist, in contemptuous wantonness, came to the appointment armed with a squirt, which so angered the Lilliputian that a duel absolutely ensued. It has been said, in defence of that honourable system of deliberate murder called duelling, that it is the only security men of inferior stature

possess from the insolence of brutal strength ; and that it may fully answer this purpose was fatally proved by the event of this extraordinary contest. The parties met on horseback, and armed with pistols, in order to equalize, as much as possible, their advantages. The Dwarf fired, and Mr. Crofts fell dead at his feet. Nor was this the only important adventure of Jeffery's life. He was once taken prisoner by the Dunkirkers on his return from France, whither he had been to fetch a midwife for the Queen ; and again, on another occasion, he became the captive of a Turkish pirate. He followed his mistress when she took refuge in France, and returned with her at the Restoration ; and at length, in 1682, being suspected of a concern in the Popish plot, was imprisoned in the Gatehouse, Westminster, where he died soon afterwards, in the 63d year of his age.

Count Boruwlaski, both from his own memoirs, and from common report, appears in a much more advantageous light than his English rival ; and, while we doubt the superiority of his intellect, we readily credit all that has been said of the kindness of his disposition, of his gratitude, his vivacity, and we can ourselves speak to the gentlemanly, the courtly polish of his manners.

He was born in Polish Russia, the son of a gentleman of respectability, who, dying early in life, left his widow and family in straitened circumstances. The Count's parents were both of middle height, and had six children alternately tall and short, three shooting into manly proportions, while the rest kept each other in countenance as Dwarfs. One of the Count's brothers, six feet four in height, was of a very delicate constitution, while the little gentleman himself, born at the almost invisible size of eight inches, and taking thirty years to accomplish his ultimate elevation of three feet three, and his eldest brother, who was only three inches taller, enjoyed robust health, and in infancy gave their mother no greater trouble than, one may suppose, must always be occasioned by children of the Tom Thumb species, who may

be drowned in a basin of milk, trodden to death by a cat, concealed in the folds of a rumpled pocket-handkerchief, lost in a bed of spinage, and carried away in a lady's reticule. We may remark, *en passant*, that dwarfs are, in general, superior to giants, both in health and longevity, which appears to overthrow the hypothesis of Adam's having exceeded the present race of men in stature, as in age. Surely, as man approached nearer to those dimensions which belong to him in the energy and freshness of recent creation, his physical powers would be more likely to improve than to deteriorate, and his life to approximate more closely to antediluvian length.

The Count was taken from his mother by her friend, the Starostin de Caorlix, and, on that lady's second marriage, passed into the favour of the Countess Humiecka, of distinguished family, rank, and beauty. With her he travelled through a considerable part of Europe, his size every where procuring him much attention and many privileges. Even the jealousy of a Turkish Pasha found no food for suspicion in his diminutive person, and Joujou (as the Count was then called) was admitted into the innermost apartments of a seraglio. He was clasped in the arms, and seated on the lap of Maria Theresa, who placed on his tiny finger a ring drawn from the hand of the unfortunate Maria Antoinette, then only six years old. At Luneville he was honoured by the notice of Stanislaus, the titular King of Poland, at whose court he was introduced to one of his fraternity, in the person of the renowned Bebe, dwarf to that monarch. Joujou, however, on being measured with his rival, had the proud satisfaction of finding himself three inches the superior in littleness, but in mental stature he far surpassed Bebe, whose understanding was little beyond the intelligence of a well-taught pointer. At Paris Joujou was most kindly received. M. Bouret, the farmer-general, gave him an entertainment, at which all the plates, knives, forks, &c. were proportioned to the size of his guest, and the eatables were ortolans, beccaficos, and other dainties of Lilli-

putian dimensions. It was this Bouret who, having invited some person of distinction to dine with him early in the spring, treated him with peas at a guinea a quart. The following year, at the same season, the visiter received a second invitation, and begged M. Bouret not to purchase peas again at this exorbitant price, as he could make a very good dinner without them. His host bowed in acquiescence, and the first thing his guest saw on entering M. Bouret's grounds, was a red cow feasting on a pailful of the dainty vegetables he had refused.

From Paris the Countess Humiecka repaired to Holland, while Joujou "*sequitur—non passibus æquis*," and from thence to Warsaw, the capital of their native country. Here the Count Boruwlaski, by his own confession, became a little irregular in his habits, frequented the theatre, and was guilty of a few indiscretions. A little good advice and reflection, however, speedily stopped him in his career of dissipation, and he regained the favour of the Countess, who shortly afterwards discouraged Stanislaus II. from bestowing an estate upon her protégé. How completely does such conduct explain, and degrade, the motives which induced her ladyship to take Joujou under her patronage! how does it transmute gold into lead, and change benevolence and compassion into a mean spirit of selfishness, a puerile love of possessing what is curious, and a contemptible desire of keeping the poor little Count dependent on her alone! We must do him the justice to say, that he avoids all harsh language with respect to his early benefactress, and speaks of her behaviour to him in more moderate terms than, from his own account, it deserved. Among other inadvertent or designed omissions, he has neglected to state the year in which he was born; and from the memoirs before us we are unable to discover his age at any one period of his adventures. We learn, however, from another source, that it was at the mature age of forty-one when the calm tenor of his days was first disturbed by the admission of love into his hitherto peaceful bosom. The object of his attachment was a

young lady, named Isalina, residing in the Countess Humiecka's family, but in what capacity we are not informed, of middle stature, expressive countenance, amiable temper, and never-failing vivacity. The Count says, with a happy but amusing vanity, "I had made an impression on the tender heart of Isalina; and, indeed, *how could I fail*, my love being guided by sincerity, and her want of fortune proving my disinterestedness?" We cannot help suspecting that the Count might have met with ladies, who, though equally convinced of his sincere and disinterested affection, might have been less ready to reward it with the gift of their hands.

"The course of true love never yet ran smooth;" and, notwithstanding the lady's kindness, obstacles interfered to retard poor Joujou's felicity. The Countess disapproved his attachment, banished Isalina from her house, and confined the tiny lover to his own room for a fortnight. With the art, the bribery, or the eloquence of lovers "of a larger growth," the Count contrived to gain the servant who was set to guard him, and to establish a correspondence with his dear Isalina. Two of his love-letters are given, as specimens of Lilliputian courtship. At length the Countess sent a messenger to her little prisoner with offers of amity, on condition of his resigning Isalina, but threatened the immediate loss of her protection if he persisted in his attachment. A lover six feet high could not have abandoned more magnanimously fortune and favour for poverty and love. He left the Countess Humiecka's house, and threw himself at Isalina's feet. Fortunately, Prince Casimir had interested himself in the Dwarf's amour, and had procured for him a pension of a hundred ducats from his brother, the King. The Count says, that "the Nuncio, misinformed by the Countess, endeavoured, by some ridiculous pretext, to prevent the marriage;" but Royalty itself interfered, every objection was overruled, and the happy pair were united.

The Count observes a most mysterious silence on all the subsequent events of his matrimonial life; and it

is impossible to avoid suspecting that "they two, who with so many thousand sighs did buy each other," did not live in the harmony that might have been expected, or that the lovely, lively Isalina disappointed the fond anticipations of her little husband.

Certain it is that, finding his pension unequal to his wants, he took the advice of his friend, Prince Casimir, and resolved to revisit the different Courts of Europe; and that from the 57th page of his "Memoirs," where he says, "the idea of seeing my beloved Isalina in misery did not permit me long to enjoy the happiness of possessing her," to the 383d, which concludes the volume, the name of his "*beloved Isalina*" is not again mentioned, nor is there the slightest allusion to his matrimonial ties. He evidently travelled alone; and amidst all his cares and comforts, those of the husband and the father remain unnoticed: yet his wife bore him several daughters; and we can remember reading in some old news-paper, or magazine, an account of the christening of one of them, born, we suppose, in this country, to whom several persons of distinction acted as sponsors.

To return to the Count's travels. Provided, by order of the King, with a convenient coach, such a one, perhaps, as appears in the pantomime of Gulliver, he left Warsaw, and proceeded to Vienna, where he gave a concert. Disappointed by its indifferent success, he seems to have directed all his hopes towards the most uncivilized countries; and considering that he declares his travels had profit, not amusement or information for their object, we cannot but feel astonished at the route he chose to select. He visited Hungary, Turkey, Arabia, Syria, Astracan, Finland, Lapland, and Nova Zembla. His friends strongly dissuaded him from visiting the latter place, and foretold that a concert would not thrive on so barbarous a soil; but the Count was obstinate, and confesses that he afterwards repented his pertinacity. He appears to have been once in some danger from the impetuous curiosity of the natives, who surrounded the house in which he was, and insisted on his

coming forth. Like Blucher, he obeyed, and the savages devoutly "thanked the Sun for showing them such a man;" which "*flattering compliment*," as the Count fortunately considered it, induced him to play them a tune on his guitar. The wondering auditors returned this civility by the gift of some sables. The rambling Lilliputian next visited Tobolsk and Kamschatka, and proceeded as far as Behring's Straits, occasionally procuring a lucrative concert to defray his travelling expenses. On his return towards Europe, he stopped at Catherineburg, where the Director of the Siberian mines resided, who paid the Count considerable attention. This director must have been a wonderful man, not only a profound observer of events himself, but the cause of profound observation in others; for a short conversation with him on politics led Count Boruwlaski to believe, "that there is a large apple-dumpling made, and now boiling in the pot, for certain princes, which must in due time be ready for their dinner." The Count gives us another digression, occasioned by the sight of the "*Henriade*" in a gentleman's library, in order to favour us with an account of his introduction to M. de Voltaire. The first sight of the philosopher produced a most unusual effect on his little admirer—it completely silenced him. When the first surprise was over, he made a speech in explanation of his taciurnity and in praise of Voltaire; on hearing which, "the eyes of that respectable old philosopher filled with an expression of surprise and delight," which he manifested by snatching up the pigmy panegyrist in his arms.

Retracing his steps, the Count returned to Germany, visited Munich and other cities, and at Tiersdorff was persuaded by the Margrave and Margravine of Anspach to try his fortune in England. Through this and the sister countries he made expeditions for many years, and sometimes, we believe, exhibiting himself in a less equivocal manner. At length, just as he was on the point of setting out for America, he received from some kind and generous friends a sum sufficient to



secure to him a moderate independence. His delight at thus terminating wanderings and labours now so unsuited to his years, his new and happy sensations of ease and security, his sincere and lively gratitude, are simply but strongly expressed; he settled himself at Durham near some of his friends and there he still resides, waiting his summons to

that state where every outward distinction will cease, where those who were here "curtailed of this fair proportion, cheated of *stature* by dissembling Nature," will as amply fill the glorious robes of light and immortality, as if they had been Earth's fierce issue, the "*immania Monstra Gigantes*."

W. E.

#### WITCHES, AND OTHER NIGHT FEARS.

WE are too hasty when we set down our ancestors in the gross for fools, for the monstrous inconsistencies (as they seem to us) involved in their creed of witchcraft. In the relations of this visible world we find them to have been as rational, and shrewd to detect an historic anomaly as ourselves. But when once the invisible world was supposed to be opened, and the lawless agency of bad spirits assumed, what measures of probability, of decency, of fitness, or proportion—of that which distinguishes the likely from the palpable absurd—could they have to guide them in the rejection or admission of any particular testimony?—That maidens pined away, wasting inwardly as their waxen images consumed before a fire—that corn was lodged, and cattle lamed—that whirlwinds upstove in diabolical revelry the oaks of the forest—or that spits and kettles only danced a fearful-innocent vagary about some rustic's kitchen when no wind was stirring—were all equally probable where no law of agency was understood. That the prince of the powers of darkness, passing by the flower and pomp of the earth, should lay preposterous siege to the weak fantasy of indigent eld—has neither likelihood nor unlikelihood *a priori* to us, who have no measure to guess at his policy, or standard to estimate what rate those anile souls may fetch in the devil's market. Nor, when the wicked are expressly symbolized by a goat, was it to be wondered at so much, that *he* should come sometimes in that body, and assert his metaphor.—That the intercourse was opened at all between both worlds was perhaps the mistake—but that once assumed, I see

no reason for disbelieving one attested story of this nature more than another on the score of absurdity. There is no law to judge of the lawless, or canon by which a dream may be criticised.

I have sometimes thought that I could not have existed in days of received witchcraft; that I could not have slept in a village where one of those reputed hags dwelt. Our ancestors were bolder or more obtuse. Amidst the universal belief that these wretches were in league with the author of all evil, holding hell tributary to their muttering, no simple Justice of the Peace seems to have scrupled issuing, or silly Headborough serving, a warrant upon them—as if they should subpcena Satan!—Prospero in his boat, with his books and wand about him, suffers himself to be conveyed away at the mercy of his enemies to an unknown island. He might have raised a storm or two, we think on the passage. His acquiescence is in exact analogy to the non-resistance of witches to the constituted powers.—What stops the Fiend in Spenser from tearing Guyon to pieces—or who had made it a condition of his prey, that Guyon must take assay of the glorious bait—we have no guess. We do not know the laws of that country.

From my childhood I was extremely inquisitive about witches and witch stories. My maid, and more legendary aunt, supplied me with good store. But I shall mention the accident which directed my curiosity originally into this channel. In my father's book-closet, the History of the Bible, by Stackhouse, occupied a distinguished station. The pictures with which it abounds—one of the ark, in particular, and another of

Solomon's temple, delineated with all the fidelity of ocular admeasurement, as if the artist had been upon the spot—attracted my childish attention. There was a picture too, of the Witch raising up Samuel, which I wish that I had never seen. Stackhouse is in two huge tomes—and there was a pleasure in removing folios of that magnitude, which, with infinite straining, was as much as I could manage, from the situation which they occupied upon an upper shelf. Turning over the picture of the ark with too much haste, I unhappily made a breach in its ingenious fabric—driving my inconsiderate fingers right through the two larger quadrupeds—the elephant, and the camel—that stare (as well they might) out of the two last windows next the steerage in that unique piece of naval architecture. Stackhouse was henceforth locked up, and became an interdicted treasure. But there was one impression which I had imbibed from Stackhouse, which no lock or bar could shut out, and which was destined to try my childish nerves rather more seriously.—That detestable picture!

I was dreadfully alive to nervous terrors. The night-time solitude, and the dark, were my hell. The sufferings I endured in this nature would justify the expression. I never laid my head on my pillow, I suppose, from the fourth to the seventh year of my life—so far as memory serves in things so long ago—without an assurance, which realized its own prophecy, by seeing some frightful spectre. Be old Stackhouse then acquitted in part, if I say that in his picture of the Witch raising up Samuel I owe—not my midnight terrors, the hell of my infancy—but the shape and manner of their visitation. It was he who dressed up for me a hag that nightly sate upon my pillow—a true bed-fellow when my aunt or my maid was far from me. All day long, while the book was permitted me, I dreamed waking over his delineation, and at night (if I may use so bold an expression) awoke into sleep, and found the vision true. The feeling about for a friendly arm—the hoping for a familiar voice, when children wake screaming—and find none to soothe them—what

a terrible shaking it is to their poor nerves! The keeping them up till midnight, through candle-light and the unwholesome hours, as they are called,—would, I am satisfied in a medical point of view, prove the better caution.—That detestable picture, as I have said, gave the fashion to my dreams—if dreams they were—for the scene of them was invariably the room in which I lay. Had I never met with the picture, the fears would have come self-pictured in some shape or other—

Headless bear, black-man, or ape—

but, as it was, my imagination took that form.—It is not book, or picture, or the stories of foolish servants, which create these terrors in children. They can at most but give them a direction. Dear little T. H. who of all children has been brought up with the most scrupulous exclusion of every taint of superstition—who was never allowed to hear of a goblin or apparition, or scarcely to be told of bad men, or to read or to hear of any distressing story—finds all this world of fear, from which he has been so rigidly excluded *ab extra*, in his own "thick-coming fancies;" and from his little midnight pillow, this nurse-child of optimism will start at shapes, unborrowed of tradition, in sweats to which the reveries of the cell-damned murderer are tranquillity.

Gorgons, and Hydras and Chimæras dire—stories of Celæno and the Harpies—may reproduce themselves in the brain of superstition—but they were there before. They are transcripts, types, the archetypes are in us, and eternal. How else should the recital of that, which we know in a waking sense, to be false, come to affect us at all?—or

— Names, whose sense we see not,  
Fray us with things that be not!

Is it that we naturally conceive terror from such objects, considered in their capacity of being able to inflict upon us bodily injury?—O, least of all! These terrors are of older standing. They date beyond body—or, without the body they would have been the same. All the cruel, tormenting, defined devils in Dante—tearing, mangling, chok-

ing, stifling, scorching demons—are they one half so fearful to the spirit of a man, as the simple idea of a spirit unembodied following him—

Like one that on a lonesome road  
Doth walk in fear and dread,  
And having once turn'd round, walks on,  
And turns no more his head ;  
Because he knows a frightful fiend  
Doth close behind him tread.\*

That the kind of fear here treated of is purely spiritual—that it is strong in proportion as it is objectless upon earth—that it predominates in the period of sinless infancy—are difficulties, the solution of which might afford some probable insight into our ante-mundane condition, and a peep at least into the shadow-land of pre-existence.

My night-fancies have long ceased to be afflictive. I confess an occasional night-mare ; but I do not, as in early youth, keep a stud of them. Fiendish faces, with the extinguished taper, will come and look at me ; but I know them for mockeries, even while I cannot elude their presence, and I fight and grapple with them. For the credit of my imagination, I am almost ashamed to say how tame and prosaic dreams are grown. They are never romantic,—seldom even rural. They are of architecture and of buildings—cities abroad, which I have never seen, and hardly have hope to see. I have traversed, for the seeming length of a natural day, Rome, Amsterdam, Paris, Lisbon—their churches, palaces, squares, market-places, shops, suburbs, ruins, with an inexpressible sense of delight—a map-like distinctness of trace—and a day-light vividness of vision, that was all but being awake. I have travelled amongst the Westmoreland fells—my highest Alps,—but they were objects too mighty for the grasp of my dreaming recognition ; and I have again and again awoke with ineffectual struggles of the “inner eye,” to make out a shape in any way whatever, of Helvellyn. Methought I was in that country, but the mountains were gone. The poverty of my dreams mortify me. There is C——, at his will can conjure up icy domes, and pleasure-houses

for Kubla Khan and Abyssinian maids, and songs of Abara, and caverns,

Where Alph, the sacred river, runs,

to solace his night solitudes—when I cannot muster a fiddle. Barry Cornwall has his tritons and his nereids gamboling before him in nocturnal visions, and proclaiming sons born to Neptune—when my stretch of imaginative activity can hardly, in the night season, raise up the ghost of a fish-wife. To set my failures in somewhat a mortifying light—it was after reading the noble *Dream* of this poet, that my fancy ran strong upon these marine spectra ; and the poor plastic power, such as it is, within me set to work, to humour my folly in a sort of dream that very night. Methought I was upon the ocean billows at some sea nuptials, riding and mounted high, with the customary train sounding their conchs before me, (I myself, you may be sure, the *leading god*,) and jollily we went careering over the main, till just where Ino Leucothea should have greeted me (I think it was Ino) with a white embrace, the billows gradually subsiding, fell from a sea-roughness to a sea-calm, and thence to a river-motion, and that river (as happens in the familiarization of dreams) was no other than the gentle Thames, which landed me, in the wafure of a placid wave or two, safe and inglorious somewhere at the foot of Lambeth palace.

The desire of the soul's creativeness in sleep might furnish no whimsical criterion of the quantum of poetical faculty resident in the same soul waking. An old gentleman, a friend of mine, and a humourist, used to carry this notion so far, that when he saw any stripling of his acquaintance ambitious of becoming a poet, his first question would be, “Young man, what sort of dreams have you ?” I have so much faith in my old friend's theory, that when I feel that idle vein returning upon me, I presently subside into my proper element of prose, remembering those eluding nereids, and that inauspicious inland landing.

\* Mr. Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*.

## LETTERS ON A TOUR IN SWITZERLAND.

NO. I.

Even now where Alpine solitudes ascend,  
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend.

GOLDSMITH.

WE arrived at Orbe, from Dijon, by way of Salins and Pontarlier—a road full of beauty, and a worthy introduction to this lovely Pays de Vaud. A few leagues from Dijon, about Auxonne, as we drove along the plains, near the Saone, we first saw the bold blue outlines of the Jura; and at Salins we entered into one of its deep valleys, with all the picturesque accompaniments of fir forests and impending mountains. We had now fairly turned our backs on the tame mediocrity of French landscape, and though the post-book told us we were in the *Département du Jura*, the forests, the mountains, the glens, the streams, the pastoral cottages, assured us we were on the verge of Switzerland. Nothing can be finer than the drive from Pontarlier to Orbe. Pontarlier is situated in a rich plain of pasture watered by the Doubs. The wooded barrier of the Jura rises majestically above the town, and the high road runs through a pass between perpendicular rocks so narrow as to have been formerly shut in by gates, the posts of which still remain. On the cliff on one side is perched the fortress of Joux beetling over the road. Here Toussaint L'Ouverture was confined by Napoleon, and died of cold, hunger, and grief. The rock is almost inaccessible, and admirably adapted for the site of a frontier fortress. Nothing but a refinement in oppressive cruelty could select the fortress for a state prison. A soft green valley, sunk deep between mountains rising abruptly and richly clothed with the deep green of the fir, now afforded us a passage through the chain of the Jura. At the village of Balaigue we passed the frontier. An inspection of our passports by one of the *Gendarmerie Vaudoise*, with a sabre by his side, and *Liberte et Patrie*, the motto of the Canton, glittering on his helmet, somewhat disturbed the romantic illusions of the scene, and the associations connected with a pastoral

republic. The drive by Balaigue and Montcharand to Orbe is one of the most lovely that can be conceived. Here it is that you first command a Swiss prospect, with all its luxuriant variety of mountain, forest, orchards, valleys, lakes, alps, and snows. The Lake of Geneva was obscured by the mists of the evening, but the lake of Neufchatel lay bright and glittering below us. Orbe, though not a pretty town in itself, is one of the most pleasing that I know. The character of the neighbouring scenery has a smiling loveliness, and a teeming fertility, which I never saw equalled. The neatness of the villages, the cleanly respectability of the people, their large well-built cottages and farms, the beautiful pastures, vineyards, orchards, that slope down to the romantic river Orbe, which alternately roars in cascades through rocks, and meanders through an expanse of meadow, the town with its steeples and old Roman towers on a vine-covered eminence above the river, the upland pastures of the Jura covered with flocks of cows and goats and studded with white *chalets*—add to this scene of beauty the black fir-clad ridge of the Jura above, the glittering lakes in the plains below, and the white broken majestic Alps glittering in the far horizon; and, perhaps, Nature can hardly supply a more enchanting scene of beauty and all-varied grace and luxuriance. A tone of retired peace and primitive repose reigns throughout the place. The old Swiss warrior of the 13th century, who stands on the fountain in the little market-place, looks as if he had lifted his stone sword without molestation for centuries. A fine beech-tree luxuriates on the walls of the gate of entrance, and the cascade formed by the Orbe, under the picturesque stone bridge, murmurs in harmony with the beauties of nature and the tranquil spirit of the place. \* \*

We drove the other day to Val Orbe, three leagues from Orbe. No traveller who visits this part of Switzerland

should neglect seeing this beautiful village, and the singular and lovely source of the Orbe in its neighbourhood. In our way we visited a cascade formed by the river Orbe, near the village of Ballaigne. The exquisite limpidness of the water, the grandeur of the rocks fringed and tufted with luxuriant brushwood and beech-saplings, the sequestered shades which embosom the foaming torrent, render this one of the most interesting waterfalls I have seen. At Ballaigne, we left the carriage, and put ourselves under the guidance of a sturdy Swiss peasant to conduct us to the cascade. The man was dressed in a greasy plush jerkin, a large straw hat, loose trowsers, no stockings, and shoes not weather-tight. He appeared civil and intelligent; and a Swiss gentleman, who accompanied us, seemed to pay him some deference. On returning from the cascade, and wishing him good morning, I begged him to take three francs for his trouble, which he declined with a civil and dignified bow. I soon learned my mistake, when our Swiss friend informed us that our Cicerone was no less a personage than a member of the Grand Council of the Canton de Vaud—a modern Cincinnatus, who mingles the labours of the field with the dignified functions of the senate. We had forgotten that we were now under a pastoral government. How far the crook and the forensic toga consort advantageously together, may perhaps be a question.

The village of Val Orbe, with its neat and well-roofed cottages, its picturesque spire embosomed in poplars and orchards, stands by the Jura. The Orbe has its singular source a mile higher in the valley. Leaving the village, we followed the windings of the stream through the richest meadows, the valley gradually narrowing, the majestic fir-clad mountains on each side growing bolder and more perpendicular, and finally enclosing, with their gloomy wooded barrier, the lovely glen through which the stream flows and murmurs. Dark funereal pines and delicate larches shade the rocky precipices, and overhang the stream. The scene is wild, sequestered, and filled with a solitary and shady stillness. We

began to wonder whence the stream could issue, till we at last found its source, and beheld it, with delight and astonishment, gliding forth in all its pellucid beauty, from a lofty wall of rock amidst the shade of these sylvan recesses. The stream is seventeen feet in width, and four or five in depth at its issuing from the rocks. It flows forth from the rock without a ripple, and at first glides and waves over the most green and graceful moss, till masses of rock, detached from the heights above, interrupt its course, and break its waters into murmuring eddies and cascades. It is impossible to conceive any thing more romantic than the whole scene; and no one that has visited it can wonder that poets should have peopled the fountains and streams of the woods with Naiads and Undines. Saussure prefers the source to that of Vaucluse, for beauty and interest. Its singularity is not less remarkable than its beauty. The water is furnished by the small Lakes of Joux and Rousses, which are situated above the rocks of Val Orbe at an elevation of 680 feet above the source. These lakes discharge themselves through tunnels between the vertical couches of rock, and penetrate through the mountain down to the source. \* \* \*

The drive from Orbe to Lausanne, by La Sarra and Cossonay, is a continued scene of fertility and graceful beauty. The haziness of a sultry atmosphere cleared up as we approached Lausanne, and opened to us the majestic chain of the rugged and purple Alps, with their white heads capped by the clouds, or glittering in the sun for a continuous length of above thirty leagues. Lausanne itself is one of the ugliest and most inconvenient towns on the Continent. The hills and slopes in the town render it almost impossible to drive in a carriage with safety. The cathedral is a venerable Gothic structure, in a fine situation, commanding the lake and the mountains. The town presents scarcely any objects of interest; but it is surprising how little they are missed. Nature in Switzerland is all in all. She has here built her perennial throne, and reigns unquestioned mistress of all our sympathies and sen-

sations. Art scarcely puts in a single claim to our regard; and those which it does present are of a very inferior interest. Monsieur de Chateaubriand would say that the hand of man has here been kept in awe, and checked by the overwhelming wonder of the universe, and the *præsens Deus*, which manifests itself in every glacier and every valley, has taught him a lesson of humility, and confined his aspiring powers to the humble occupations of tilling his fields and protecting his dwelling from the avalanche and the torrent. Certain it is that no country possesses more of useful economy and institutions, and less of the interest of the fine arts, or of the tasteful refinements of social life, than Switzerland. Splendid churches, handsome palaces, costly monuments, fine country-seats, galleries of pictures, showy equipages, luxurious mansions, are here sought for in vain; but, on the other hand, you have neat farms and good farmers, good breeds of cattle, excellent dairies, drill-ploughs, cream cheeses, and even admirable gold watches and musical snuff-boxes. In a word, the genius of man has here a tendency to the useful and mechanical. It is in nature alone that the mind finds those unbounded stores of beauty, grace, and curiosity, which form the interest of the country—that the philosopher meets new wonders to excite his speculation and repay his research—the poet living scenes, that embody the loveliest visions of his fancy—while the mere rambling desultory traveller refreshes his feelings and his faculties at the pure fountain of nature, quickens his perceptions of the beautiful and the grand, and brings home with him to the dull routines of of life a feast of sweet and innocent remembrances.

At Lausanne we had the gratification of visiting the great classic hero of our stage, whom we found enjoying leisure and literary ease, and distinguished reputation, amongst all the charms of picturesque nature. His abode is one of the handsomest and most pleasingly situated champagnes near Lausanne, commanding a lovely prospect of the lake and the Alps. The interior unites all the elegance of a foreign villa with the

comfort of an English gentleman's mansion; and we considered ourselves highly fortunate in spending some most agreeable hours with its interesting host, and a selection of individuals eminent in the literary rolls of our country. Mrs. Siddons was a chief ornament of this interesting circle; and her conversation seemed to have acquired a new warmth and eloquence from the inspiring scenes which she was visiting for the first time. Her descriptions of the sensations she had experienced, and the deep admiration she had felt in witnessing the wonders of Alpine nature, particularly on her first entrance into Switzerland, and her visit to the Alps of Berne, had all the energy of truth and the glow of real sensibility. As we stood in a window of Mr. Kemble's villa, listening to Mrs. Siddons's charming enthusiasm, and joining in her expressions of admiration, the moon was streaming in all her lustre across the glassy lake spread out before the house. The Alps on the opposite bank marked out their dark and jagged outlines on the pure blue of the Heavens. It was impossible to behold an evening or a scene of more exquisite and lovely repose; and the society in which we enjoyed it, and by which it was enjoyed, gave an increased zest to its beauties. Lord Byron, who by the way is the best of companions and guides in Switzerland, has seized every feature of a moonlight scene on the lake with his usual power and felicity.

It is the hush of night, and all between

Thy margin and the mountains dusk yet clear,  
Mellow'd and mingling, yet distinctly seen

Save darken'd Jura, whose cap't heights appear  
Precipitously steep; and drawing near,

There breathes a living fragrance from the shore  
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood: on the ear

Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,

Or chirps the grasshopper one good night carol  
more—

*Childe Harold, Canto iii.*

We happened to be at Lausanne on occasion of a very strictly observed fast, which occurs annually in the month of September. It was observed with a degree of ceremony and strictness much beyond the observances of a Sabbath. Divine service commenced at seven and eight o'clock in the morning in the Ca-

edral and other churches, and a succession of prayers and sermons was delivered without interruption till three or four in the afternoon. All business was suspended—not a single shop was open—and the churches were thronged to overflowing. As soon as one service was at an end, the congregation departed to make room for fresh worshippers; while the pulpit was occupied by a fresh pastor. Notwithstanding all this zealous solemnization of the day, it was somewhat extraordinary, that after an inquiry of at least a score of individuals, many of them of information, we found it impossible to obtain any specific account of the ori-

gin of the fast. All agreed that it was of great antiquity, and intended to commemorate some signal instance of the divine protection extended to the country: beyond this, no information was to be obtained. If this had been in a Catholic canton, where ceremonies descend as an inheritance from generation to generation, without inquiry as to their meaning and origin, it would have excited no wonder; but it appeared very singular to see a shrewd inquiring race of Calvinists praying and singing from morning till night, without being able to give a satisfactory account of the tendency of their devotions.

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#### HELEN GRÆME.

A spirit glides to my bed-side,  
Wringing it's hands of virgin snow;  
Loosely it's robes of floating light,  
Loosely it's golden ringlets flow;  
All in a shadowy mantle clad,  
It climbs my blissless bridal bed.

"Thou airy phantom of the night,  
Unveil thy face, and gaze on me,  
Until my shivering heart is cold,  
And I'll arise, and follow thee.  
Oh! Helen Græme, celestial maid,  
I commune with thine angel shade.

"Ill-omen'd was this morn to me,  
The woeful morn of my wedding;  
*Matilda* heard a death-bed toll—  
When on her finger glow'd the ring.  
My cold hand clasp'd the blushing dame's,—  
But O! my heart was Helen Græme's."

"Arise, *Lord Auchinlea*, arise,  
And wrap thee in this shroud of mine;  
Turn from thy softly slumbering bride,  
And press my shivering cheek to thine.  
On forest glade, and naked wold,  
The wind is keen—the dew is cold.

"I know thee well, deserving youth;  
Fair honour clothes thy gentle brow;  
The rage of feud withheld thy hand,—  
But hand and heart are Helen's now.  
Another lock'd embrace, and we  
Will hie us to eternity.

"An angry father's scowling brow,  
A lady mother's wrathful eye  
Will never more our loves divide—  
Will never more our peace annoy.  
In one wide bed, beneath the yew,  
There will we sleep—and sweetly too."

His young bride woke in sore affright—  
Pale as the cold, the lifeless clay;  
She saw her lord in Helen's arms,—

His quivering corse beside her lay.  
Wrapt in a mantling blaze of light,  
They vanish'd from that lady's sight.

Green grows the birk on Laggan burn,  
And fair the opening blossom blows ;  
But greener is the sacred grass,  
And ruddier too, the wild-briar rose,  
Where dew-bath'd flowrets gently rest  
Their bloomy heads on Helen's breast.

### ETYMOLOGICAL GLEANINGS.

A work under this title is preparing for the press, interspersed with philological observations, curious anecdotes, historical explanations, &c. and intended as a supplement to the last edition of Dr. Johnson's Dictionary, and will, as far as we can judge from the specimen of a first sheet, do no discredit to the ingenious, learned, and amusing writer. We are fortunately enabled to show, by a few selections, on what our opinion is formed, and these we subjoin for the entertainment of our readers.

A.

THE pronunciation of this vowel being no more than the opening of the mouth with the intention of producing a sound, gave occasion to the quaint and Leonine hexameter :

Clamant E vel A, quotquot nascuntur ab EvA.

It is not unworthy of observation, that Cicero himself (in *Orat.* 49) condemns the too-frequent recurrence of that vowel, as harsh and unpleasing to the ear—*insuavissimam* ; when, on the other hand, Virgil adopts, and even affects, such an illiteration to express agreeable objects, pleasing ideas, and soft impressions ; as the following examples will show :

Phyllida amo ante alias. *Bucol. Ecl.* iii. 79.  
Pascitur in magnâ silvâ formosa juvenca.  
*Geo.* iii. 219.

which Delille has happily translated :

Tranquille elle s'égara en un gras paturage.

We have also in *Bucol. Ecl.* ii. 51.

Mollia luteolâ pingit vaccinia calthâ ;

and in *Geo.* iv. 596,

Illâ quidem Stygiâ nabat jam frigida cymbâ.

How to reconcile two authorities of such weight and importance I cannot take upon myself to decide.

In a manuscript containing curious observations upon letters, the perusal of which I was allowed a few years since, the author surrounds himself with quotations from ancient poets, in order to prove that the vowel A corresponds to *white*, as a colour, and to the sound of the *German flute* ; E. to *blue*, and the

*clang* of cranes, or the blast of the *trumpet* ; I to *yellow* and the slender sounds of the *flageolet* ; O to *red*, and the *drum* ; and U to *black*, and the *howlings* of mourners at the grave. Among the different citations adduced to support his hypothesis in its ingenious eccentricity, I find the following :

While, the }  
undivided ray } A.  
of light } Stans hostia ad aram  
Lanca dum niveâ circumdatur infula vittâ.  
*Geo.* iii. 487.

Blue, 1st primitive colour } E.  
Ære ciere viros Martemque accendere cantur  
*Æn.* vi. 165.

Yellow, 2nd }  
& middle primitive colour. } I.  
Sub tegmine fagi  
Silvestrem tenui musam meditaris avenâ.  
*Buc. Ecl.* i. 1.

Red, 3rd primitive colour. } O.  
Pro molli violâ, pro purpureo narcisso.  
*Buc. Ecl.* v. 38.

Black, }  
absence of light. } U.  
Lamentis gemitugue et fœmineo ululatu.  
*Æn.* iv. 667.  
and *Æn.* xi. 662. ululante tumultu.

Whatever merit may be attached to the above hypothesis, no one can deny that it is curious accidentally to find the three primitive colours of nature, blue, yellow, and red, placed in their prismatical order, between the full effulgency of light at top, and the perfect absence of it at bottom. And I should not wonder if the proportionate distances between white and blue, blue



and yellow, &c. were in the same ratio with those between the broad and open sound of the vowel A and the slender tone of E, between E and I, &c.

"A *per se* A. Much has been said to explain the true meaning of A *per se* A, which is nothing more than A by itself. The quotation from Wily Beguiled, (1635,) as given in Johnson's Dictionary :

'In faith my sweet honey-comb, I'll love thee A *per se* A,'

contains no mystery ; the sense is plain — 'I will love thee for thy own merit ;' unless it allude to some rebus which is now forgotten, or to a French game often played in company on a winter's evening, by the younger part of the family who take no interest at the card-table. They say, 'J'aime mon amant par A, parcequ'il est Amiable,'—I love my friend by A, because he is Amiable. This goes round the cheerful circle as fast as the readiness of the individuals at finding adjective beginning with an A, can allow. Then follows, 'J'aime mon amant par B, parcequ'il est Bienveillant.'—I love my friend by B, because he is Benevolent ; and so on. If any one stops for want of the word beginning by the letter in rotation, he or she forfeits and deposits a pledge, the redeeming of which is the the aim and end of the game. This amusement is not unknown here.

"ABBREUVOIR'. *s.* This is a French word, admitted, nobody knows why, into an English Dictionary, and clearly borrowed from the Italian *abbenerare* derivative of *bevere*. The French *breuvage*, which we have diluted into *beverage*, or rather brought back to its spring, comes also from *bevere*, which naturally flows from the Latin *bibere*, to drink ; the letter B taking the pronunciation of V, as it was customary among the Romans. This circumstance has given occasion to the following distich :

*Bixit pro vixit constat scripsisse Latinos,  
Ergò nil aliud vivere quam bibere est.*

"The word *abbreuvoir*, which means strictly a watering-place for horses and cattle, does not appear to have been used in that sense in English ; yet our masons, when they place several stones

contiguous to each other, call the interstices 'abbreuvoirs,' because they are to be *abbreuvé*s with liquid mortar. The following anecdote will establish the sense of this word, according to the true French acceptation of it :

A Capuchin, in one of his sermons had given offence to the lackeys of a nobleman, who, a few days after, invited him to dinner. The Franciscan, in the course of the repast, had repeatedly made signs to these varlets for the means of quenching his thirst ; but the spiteful attendants did not choose to move. The patient friar bore this with good humour, till at last, taking hold of his girdle, or 'cordon,' he placed the end of it in the hand of the servant nearest to him, saying, with a significant smile, 'Conduisez-moi, à l'*abbreuvoir*,'—Lead me to the horse-pond. The quaintness of the application was instantly felt by the master of the house ; a bottle of champagne was placed on the table at the side of the Capuchin, and the next day the offenders were dismissed.

"ABSTE'MIOUS, *adj.* [*abstemius*, Lat. from *abs*, without, and *temetum*, strong wine.] Abstaining from wine.

Pliny tells us that Cato major (who, according to Horace had no objection to a brimmer of generous wine,

Narratur et prisçi Catonis

Sæpe mero icaluisse virtus,

*Od. lib. iii. xxi.)*

had slyly advised his relations to kiss their wives at their coming home, in order to detect whether they had drunk wine with their gossips when abroad.

"The reader may have not remarked that in the word *abstemious*, the five vowels of the alphabet stand in their grammatical order—*a, e, i, o, u*. The word *facetious* presents the same accidental singularity ; and *facetiously* brings in the *y*.

"ACE. *s.* [Lat. *as*.] An unit ; a single point on cards or dice, (Johnson.) The word *as* in Latin means a whole sum, an estate, or any thing else which may be divided into aliquot parts ; and is derived from *æs*, out of which weights and coinage were made. At cards, the *ace* is (I must say generally, for I know of games in which it is not so) looked upon as the highest in value and dignity ; so that all the rest of the pack are mere dividends of the principal, the ace. The king, queen, and knave, have been added by courtesy ; and yet sometimes the ace counts eleven, when the king is valued at ten."

## SKETCHES OF INDIA.

VISIT TO SCINDIAH'S MAHRATTA CAMP, NEAR GUALIOR.

**WE** passed along under the south western face of the fort, looking up to its battlements, its towers, and prison-palaces; and visiting, about half-way up the rocky hill, some curious caves containing colossal figures of the god Budh. From the mouth of one of these caves, as I looked out on the plain below, I saw several small soowarries in motion; here an elephant with a party of horse-men; there a couple of women's hackrees going to a garden, with a small escort of horse; and here again, a leader with a whole plump of spears; while individual figures scouring along the plain might be seen every where. But it was not till, leaving this side of the fort we came to its northern head, that we got a full view of the Mahratta camp. It is not quite, perhaps, what you expect; for it presents the appearance of an immense village, or rather collection of villages, with about a dozen chunamed buildings, shapeless, coarse, without any air of ornament; and here and there many small trees and hedges of the milk-plant, all of quick growth and late planting, but yet giving the whole a fixed and settled aspect. At the second gaze, however, you see interspersed many tents and palls, flags and pennons; in some parts, hutted lines and piles of arms; in one range, a large regular park of artillery; in all the open spaces, horses irregularly picketted, strings of camels, and a few stately elephants. On the skirts of this large mass, a few smaller and more regular encampments belonging to particular chiefs with their followers better armed and mounted. The sounds, too, of neighings, of drums, of horns, and firearms; and, occasionally, the piercing trump of the elephant, mingled in confusion with the hum of a population, loud, busy, and tumultuous, tell you, convincingly, the trade here is war: the manufactures are of arms.

Many years, however, has the Mahratta camp happily been stationary. Nor is there treasure in the coffers,

or energy in the councils of Scindiah, which now stands a power, isolated, helpless, and without hope ever again effectually to set it in motion. From a prodigious host, it has dwindled in numbers greatly; in efficiency and readiness of equipment, still more: perhaps not more than seven thousand mounted men are in his camp; about three brigades of infantry; his artillery alone fine, and disproportionately so; his stores miserably low."

Next day we rode into camp—In traversing this rude irregular encampment, the groups we met were horses picketted in circles with the rider's spear planted in the ground at each head-rope; men lying on their horse-furniture; pillowed on their shields; or busy cooking; or cleaning their horses and arms. Their women making fires; fetching water and bringing in grass; their children of all sizes at play in the dust naked. All these were features, to the eye of the European officer, strange and interesting.

"As we passed back round the fort, we were fortunate enough to meet Scindiah returning from the chase, surrounded by all his chiefs; and preceded or followed by about seven hundred horse. Discharges of cannon announced his approach, and a few light scattered parties of spearmen were marching before the main body. We stopped our elephants just on one side of a narrow part of the road, where the rajah and chiefs with his immediate escort must pass.

First came loose light-armed horse, either in the road, or scrambling and leaping on the rude banks and ravines near; then some better clad, with the quilted poshauk\*; and one in a complete suit of chain-armour; then a few elephants, among them the hunting elephant of Scindiah, from which he had dismounted. On one small elephant, guiding it himself, rode a fine boy, a foundling protégé of Scindiah, called

\* A garment of cloth, or silk, quilted and stuffed with cotton, so as to render it sabre-proof

the Jungle Rajah ; then came, slowly prancing, a host of fierce, haughty chieftains, on fine horses, showily caparisoned. They darted forward, and all took their proud stand behind and round us, planting their long lances in the earth, and reining up their eager steeds to see, I suppose, our salaam.—Next, in a common native palkee, its canopy crimson, unadorned, came Scindiah himself. He was plainly dressed, with a reddish turban, and a shawl over his vest, and lay reclined, smoking a small gilt or golden calcan. We stood up in our howdah and bowed ; he half rose in his palkee, and salaamed rather in a courteous manner. At this there was a loud cry of all his followers near, who sung out his titles, and the honour he had done us, &c. And all salaamed themselves profoundly.

I looked down on the chiefs under us, and saw that they eyed us most haughtily, which very much increased the effect they would otherwise have produced. They were armed with lance, scymitar, and shield, creese and pistol ; wore, some shawls ; some tissues ; some plain muslin or cotton ; were all much wrapped up in clothing ; and wore, almost all, a large fold of muslin, tied over the turban-top, which they fastened under the chin ; and which, strange as it may sound to those who have never seen it, looks *warlike*, and is a very important defence to the sides of the neck.

Near Bhilsah, the author encountered a frantic female devotee, whom he thus describes :—

In the evening I walked out, and climbed a lofty rock, about half a mile to the eastward of the town, on which is also a durgah to the memory of a Mahomedan saint. There are steps cut in the rock ; and here and there gateways and small walls. On the top all is bare and naked, but would make, and has evidently been used as a point of defence. The deserted huts of a large irregular bivouac still lie between its shelter and that of the town. As I stood gazing round me, now looking out on the noble and extensive scene below, now examining the durgah, there burst on me a figure which quite startled me.

From the cottage I had remarked, there came forth an old woman, in form and feature horrible ; and with angry wild gestures in a hoarse voice bade me be-gone. Her lean shrivelled arms, loose breasts, haggard features, and grey dishevelled hair, gave her an appearance absolutely horrible. I affected first to disregard, and then soften her ; neither would do. She seemed half-frantic, and said many things in a loud hurried unintelligible tone of voice. I left the spot quite with a sinking of the heart. Her age, her sex, forbade me to use violence of any sort which might defend me ; and mad she seemed with hate, the offspring of superstition, or of wrong, I could not tell which. She evidently dressed the durgah with flowers, and dwelt there as its guardian : widowed, childless, or destitute, or all, she might have become through war.

It has been already stated, that the famous Pindarrie chieftain Seetoo, who headed 30,000 men to plunder the Deccan, fell a prey to wild beasts. He escaped from the fortress of Asseerghur, a few days before our troops invested it. Without followers, without friends, he crossed the Nerbuddah, and directed his flight northwards. A few days afterwards, his horse was found wandering without a rider ; and, on the border of the jungle, near some by-road, the corpse of Seetoo, evidently killed and preyed upon by a tiger, and since torn by jackalls. His arms, so often bathed in the blood of others, had lain useless by his side, and were stained with his own. A few jewels and money, provided for his flight, were in his scrip. They would not bribe the fierce and savage lord of these wilds from his foul meal. Papers and passports, framed and prepared with art to ensure safe conduct through populous and peaceful districts, had failed him here ; where, under the fangs of an irresistible and powerful wild beast, only less blood-thirsty and cruel than himself, he perished, as hopelessly as the trembling female, or tottering infant, under his lifted spear.

The account of the Bheels, with whom our recent conquests has brought us more nearly into contact, deserves to

be copied :—They live by the chase and by rapine ; on the roads they never show themselves armed ; the bow and arrow and javelin, are their weapons ; but I never saw any remarkable for size or strength. They are a short thick-set people, with hideous countenances, flat noses and thick lips, but far less handsome and finely formed men than the Africans ; neither have they the very dark complexions, and that fine clear shining black ; their hair is straight ; they look stupid, to speak of them as men, but yet have a quick little piercing eye, such as would discern the far-off deer, the deep-swimming fish, the lofty bird's-nest, or the wild bee-hive. Their women are even more hideous than the men ; these you meet more frequently, and in larger groups, carrying bundles of wood for sale. The favourite haunts of this half-barbarous people, are in the deepest and most unknown recesses of the jungles. They often plunder and murder on the roads, and seemed to hold no fellowship with any other race.—They are supposed to be the Aborigines of the province of Guzerat.

Of another race we have the following notice :—In my march forward, at a place called Sunjum, where there was a sort of fair, I saw a party of Seiks. They were infantry, armed with swords, creeses, and matchlocks, and carrying a curious missile weapon like a quoit, but lighter, and with sharp edges.—These they whirl round the finger, and throw with unerring and fatal precision, to the forehead of an opponent. I hardly ever saw any where, men more graceful, stronger and better made.—

Their complexions were a fair olive. They wore beards curling round the chin. Their turbans small and high, and peculiar in form. The loin-cloth wrapped close under the fork, leaving the limb entirely unencumbered, save by a light handsome sandal. Their women were handsome, with fine forms, and their robes much loaded with ornament. Some of them told me they were now in the service of Chunder Loll, the prime minister of the nizam ; that in the nizam's dominions two or three thousand were generally entertained ; but two or three of them told me they had served in the last war in the very north of Hindustan against the forces of Candahar. At sunset, they assembled round the oldest, a venerable looking man, who wore a long dark blue robe, and sung a hymn.—He also repeated some form of prayer.

We shall finish with the portrait of a singular character at Hyderabad, of whom the author says, I passed one morning, and took tiffin with a famous English merchant, who holds a singular sort of durbar every morning, at which you may see shroffs and merchants, officers and nobles, coming to beg, borrow, lend, or transact business ; all which is done according to the native customs. These Mr. P. observes in every thing connected with his establishment ; even when alone, to the sitting on the floor to a dinner served in their fashion ; reading the Arabian Nights with his Moorish wives ; presiding at nautches ; and (*de gustibus non est disputandum*) listening with pleasure to the musical sounds of the native tom-tom.\*

#### BALLAD.

I DREAMT not what it was to woo,  
And felt my heart secure ;  
Till Robin dropt a word or two,  
Last evening, on the moor.  
Though with no flattering words, the while,  
His suit he urged to move,  
Fond ways inform'd me, with a smile,  
How sweet it was to love.

He left the path to let me pass,  
The dropping dews to shun ;  
And walk'd himself, among the grass,—  
I deem'd it kindly done.

And when his hand was held to me,  
As o'er each stile we went,  
I deem'd it rude to say him nay,  
And manners to consent.

He saw me to the town, and then  
He sigh'd, but kiss'd me not ;  
And whisper'd, " We shall meet again,"  
But did not say for what :  
Yet on my breast his cheek had lain ;  
And though it gently press'd,  
It bruised my heart, and left a pain  
That robs it of its rest. JOHN CLARE.

\* Tom-tom, a drum, usually beat with the hand.

## THE REGICIDE GENERALS, WHALLEY AND GOFFE.

(From the 22d No. of Percy Anecdotes.)

**O**F the fifty-nine judges who signed the warrant for the execution of King Charles the First, twenty-four died before the Restoration of Charles the Second; twenty-seven persons, judges and others, were taken, tried, and condemned; some of these were pardoned; but fourteen, nine of whom were judges, were executed. Only sixteen fled and finally escaped. Three of these, Major-General Edward Whalley, Major-General William Goffe, and Colonel John Dixwell escaped to New-England, where they died, after being secreted nearly thirty years.

On the 22nd of September, 1660, a proclamation was issued, setting forth that Whalley and Goffe had left the kingdom; but as there was great reason to suppose they had returned, a reward of £100 was offered to any one who would discover either of them in any of the British dominions, and cause him to be brought in alive or dead if he made any resistance. Goffe had married the daughter of Whalley, and they escaped to New England together, arriving at Boston the 27th of July, 1660.

They did not attempt to conceal their persons or characters, when they arrived at Boston, but immediately went to the Governor, Mr. Endicott, who received them very courteously; and they were visited by the principal persons of the town. They fixed their residence at Cambridge, about four miles from Boston, which they frequently visited, attending regularly to their religious duties. They appeared grave, serious, and devout; and the rank they had formerly sustained, as well as their prudent demeanour, commanded respect.

It had been reported that all the judges of the late king would be pardoned, but seven; and Whalley and Goffe, who had not been among the most obnoxious, hoped to receive the king's clemency; but when the Act of Indemnity reached Boston, which was not until the last day of November, it appeared that they were not excepted. Some of the pow-

erful persons in the government now became alarmed; but pity and compassion prevailed with others, and they had assurances from some belonging to the general court that they would stand by them.

On the 22nd of February, 1661, the Government summoned a Court of Assistants, to consult about securing them; but the court did not agree to it. Finding it unsafe to remain any longer, they left Cambridge, and arrived at Newhaven, about one hundred and fifty miles distant, on the 7th of March, where they were well treated by the ministers, the Rev. John Davenport and the Rev. Nicholas Street. On the 27th of March, they removed to New Milford, and made themselves known there; but at night they returned privately to Newhaven, and were concealed at Mr. Davenport's house until the 3d of April.

About this time, news arrived from Boston that ten of the judges were executed; and the governor received a royal mandate to cause Whalley and Goffe to be secured. This greatly alarmed the country, and there is no doubt that the court were now in earnest in their endeavours to apprehend them; and to avoid all suspicion, they gave commission and instruction to two young merchants from England, Thomas Kellond, and Thomas Kirk, zealous royalists, to go through the colonies, as far as Manhados in search of them. The regicides had friends who informed them what was doing, and they removed from Mr. Davenport's to the house of Mr. Jones, afterwards deputy-governor of Connecticut, where they lay hid till the 11th of May, and then removed to a mill. On the 13th, they went into the woods, where they met Jones and two of his companions, Sperry and Burrell, who first conducted them to a place called Hatchet-Harbour, where they lay two nights, until a cave or hole in the side of a hill was prepared to conceal them. The hill they called Providence Hill, and there they continued from the 15th of May to the 11th of June. Richard Sperry daily sup-

plied them with victuals from his house, about a mile off; sometimes carrying it himself, at other times sending it by one of his boys, tied up in a cloth, ordering him to lay it on a certain stump and leave it; and when the boy went for it at night, he always found the basins emptied of the provisions, and brought them home. The boy wondered at it, and used to ask his father the design of it, for he saw nobody. His father told him there was somebody at work in the woods that wanted it.

The incident which made them abandon this cave, is said to have been a visit which they received as they lay in bed, from a panther, or a catamount, who putting his head into the door or aperture of the cave, blazed his eyeballs in so hideous a manner upon them, as greatly affrighted them. One of them was so terrified by this grim and ferocious monster, and at his squalling, that he took to his heels, and fled down the mountain to Sperry's house for safety.

The second concealment which they selected, was about two miles and a half north of the first, at the foot of the mountain on the western bank of a small rivulet, which runs along the west side of the West Rock. For some reason or other, they do not seem to have sojourned here long; tradition says, because the Indian dogs in hunting discovered them; they therefore sought another lodgement.

The third place of their abode in the vicinity of Newhaven, was at a place called to this day *The Lodge*. It was situated at a spring in a valley, or excavation in a declivity, about three miles west, or a little north-west, from the last mentioned residence. When they came to this abode is uncertain; it was in the summer; and they left it, and removed to Milford, August, 1661; after having resided in and about Newhaven for nearly half a year, from the 7th of March, to the 19th of August, 1661.

Among the traditionary anecdotes and stories concerning the events which took place at Newhaven, it is related, that when the pursuers, Kellond and Kirk, were expected, the regicides walked out towards the Neck bridge, the road by which they must enter the

town. At some distance, the sheriff, or marshal, Mr. Kimberly, overtook them, with a warrant for their apprehension. He endeavoured to secure them, but they stood upon their defence, and being expert at fencing, repulsed the officer, who went back to town for assistance. He soon returned with additional aid; but in the meantime, the regicides had escaped into the woods with which the town was surrounded.

One time, when the pursuers were searching the town, the regicides, in shifting their situations, happened to be at the house of a Mrs. Evers, a respectable old lady; she, seeing the enemy coming, ushered her guests out at the back door, who, walking out a little way, instantly returned to the house, and were hid and concealed by her in her apartments. The pursuers coming inquired whether the regicides were in her house. She answered, they had been there, but were just gone away, and pointed out the way. They went into the fields and woods; and by her artful and polite address, she diverted them, put them upon a false scent, and secured her friends. It is rather probable, that this happened the next day after their coming to Newhaven; and that they then left the town, and went through the woods to the mill, two miles off, whither they had retired on the 14th of May.

About the time the pursuers came to Newhaven, and, perhaps, a little before, and to prepare the minds of the people for their reception, the Rev. Mr. Davenport preached publicly from this text, Isaiah, xvi. 3, 4. *Take counsel, execute judgment, make thy shadow as the night, in the midst of the noon-day; hide the outcasts, betray not him that wandereth: let mine outcasts dwell with thee: Moab, be thou a covert to them from the face of the spoiler.* This sermon had such an effect, that though large rewards were offered for their apprehension, yet no pains were taken by the inhabitants to discover their retreat.

To show the dexterity of the regicides at fencing, it is related, that while at Boston, a fencing-master had a stage erected, on which he walked for several days, challenging and defying

any one to play with him at swords. At length, one of the regicides made his appearance, disguised in a rustic dress, holding in one hand a cheese wrapped in a napkin for a shield, with a broomstick, whose mop he had besmeared with dirty puddle water as he had passed along; thus equipped, he mounted the stage; the fencing-master railed at him for his impudence, asked what business he had there, and bade him begone. The regicide stood his ground, upon which the gladiator made a pass at him with his sword, to drive him off, a rencounter ensued: the regicide received the sword into the cheese, and held it till he drew the mop of the broom over his mouth, and gave the gentleman a pair of whiskers. The gentleman made another pass, and plunging his sword a second time, it was caught and held in the cheese, till the broom was drawn over his eyes. At a third lunge, the sword was caught again, till the mop of the broom was rubbed gently all over his face; upon this, the gentleman let fall, or laid aside, his small sword, and took up the broad sword, and came at him with that; upon which the regicide said, "Stop, sir; hitherto, you see, I have only played with you; but if you come at me with your broad sword, know that I will certainly take your life." The firmness and determination with which he spake, struck the gentleman, who, desisting, exclaimed, "Who can you be? You are either Goffe, Whalley, or the devil. for there was no other man in England that could beat me." And so the disguised regicide retired into obscurity, leaving the spectators to enjoy the diversion of the scene, and the vanquishment of the boasting champion. Hence it is proverbial in some parts of New England, in speaking of a champion at athletic and other exercises, to say, that "none can beat him but Goffe, Whalley, or the devil."

From their cave in the woods near Newhaven, they ventured to the house of one Tomkins, near Milford meeting-house, where they remained two years without ever stirring out; they afterwards took a little more liberty, and

made themselves known to several persons in whom they could confide.

In 1664, the commissioner from Charles the Second arrived at Boston. On receiving this news, they retired to their cave, where they remained eight or ten days. Soon after some Indians hunting, discovered the cave, with the bed; and the report being spread abroad, rendered it unsafe to continue there any longer. On the 13th of October, 1664, they removed to Hadley, Massachusetts, nearly a hundred miles distant, travelling only by night. On their arrival, they took up their abode with the Rev. Mr. Russell, who had previously agreed to receive them. At this house, and that of Peter Tilton, Esq. they spent the rest of their lives, for fifteen or sixteen years, in dreary solitude and seclusion from the world. The minister was no sufferer by his boarders, as they received remittances every year from their wives in England, as well as occasional presents from other persons; Goffe, who kept a regular diary during his exile, has recorded donations from several friends. They were in constant terror, though they had reason to hope after some years that all inquiry for them was over. They read with pleasure the news of their having been killed in Switzerland; and having exact intelligence of every thing which passed in England, they were unwilling to give up all hopes of deliverance. It is said that their greatest expectations were from the fulfilment of the prophecies, as they had no doubt that the execution of the judges was the slaying of the witnesses. Their lives were miserable burdens, and they complained of being banished from all human society. Goffe corresponded with his wife by the name of Walter Goldsmith, and she as Frances Goldsmith. Their letters, some of which are preserved, strongly describe the distresses of two persons under such peculiar circumstances, who appeared to have lived very happily together.

During their residence at Hadley, the most memorable Indian war took place. This was called King Philip's war. Philip was a powerful Sachem, and resided at Mount Hope in Rhode-Island, where he was soon after put to

death by Colonel Church. All the frontier towns of New-England were attacked, and Hadley was then exposed as a place of this description. The time the savages fixed on to make the assault, was while the inhabitants were assembled at the meeting-house to observe a fast day ; but fortunately it had been some time a custom for the men to attend public worship armed. Had the town been taken, the discovery of Whalley and Goffe would have been inevitable. The men took up their arms and attempted a defence, but were soon thrown into confusion ; when (as it is related to this day) a stranger suddenly appeared among them of venerable aspect, and different in his apparel from the inhabitants, who rallied and disposing them in the best military manner, led them to the charge, routed the Indians, and saved the town. In the

moment of victory their deliverer vanished. The inhabitants, unable to account for the phenomenon, believed that they had been commanded by an angel sent from heaven for their protection. This supposed angel was Goffe, who never before ventured from his concealment in the cave in the woods nor was it known who had so ably led them against the Indians until after his death.

Goffe and Whalley appear to have been much respected on account of their professions of piety, and their grave deportment, by persons who did not approve of their political conduct. Whalley, who became reduced to a state of second childhood, died about the year 1676 or 1678 ; and Goffe, it is supposed, did not live beyond 1680 ; his last letter is dated April 2nd, 1679.

## Paragraphs.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES—LITERARY NEWS—REMARKABLE INCIDENTS, &c.

### SPORTING IN INDIA.

A letter from Ceylon mentions a remarkable fact in Oriental sporting, which recently happened in that island. A party of Europeans, who were out amusing themselves with elephant hunting, came so suddenly on a numerous herd as to be thrown into great confusion. The trampling was terrible and the danger imminent. One of the tame elephants in particular was overthrown, and two of the wild animals rushed forward to destroy its dismounted driver. At this moment, Capt. —, with a coolness almost incredible, interfered and saved his life, by shooting first one and then the other elephant dead, each by a single ball from a barrel of his double-barrelled gun. The mortal mark is on the head, over the eye, and in both instances the ball penetrated the brain.

### RECOLLECTIONS.

Among the groups that decorate the grand staircase at Kensington, painted by the ingenious Kent, who laid out the beautiful gardens for Queen Caroline, is a portrait of Mahomet, the

Turk, who was valet-de-chambre to his majesty, George 1st. This worthy man, whom the sovereign brought from Hanover, was justly esteemed for his amiable manners and general deportment. Although *so great a royal favourite*, his benevolence was not the least of his many virtues, having, in the space of three years, discharged from the Gate-house in Westminster, the Borough Clink, Ludgate, and other close and filthy prisons, disgraceful to that age, more than three hundred poor debtors confined for small sums ! This *Christian Turk* died in 1726.

### BOHEMIAN PEARLS.

A letter from Vienna says, that the pearl fishery in Bohemia and Moravia has been very productive this year. These pearls, known by the name of Bohemian Pearls, are found in the Moldawa from Kruman to below Fruenberg. This river furnishes every year from three to four hundred pearls of the purest water and very well shaped, besides several hundred imperfect pearls. The House of Schwartz-



berg is proprietor of the greatest part of the banks. The shells which produce the pearls are of a particular species, which it would be advantageous to encrease. Besides the Moldawa there is another small river called the Wattawa, which produces a few pearls; they are not fished up, as in the Moldawa from the bed of the river, but taken from the shells thrown upon the banks by the overflowing of the Wattawa.

#### OTHER TIMES.

In the reign of Henry the Fourth, when the persecution of the Lollards commenced, an unfortunate man of the name of Badby was sentenced to be burned in Smithfield, for attachment to the principles of Wicliffe, then denounced as a crime by the name of Lollardy. The Prince of Wales, afterwards Henry the Fifth, was present at the execution. When the unhappy sufferer felt the flames, his resolution seemed to forsake him, and his agonizing cries touched the Prince, who gave directions, that the tun in which he had been placed to be burned, should be removed, and Henry then offered him pardon if he would recant. Still farther to tempt him, he would allow him an income of three pence per day. Badby, however, rejected the proffered mercy, was reconducted to the stake, and consumed to ashes.—The three pence per day offered to the sufferer was a very handsome income at that time; from the bill of a dinner given in 1561 to the Duke of Norfolk and others, we find that the price of a leg of mutton was then three-pence, and that four pence half-penny would purchase half a bushel of flour. If we may assume the prices of those articles to have advanced one third in the one hundred and sixty years preceding, and measure the value of other commodities by them, it will appear that the three pence per day offered by the Prince of Wales, was equal in value to four or five shillings per day at the present time, an income which to a poor man would certainly appear respectable, and not unworthy the personage who offered it.

#### TYROLESE GIRL.

During a conflict at the farm of Rainerhof, in the Tyrolese war in 1809, a young woman who resided at the house, brought out a small cask of wine to encourage and refresh the peasants; and had advanced to the scene of action, regardless of the tremendous fire of the Bavarians, with the cask upon her head, when a bullet struck it, and compelled her to let it go. Undaunted by this accident, she hastened to repair the mischief, by placing her thumb to the orifice caused by the ball; and encouraged those nearest her to refresh themselves quickly, that she might not remain in her dangerous situation, and suffer for her generosity.

#### MRS. PERRY.

Died, at Kensington, near London, the widow Perry, *at. 103*. Her maiden name was Hester Townsend. She was born at Bremhill, near Calne, in Wiltshire, the beginning of December, 1719,—of course she has lived in the reign of all the Georges. She had been well known about Kensington and Hyde Park by thousands who are gone before her. She walked upon crutches, and subsisted for many years upon casual charity; but when she attained her century, a subscription of a penny *per week* was begun and continued by as many individuals as amounted to eight shillings, paid to her every Monday morning, till the day of her death.

#### EDWARD COLSTON.

"He feeds yon alms-house, neat but void of state;  
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate:  
Him portioned maids, apprenticed orphans, blest,  
The young who labour, and the old who rest."

*Pope.*

The celebrated Edward Colston, who was a native of Bristol, and died in 1821, devoted his life and fortune to the noblest acts of christian benevolence. On his monument there is recorded a list of the public charities and benefactions given and founded by him, which amount to £70,695; but his private donations were not less than his public ones; he sent at one time £3000, to relieve and discharge the debtors in Ludgate, by a private hand; and he yearly freed those confined for small debts in Whitechapel prison and the Marshalsea; he sent £1000 to relieve the poor of Whitechapel; and twice a week had a quantity of beef and broth dressed, to distribute to all the poor around him. If any sailor suffered, or was cast away in his employment, his family afterwards found a sure asylum in him.

How solicitous he was of doing good, and having his charities answer the design of their institution, appears from a letter of his,

to Mr. Mason, Master of the Society of Merchants in Bristol, the trustees of his charity. "Your letter was received by me with great satisfaction, because it informs me, that the Merchants' Hall have made choice of so deserving a gentleman for their master, by whom I cannot in the least think there will be any neglect of their affairs; so neither of want of care, in seeing my trust reposed in them religiously performed; because, thereon depends the welfare or ruin of so many boys, who may in time be made useful, as well to your city as to the nation, by their future honest endeavours; the which that they may be, is what I principally desire and recommend unto you, sir, and the whole society. Edward Colston."

During the scarcity of 1795, Mr. Colston, after relieving the wants of his immediate neighbourhood, sent in a cover to the London Committee, with only these words, "To relieve the wants of the poor in the metropolis," and without any signature, the sum of £20,000. A donation almost past belief, but established on the best authority.

When some friends urged Mr. Colston to marry, he replied, "Every helpless widow is my wife, and her distressed orphans my children." What adds greatly to his character as a charitable man, is, that he performed all these works of beneficence, great and splendid as they are, in his life-time; he invested revenues for their support in the hands of trustees; he lived to see the trusts justly executed; and perceived with his own eyes the good effects of all his establishments. That his great fortune might the less embarrass him with worldly cares, he placed it out chiefly in government securities; and the estates he bought to endow his hospitals, were chiefly ground rents.—And notwithstanding all these public legacies, he provided amply for all his relations and dependents, leaving more than £100,000 amongst them.

#### JOHN WICKLIFF.

The ancient family of the celebrated Reformer, John Wycliffe, became extinct a few days ago, by the death of Thomas Wycliffe, Esq. whose ancestors have been settled at Richmond in Yorkshire, ever since the reign of Edward the First.

#### CENSUS OF PORTUGAL.

The Portuguese monarchy has possessions in four parts of the world:—

In Europe is the kingdom of Portugal, and the Algarves, on a surface of 4630 leagues square, and 3,680,000 inhabitants.

In America, Brazil and Guiana, 277,000 leagues square, and 24,000,000 inhabitants.

In the Atlantic and Africa, the isles of Madeira and Porto Santo, 50 square leagues, and 91,200 inhabitants. The Azores 147 square leagues, 160,000 inhabitants. Cape Verd Islands, 216 square leagues, 36,000 inhabitants. The islands on the coast of

Guinea, 53 square leagues, 35,000 inhabitants. The government of Angola, 70 square leagues, 75,000 inhabitants. Of Mosambique, 139 square leagues, 60,000 inhabitants.

In Asia, Goa, 92 square leagues, 60,000 inhabitants. Timor and Solor, 33 square leagues, 15,060 inhabitants. Macao, 14 square leagues, and 33,800 inhabitants.—Total 282,444 square leagues, and 6,649,200 inhabitants: among the latter are two millions of slaves. The political importance equal to that of the Belgic provinces, and superior to that of Sweden.

The crown revenues from eighty to ninety millions of francs. The armed force consists in Europe of 25,000 militia. In Brazil the troops of the line and militia about 50,000. Their marine has not above eight ships of the line and sixteen frigates.

A curious phenomenon now stands on the road-side to Brighton, on the estate of Mr. Sewell: it is a very large tree, half of which is oak, and the other half beech.

#### LITERARY.

Shortly will be published, *Practical Observations on Paralytic Affections, St. Vitus' Dance, Distortions of the Spine, and Deformities of the Chest and Limbs, arising from Chronic Rheumatism, Rickets, Gout, &c illustrative of the beneficial effects of Muscular Action, with Cases*, by W. Tilleard Ward, F.L.S.

Our medical readers will be entertained and interested by the perusal of a *Treatise on Acupuncture*, by JAMES MORRIS CHURCHILL, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London. This operation, as the name imports, consists in inserting a needle into the muscular parts of the body, to the depth, sometimes, of an inch. The instantaneous effect of this singular remedy in alleviating pains of a rheumatic nature, is truly surprising and unaccountable; but the facts, as exhibited in many cases, are sufficiently strong to command our assent. In attacks of a nervous nature, the happy influence of this process is equally undeniable. This remedy has long been in use amongst the Japanese and Chinese, and is now making its way into European practice, with results which at least demand the earnest attention and scrutiny of the physiologist. The author of the *Treatise* in question abstains altogether from the dubious enquiry into the origin of these singular effects; and we think that, in this stage of the business, he does well to confine himself to the establishment of facts. He must expect to find no little scepticism, on a subject so much at variance with the common apprehensions of the public; but, as far as we can yet judge, we think he is proceeding on solid ground, and will, in the end, do considerable service to the cause of surgical science and humanity.

# SPIRIT

OF THE

## ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

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BOSTON, APRIL 15, 1822.

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(From the English Magazines, Feb. 1822.)

### A DECEMBER TALE.

**A**T the latter end of the year 1819, I accepted an invitation to pass a week at the habitation of a friend in Scotland, and accordingly made all due preparations for the journey, and took my place in the vehicle, which commences its periodical excursions from the small town containing the residence of your Correspondent. It is not needful to describe the busy preparation for the event, the fidgetting of my aunts, for I am blessed with three! the rising at four o'clock to set off at seven, and the endless train of et-ceteras which every traveller is well acquainted with. I departed in the *Velocity*, for so the vehicle was named, *locus a non lucendo* I presume, in company with a French dancing-master, a Scotch merchant, and the wife of a Welsh curate. Nothing remarkable happened during the journey, which was performed in mute silence, except when an extraordinary jolt of the carriage drew forth an occasional ejaculation from my fellow-travellers; and I at last arrived at the place of my destination. My friend's house a marvellous ill-fashioned edifice, stood upon the top of an eminence, at the foot of which a muddy pool, passing by the name of a pond, served as a school to initiate some young of the duck tribe in the art and mystery of swimming. The house itself, though completely void of all shape, was

large, and the hospitable reception within made ample recompense for the uncouthness of the exterior. I was ushered by a servant in ancient livery into a parlour; where, seated around the fire, I found the Laird, Mr. M'Tarragon, his wife, and only daughter; two neighbouring gentlemen, Mr. Whappledown and Mr. Baldermere; a young English lady, Miss Somerset, with her brother; and an elderly dame, Mrs. Tiverton; all of whom were, like myself, visitors. Being somewhat tired with my journey, and the evening far advanced, I retired early to rest, to sleep off the fatigues of the day.

The next morning I took a survey of my friend's castle. It was, as I have before said, not remarkable for its elegance, or the harmonious proportion of its parts. The body of the building had been originally of a square shape, but it abounded with wings which had been appended to it by succeeding occupiers: and was accommodated with numerous high and narrow apertures, filled with minute panes of glass, which served as an apology for windows: though the Architect seemed to have been perfectly ignorant of any such thing as regularity in their dispositions. The roof was adorned with towers of all descriptions, some round, some square, and some of a shape which would have

baffled the skill of the most experienced professor of octahedrons and polygons to give a name to, and which sprouted out in beautiful confusion, like the horns of the beast in the Revelations.

The day passed pleasantly in conversation and various amusements, for the weather prohibited all excursion beyond the walls, and in the evening we told stories ; the first of which, related by Henry Somerset, the young Englishman, I here enclose.

"It was on the close of a fine day in July, that I walked out to enjoy an evening ramble. The day had been warm, and the breeze that rustled among the leaves with "cooling melody" was inexpressibly grateful. The sun was just sinking behind the mountain whose dark masses bounded the view on the west, and lighted up the clouds that gathered round him with a blaze of glory, which glittered through the trees with the most delightful splendour. The inhabitants of the neighbouring villages had retired to rest, and no sound interrupted the silence which brooded over the scene, save the gentle murmurs of the wind, and the occasional bark of the distant watch-dog.

"It is sweet to walk in places and at times like these ; when the mind, loosened from the weight of subjects which have oppressed it during the busy day, springs with renovated buoyancy to commune with the spirit of nature when shaking off the cumbrous load of earthly inquietude, she roams in freedom through her boundless expanse : nor fettered to the present, Memory kindly lends her aid to conjure up the past, and Fancy leads her on to contemplate the future.

"I arrived in my ramble at a spot which Nature seemed to have chosen to blend all her powers of charming. The dark foliage which grew around threw a soft and melancholy shade upon the scene ; the beautiful wild flowers loaded the air with their simple perfume ; while the wind, which here sighed with a deeper murmur, accorded well with the rippling of a brook that rolled over the white and shining pebbles, winding along in in-

tricate mazes, till the eye lost its track among the thick under-wood, which flourished on its margin. It was a spot which a poet would have hung over with rapture, a painter would have loved to delineate on his canvas, and which an angel might have lingered to gaze upon, and thought it Eden.

"So intent was I in admiring this natural garden, that it was some time before I perceived a cottage which reared its thatched roof under the shade of a venerable chesnut, that spread its giant arms far abroad on every side. I wished to know who were the inhabitants of this terrestrial paradise ; and therefore approached, and knocked gently at the door ; the threshold of which was embroidered by honeysuckles, that twined around it, and kissed the projecting cottage roof. It was opened by an elderly woman, the very personification of hospitality. She invited me to enter ; which I did, after apologizing for my intrusion, and offering my long walk as an excuse for resting myself. I had now an opportunity of observing the interior of the dwelling, or at least of the part where I sat. It was a small low apartment, but the white-washed walls, the clean windows, whose small panes of glass were partly obscured by the shrubs which climbed around them, and the bright rows of well-polished pot-lids, and other culinary utensils, gave an air of neatness and industry to the room. Near the fire-place sat an old man, seemingly much oppressed by age and pain, but his welcome was hearty though unpolished, and his furrowed cheeks and snowy locks gave him a reverend and pleasing appearance. My hostess seemed about fifty ; her features were rather of a melancholy cast ; a clean cap restrained her grey hair, which time had much thinned ; and from her waist hung a pincushion and pair of scissors. She placed refreshments before me, of which I partook most heartily, and answered my questions with civility, and even politeness. After recompensing the aged couple for my entertainment, I at length departed, with many thanks and renewed apologies for my intrusion.

“From a farmer in the neighbourhood I enquired concerning this family; and he told me, that they had once a son, a most promising young man, their chief, and indeed their only delight. He had been pressed on board a ship of war, and as he had never been since heard of, it was conjectured that he had either fallen in some engagement, or been lost in the waves. He shewed me also a likeness of him, which he had received from himself, a great friendship having existed between them: but as I soon after went to a distant part of the kingdom, I speedily forgot the cottage and its inhabitants.

“I exchanged the calm repose of the country for the bustle of a seaport town, and the songs of birds for the creaking of cordage and the melody of the boatswain’s whistle. One day, turning hastily round the corner of a street, I was struck by the figure of a man who sought relief from his distress in the charity of his fellow creatures, but his wan countenance and extended arm alone pleaded for him with mute eloquence. I thought I knew the features, but vainly endeavoured to recollect where; and giving him a halfpence, passed on. His idea still haunted me, and I returned in the afternoon resolving to enquire who he was, but he was not there. The next day, however, I was more successful: he thanked me for my assistance the day before; his name he told me, was S——. It struck me in a moment. It was the son of my old cottagers. I took him home to my lodgings; and telling him what I knew respecting his family, desired to hear from him the remainder of his history.—‘It is a narrative of little but misfortunes,’ he answered; ‘but if the relation will in any way please you, Sir, I owe it to your kindness not to refuse.’

“‘The night when I was pressed, I was as one stupified. The next day, however, I became composed. I prevailed on a friend who had obtained leave to see me to carry a message to a young woman whom I was attached to, and to desire her, if possible, to visit me before my departure. He did so, and to the last moment I cherished the hope of seeing her. But it was in

vain;—she did not come, and our vessel set sail. The neglect from one I had so tenderly loved was more cutting than all the rest. I believed her unfaithful; I deemed myself cast off by all mankind, and left unfriended and alone to traverse over boundless seas. My dejection of spirits, together with the new life I led, destroyed my health, and I lay for weeks a prey to a raging fever; during which I was nursed with the greatest care and attention by a young man with whom I had contracted a friendship on board the ship in which I was. He seemed ill suited to the life he had chosen, for he was extremely delicate; but he had something in his countenance which reminded me of Elinor; and this, perhaps, attracted me to him, for I still loved her, notwithstanding her neglect: under his care, I at length recovered, and was allowed to venture upon the deck to inhale the refreshing breeze.

“‘Here I gazed, with a strange and awful feeling of astonishment, on the immense plain of waters, from which I was separated only by a few boards, and listened with pleasure to the rushing of the waves by the side of the vessel as she cut through the deep. How great, I thought, must be the ingenuity of that being, who can pass in safety over this mighty expanse. But I was shortly to see that ingenuity exerted for purposes, and in a manner from which the soul revolts.

“‘One night, when the crew had retired to their hammocks, I had been talking to my friend; I had dropped a few words of anger against my neglectful Elinor. He sighed deeply, and once I thought he was weeping; but I attributed it to his compassion. On a sudden, we were alarmed by a loud call from the mast head, and a bustling confusion on the deck. I sprang up, for I was then almost recovered from my illness, and went to enquire into the cause of the tumult. One of the sailors pointed out to me a dusky object which floated on the waves at a considerable distance; and told me, that it was an Algerine vessel which was bearing down upon us. The uproar had by this time subsided, and every one was called to his post. My sen-

sations at this instant were almost indescribable. In a few moments, I should be called upon to face death, and perhaps to deprive others of existence. This interval, as it were, between life and death, was filled with an awful feeling : it was not fear, nor hope, but a confused mixture of both, which was augmented and sustained by the silence which prevailed, but the first shot dissipated all feelings but those of energy and activity. The hostile vessel now approached, hove to, and summoned us to surrender. A broad-side was the reply, and in a moment all was smoke, fire, and destruction. The enemy were much superior to us in strength, and at length they boarded us. We fought hand to hand ;—it would be in vain to describe the horrors of the scene, they can only be imagined by those who have witnessed them. Their captain happened to come near me. I aimed a blow at him with all my force ; which he parried, and my sword broke short in my hand. The barbarian lifted his sword to strike me, when my friend, whom I had not seen during the action, sprang between us, and received the stroke which was aimed for me. I caught him as he fell ; but that dying shriek, that last expiring glance, that soft pressure, told me all. It was Elinor ! noble, generous, self-devoted being, who, while I was upbraiding her with neglect, had

braved all the dangers of a sea life to follow me,—to nurse me, to watch me, and last, worst, and bitterest,—to die for me !

“ ‘ I have little else to relate. We were taken,—and afterwards retaken by an American ; by whom we were well treated, and carried to New York, where we had some clothes and other necessities given us. Some of my companions remained there ; but I wished to return to my native country. I worked for some time as a joiner, a trade to which I had once been a little accustomed in England ; and at length gained sufficient to pay for my passage to England. I was landed here without money or friends. My fatigue had also destroyed my health, which I had not perfectly recovered, so that I was unable to gain any thing by labour. I had, therefore, subsisted on charity ; in soliciting which, I was so fortunate as to meet with you, sir, who have so kindly relieved me.”

“ Here his narrative concluded, and I will hasten to the conclusion of mine. I conveyed him home, restored him to his parents, and was amply rewarded with their boundless gratitude. He is now in an eligible situation, which does not require any great bodily exertion ; he is comfortable ; and, could he forget the unhappy fate of his Elinor, he might be happy.”

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#### ENORMOUS EXTENT OF THE SLAVE-TRADE.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

Sir,  
**I** TAKE the liberty of sending you some affecting extracts from a pamphlet entitled “ Information on the Slave Trade,” hoping thereby to call the attention of your benevolent readers to this nefarious traffic in our fellow creatures, and I think it will appear that it is carried on at the present time to a very great extent, notwithstanding the treaties of France, Portugal, &c.&c, and it likewise appears that the Portuguese government indicates great indifference respecting the abolition of the trade, as the following facts will shew.

On the 2d of October, 1817, a letter stated, that during the two preceeding

months, twenty-seven vessels had sailed from Rio de Janeiro for slaves, capable of carrying nine thousand four hundred and fifty, a number nearly equal to half the supply of any former year, and there were at that time several other vessels preparing.

From the 1st or January, 1817, to the 1st of January 1818, about six thousand and seventy slaves were imported into the captaincy of Bahia, from Africa, in sixteen ships.

In the same space of time, the number imported into Rio de Janeiro, was eighteen thousand and thirty-three, in forty-two ships, and two thousand and forty-two died on the passage, making

a total of twenty-seven thousand four hundred and eighty-three slaves imported into Rio de Janeiro, not including those who perished on the voyage, and making an importation into the two above-mentioned Portuguese provinces of thirty-three thousand five hundred and fifty-three.

On the 9th of March, 1818, the slave trade had increased beyond all former example; twenty-five vessels having arrived since the beginning of the year, many carrying more, and none less, than four hundred slaves, making an importation of ten thousand (in four months) of our fellow-creatures, torn from their homes, and to be made miserable during the remainder of their lives, to gratify the avarice of their inhuman masters.

The number of slaves imported into Rio de Janeiro, from the first of January, 1818, to the 31st of December in the same year, was nineteen thousand eight hundred and two; the number embarked from the African coast was twenty-two thousand two hundred and thirty-one, in fifty-three ships, of whom two thousand four hundred and twenty-nine died in the passage. One vessel, the *Pelora de Norte*, lost 161 out of 421; another, the *União Feliz*, lost 229 out of 659; a third, the *San Jose Deligiente*, lost 238 out of 464, more than half.

It is to be regretted that this account has not been continued, and also that the importations into the other captaincies of the Brazils, has not been mentioned; but I think the above facts are sufficient to shew that this trade is not *discouraged* by the Portuguese government.

“With respect to France,” says Sir G. Collier, commander of the British ships of war on the African station—“France, it is with the deepest regret that I mention it, has countenanced and encouraged the slave trade almost beyond estimation. France is engrossing nearly the whole of the slave trade; and she has extended this traffic beyond what can be supposed but by one only who has witnessed it. In truth, France now supplies the foreign colonies north of the Line, with Africans. I exaggerate nothing in saying that thirty ves-

sels bearing the colours of France, have nearly at the same time, and within two or three leagues distant, been employed slaving; and, I will add, that in the last twelve months, (the letter was dated 16th Sept. 1820,) not less than sixty thousand Africans have been forced from their country principally under the colours of France; most of whom have been distributed between the islands of Martinique, Guadeloupe, and Cuba. France has certainly issued her decrees against this traffic, but has done nothing to enforce them. On the contrary she gives the trade all countenance short of public avowal.”

The vast extent to which the slave trade is carried on under French colours, will be seen in an account received from the river Bonny, on the western coast of Africa, dated July 1819, which states, that from March to that time, there had been usually from nine to sixteen vessels slaving at the same time in the river Bonny, each capable of carrying from three to seven hundred slaves, and that two of these vessels, which were there in March, had sailed to the West Indies, and had returned on a second voyage; and during the above period of five or six months, 120 sail of French, Spanish, and Portuguese had visited the river Bonny.

A letter received from a gentleman on board the *Cyane* American sloop, which was sent to cruise on the coast of Africa, to suppress the American slave trade, states that the number of vessels engaged in this inhuman traffic is incredible; and, that not fewer than two hundred sail were on the coast at the date of the letter, all of them fast sailers, well manned and armed, and that the *Cyane* had been chasing night and day since her arrival on that station, and had five or six slave ships in sight at the same time.

A letter received from a resident at Gaudaloupe, states, that on the 29th of October, 1820, were landed there two hundred and nine slaves, eight having died on the voyage, and were disposed of at 150*l.* per head. On the 18th of November in the same year, were landed at Capisierie, in Gaudaloupe, about two hundred slaves. There can be

nothing, he says, which prevents the seizure of these vessels but a good understanding with the custom-house officers, or the private *instructions of the Governor*, to favour this criminal traffic.

On the 24th of February, 1821, arrived the brig *Fox* at the same island, after an absence of a year, with a cargo of three hundred slaves (28 having destroyed themselves during the voyage), and were all sold, except about eighty, the following *Sunday* for 150*l.* per head on an average.

In this manner are many thousand slaves introduced into Gaudaloupe, and he likewise adds, that seamen have a great temptation to go on the slave trade; that they receive from twenty to thirty dollars per month, and some have to receive on their return two hundred dollars balance of wages; and I cannot conclude his communication without expressing horror and indignation when he has to relate, that the Sabbath is the day on which, generally speaking, the sale of slaves takes place; and he adds, that he could have caused one of the vessels above-mentioned to have been seized, could he have calculated on the support of the government of the island. But of what avail would my denunciation be? Instead of being attended to, it would prove ruinous to my commercial interest, and the detection of my interference would most assuredly subject me to assassination; or if my life escaped, I should at least be banished from the island never to return, which would be very destructive to my present prospects.

It appears certain, that in the year 1820 the French slave trade had swelled to a more enormous extent than at any former period, and that during the first six or seven months of that year the African coast actually swarmed with slave ships of that nation.

A distinguished officer of the British navy, who was himself an eye-witness of the fact, and writing with deliberation, uses this remarkable expression:—  
“The number of French slave ships now on the coast is something incredi-

ble.” The naval officers of that station had examined between twenty and thirty ships trading for slaves on the coast, which they ascertained to be French; and one of these officers afterwards found a *greater number* in the harbour of Havanna, bearing the French flag, which either had slaves on board, brought thither for sale or were fitting out on fresh slave voyages.

This view of the extent of the French slave trade on the coast of Africa during the same year, is confirmed by the Governor of Sierra Leone, Sir C.M’Carthy, who states, that on his leaving that colony in July, 1820, he had received unquestionable information that no fewer than five vessels, bearing the French Flag, were slaving about one hundred miles south of that place.

If these accounts be correct—and the authority on which they rest seems to leave no room to doubt upon the subject, then it will follow, that during the first six or seven months of 1820, from fifty to sixty vessels, bearing the French flag, were actually seen engaged in the slave trade. But it cannot be supposed, considering the vast extent of the African coast, and of the ocean which extends thence to the West Indies, that all the vessels so employed could have been seen by our cruisers, or could have come under the observation of Governor M’Carthy’s informant; it would seem a fair inference, from the facts abduced, that the French slave trade must have grown to an unprecedented extent during the year 1820.

And now, having laid before you a picture revolting to humanity, of this bloody commerce in the poor Africans, dragged from their houses and homes, in defiance of the laws of God and decrees of nations, I must call on your humane readers to consider whether they are not bound as men and as christians, to do every thing in their power to extinguish this trade, so degrading to Europeans who profess the Christian religion. B.

*Cirencester, 10th Jan. 1822.*



## THE PIRATE.

WE trust that we are not deficient in gratitude to the great Scottish novelist for the abundant delight which he ministers to us, even in the lowest of his works ; but we cannot quite join in the shout of boundless exultation, nor subscribe to all the tremendous eulogies with which some of our cotemporaries hail every production of his genius. With some of these it is the mere cant of criticism to suggest that there is any falling off, or any repetition in his works, and it is an audacious heresy to "hint a fault or hesitate dislike" respecting any of his creations. We are more reasonable, we frankly confess, in our idolatry : though we admire "The Pirate" it is "with a difference ;" nor are we quite convinced that if none of its predecessors had appeared, it would excite exactly the same sensation which was produced by "Waverley."

Without resorting to the ordinary and shallow theory, that the powers of observation and invention in an original writer are necessarily exhausted by frequent publication, we may, we think, easily perceive why his works should alter for the worse as he proceeds in a rapid career. His first love of the employment grows naturally cold, or degenerates into a mere craving after the excitements of applause, or a desire for the more solid rewards of his labours. His own peculiar feeling—the "primal sympathy" with his works—wears out as his tact of authorship advances. He writes not to indulge his genius, but to please his booksellers, and to satisfy the expectations of the public. This new inspiration excites him to a different course, and produces more stiffness, more constraint, and more nicely-balanced incident and character, than would be found in the voluntary pouring forth of a free and exuberant mind gliding at "its own sweet will" through the fair regions of imagination and of humanity which it has chosen.

The peculiar excellences of our author—his power of conceiving and delineating character—his command of descriptive allusion—and the "mighty

magic" of his commune with the wild superstitions of the North—are not of casts likely to endure, through successive works, in their original vigour. In characteristic delineations, the very recollection of previous success is unfavourable to continued excellence. As the author becomes conscious of his own skill, he unavoidably infuses something of a kindred consciousness into the persons whom he draws. They have less of truth and unaffected nature, and more theatrical pretension, than those which were hit off in the first moments of his inspiration. They become, though it may sound paradoxical, *too consistent* ; that is, they are too perpetually intent on their own peculiarities, and these are obtruded on the notice of the reader far more frequently than are the most characteristic traits of any whom we meet with in actual life. There is also an evident design to fill up and heighten previous sketches ; to add the pomp of circumstance to figures which are only encumbered by the apparel, and to push every hint, which has once succeeded, to a dangerous extreme. That which before was made visible by a single glowing flash, is now brought out "into the light of common day," and we are invited minutely to examine and admire its proportions. As there is more stiffness in individual figures, so there is an elaborate art in the grouping, which destroys the effect of the picture. Each finely elaborated creation revolves in its own separate orbit instead of joining in the mazy round in linked union. The creatures do not come tumbling into life, fresh from the teeming brain, in glorious confusion, but are coldly arranged in picturesque attitudes. Instead of the perpetual undulation of thought, the gay variety of healthful forms, the perpetual melting of things into each other, all is carefully distinguished and contrasted. We feel no more the careless plenitude, we revel no more in the unbounded prodigality of genius ; we have leisure to admire the author, instead of luxuriating delighted in his creations.

The charm also which the Scotch novels derived from allusions to external nature, was peculiarly liable to be dissipated and weakened in their progress. This charm consisted not in the exquisite pictures of extended scenery—not even in the vivid description of particular objects—but in the familiar allusion to the beauties of Nature and to the feelings which they excited, copiously scattered through the busiest and most eventful portions of the history. Mere naked description is comparatively an inferior art, and scarcely ever produces very intense or elevated sensations; but nothing can be more delicious than to feel the influences of the quiet earth and heaven mingling with and tempering more passionate emotions. But as the author proceeds, as he learns more distinctly his own faculties, and as every object in his works assumes more of separate identity, he will naturally elaborate his descriptions *as descriptions*, and can scarcely recur, even if he would, to the bright throng of intermingled hints, traits, and images, which he poured out from the mere impulse of delighted power.

The supernatural touches of our author would still less bear to be frequently repeated. Nothing, indeed, can more decidedly shew the influence of composition re-acting on the mind of an author, than the circumstance that setting out with a manifest tendency to superstition and an eager love of the marvellous, he has, in the end of this his last work, disappointed all the strange fears which he has excited in its progress, and made his awe-stirring character finally sensible of the vanity of her own pretensions! The undefined feeling of delicious terror—the longing to find in unusual phenomena indications of something more than mortal, will soon wear out in the mind which sets down its sensations in a note-book, and thinks how they can be most artfully disposed to awaken interest in the public. It is very curious and edifying to observe the progress of this alteration in the mind of author of *Waverley*. At first his supernatural terrors were interwoven with the very threads of existence. He infused his own spirit into the blood of his enchant-

ed readers. In his works, dim intimations found answering realities; enthusiasm verged on inspiration; and the dreams of fond credulity were scarcely distinguishable from the solemnities of death and life. But his genuine sense of the mysterious soon decayed when it became food for common wonder; and instead of the marvels told, as it were, under the breath—instead of the fine uncertainty in which we were so tremulously bewildered, we had prodigies which no one could believe for a moment—second-sight clearly developed—visions “plenty as blackberries”—witches in immediate communication with the evil one—and prophecies fulfilled to the letter. But even the power which sustained these cold fantasies has decayed; and in “*The Pirate*” our wonder is excited only to be destroyed by those most barbarous expedients of Mrs. Radcliffe—a knowledge of the weather, promptitude of movement, and an exemplary acquaintance with trap-doors and secret passages!

The work which has prompted these observations has all the merits and defects incidental to a late production of an original writer. It is full of accurate descriptions and well-defined and strikingly arranged characters, but betrays throughout a consciousness of the peculiar talents which have called it into being. Its plot, though not very satisfactory, has more interest than that of many of its author's romances. We will not attempt to give any analysis, which would only fatigue the multitude who have read it, and diminish the curiosity of the few who have still to read it. It is not certainly calculated to satisfy the expectations which its title and motto have excited. When we saw prefixed to it the lines ‘Nothing in him but doth suffer a sea change,’ we thought that its author was about to subdue to his dominion the world of waters—to give a new life to all the appearances of sea and sky—to lull us into delicious dreams on summer seas—to agitate us by hurricanes and shipwrecks—to make us familiar with all the wild superstitions which chill the blood of the long-expectant mariner—to send into the heart the very feeling of sea-dreariness—to give us sea weed

and coral for our playthings, and the monsters of the deep for companions. But there is nothing of all this : throughout the three volumes we are never once out of sight of shore. Nor do we find any of those wild darings, those desperate exploits of the freebooters of the ocean, which we anticipated from its name. The pirate Cleveland is a flinching sentimental person, who does only one thing for which he deserves to be hanged,—when he draws a knife and stabs an unarmed man who is struggling fairly with him—which is not a very heroic crime. All the preparation made for some extraordinary disclosure respecting him ends in nothing. We are led to expect some glowing passion nurtured in the spicy groves of tropical islands—some strange intermingling of bravery, luxury, and crime ; but he is merely commonplace, faint-hearted, and repenting.

The love of Minna, the lofty sentimentalist, towards the anomalous Cleveland, is elaborately defended by the author on the principle of contraries. This theory does not shine in the argument, and is falsified by the result of the story. Cleveland's spirit does not "shine through him" so as to justify the damsel's passion ; nor does the discovery of the particulars of his trade seem sufficient to account for her refusal to share his distresses. She loves him as a pirate ; but she has some fine notions of pirates as sea kings, and cannot endure to find them only tolerable, but erring mortals. If the theory were true—if it were natural for the most delicate maidens to be fascinated by outlaws, it would be natural for them to cleave to these objects of their love more strongly in danger, not to forsake them at their utmost need. The pictures of Minna, and her livelier sister Brenda, are drawn with a skill which enables us in our mind's eye to see their diversified loveliness ; in the earlier part of his career our author would have been contented if we felt it. There are one or two scenes between the sisters of exquisite tenderness, most delicately and beautifully touched, where the alienations which love produces between those who have had but

one heart from their childhood, are portrayed with the finest feeling and truth. Magnus Troil, their father, the jovial stout-hearted Udaller, is excellent in his way ; a perfect pillar of the olden time. The lover of Brenda, Mordaunt Mertoun, is a fine spirited lad, in the opening of the romance ; gay, buoyant, full of life and joy ; but he subsides into a mere machine towards its close. Triptolemus Yellowley, the classical and speculative farmer, is a mere patchwork part, like some of the characters made up of all oddities and inconsistencies, in the plays of Morton and Reynolds, a sort of lifeless curiosity not worth inspecting. Claud Halcro, the rhymer, who lives upon one glimpse of the "glorious John Dryden," with his prattle about Russell-street, Covent-Garden, is as much out of place amidst pirates and savages as the figure of a courtier in full dress on the wings of cherubim. But the great attempt and failure of the whole is the part of Norna of the Fitful-head, who is evidently intended for a sublimated Meg Merrilies. She is unquestionably, in some respects, better furnished with appliances and means ; instead of being a wandering gipsy queen, without father, mother, or descent, she is confessedly allied to a noble family ; instead of trusting wholly to her enchantments, or to her loftier human energies, she has a large income, which she spends in procuring the appearance of wonders ; and, instead of roaming alone over hill and valley, she has a hideous dwarf to do her bidding. But her life has no "magic in the web of it." She has not one old affection sustaining an exhausted heart—no terrific energies—no deep, lone commune with nature, by which she has learned its mysteries. Her maternal instinct is a cheat, her prophetic power a delusion ; she awakes to the melancholy consciousness that her whole life has been a lie, and becomes soberly sad at last. This is for an author to turn the tables on those whose blood he has made curdle, and whose hair he has made stand on end at these worn-out superstitions with a vengeance !

The work abounds in descriptions

of great excellence ; but, for the most part, they are little animated with breathing life. There is, indeed, one picture of a whale-fishing, which is an exception to this remark ; and reminds us of the most vivid and mighty delineations of our author. We can only make room for its close.

" Magnus Troil, who had only jested with the factor, and had reserved the launching the first spear against the whale to some much more skilful hand, had just time to exclaim, ' Mind yourselves, lads, or we are all swamped,' when the monster, roused at once from inactivity by the blow of the factor's missile, blew, with a noise resembling the explosion of a steam-engine, a huge shower of water into the air, and at the same time began to lash the waves with its tail in every direction. The boat in which Magnus presided received the shower of brine which the animal spouted into the air ; and the adventurous Triptolemus, who had a full share of the immersion, was so much astonished and terrified by the consequences of his own valorous deed, that he tumbled backwards amongst the feet of the people, who, too busy to attend to him, were actively engaged in getting the boat into shoal water, out of the whale's reach. Here he lay for some minutes, trampled on by the feet of the boatmen, until they lay on their oars to bale, when the Udaller ordered them to pull to shore, and land this spare hand, who had commenced the fishing so inauspiciously.

" While this was doing, the other boats had also pulled off to safer distance, and now, from these as well as from the shore, the unfortunate native of the deep was overwhelmed by all kinds of missiles—harpoons and spears flew against him on all sides—guns were fired, and each various means of annoyance plied which could excite him to exhaust his strength in useless rage. When the animal found that he was locked in by shallows on all sides, and became sensible, at the same time, of the strain of the cable on his body, the convulsive efforts which he made to escape, accompanied with sounds resembling deep and loud groans, would have moved the compassion of all but a practised whale-fisher. The repeated showers which he spouted into the air began now to be mingled with blood, and the waves which surrounded him, assumed the same crimson appearance.

Meantime the attempts of the assailants were redoubled ; but Mordant Mertoun and Cleveland, in particular, exerted themselves to the uttermost, contending who should display most courage in approaching the monster, so tremendous in its agonies, and should inflict the most deep and deadly wound upon its huge bulk.

" The contest seemed at last pretty well over ; for although the animal continued from time to time to make frantic exertions for liberty, yet its strength appeared so much exhausted, that, even with the assistance of the tide, which had now risen considerably, it was thought it could scarce extricate itself.

" Magnus gave the signal to venture upon the whale more nearly, calling out at the same time, ' Close in, lads, she is not half so mad now—Now, Mr. Factor, look for a winter's oil for the two lamps of Harfra—Pull close in, lads.'

" Ere his orders could be obeyed, the other two boats had anticipated his purpose ; and Mordant Mertoun, eager to distinguish himself above Cleveland, had, with the whole strength he possessed, plunged a half-pike into the body of the animal. But the leviathan, like a nation whose resources appear totally exhausted by previous losses and calamities, collected his whole remaining force for an effort, which proved at once desperate and successful. The wound last received, had probably reached through his external defences of blubber, and attained some very sensitive part of the system, for he roared aloud, as he sent to the sky a mingled sheet of brine and blood, and snapping the strong cable like a twig, over-set Mertoun's boat with a blow of his tail, shot himself by a mighty effort, over the bar, upon which the tide had now risen considerably, and made out to sea, carrying with him a whole grove of the implements which had been planted in his body, and leaving behind him, on the waters, a dark red trace of his course."

After all, " The Pirate" contains much matter, for which we are thankful. It is good enough to please us if not to reflect honour on its author. Let him then write on ; he will never equal his first works ; but these have rendered it impossible that he should ever be written down—even by his own pen.—*N. Mon. Feb.*

## THE NIGHT-BLOWING STOCK.

" COME ! look at this plant, with its narrow pale leaves,  
And its tall, slim, delicate stem,  
Thinly studded with flowers—yes, with flowers—there they are,  
Don't you see, at each joint there's a little brown star ?  
But in truth, there's no beauty in them."

" So, you ask, why I keep it, the little mean thing !  
Why I stick it up here just in sight ?  
'Tis a fancy of mine."—" A strange fancy !" you say,  
" No accounting for tastes—In *this* instance you may,  
For the flower—but I'll tell you to-night.

" Some six hours hence, when the Lady Moon  
Looks down on that bastion'd wall,  
When the twinkling stars dance silently  
On the rippling surface of the sea,  
And the heavy night dews fall,

" Then meet me again in this casement niche,  
On the spot where we're standing now,  
Nay, question not wherefore—perhaps with me  
To look out on the night, and the bright broad sea,  
And to hear its majestic flow."

\* \* \* \* \*

" Well, we're met here again ; and the moonlight sleeps  
On the sea and the bastion'd wall ;  
And the flowers there below—how the night wind brings  
Their delicious breath on its dewy wings !"  
" But there's one," say you, " sweeter than all !"

" Which is it ? the myrtle or jessamine,  
Or their sovereign lady, the rose ?  
Or the heliotrope, or the virgin's bower ?  
What ! neither !"—" Oh no, 'tis some other flower,  
Far sweeter than either of those."

" Far sweeter ! and where, think you, groweth the plant  
That exaleth such perfume rare ?"  
" Look about, up and down, but take care, or you'll break  
With your elbow that poor little thing that's so weak."—  
" Why, 'tis *that* smells so sweet, I declare !"

" Ah ha ! is it *that* ?—have you found out now  
Why I cherish that odd little fright ?  
*All* is not gold that glitters, you know ;  
And it is not all worth makes the greatest show,  
In the glare of the strongest light.

" There are human flowers, full many, I trow,  
As unlovely as that by your side,  
That a common observer passeth by,  
With a scornful lip, and a careless eye,  
In the hey-day of pleasure and pride.

" But move one of those to some quiet spot,  
From the mid-day sun's broad glare,  
Where domestic peace broods with dove-like wing,  
And try if the homely, despised thing,  
May not yield sweet fragrance there.

" Or wait till the days of trial come,  
The dark days of trouble and woe,  
When *they* shrink and shut up, late so bright in the sun ;  
Then turn to the little despised one,  
And see if 'twill serve you so.

"And judge not again at a single glance,  
 Nor pass sentence hastily.  
 There are many good things in this world of ours ;  
 Many sweet things, and rare—weeds that prove precious flowers,  
 Little dreamt of by you or me." *Blackwood, Jan.*

#### IVAN. A RUSSIAN TALE.\*

**T**HE kingdom of Russia, until the ascent to its throne of the Emperor Alexander, has been from the remotest period of its history continually the theatre of civil discord and intestine commotion. From the reign of Alexey Michailovitch, to the accession of its present illustrious ruler, so many pretenders have arisen to urge their claims to the imperial diadem of that vast empire, that more calamitous events have resulted to Russia from the contentions to which these circumstances have naturally given birth during the last century, than have befallen the princely house of any other nation in Europe in a much longer space of time.

Upon the demise of the Empress Anne, in 1740, Ivan Antonovitch, her nephew, then an infant, was proclaimed her successor ; and Biren, a man of a fierce and ambitious spirit, regent of the kingdom, until the baby sovereign should arrive at an age sufficiently mature to take upon himself the reins of government. If frequent usurpations of the imperial crown had been aimed at, while it circled the brows of those who were capable of defending their right to it, it may easily be imagined that no very considerable period was permitted to elapse without a renewal of those attempts which were, at this juncture, so much more likely to be attended with success. Thirteen months only had rolled over the cradle of the infant Emperor, when a conspiracy broke out which hurled the helpless Ivan from the throne, and raised Elizabeth to the imperial power.

The first object of this ambitious woman was the seizure of Ivan, who was accordingly torn from his cradle by

a band of barbarian soldiers, and transported to the fortress of Schlussemburg\*, situated on a small island where the river Neva issues into the Lake of Ladoga. From this place, accompanied by his mother, the royal infant was soon after conveyed to the citadel of Riga, where they were away eighteen months of captivity. The monotony of imprisonment was in some measure alleviated by the circumstance of their place of exile being so frequently varied. From Riga they were removed to the fortress of Dunamunde, and subsequently to Orianenburg, a town situated in the South-eastern extremity of European Russia. Hitherto the captivity of the mother of Ivan had been softened and rendered less galling by the presence of her child ; but in 1746 the mandate of the Empress separated them for ever, and Ivan was left under the superintendence of an amiable monk, who, attached from early years to the family of Antonovitch, and compassionating his fate, made an attempt to escape with him to Orianenburg, and thence into Germany, with a view to his ultimate re-establishment on the throne of his ancestors. In this object, however, the worthy man was defeated. Their flight was betrayed, and they were overtaken at Smolensko, whence they were conveyed to a monastery in the Valдай, not far from the road that leads from Petersburg to Moscow. Here they were detained for ten years ; at the end of which time, the youthful Ivan, then sixteen years of age, was brought back to Schlussemburg for greater security, and there lodged in the casemate of the fortress, the very loophole of which was immediately bricked

\* The materials of this tragic story were principally derived from Le Clerc's *Hist. de Russie Moderne*, tome II.—Coxe's *Travels*.—*Life of Catherine II.* vol. I.—Mr. Sotheby has written an admirable Tragedy, of which Ivan is the hero.

† Schlusel, in German, signifies a key. This name was given it by Peter the First, as being the key to his new city, Petersburg.

up. He was never let out into the open air, and no ray of heaven ever visited his eyes. In the subterranean vault which had been thus appropriated for his prison, it was necessary to keep a lamp always burning; and as no clock was to be seen or heard, Ivan knew no difference between day and night. The persons employed to guard him, a captain and lieutenant in the Russian army, were prohibited, under the severest penalties from speaking to him, or answering him the simplest question.

About two years after his confinement in the tower of Schlussemburg, Elizabeth expressed a desire to have a personal interview with the noble youth. Ivan was accordingly conveyed in a covered cart to Petersburg, where, in the house of Peter Shuvaloff, the Empress had a long conversation with him, but without making herself known. He was then about eighteen years of age, of a graceful figure, and commanding deportment. His countenance is represented as having been particularly expressive, and his voice sweet and harmonious. These graces, however, availed him but little. Some of the Historians of her time have talked of the tears she shed on this occasion!

However this may have been, her sympathy was not of long duration. The unfortunate youth was once more led back to his dungeon at Schlussemburg, where he remained until the death of Elizabeth, and the accession of Peter the Third.

The brief reign and sudden death of that unfortunate Emperor, are well known. No longer able to endure the conduct of his consort Catherine, he determined to repudiate her. Accordingly, in the year 1762, he looked around him for a successor to the throne, and at length determined to adopt Ivan, and constitute him his successor. Still further, to promote this view, he resolved to marry the captive to the young princess of Holstein Beck, who was then at Petersburg, and whom he cherished as a daughter. Having arranged his plans, Peter resolved to visit, in as private a manner as possible, the fortress of

Schlussemburg, and have an interview with Ivan, without acquainting him with his rank, attended only by his grand écuyer, one of his aides de camp, Baron Korff, master of the police at Petersburg, and the Counsellor of State Volkeff. Desirous to remain incognito, he furnished himself with an order signed by his own hand, in which he enjoined the commandant to give the bearers free leave to walk about the whole fortress, without even excepting the place where Ivan was confined, and to leave them to converse with that prince alone.

Taking care to conceal the ensigns of his dignity, Peter entered the cell of Ivan, who, after contemplating him for some time, threw himself all at once at the feet of the Czar. "Czar (said the unhappy youth), you are the master here. I shall not trouble you with a long petition, but let me entreat you to mitigate the severity of my lot. I have been languishing for a number of years in this gloomy dungeon. The only favour I implore is, that I may occasionally be permitted to breathe a purer air." Peter was moved at these words. "Rise, Prince," said he to Ivan, tapping him upon the shoulder, "be under no uneasiness for the future, I will employ all the means in my power to render your situation more tolerable. But tell me, have you any remembrance of the misfortunes you have experienced from your earlier youth?" "I have scarcely any idea of those that befel my infancy (rejoined Ivan), but from the moment that I began to feel my misery, the unhappiness of my parents has been my first cause of concern; and my principal and greatest distress arose out of the treatment they received as we were transported from one place of security to another." The Czar expressed a wish to know who the parties were. "The officers who conducted us," said Ivan, "who were always the most inhuman of their kind." "Do you recollect the names of those persons?" said Peter. "Alas!" replied the young Prince, "we were not very curious to learn them. We were content to return thanks to Heaven, on our bended knees, when these monsters were relieved by one of a more

gentle disposition, one whose generous attentions have given me good cause to remember *his* name, he was called Korff." It was the very man who was then in the presence of the Emperor, and who seemed much affected by this ingenuous recital. Peter was no less so, and turning to Korff, remarked in a voice choked with emotion, "you see, Baron, that a good action is never lost!"

On leaving Ivan's dungeon, Peter made the circuit of the tower for the purpose of fixing upon a spot to erect a new and more commodious prison for Ivan; after which, he gave orders to that effect. "When the building is finished," remarked the Czar, "I will come myself and put the prince in possession." It seems probable, that this order was given as a blind, to prevent the commandant of Schlussemburg from surmising his real intention. He had no need of a prison who was about to be elevated to a throne.

The Czar's visit to Ivan did not long remain a secret. To avoid giving rise to suspicions which might have proved dangerous to Peter, his uncle, the Prince of Holstein, advised him to remove Ivan into Germany, together with Duke Anthony his father, and the rest of the family. This recommendation was not attended to, but suggested to the Czar the propriety of placing Ivan in the fortress of Kezholm, on the lake of Ladoga; a situation much nearer the Russian metropolis than Schlussemburg. In his way thither the hapless youth had a narrow escape from death. The frequency and suddenness of tempests on this lake, from its peculiar situation, is proverbial.—The boat in which the prince was rowed, to get on board the galleot, capsized amid this fathomless abyss of waters, and it was with great difficulty he was saved. Happy would it have been for this glorious youth, had his miseries met with an easy termination beneath the mountainous waves of the stormy Ladoga. But he was reserved for severer trials.

On his arrival at Kezholm, the Czar caused him to be secretly conveyed to Petersburg, where he was put in the

house of a person of consequence, and visited, during the night, once more by Peter, whose plan for the restoration of Ivan to the throne was now ripe, and about to be carried into execution, when another revolution suddenly broke out, which removed Peter from his empire and the world, and exalted Catherine to the throne of Russia.

As a still further security, until Peter should be presented with an opportunity of finally accomplishing his design against the jealousy of Catherine or her adherents, Ivan was kept in great secrecy and retirement during his stay at Petersburg. His presence in that city nevertheless began to be bruited abroad, and a great deal of sympathy was excited for him, when the circumstances coming to the ears of the Empress, she had him taken back to his former prison. Fearing, however, lest he should be recalled and crowned, she lodged him in a monastery at Kalmogor, near Archangel, whence he was a third time carried back to Schlussemburg, where he remained in close confinement until the year 1764, about which time the crisis of his fate approached.

Anxious to preserve popular opinion, Catherine, after the death of her husband, was desirous of removing Ivan; but, until the means offered to effect this with some semblance of expediency, she resolved to prejudice the Russian people against him, and persuade them, if possible, of his total incapacity ever to reign over them. Soon after the commencement of her reign, therefore, she published a manifesto of a conversation supposed to have been held with the captive prince, in which she describes him as utterly deficient both in talents and understanding.—This statement was, however, received with the credulity it deserved. From this period the wrongs of the Prince formed the pivot upon which continual conspiracies against Catherine revolved. His just title to the crown, his long and cruel sufferings, his youth and his innocence, afforded abundant materials for working upon the minds of the populace. The grossest calumnies were circulated, with respect to Ivan. Some described him as an idiot, others as a



drunkard, and not a few as a ferocious savage thirsting for the blood of his fellow-creatures.

Of course the young Prince's opportunities of acquiring intellectual knowledge were very confined. He was taught to read by a German officer who had the custody of him, and this formed the sum total of his attainments. But his mind was of a very superior order, and susceptible of the most refined polish, had the means occurred.

An instrument was soon found to release the Empress Catherine from this clog upon her future prospects — The regiment of Smolensko was in garrison in the town of Schlusselfurg, and a company of about a hundred men guarded the fortress in which Prince Ivan was confined. In this regiment, as second lieutenant, was an officer named Vassily Merovitch, whose grandfather had been implicated in the rebellion of the Cossack Maseppa, and had fought under Charles XII. against Peter the Great. The estates of the family of Merovitch had accordingly been forfeited to the crown. This young man, whose ambition was considerable, preferred with warmth his pretensions to have them restored; and this it was that introduced him to the court. The family estates were not restored; but he was continually flattered with the hopes of their recovery, if he would show himself active in securing the tranquillity of the empire.

The inner guard over the imperial prisoner consisted at this time of two officers, who slept with him in his cell. These persons had a discretionary order by which they were instructed to put Ivan to death, on any insurrection that might be made in his favour, on the presumption that it could not otherwise be quelled.

The entrance to Ivan's prison opened under a sort of low arcade, which, together with it, formed the thickness of the castle wall, within the ramparts; in this arcade or corridor eight soldiers usually kept guard, as well on his account, as because the several vaults on a line with his, contained stores of various kinds for the use of the fortress. The other soldiers were in the guard-

house, at the gate of the castle, and at their proper stations. The detachment had for its commander an officer who, himself, was under the orders of the governor.

Some time before the execution of his project, Merovitch had opened himself to a Lieutenant of the regiment of Veliki Luke, named Uschakoff, who bound himself by an oath which he took at the altar of the church of St. Mary of Kusun, in Petersburg, to aid him in the enterprise to the best of his power.

Already had he performed a week's duty at the fortress without venturing an attempt; but tormented by the anxieties arising from suspense, and condemning his own irresolution, he asked permission to be continued on guard a week longer. This step does not seem to have excited any surprise; the request was granted, and Merovitch having admitted to his confidence a man named Jacob Pislikoff, they took the earliest opportunity of tampering with the soldiers who guarded the fortress. But why need we prolong the melancholy tale? After he had collected about fifty soldiers, who had promised to obey his orders, he marched straight to the door of Ivan's prison, where a desperate struggle took place, during which the unfortunate Ivan was most barbarously murdered within.

Hearing the noise without, and expecting every instant that the prison-door would have been broken open, the two officers resolved to destroy their prisoner, and accordingly attacked him with the most murderous ferocity.— He defended himself for some time, having his right hand pierced through, and his body covered with wounds; he seized the sword of one of these wretches and broke it, but whilst he was attempting to wrench the piece out of his hands, the other stabbed him in the back and threw him down. He was, before he could rise from the ground, stabbed several times with a bayonet, and thus released from life and captivity together.

It was at this moment that Merovitch entered the prison, and cut to pieces the two ruffians by whom the

young prince had been slain. He was not in time to prevent his death, but he was soon enough to avenge it.

Thus perished a prince who was raised to the Imperial throne without his own knowledge and consent, and

doomed to linger out his existence in a gloomy dungeon ; and thus doomed to atone for a few fleeting months of imposed authority, by long years of imprisonment and a cruel death, the crown of his persecution.—*Gent. Jan.*

LETTER TO THE MOHAWK CHIEF AHYONWAECHS, COMMONLY CALLED JOHN BRANT, ESQ. OF THE GRAND RIVER, UPPER CANADA.

FROM THOMAS CAMPBELL.

SIR, *London, January 20, 1822.*

TEN days ago I was not aware that such a person existed as the son of the Indian leader Brant,\* who is mentioned in my poem "Gertrude of Wyoming." Last week, however, Mr. S. Bannister of Lincoln's Inn, called to inform me of your being in London, and of your having documents in your possession which he believed would change my opinion of your father's memory, and induce me to do it justice. Mr. Bannister distinctly assured me that no declaration of my sentiments on the subject was desired but such as should spontaneously flow from my own judgment of the papers that were to be submitted to me.

I could not be deaf to such an appeal. It was my duty to inspect the justification of a man whose memory I had reprobated, and I felt a satisfaction at the prospect of his character being redressed, which was not likely to have been felt by one who had wilfully wronged it. As far as any intention to wound the feelings of the living was concerned, I really knew not, when I wrote my poem, that the son and daughter of an Indian chief were ever likely to peruse it, or be affected by its contents. And I have observed most persons to whom I have mentioned the circumstance of your

appeal to me, smile with the same surprise which I experienced on first receiving it. With regard to your father's character I took it as I found it in popular history. Among the documents in his favour I own that you have shewn me one, which I regret that I never saw before, though I might have seen it, viz. the Duke of Rochefoucault's honourable mention of the chief in his travels.† Without meaning, however, in the least to invalidate that nobleman's respectable authority, I must say, that even if I had met with it, it would have still offered only a general and presumptive vindication of your father, and not such a specific one as I now recognize. On the other hand, judge how naturally I adopted accusations against him which had stood in the Annual Register of 1779, as far as I knew, uncontradicted for thirty years. A number of authors had repeated them with a confidence which beguiled at last my suspicion, and I believe that of the public at large. Among those authors were Gordon, Ramsay, Marshall, Belsham, and Weld. The most of them, you may tell me perhaps, wrote with zeal against the American war. Well, but Mr. John Adolphus was never suspected of any such zeal, and yet he has said in his *History of England, &c.* (vol. iii. p.

\* The name has been almost always inaccurately spelt Brandt in English Books.

† The following testimony is borne to his fair name by Rochefoucault, whose ability and means of forming a correct judgment will not be denied. "Colonel Brandt is an Indian by birth. In the American war he fought under the English banner, and he has since been in England, where he was most graciously received by the king, and met with a kind reception from all classes of people. His manners are semi-European. He is attended by two negroes ; has established himself in the English way ; has a garden and a farm ; dresses after the European fashion ; and nevertheless possesses much influence over the Indians. He assists at present (1795) at the Miami Treaty, which the United States are concluding with the Western Indians. He is also much respected by the Americans ; and in general bears so excellent a name, that I regret that I could not see and become acquainted with him."—Rochefoucault's *Travels in North America*.

110) "that a force of sixteen hundred savages and Americans, in disguise, headed by an Indian Col. Butler, and a half Indian of *extraordinary* ferocity named Brant, lulling the fears of the inhabitants (of Wyoming) by treachery, suddenly possessed themselves of two forts, and *massacred* the garrisons." He says farther, "that *all* were involved in unsparing slaughter, and that even the devices of torment were exhausted." He possessed, if I possessed them, the means of consulting better authorities; yet he has never to my knowledge made any atonement to your father's memory. When your Canadian friends, therefore call me to trial for having defamed the warrior Brant, I beg that Mr. John Adolphus may be also included in the summons. And after his own defence and acquittal, I think he is bound, having been one of my historical misleaders, to stand up as my gratuitous counsel, and say, "*Gentlemen, you must acquit my client, for he has only fallen into an error, which even my judgment could not escape.*"

In short, I imbibed my conception of your father from accounts of him that were published when I was scarcely out of my cradle.—And if there were any public, direct and specific challenges to those accounts in England ten years ago, I am yet to learn where they existed.

I rose from perusing the papers you submitted to me certainly with an altered impression of his character. I find that the unfavourable accounts of him were erroneous, even on points not immediately connected with his reputation. It turns out for instance, that he was a Mohawk Indian of unmixed parentage. This circumstance, however, ought not to be overlooked in estimating the merits of his attainments. He spoke and wrote our language with force and facility, and had enlarged views of the union and policy of the Indian tribes. A gentleman who had been in America, and from whom I sought information respecting him in consequence of your interesting message, told me that though he could not pretend to appreciate his character en-

tirely, he had been struck by the *naivete* and eloquence of his conversation. They had talked of music, and Brant said, "I like the harpsicord well, and the organ still better; but I like the drum and trumpet best of all, for they make my heart beat quick." This gentleman also described to me the enthusiasm with which he spoke of written records. Brant projected at that time to have written a History of the Six Nations. The genius of history should be rather partial to such a man.

I find that when he came to England, after the peace of 1783, the most distinguished individuals of all parties and professions treated him with the utmost kindness. Among these were the late Bishop of London, the late Duke of Northumberland, and Charles Fox. Lord Rawdon, now Marquess of Hastings, gave him his picture. This circumstance argues recommendations from America founded in personal friendship. In Canada the memorials of his moral character represent it as naturally ingenuous and generous. The evidence afforded induces me to believe that he often strove to mitigate the cruelty of Indian warfare. Lastly, you affirm that he was not within many miles of the spot when the battle which decided the fate of Wyoming took place, and from your offer of reference to living witnesses I cannot but admit the assertion. Had I learnt all this of your father when I was writing my poem, he should not have figured in it as the hero of mischief. I cannot, indeed, answer by anticipation what the writers who have either to retract or defend what they may have said about him, may have to allege; I can only say that my own opinion about him is changed. I am now inclined exceedingly to doubt Mr. Weld's anecdote, and for this reason: Brant was not only trusted, consulted, and distinguished by several eminent British officers in America, but personally beloved by them. Now I could conceive men in power, for defensible reasons of state politics, to have officially trusted and even publicly distinguished at courts or levees an active and sagacious Indian chief, of whose private character they

might nevertheless still entertain a very indifferent opinion. But I cannot imagine high-minded and high-bred British officers, forming individual and fond friendship for a man of ferocious character. It comes within my express knowledge that the late General Sir Charles Stuart, fourth son of the Earl of Bute, the father of our present ambassador at Paris, the officer who took Minorca and Calvi, and who commanded our army in Portugal, knew your father in America, often slept under the same tent with him, and had the warmest regard for him. It seems but charity to suppose the man who attracted the esteem of Lord Rawdon and General Stuart, to have possessed amiable qualities, so that I believe you when you affirm that he was merciful as brave. And now I leave the world to judge whether the change of opinion, with which I am touched, arises from false delicacy and flexibility of mind, or from a sense of honour and justice.

Here, properly speaking, ends my reckoning with you about your father's memory : but, as the Canadian newspapers have made some remarks on the subject of Wyoming, with which I cannot fully coincide, and as this letter will probably be read in Canada, I cannot conclude it without a few more words, in case my silence should seem to admit of propositions which are rather beyond the stretch of my creed. I will not, however, give any plain truths which I have to offer to the Canadian writers the slightest seasoning of bitterness, for they have alluded to me, on the whole, in a friendly and liberal tone. But when they regret my departure from historical truth, I join in their regret only in as far as I have unconsciously misunderstood the character of Brant, and the share of the Indians in the transaction, which I have now reason to suspect was much less than that of the white men. In other circumstances I took the liberty of a versifier to run away from fact into fancy, like a school-boy who never dreams that he is a truant when he rambles on a holiday from school. It seems however, that I falsely represented Wyoming to have been a terrestrial paradise. It was not so, say the Canadian papers,

because it contained a great number of Tories ; and undoubtedly that cause goes far to account for the fact. Earthly paradises, however, are not earthly things, and Tempe and Arcadia may have had their drawbacks on happiness as well as Wyoming. I must nevertheless still believe that it was a flourishing colony, and that its destruction furnished a just warning to human beings against war and revenge. But the whole catastrophe is affirmed in a Canadian newspaper to have been nothing more than a fair battle. If this be the fact, let accredited signatures come forward to attest it and vindicate the innocence and honourableness of the whole transaction, as your father's character has been vindicated. An error about him by no means proves the whole account to be a fiction. Who would not wish its atrocity to be disproved ? But who can think it disproved by a single defender, who writes anonymously, and without definable weight or authority ?

In another part of the Canadian newspapers, my theme has been regretted as dishonourable to England. Then it was, at all events, no fable. But how far was the truth dishonourable to England ? American settlers, and not Englishmen, were chiefly the white men calling themselves Christians who were engaged in this affair. I shall be reminded, perhaps, that they also called themselves Loyalists. But for Heaven's sake let not English loyalty be dragged down to palliate atrocities, or English delicacy be invoked to conceal them. I may be told that England permitted the war, and was therefore responsible for its occurrences. Not surely universally, nor directly. I should be unwilling to make even Lord North's administration answerable for all the actions of Butler's rangers ; and I should be still more sorry to make all England amenable either for Lord North's administration or for Butler's rangers. Was the American war an unanimous and heartfelt war of the people ? Were the best patriots and the brightest luminaries of our Senate for, or against it ? Chatham declared that if America fell she would fall like the strong man—that she would embrace the pillars of our constitution and

perish beneath its ruins. Burke, Fox, and Barre, kindled even the breasts of St. Stephen's chapel against it; and William Pitt pronounced it a war against the sacred cause of Liberty. If so, the loss of our colonies was a blessing, compared with the triumph of those principles that would have brought Washington home in chains. If Chatham and Pitt were our friends in denouncing the injustice of this war, then Washington was only nominally our foe in resisting it; and he was as much the enemy of the worst enemies of our constitution, as if he had fought against the return of the Stuarts on the banks of the Spey or the Thames. I say, therefore, with full and free charity to those who think differently, that the American war was disgraceful only to those who were its abettors, and that the honour of Englishmen is redeemed in proportion as they deprecate its principles and deplore its details. Had my theme even involved English character more than it does, I could still defend it. If my Canadian critic alleges that a poet may not blame the actions of his country, I meet his allegation, and deny it. No doubt a poet ought not for ever to harp and carp upon the faults of his country; but *he may be her moral censor, and he must not be her parasite*. If an English poet under Edward III. had only dared to leave one generous line of commiseration to the memory of Sir William Wallace, how much he would have raised our estimation of the moral character of the age! There is a present and a future in national character, as well as a past, and the character of the present age is best provided for by impartial and generous sentiments respecting the past. The twentieth century will not think the worse of the nineteenth for regretting the American war. I know the slender importance of my own works. I am contending, however, against a false principle of delicacy that would degrade poetry itself if it were adopted; --but it never will be adopted.

I therefore regret nothing in the historical allusions of my poem except the mistake about your father. Nor tho' I have spoken freely of American af-

fairs, do I mean to deny that your native tribes may have had a just cause of quarrel with the American colonists. And I regard it as a mark of their gratitude that they adhered to the royal cause, because the governors acting in the king's name, had been their most constant friends, and the colonial subjects, possibly at times their treacherous invaders. I could say much of European injustice towards your tribes, but in spite of all that I could say, I must still deplore the event of Christians having adopted their mode of warfare. If the Indians thirsted for vengeance on the colonists, *that* should have been the very circumstance to deter us from blending their arms with ours. I trust you will understand this declaration to be made in the spirit of frankness, and not of mean and inhospitable arrogance. If I were to speak to you in that spirit, how easily and how truly could you tell me that the American Indians have departed faster from their old practices of warfare, than Christians have departed from their habits of religious persecution. If I were to preach to you about European humanity, you might ask me how long the ashes of the Inquisition have been cold, and whether the slave-trade be yet abolished? You might demand, how many--no, how few generations have elapsed since our old women were burnt for imaginary commerce with the devil, and whether the houses be not yet standing from which our great-grandmothers may have looked on the hurdles passing to the place of execution, whilst they blessed themselves that they were not witches? A horrible occurrence of this nature took place in Scotland during my own grandfather's life time. As to warlike customs, I should be exceedingly sorry if you were to press me even on those of my brave old ancestors, the Scottish Highlanders. I can, nevertheless, recollect the energy, faith, and hospitality of those ancestors, and at the same I am not forgetful of the simple virtues of yours.

I have been thus special in addressing you from a wish to vindicate my own consistency, as well as to do justice to you in your present circumstan-

ces,\* which are peculiarly and publicly interesting. The chief of an aboriginal tribe, now settled under the protection of our sovereign in Canada, you are anxious to lead on your people in a train of civilization that is already begun. It is impossible that the British community should not be touched with regard for an Indian stranger of

respectable private character, possessing such useful and honourable views. Trusting that you will amply succeed in them, and long live to promote improvement and happiness amidst the residue of your ancient race,

I remain, your sincere well-wisher,  
THOMAS CAMPBELL.

### THE FOUNDLING.

**S**T. VINCENT DE PAULE was successively a slave at Tunis, tutor to the Cardinal de Retz, village curate, almoner-general to the galleys, and joint director for the distribution of benefices. He instituted in France the religious societies of the Seminarists, the Lazarites, and the Sisters of Charity, who devote themselves to the service of the unfortunate, and seldom change their condition, although their vows are binding only for a year. He also founded charitable institutions for foundlings, orphans, galley-slaves, and old men. He exercised for some time a ministry of zeal and charity among the galley-slaves. In the number of these wretches, he observed one who had been condemned to three years captivity for defrauding the revenue, and who appeared inconsolable at having left his wife and children to suffer the extremities of wretchedness and want. Vincent de Paule, deeply affected at his situation, offered to restore him to his family by putting himself in his place,

and, it will hardly be credited, the exchange actually took place. This virtuous man was chained to the galley, and his feet remained swollen during the rest of his life from the weight of the honourable fetters which he had borne.

When this illustrious philanthropist came to Paris, it was customary for the children who had been found exposed, to be sold in the street St. Landré, for 20 sols; and it is even said that they were given as charity to sick women, who made use of these innocent creatures to suck from their breasts a corrupted milk! The children thus abandoned by the government to the pity of the public, almost all perished, and the few who chanced to escape out of so many dangers, were those who were clandestinely introduced into opulent families, to deprive legitimate heirs of their successions: a practice that for more than a century was a perpetual source of lawsuits, the details of which are seen in the compilations of the old French lawyers.

\* Considering the filial motives of the young chief's appeal to me, I am not afraid that any part of this letter, immediately relating to him, will be thought ostentatious or prolix. And if charitably judged, I hope that what I have said of myself and of my poem will not be felt as offensive egotism. The public has never been troubled with any defences of mine against any attacks on my poetry that were merely literary: although I may have been as far as authors generally are from bowing to the justice of hostile criticism. To shew that I have not been over anxious about publicity, I must mention a misrepresentation respecting my poem on Wyoming which I have suffered to remain uncontradicted for ten years. Mr. Washington Irving, in a biographical sketch prefixed to it in an American edition, described me as having injured the composition of the poem by shewing it to friends who struck out its best passages. Now I read it to very few friends, and to none at whose suggestion I ever struck out a single line. Nor did I ever lean on the taste of others with that miserable distrust of my own judgment which the anecdote conveys. I knew that Mr. Irving was the last man in the world to make such a misrepresentation intentionally, and that I could easily contradict it; but from aversion to bring a petty anecdote about myself before the world, I forbore to say any thing about it. The case was different when a Canadian writer hinted at the patriotism of my subject. There he touched on my principles, and I have defended them, contending that on the supposition of the story of Wyoming being true, it is a higher compliment to British feeling to reveal than to palliate or hide it.

V. de Paule at first supplied funds for the support of twelve of these children, and it was soon put in his power to relieve all those who were found at the doors of churches. But that fervour which is always attendant on a novel establishment shortly began to cool: the supplies of money entirely failed, and the horrid outrages on nature were about to recommence. Vincent de Paule was not discouraged. He convoked an extraordinary meeting, caused a great number of these unfortunate infants to be placed in the church, and ascending immediately into the pulpit, pronounced, his eyes streaming with tears, the following discourse:

"You are not ignorant, Ladies, that compassion and charity first made you adopt these little creatures as your children. You have been their mothers

according to grace since the time that their mothers according to nature abandoned them. Consider now if you will also abandon them. Cease for a moment to be their mothers, and become their judges. Their life and death are in your hands. Behold! I take the votes and suffrages. It is time! You must pronounce sentence, and declare if you will no longer shew them mercy. They will live if you continue your charitable care, but if you consent to abandon them, they all perish."

The only answer to this pathetic appeal was the tears and sighs of the audience; and on the same day, in the same church, and at the very instant, the Foundling Hospital was established and endowed with a revenue of forty thousand livres. G. B. F.

## PHILLIPS'S HISTORY, &c.\*

(Literary Gazette.)

### THE HOP.

**G**ROUND Ivy, called Alehoof or Turnhoof, *Glechoma hederacea*, was generally used for preserving beer, before the use of hops was known.

It is said that the perfume of hops is so salutary, that when put between the outer cover and the pillow, they will procure sleep to those who are in delirious fevers.

### HORSE RADISH.

Sydenham, who has been called the father of physic among the moderns, recommends it likewise in dropsies, particularly those which follow intermitting fevers. It is also extolled in cases of the stone. Thomas Bartholin affirms, that the juice of horse-radish dissolved a calculus, or stony concretion, that was taken out of a human body.

Both water and rectified spirits extract the virtues of this root, by infusion, and imbibe the whole taste and pungency of the plant.

Boerhaave, who was so justly celebrated through Europe as professor of physic and botany, says it is one of those plants whose virtues are the least

equivocal: its aperient, antiscorbutic, and resolvent qualities purify the blood, agree with colds, and above all, cure dry hard coughs, and the extinction of the voice.

Dr. Cullen says, "The root externally applied readily inflames the skin, and proves a rubefacient that may be employed with advantage in palsy and rheumatism; and if its application be long continued, it produces blisters."

The German authors give many examples of its being an excellent remedy, as well internally as for the exterior, in cases of the dropsy and rheumatism.

One drachm of the root, fresh scraped down, is enough for four ounces of water, to be infused in a close vessel for two hours, and made into a syrup, with double its weight of sugar; a teaspoonful of which swallowed leisurely, or at least repeated two or three times, has often been found very suddenly effectual in relieving hoarseness.

This volatile root, when received into the stomach, both creates appetite, and assists digestion; and is therefore

\* Phillips's History of Vegetables. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1822.

properly employed as a condiment with animal food.

M. Haller, a Swiss physician, informs us, that in Sweden they cultivate the Chinese horse-radish, from which they draw abundance of oil. Horse-radish scraped and infused in cold milk, makes one of the best and safest cosmetics.

Horse-radish possesses the same peculiar property of propagating itself as the ginger; for a small piece of the root, if buried in the earth, will form a new root and a perfect plant, which produces seed. In vain do we look into the pores of this root, to discover by what wonderful means nature has endowed it with this gift; and we may justly exclaim with David, "Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it."

[We believe it to be also an excellent remedy for worms in children.]

#### LETTUCE.

We insert the whole article under this head as a specimen of the Author's manner.

*Lettuce*.—The Latins gave this plant the name of *Lactuca* from *Lac*, on account of the milky juice with which it abounds. The French, for the same reason, call it *Laitue*; the English name *Lettuce* is a corruption of either the Latin or French word, and in all probability originated from the former, as several of our old authors spell it *Lecture*.

That this vegetable was in early times esteemed of the first rank among pot herbs and salads, we learn from an anecdote related by Herodotus, and which also proves that lettuces were served in their natural state at the royal tables of the Persian kings at least 550 years before the Christian era. Cambyzes, son of Cyrus the Great, had his brother Smerdis killed from mere suspicion, and, contrary to the laws, married his sister: this princess being at table with Cambyzes, she stripped a headed lettuce of its leaves; when, the king observing that the plant was not so beautiful as when it had all its leaves. "It is the same with our family," replied the princess, "since you have cut off a precious shoot." This indiscreet allusion cost her own life.

Pliny tells us, that the ancient Romans knew but one kind of lettuce, which was a black variety, that yielded a great quantity of milky juice which caused sleep, therefore it was called *Lactuca*.

It is reported, adds this author, that Antonius Musa, a physician, cured the emperor Augustus Cæsar of a dangerous disease by means of the lettuce. Other authors notice that Augustus was eased of the violence of his disease by the use of this plant; which circumstance seems to have brought the lettuce into esteem at Rome; as Pliny says, after that time there was no doubt about eating them at all seasons of the year, and even preserving them, for they were used in pottage as well as in salads.

Columella notices the qualities of this plant,

"And now let lettuce, with its healthful sleep,  
Make haste, which of a tedious long disease  
The painful loathings cures."

Athenæus and Constantine Cæsar say, that the Pythagoreans called this plant the Eunuch; and the ancients fabled, that after the death of Adonis, Venus lay upon a bed of lettuce: which evidently shews that they were acquainted with the cooling and opiate nature of this vegetable, which is still thought more salutary for those whose religious profession enjoins them a life of celibacy, than for settlers in new colonies.

We learn also from Pliny, that the Greek lettuce was a variety that grew both high and large, and that the Romans, in his day, cultivated the purple lettuce with a large root which was called *Cæciliana*. They had likewise the Egyptian, Cilician, and Cappadocian lettuce, besides the *Astylis*, or the chaste lettuce, which, he says, was often called *Enunchion*, because it was thought less favourable to Venus than other plants. This naturalist adds, they were all considered cooling, therefore eaten principally in the summer. Great pains were used to make them cabbage: they were earthed up with sea-sand, to blanch them and give them heart. The white lettuce was noticed, in that mild climate, to be the least able to endure cold.



The Romans esteemed this vegetable as a clearer of the senses. They were anciently eaten at the conclusion of their supper; but in the time of Domitian, they changed this order, and served them with the first entries at their feasts.

Martial notices this change in his verse.

Claudere quæ cœnas Lactuca solebat avorum,  
Dic mihi, cur nostras inchoat illa dapes?"

The wild lettuce as well as the cultivated, was used medicinally by the Romans; and Palladius, a Greek physician, notices their culture in his treatise on fevers.

We find no attempt made to cultivate the lettuce in this country, until the fourth year of Queen Elizabeth's reign, 1562; but in 1597, Gerard gives us an account of eight kinds of lettuce, that were then cultivated in England. He says, "Lettuce maketh a pleasant sallade, being eaten rawe with vinegar, oil, and a little salt: but if it be boiled, it is sooner digested, and nourisheth more." He adds, "It is served in these daies, and in these countries, at the beginning of supper, and eaten first before any other meat; but notwithstanding, it may now and then be eaten at both those times to the health of the bodie: for being taken before meate, it doth many times stir up appetite; and eaten after supper, it keepeth away drunkenness which cometh by the wine; and that is by reason that it staieth the vapours from rising up into the head." He says, "Lettuce cooleth a hot stomake, called the heart-burning," &c. &c.

We now cultivate, in the neighbourhood of London, thirty varieties of this plant, all of which are esteemed in salads. Some of them are natives of Egypt; others have been procured from Aleppo, Cos, Holland, Marseilles, Silesia, Savoy, South America, Sweden, Italy, Hungary, Germany, and the East Indies; the latter can only be grown in a hot-house.

It should be remarked, that none are so good to boil or stew, or to thicken soup, hodge-podge, &c., as the Roman or cabbage lettuce.

The young leaves of garden lettuce are emollient, cooling, and in some small degree laxative and aperient, easy of digestion but of little nourishment; salubrious in hot bilious indispositions, but less proper in cold phlegmatic temperaments. In some cases they tend to promote sleep by virtue of their refrigerating and demulcent quality.\*

Galen says, "In the decline of age, which is naturally wakeful, I suffered very much by want of sleep; for which disorder, I used in the evening to eat a lettuce, which was my sovereign and only remedy. Many boil this tender herb in water, before it produces stalks; as I myself now do, since my teeth begin to fail me."

Dr. Aston tells us, that the milk of the common garden lettuce is hypnotic, while the root of the plant is cooling, diluent, and nourishing.

This plant is cooling, and causes an inclination to sleep, upon which account it procures ease in pains, both taken inwardly, and externally applied.

Schröder was of opinion, that it afforded considerable nourishment, and much increases milk when eaten by nurses.

The *Historia Plantarum* states that no herb more powerfully resolves, and brings away the black bile.

Lettuces are said to render the chyle easily condited; and are recommended to young people on account of their cooling nature.

M. Bourgeois observes, that the different kinds of lettuce, although very good for persons of strong stomach and good digestion, are very injurious to cold weak stomachs, as they pass undigested; they disagree very much with hypochondriac persons, and females who are troubled with hysterics.

Turned lettuce, when dried and put on the fire or on hot coals, sparkles like nitre.

Young lettuce may be raised in forty-eight hours, by first steeping the seed in brandy, and then sowing it in a hot-house.

The seeds of this plant are of an emollient nature.

## ITALY. A POEM.\*

THE name of the author of Italy is carefully guarded, but we think there can be but little hesitation in ascribing it to Southey. One note alone excites a doubt in our breasts; and, at a period so fertile in imitative genius, it would perhaps be too much to say positively that the verse is the Laureate's; but it bears strong resemblance to his earlier poetry, and its theme accords so entirely with his visit to the scenes here described, that the identity, if suspected at all, can be but very slightly questioned.

"Italy" is a series of sketches, entitled, the Lake of Geneva, the Great St. Bernard, the Descent, Jorasse, Margaret de Tours, The Alps, Como, Bergamo, Italy, Venice, Luigi, St. Mark's Place, the Brides of Venice, Foscari, Aqua, Ginevra, Florence, and Don Garzia.

The versification, it will appear from our examples, is generally of that character which the lovers of simplicity have adopted, though it frequently rises into a vigour more agreeable to our taste. We never can fancy that to be minute is equivalent to being poetical; and thus, what many admire as beauties, are in our eyes imperfections, in the writings of this amiable class of poets. The familiar in their compositions is to us merely prose in measured lines, and we read on, longing for the fine bursts of nature and inspiration which at intervals rush upon us, and prove that the divine mind is in truth there, however it may delight to repose its energies on the level path and trivial things. But we will not dilate on our opinions;—whether they are well founded or otherwise, the following selections may enable our readers more clearly to determine.

Part of the account of the *Great Saint Bernard* strikes us as possessing exquisite feeling, combined with a delightful force of delineation.

On the same rock beside it stood the church,  
 Reft of its cross, not of its sanctity;  
 The vesper-bell, for 'twas the vesper-hour,  
 Duly proclaiming thro' the wilderness,  
 "All ye who hear, whatever be your work,  
 Stop for an instant—move your lips in prayer!"  
 And, just beneath it, in that dreary dale,  
 If dale it might be called, so near to Heaven,  
 A little lake, where never fish leaped up,  
 Lay like a spot of ink amid the snow;  
 A star, the only one in that small sky,  
 On its dead surface glimmering. 'Twas a scene  
 Resembling nothing I had left behind,  
 As tho' all worldly ties were now dissolv'd;—  
 And, to incline the mind still more to thought,  
 To thought and sadness on the eastern shore  
 Under a beetling cliff stood half in shadow  
 A lonely chapel destined for the dead,  
 For such as having wandered from their way,  
 Had perished miserably. Side by side,  
 Within they lie, a mournful company,  
 All in their shrouds, no earth to cover them;  
 Their features full of life yet motionless  
 In the broad day, nor soon to suffer change,  
 Tho' the barred windows, barred against the wolf,  
 Are always open!

The author then describes the Monks; and the fourth paper contains a touching episode of the guide, *Jorasse*, who attended him on his Descent. We transcribe it:

Jorasse was in his three-and-twentieth year;  
 Graceful and active as a stag just roused;  
 Gentle withal, and pleasant in his speech,  
 Yet seldom seen to smile. He had grown up  
 Among the Hunters of the Higher Alps;  
 Had caught their starts and fits of thoughtfulness,  
 Their haggard looks, and strange soliloquies,  
 Said to arise by those who dwell below,  
 From frequent dealings with the Mountain-Spirits.  
 But other ways had taught him better things;  
 And now he numbered, marching by my side,  
 The Savans, Princes, who with him had crossed  
 The icy tract, with him familiarly  
 Through the rough day and rougher night conversed  
 In many a chalet round the Peak of Terror,  
 Round Tacul, Tour, Well-horn and Rosenlau:  
 Save when an Avalanche, at distance rolling  
 Its long, long thunders, held them mute with fear.  
 —But with what transport he recalled the hour  
 When to deserve, to win his blooming bride,  
 Madelaine of Annecy, to his feet he bound  
 The iron crampons, and, ascending, trod  
 The Upper Realms of Frost; then, by a cord  
 Let half way down, entered a Grot star-bright,  
 And gathered from above, below, around,  
 The pointed crystals!

Once, nor long before,  
 (Thus did his tongue run on, fast as his feet,

And with an eloquence that nature gives  
To all her children—breaking off by starts  
Into the harsh and rude, oft as the Mule  
Drew his dispassure, once, nor long before  
Alone at day-break on the Meitenberg,  
He slipped, he fell; and, through a fearful cleft  
Gliding from ledge to ledge, from deep to deeper,  
Went to the Under-world! Long-while he lay  
Upon his rugged bed—then waked like one  
Wishing to sleep again and sleep for ever!  
For looking round, he saw or thought he saw  
Innumerable branches of a Cavern,  
Winding beneath that solid Crust of Ice;  
With here and there a rent that shewed the stars!  
What then, alas, was left him but to die?  
What else in those immeasurable chambers,  
Strewed with the bones of miserable men  
Lust like himself? Yet must he wander on,  
Till cold and hunger set his spirit free!  
And, rising, he began his dreary round:  
When hark, the noise as of some mighty River  
Working its way to light! Back he withdrew,  
But soon returned, and, fearless from despair,  
Dashed down the dismal Channel; and all day,  
If day could be where utter darkness was,  
Travelled incessantly, the raggy roof  
Just overhead, and the impetuous waves,  
Nor broad nor deep, yet with a giant's strength  
Lashing him on. At last the water slept  
In a dead lake—at the third step he took  
Unfathomable—and the roof, that long  
Had threatened, suddenly descending, lay  
Flat on the surface. Statue-like he stood,  
His journey ended; when a ray divine  
Shot through his soul. Breathing a prayer to Her  
Whose ears are never shut, the Blessed Virgin,  
He plunged, he swam—and in an instant rose,  
The barrier past, in light, in sunshine! Thro'  
A smiling valley, full of cottages,  
Glittering the river ran; and on the bank  
The Young were dancing ('twas a festival-day)  
All in their best attire. There first he saw  
His Madelaine. In the crowd she stood to hear,  
When all drew round, inquiring; and her face,  
Seen behind all, and, varying, as he spoke,  
With hope, and fear, and generous sympathy,  
Subdued him. From that very hour he loved.

The tale was long, but coming to a close,  
When his dark eye flashed fire, and, stopping short,  
He listened and looked up. I looked up too;  
And twice there came a hiss that thro' me thrilled!  
'Twas heard no more. A Chamois on the cliff  
Had roused his fellows with that cry of fear  
And all were gone.

But now the thread was broken;  
Love and its joys had vanished from his mind;  
And he recounted his hair-breadth escapes,  
When with his friend Hubert of Bionnay  
(His ancient carbine from his shoulder slung—  
His axe to hew a stair-case in the ice)  
He tracked their footsteps. By a cloud surprised,  
Upon a crag among the precipices...  
Where the next step had hurled them fifty fathoms...  
Oft have they stood, locked in each other's arms,  
All the long night under a freezing sky...  
Each guarding each the while from sleeping, falling.

Oh 'twas a sport he loved dearer than life...  
And only would with life relinquish!  
'My sire, my grandsire died among these wilds,  
My brother too! As for myself,' he cried,  
And he held out his wallet in his hand,  
'This do I call my winding sheet, so sure  
Am I to have no other!'

And his words  
Were soon fulfilled. Within a little month  
Jorasse slept soundly half-way up the Jung-frau.  
Long did his wife, suckling her babe, look out  
The way he went at parting, he came not!  
Long fear to close her eyes, lest in her sleep  
(Such their belief) he should appear before her,  
Frozen and ghastly pale, or crushed and bleeding,  
To tell her where he lay, and supplicate  
For the last rite! At length the dismal news  
Came to her ears, and to her eyes his curse.

The entry upon *Italy* pleases us  
much; and indeed we have to state  
that all the pictures which the Poet has  
drawn are as accurate and full of truth  
as if they had been from the pencil  
of the ablest artist, or the pen of the most  
correct tourist.

O Italy, how beautiful thou art!  
Yet I could weep—for thou art lying, alas,  
Low in the dust; and they, who come, admire thee  
As we admire the beautiful in death.  
Thine was a dangerous gift, the gift of Beauty.  
Would thou hadst less, or wert as once thou wast,  
Inspiring awe in those who now enslave thee!  
—But why despair! I woe hast thou lived already;  
Twice shone among the nations of the world,  
As the sun shines among the lesser lights  
Of heaven; and shalt again. \* \*

And he proceeds to *Venice*, in a man-  
ner replete with character.

No track of men, no footsteps to and fro,  
Led to her gates. The path lay o'er the sea,  
Invisible; and from the land we went  
As to a floating City—steering in,  
And gliding up her streets as in a dream,  
So smoothly, silently—by many a dome  
Mosque-like, and many a stately portico,  
The statues ranged along an azure sky;  
By many a pile in more than Eastern splendour,  
Of old the residence of merchant kings;  
The fronts of some, though time had shattered them,  
Still glowing with the richest hues of art,  
As though the wealth within them had run o'er.

The panorama of *Saint Mark's  
Place*, and reflections upon it, are also  
extremely interesting; and the writer  
dwells on Venice, its scenes, and tra-  
ditions, with peculiar complacency,  
going a good deal into subjects which  
have already formed themes for Lord

Byron's muse. His *Luigi* is a lacquey resembling Sterne's *La Fleur*: the *Brides of Venice*, a story not the most affecting in the volume. That of the *Foscari* we shall insert entire in our next number, as a curious means for contrasting the difference between two distinguished Poets in treating the same tragical event. We are compensated too by the less known and equally pathetic tale of *Ginevra*, though the introduction to it is that of infantile and trite style to which we so strenuously object.

## GINEVRA.

If ever you should come to Modena,  
(Where among other relics you may see  
Tassoni's bucket—but 'tis not the true one)  
Stop at a palace near the Reggio-gate,  
Dwelt in of old by one of the Donati.  
Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,  
And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,  
Will long detain you—but, before you go,  
Enter the house—forget it not, I pray you—  
And look awhile upon a picture there.

'Tis of a Lady in her earliest youth,  
The last of that illustrious family;  
Done by Zampieri—but by whom I care not.  
He, who observes it—ere he passes on,  
Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again.  
That he may call it up, when far away.

She sits, inclining forward as to speak,  
Her lips half open, and her finger up,  
As tho' she said 'Beware!' her vest of gold  
Brodered with flowers and clasped from head to foot,  
An emerald-stone in every golden clasp;  
And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,  
A coronet of pearls.

But then her face,  
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,  
The overflowings of an innocent heart—  
It haunts me still, tho' many a year has fled,  
Like some wild melody!

Alone it hangs  
Over a mouldering heir-loom, its companion,  
An oaken-chest, half-eaten by the worm,  
But richly carved by Antony of Trent  
With scripture-stories from the life of Christ;  
A chest that came from Venice and had held  
The ducal robes of some old Ancestor—  
That by the way—it may be true or false—  
But don't forget the picture; and you will not,  
When you have heard the tale they told me there.

She was an only child—her name *Ginevra*,  
The joy, the pride of an indulgent Father;  
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,  
Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,  
Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.

Just as she looks there in her bridal dress,  
She was all gentleness, all gaiety,  
Her pranks the favourite theme of every tongue.  
But now the day was come, the day, the hour;  
Now, frowning, smiling for the hundredth time...  
The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum;  
And, in the lustre of her youth, she gave  
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.

Great was the joy; but at the Nuptial feast,  
When all sate down, the Bride herself was wanting.  
Nor was she to be found! Her Father cried,  
'Tis but to make a trial of our love!  
And filled his glass to all; but his hand shook,  
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.  
'Twas but that instant she had left Francesco,  
Laughing and looking back and flying still  
Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger.  
But now, alas, she was not to be found;  
Nor from that hour could any thing be guessed,  
But that she was not!

Weary of his life,  
Francesco flew to Venice, and, embarking,  
Flung it away in battle with the Turk.  
Donati lived—and long might you have seen  
An old man wandering as in quest of something,  
Something he could not find—he knew not what.  
When he was gone, the house remained awhile  
Silent and tenantless—then went to strangers.

Full fifty years were past, and all forgotten,  
When on an idle day, a day of search  
Mid the old lumber in the Gallery,  
That mouldering chest was noticed; and twas said  
By one as young, as thoughtless as *Ginevra*,  
'Why not remove it from its lurking-place?'  
'Twas done as soon as said; but on the way  
It burst, it fell; and lo, a skeleton,  
With here and there a pearl, an emerald stone,  
A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold.  
All else had perished—save a wedding-ring,  
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,  
Engraven with a name, the name of both,  
"Ginevra."

There then she had found her grave;  
Within that chest had she concealed herself,  
Fluttering with joy the happiest of the happy;  
When a spring-lock, that lay in ambush there,  
Fastened her down for ever!

The only other episode of note is  
that of Don Garzia and his two sons,  
on which Alfieri has founded one of his  
tragedies; but we have done as much  
as this small volume demands for il-  
lustration. Our examples have indeed  
been in masses, but there are noble  
thoughts expressed in single lines, scat-  
tered over the poem.

But the excellence so far outweighs  
the defects, that we must commend It-  
aly as one of the sweetest and most  
pleasing little volumes published for a  
long period.

## Sketches of English Society.

### THE FIGHT.

—"The *fight*, the *fight's* the thing,  
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king."

**W**HERE *there's a will, there's a way*.—I said so to myself, as I walked down Chancery-lane, about half past six o'clock on Monday the 10th of December, to inquire at Jack Randall's where the fight the next day was to be; and I found "the proverb" nothing "musty" in the present instance. I was determined to see this fight, come what would, and see it I did, in great style. It was my *first fight*, yet it more than answered my expectations. Ladies! it is to you I dedicate this description; nor let it seem out of character for the fair to notice the exploits of the brave. Courage and modesty are the old English virtues; and may they never look cold and askance on one another! Think, ye fairest of the fair, loveliest of the lovely kind, ye practisers of soft enchantment, how many more ye kill with poisoned baits than ever fell in the ring; and listen with subdued air and without shuddering, to a tale tragic only in appearance, and sacred to the FANCY!

I was going down Chancery-lane, thinking to ask at Jack Randall's where the fight was to be, when looking through the glass-door of the *Hole in the Wall*, I heard a gentleman asking the same question at Mrs. Randall, as the author of *Waverley* would express it.—I waited at the door, when, who should issue forth but my friend Jo. Toms, and turning suddenly up Chancery-lane with that quick jerk and impatient stride which distinguishes a lover of the FANCY, I said, "I'll be hanged if that fellow is not going to the fight, and is on his way to get me to go with him." So it proved in effect, and we agreed to adjourn to my lodgings to discuss measures with that cordiality which makes old friends like new, and new friends like old, on great occasions. We are cold to others only when we are dull in ourselves, and have neither thoughts nor feelings to impart

to them. Give a man a topic in his head, a throb of pleasure in his heart, and he will be glad to share it with the first person he meets. Toms and I, though we seldom meet, were an *alter idem* on this memorable occasion, and had not an idea that we did not candidly impart; and "so carelessly did we fleet the time," that I wish no better, when there is another fight, than to have him for a companion on my journey down.—Indeed, on my repeating the lines from Spenser in an involuntary fit of enthusiasm,

"What more felicity can fall to creature,  
Than to enjoy delight with liberty?"

my ingenious friend stopped me by saying that this, translated into the vulgate, meant "*Going to see a fight*."—I was without loss of time on the top of the Bath coach, was accommodated with a great coat, put up my umbrella to keep off a drizzling mist, and we began to cut through the air like an arrow. The mile-stones disappeared one after another, the rain kept off; Tom Turtle, the trainer, sat before me on the coach-box, with whom I exchanged civilities as a gentleman going to the fight. Such is the force of imagination! On the outside of any other coach on the 10th of December with a Scotch mist drizzling through the cloudy moonlight air, I should have been cold, comfortless, impatient, and, no doubt, wet through; but seated on the Royal mail, I felt warm and comfortable, the air did me good, the ride did me good, I was pleased with the progress we had made, and confident that all would go well through the journey. When I got inside at Reading, I found Turtle and a stout valetudinarian, whose costume bespoke him one of the FANCY, and who had risen from a three months' sick bed to get into the mail to see the fight. They were intimate, and we fell into a lively discourse. My friend the trainer was confined in his topics to fighting dogs and men, to bears and badgers;

beyond this he was "quite chap-fallen," had not a word to throw at a dog, or indeed very wisely fell asleep, when any other game was started. The whole art of training (I, however, learnt from him,) consists in two things, exercise and abstinence, abstinence and exercise, repeated alternately and without end. A yolk of an egg with a spoonful of rum in it is the first thing in a morning, and then a walk of six miles till breakfast. This meal consists of a plentiful supply of tea and toast and beef-steaks. Then another six or seven miles till dinner-time, and another supply of solid beef or mutton with a pint of porter, and perhaps, at the utmost, a couple of glasses of sherry. Then follows an hour of social chat and native glee; and afterwards, to another breathing over heathy hill or dale. Back to supper, and then to bed, and up by six again—Our hero

"Follows to the ever-running sun,  
With profitable *ardour*—"

to the day that brings him victory or defeat in the green fairy circle. Is not this life more sweet than mine? I was going to say; but I will not libel any life by comparing it to mine, which is (at the date of these presents) bitter as *colocynthis* and the dregs of *aconitum*!

The morning dawns; that dim but yet clear light appears, which weighs like solid bars of metal on the sleepless eyelids. The day was fine, the sky was blue, the mists were retiring from the marshy ground, the path was tolerably dry, the sitting-up all night had not done us much harm—at least the cause was good; we talked of this and that with amicable difference, roving and sipping of many subjects, but still invariably we returned to the fight. At length, a mile to the left of Hungerford, on a gentle eminence, we saw the ring surrounded by covered carts, gigs, and carriages, of which hundreds had passed us on the road; Toms gave a youthful shout, and we hastened down a narrow lane to the scene of action.

Reader! have you ever seen a fight? If not, you have a pleasure to come, at least if it is a fight like that between the Gas man and Bill Neate. The crowd was very great when we arrived on the spot; open carriages were com-

ing up, with streamers flying and music playing, and the country-people were pouring in over hedge and ditch in all directions, to see their hero beat or be beaten. The odds were still on Gas, but only about five to four. Gully had been down to try Neate, and had backed him considerably, which was a damper to the sanguine confidence of the adverse party. About two hundred thousand pounds were pending. The Gas says, he has lost 3,000*l.* which were promised him by different gentlemen if he had won. He had presumed too much on himself, which made others presume on him. This spirited and formidable young fellow seems to have taken for his motto the old maxim, that "there are three things necessary to success in life—*Impudence! Impudence! Impudence!*" It is so in matters of opinion, but not in the *Fancy*, which is the most practical of all things, though even here confidence is half the battle, but only half. Our friend had vapoured and swaggered too much, as if he wanted to grin and bully his adversary out of the fight. "Alas! the Bristol man was not so tamed!"—"This is *the grave-digger*" (would Tom Hickman exclaim in the moments of intoxication from gin and success, shewing his tremendous right hand), "this will send many of them to their long homes; I haven't done with them yet!" Why should he—though he had licked four of the best men within the hour, yet why should he threaten to inflict dishonourable chastisement on my old master Richmond, a veteran going off the stage, and who has borne his sable honours meekly? Magnanimity, my dear Tom, and bravery, should be inseparable. Or why should he go to his antagonist, the first time he ever saw him at the Fives Court, and measuring him from head to foot with a glance of contempt, as Achilles surveyed Hector, say to him—"What, are you Bill Neate? I'll knock more blood out of that great carcase of thine, this day fortnight, than you ever knock'd out of a bullock's!" It was not manly, it was not fighter-like. If he was sure of the victory (as he was not), the less said about it the better. Modesty should accompany the *Fancy* as its

shadow. The best men were always the best behaved. Jem Belcher, the Game Chicken (before whom the Gas-man could not have lived) were civil, silent men. So is Cribb, so is Tom Belcher, the most elegant of sparrers, and not a man for every one to take by the nose. I enlarged on this topic in the mail (while Turtle was asleep), and said very wisely (as I thought) that impertinence was a part of no profession. A boxer was bound to beat his man, but not to thrust his fist, either actually or by implication, in every one's face. Even a highwayman, in the way of trade, may blow out your brains, but if he uses foul language at the same time, I should say he was no gentleman. With my own prepossessions on the subject, the result of the 11th of December appeared to me as fine a piece of poetical justice as I had ever witnessed. The difference of weight between the two combatants (14 stone to 12) was nothing to the sporting men. Great, heavy, clumsy, long-armed Bill Neate kicked the beam in the scale of the Gas-man's vanity. The amateurs were frightened at his big words, and thought they would make up for the difference of six feet and five feet nine. Truly, the FANCY are not men of imagination. They judge of what has been, and cannot conceive of any thing that is to be. The Gas-man had won hitherto; therefore he must beat a man half as big again as himself—and that to a certainty. Besides, there are as many feuds, factions, prejudices, pedantic notions in the FANCY as in the state or in the schools. But enough of reflections, and to our tale. The day, as I have said, was fine for a December morning. The grass was wet and the ground miry, and ploughed up with multitudinous feet, except that within the ring itself, there was a spot of virgin-green closed in and unprofaned by vulgar tread, that shone with dazzling brightness in the mid-day sun. For it was now noon, and we had an hour to wait. This is the trying time. It is then the heart sickens, as you think what the two champions are about, and how short a time will determine their fate. After the first blow is struck, here is no opportunity for nervous ap-

prehensions; you are swallowed up in the immediate interest of the scene—but

“Between the acting of a dreadful thing  
And the first motion, all the interim is  
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream.”

The *swells* were parading in their white box-coats, the outer ring was cleared with some bruises on the heads and shins of the rustic assembly; the time drew near, I had got a good stand; a bustle, a buzz, ran through the crowd, and, from the opposite side entered Neate, between his second and bottle-holder. He rolled along, swathed in his loose great coat, his knock-knees bending under his huge bulk; and, with a modest cheerful air, threw his hat into the ring. He then just looked round, and began quietly to undress; when from the other side there was a similar rush and an opening made, and the Gas-man came forward with a conscious air of anticipated triumph, too much like the cock-of-the-walk. He strutted about more than became a hero, sucked oranges with a supercilious air, and threw away the skin with a toss of his head, and went up and looked at Neate, which was an act of supererogation. The only sensible thing he did was, as he strode away from the modern Ajax, to fling out his arms, as if he wanted to try whether they would do their work that day. By this time they had stripped, and presented a strong contrast in appearance. If Neate was like Ajax, “with Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear” the pugilistic reputation of all Bristol, Hickman might be compared to Diomed, light, vigorous, elastic, and his back glistened in the sun as he moved about, like a panther's hide. There was now a dead pause—attention was awe-struck. Who at that moment, big with a great event, did not draw his breath short—did not feel his heart throb? All was ready. They tossed up for the sun, and the Gas-man won. They were led up to the *scratch*—shook hands, and went at it.

In the first round every one thought it was all over. After making play a short time, the Gas-man flew at his adversary like a tiger, struck five blows in as many seconds, three first, and

following him as he staggered back, two more, right and left, and down he fell, a mighty ruin. There was a shout, and I said, "There is no standing this." Neate seemed like a lifeless lump of flesh and bone, round which the Gas-man's blows played with the rapidity of electricity or lightning, and you imagined he would only be lifted up to be knocked down again. It was as if Hickman held a sword or a fire in that right hand of his, and directed it against an unarmed body. They met again, Neate seemed, not cowed, but particularly cautious. I saw his teeth clenched together and his brows knit close against the sun. He held out both his arms at full length straight before him, like two sledge-hammers, and raised his left an inch or two higher. The Gas-man could not get over this guard—they struck mutually and fell, but without advantage on either side. It was the same in the next round; but the balance of power was thus restored—the fate of the battle was thus suspended. No one could tell how it would end. This was the only moment in which opinion was divided; for, in the next, the Gas-man aiming a mortal blow at his adversary's neck, with his right hand, and failing from the length he had to reach, the other returned it with his left at full swing, planted a tremendous blow on his cheek-bone and eye-brow, and made a ruin of that side of his face. The Gas-man went down, and there was another shout—a roar of triumph as the waves of fortune rolled tumultuously from side to side. This was a settler. Hickman got up, and "grinned horrible a ghastly smile," yet he was evidently dashed in his opinion of himself; it was the first time he had ever been so punished; all one side of his face was perfect scarlet, and his right eye was closed in dingy blackness, as he advanced to the fight, less confident, but still determined. After one or two rounds, not receiving another such remembrancer, he rallied and went at it with his former impetuosity. But in vain. His strength had been weakened,—his blows could not tell at such a distance,—he was obliged to fling himself at his adversary, and

could not strike from his feet; and almost as regularly as he flew at him with his right-hand, Neate warded the blow, or drew back out of its reach, and felled him with the return of his left. There was little cautious sparring—no half-hits—no tapping and trifling, none of the *petit-maitreship* of the art—they were almost all knock-down blows:—the fight was a good stand-up fight. The wonder was the half-minute-time. If there had been a minute or more allowed between each round, it would have been intelligible how they should by degrees recover strength and resolution; but to see two men smashed to the ground, smeared with gore, stunned, senseless, the breath beaten out of their bodies; and then, before you recover from the shock, to see them rise up with new strength and courage, stand ready to inflict or receive mortal offence, and rush upon each other "like two clouds over the Caspian"—this is the most astonishing thing of all:—this is the high and heroic state of man! From this time forward the event became more certain every round; and about the twelfth it seemed as if it must have been over. Hickman generally stood with his back to me; but in the scuffle, he had changed positions, and Neate just then made a tremendous lunge at him, and hit him full in the face. It was doubtful whether he would fall backwards or forwards; he hung suspended for a second or two, and then fell back, throwing his hands in the air, and with his face lifted up to the sky. I never saw any thing more terrific than his aspect just before he fell. All traces of life, of natural expression, were gone from him. His face was like a human skull, a death's head, spouting blood. The eyes were filled with blood, the nose streamed with blood, the mouth gaped blood. He was not like an actual man, but like a preternatural, spectral appearance, or like one of the figures in Dante's *Inferno*. Yet he fought on after this for several rounds, still striking the first desperate blow, and Neate standing on the defensive, and using the same cautious guard to the last, as if he had still all his work to do; and it was not till



the Gas-man was so stunned in the seventeenth or eighteenth round, that his senses forsook him, and he could not come to time, that the battle was declared over.\* Ye who despise the Fancy, do something to shew as much *pluck*, or as much self-possession as this, before you assume a superiority which you have never given a single proof of by any action in the whole course of your lives!—When the Gas-man came to himself, the first words he uttered were, “Where am I? What is the matter?” “Nothing is the matter, Tom,—you have lost the battle, but you are the bravest man alive.” And Jackson whispered to him, “I am collecting a purse for you, Tom.”—Vain sounds, and unheard at that moment! Neate instantly went up and shook him cordially by the hand, and seeing some old acquaintance, began to flourish with his fists, calling out, “Ah! you always said I couldn’t fight—What do you think now?” But all in good humour, and without any appearance of arrogance; only it was evident Bill Neate was pleased that he had won the fight. When it was over, I asked Cribb if he did not think it was a good one? He said “*Pretty well!*” The carrier-pigeons now mounted into the air, and one of them flew with the news of her husband’s victory to the bosom of Mrs. Neate. Alas, for Mrs. Hickman!—

*Mais ou revoir*, as Sir Fopling Flutter says. I went down with Toms; I returned with Jack Pigott, whom I met on the ground. Toms is a rattle-brain; Pigott is a sentimentalist. Now, under favour, I am a sentimentalist too—therefore I say nothing, but that the interest of the excursion did not flag as I came back.—There were two strangers already in the post-chaise, and on their observing they supposed I had been to the fight, I said I had, and concluded they had done the same. They appeared however, a little shy and sore on the subject; and it was not till af-

ter several hints dropped, and questions put, that it turned out that they had missed it. One of the friends had undertaken to drive the other there in his gig: they had set out to make sure work the day before at 3 in the afternoon. The owner of the one-horsed vehicle scorned to ask his way, and drove on to Bagshot, instead of turning off at Hounslow: set off the next day across the country to Reading, from whence they took coach, and got down within a mile or two of Hungerford just half an hour after the fight was over. This might safely be set down as one of the miseries of human life. We parted with these two gentlemen at Wolsingham, and turned into an old bow-windowed parlour with a carpet and a snug fire; and after devouring a quantity of tea, toast, and eggs, sat down to consider, during an hour of philosophic leisure, what we should have for supper. In the midst of an Epicurean deliberation between a roasted fowl and mutton-chops with mashed potatoes, we were interrupted by an inroad of Goths and Vandals—*O procul este profani*—not real flashmen, but interlopers, noisy pretenders, butchers from Tothill-fields, brokers from Whitechapel, who called immediately for pipes and tobacco, hoping it would not be disagreeable to the gentlemen, and began to insist that it was *a cross*. Pigott withdrew from the smoke and noise into another room, and left me to dispute the point with them for a couple of hours *sans intermission* by the dial. The next morning we rose refreshed; and on observing that Jack had a pocket volume in his hand, in which he read in the intervals of our discourse, I inquired what it was, and learned to my particular satisfaction that it was a volume of the *New Eloise*. Ladies, after this, will you contend that a love for the FANCY is incompatible with the cultivation of sentiment?—We jogged on as before, my friend setting me up in a genteel drab great coat and

\* Scroggins said of the Gas-man, that he thought he was a man of that courage, that if his hands were cut off, he would still fight on with the stumps—like that of Widrington,—

“In doleful dumps,  
Who, when his legs were smitten off,  
Still fought upon his stumps.”

green silk handkerchief (which I must say became me exceedingly), and after stretching our legs for a few miles, and seeing Jack Randall, Ned Turner, and

Scroggins, pass on the top of one of the Bath coaches, we engaged with the driver of the second to take us to London for the usual fee.

(Monthly Magazine, Feb.)

#### LETTER FROM MADRID.

*The following letter has been addressed to the Editor by an English gentleman at Madrid, to whom he transmitted some inquiries relative to the Spanish Patriots.*

*Madrid, January 6, 1822.*

YOU ask me for some account of the heroes of the Spanish Revolution. I have been just talking over its perils with some of the principal actors in its glories. I am now smoking a segar, given me by the warm-hearted QUIROGA, and, under its inspiration, will try to satisfy your desires.

How shall I begin? Shall I send you a portrait of each of these illustrious patriots? That I cannot do; but I will tell you what a beautiful Spanish lady said to a friend of mine, who asked for a description of RIEGO. "His image is so deeply engraved *here* (pressing her forehead with her hand,) that were I a painter, you should have his very counterpart. But it is not enough to be a painter: one must burn with the same sacred fire that is kindled in him. That fire is in my bosom. He is not fair—no! but what does *that* matter? If he has not the beauty of form, he has all the beauty of generous passion, and that is better. His black eyes are always sparkling before me; busy, penetrating, enquiring;—his lips express the delicacy of his sentiments; his hair is nearly black, but mixed with grey, though he has only seen thirty years to whiten it. His figure is of the middle size, but strikingly martial. You would fix on him for a hero. The love of liberty is in him ever obvious and ever active; he is alive to all its vibrations. You may read his thoughts and his affections. That gloom which hung upon the brow of Napoleon, and which served to cover the deep purposes of personal ambition, never clouds his countenance. He is too ardent to bury himself in long concentrated thoughts. He is the soldier's brother.

A sergeant and a man from the ranks are always with him. He was made a prisoner in the war of independence, and remained two years in France, where he cultivated his mind with continual study. He speaks French, and Italian admirably. Towards me (she continued) his conduct has been a model of grace and politeness. When he arrived here, I could not separate myself from him. He knew that I loved one of the companions of his perils and his glories; and they say *he* is a lover. This annoys me. He will then devote himself to something besides his country: he may then love something besides liberty! He should never marry; it would be infidelity to the nation. Is he not pledged to her? And then—could other women love him?"

The part which Riego took in the movements of the Isla de Leon—the series of melancholy events which dispersed his little band, and left him to wander in solitude and despair—are such as even now, when the dangers are passed and the victory is achieved, I can hardly think of without trembling. After several vain attempts to enter Cadiz, he left Quiroga in San Fernando, for the purpose of exciting the public feeling in different parts of Andalusia. His division consisted of 1500 men, with whom he marched upon Chiclana, whose authorities fled on his arrival. From thence he proceeds to Algesiras, in the hope that the friends of freedom in Gibraltar would facilitate his objects and provide for his wants. In some of the villages he was received with ecstasy, in others with alarm. At Algesiras the people crowded to welcome him, but refused to join his banners. The coldness of the Governor of Gibraltar, and the interruption

of all communication with that fortress, disappointed all his expectations. His troops wanted shoes, and horses, and money. Some supplies were furnished in the midst of immense difficulties by the zeal of his friends. In the mean time, O'Donnell approached with the royalist army. Riego had determined to attack them, when a letter from Quiroga was delivered to him, urging his immediate return. In the plains of Taibilla he was surrounded by a large body of the enemy's cavalry. They were received with shouts of "Long live the Constitution!—long live our Country!" and the ranks resounded with that song which I will here insert, for it has become the watchword of the Constitutional party, and has been re-echoed a thousand and ten thousand times through the Peninsula, just like *Ca Ira* and the *Marseillois* in France, at the commencement of the French Revolution.

Soldiers! soldiers! hear  
Your country's earnest cry!—  
Soldiers! soldiers! swear  
To conquer or to die!  
Valiant, daring, strong,  
And serene as gay:  
Be our song to-day,  
Victory's growing song.

Worlds are listening now,  
Children of the Cid—  
His proud fame, though hid,  
Shall revive in you.—*Soldiers, &c.*  
Wave the glorious steel;  
Let the trembling slave,  
Of the strong, the brave,  
All the triumphs feel.

As the mists disperse,  
Shall their squadrons fly;  
Shouts of liberty  
Fill the universe.—*Soldiers, &c.*  
What a glorious day,  
Full of light and bliss—  
O, how bright a ray  
Freedom sheds on this!

When Riego first  
Joined our patriot-hands,  
And the freezing bands  
Of dull slavery burst.—*Soldiers, &c.*  
Honour on his brow!  
Honour, praise be pour'd—  
Who the patriot's sword  
Dares to brandish now.

Long our country's eye  
Has been veil'd in tears—  
Now the smile of joy  
On her cheeks appears.—*Soldiers, &c.*  
We have heard her call!  
Could she speak in vain?  
We have sworn for Spain—

Sworn—to perish all.

No!—these eyes shall see  
Every fetter broke—  
Rescued from the yoke,  
Spain shall yet be free.—*Soldiers, &c.*  
See, our fetters fall—  
And the slaves whose will  
Wears those fetters still,  
Shall our ranks appal!

Free—to freedom true,  
We assume again  
All the strength of men;—  
Slaves are cowards too.—*Soldiers, &c.*  
Hear! the trumpet! hear!  
Shame and slavery.  
They may fear to die—  
What have we to fear!

While the patriot file  
Moves serenely on,  
Doubt and danger frown  
On the mean—the vile.—*Soldiers, &c.*  
Lo! the joyous breeze  
Martial music brings:  
Cannon's thunderings  
Shout your victories.

Mars has call'd you his;  
Spain was ever brave:—  
Who would be a slave  
In an hour like this!—*Soldiers, &c.*  
Look—the enemy—  
Steady as a rock  
To the battle's shock—  
Look—they faint—they fly.

Can a servile crew,  
Bought by tyrants' gold,  
E'er withstand the bold,  
Freedom led—as you.—*Soldiers, &c.*

They reached Cordoba;—there were only 300 left, and were received in melancholy silence by the inhabitants, who only saw so many victims marked out for certain signal sacrifice. They sought again the hilly parts of the province. The days were dark and rainy; the roads almost impassable; the enemy always at hand. A little band, too few for mutual defence, and unavailing, of course, for attack,—a little band reached Bienvenida; and one of its commanders, Evaresto de San Miguel, speaks of its disperion in the following affecting terms:—

"Our remaining united now served only to expose us to the irresistible attacks of the enemy. We had no breathing time—we had no repose. We were driven to the hard necessity of separating, and this was determined on at a council of all the officers who were left. Tender and sad was this parting! We had made costly sacrifices to our country—our only reward

was then the prospect of passing the rest of our days in exile !”

But the progress of the revolution in the rest of Spain is well known to you. Province after province threw off the yoke. The troops sent against Quiroga proclaimed the Constitution, and demanded to be united to those of the Isla, to combat for the holy cause. Madrid was in commotion—the king’s life was threatened : he, before whom millions had bowed in abject servility, was left without one faithful counsellor, or one devoted friend. Such is the fate of despots, when the mists of delusion and of falsehood are blown away by the presence of truth and honesty ! How did the patriots punish the tyranny and perfidy of the king—the injustice and the cruelty of his agents ? Hundreds came forth from damp and dismal dungeons, from long and mournful exile, to which they had been most unjustly condemned ; and how did they treat their oppressors ? They forgave—once and again—they forgave ! If their generous charity should be rewarded, as it is feared it is about to be rewarded, by new acts of perfidy on the part of the monarch and the reptiles that surround him, who can answer for human endurance ? Not I !

The despotism of Ferdinand VII. was untempered by any thing which could make it tolerable ; it had no splendour like that of Napoleon ; it had no external influence like that of Alexander ; it had no national pride in it like that of Charles III. ; it was naked and unadorned : it had the clamorous impotence of decrepity, and the silly waywardness of childhood ; it commanded no respect ; it conciliated no affections.

I knew PORLIER. His death might serve as a model for a dying patriot ;—it was solemn—it was noble—it was worthy of the worthiest ! Every thing which cruelty could invent to aggravate—every thing which malignity could imagine to degrade, accompanied his execution. His remains were buried on the sea-shore, and on a day when the roar of the waves, and the chorus of the winds, were most magnificent. I wandered along the sands to visit “the place of his rest.” Poor

triumph of baffled hatred—Could Porlier have desired a sublimer sepulchre ? Nor were my thoughts unaffected by the awful and well-suited inscription over the gate of the cemetery before which I had just passed :

“ El termino de la vida es lo que veis !—  
“ El dela muerte será segun obreis.”

QUIROGA has a martial air ; he is in the prime of life ; somewhat above the middle stature, with a pleasing, sometimes even fascinating, expression of countenance. But I shall secure my sketch from severe criticism—you will judge of him yourself, for he is about to visit England. He was, as you know, the commander-in-chief of the liberating army. Neither he, nor any of his compeers had obtained any considerable distinctions, nor had been much known before the great events of the Isle de Leon. It is a strange fact that those who had *failed* in various attempts to rescue Spain, were most of them men of signal reputation ; Mina, whose whole public life is one of chivalry ; Porlier ; Abisbal ; Lacy ; while those who *succeeded* in the perilous enterprise were men, till then, obscure and unnoticed. Argo Agüero’s talents, as an officer of engineers, were distinguished. Lopez Eáno, and, indeed, all the rest, had served bravely and honourably in the Peninsular war. They had every one of them been engaged in Abisbal’s plot ; if tyranny had trampled them under foot ; contempt and scorn would have been poured upon their *ignoble* heads ;—your worldly-wise ones—your servile, slavish creatures—would have called them rebels and traitors—and have linked their names to shame and infamy ; but the bright and glorious success of the *few* heroes who triumph may repay us for the disappointments of the *many* who are baffled in their struggle for national liberty.

Quiroga was well aware of the perils of the task he had undertaken. He told me that he had determined, however, never to fall alive into the hands of his enemies ; he always sleeps with a pair of loaded pistols under his pillow, and in case of surprise he had vowed that he would destroy himself and his wife ; (then in an advanced

state of pregnancy,) "That nothing," he added, "of me or mine might witness the horrors they have prepared for me." His wife is of an English descent : and during the events of the Isla his only child, a daughter, whom he called *Victoria*, was born. "I passed," he said, "many moments of doubt and of agony."—"And which were the bitterest moments?" I enquired. "The first when we attacked the Isla ; for I knew, that if it were defended bravely, we never could succeed against it : the second, when Riego left me with his division : the third, when I knew that his troops were dispersed, and that he, a fugitive, was wandering alone among the mountains." And let it be owned, the heart must have been made of stern and solid stuff which would bear its noble projects onward amidst a series of events like these.

But it has been remarked of Spaniards, and it has been *well* remarked, that they never calculate difficulties—they conquer them. Their *no importa*—'it does not matter,'—leads them through every perplexity. When Mina made his unsuccessful attack on Pampluna, Spaniards were not disheartened—"No *importa*, Spain will be free."—When Porlier was hanged—when Lacy was shot, the answer to all one's sympathizing regrets was, "No *importa*, Spain will be free ;" and when, in the enthusiasm of joy and congratula-

tion, you hail their deliverance, the reply is ready, "I told you before that all which happened *no importa*, and Spain is free."

The plot which was carried on to its full accomplishment by Quiroga had been cherished and conducted by ABISBAL, whose conduct throughout has been mysterious and irreconcilable. It was he who had fostered the spirit of opposition in 1819 ; it was he who arrested Quiroga, Arco, Aguero, and their fellow officers, amidst cries of "Long live the King ;" and it was he who consummated the revolution by proclaiming the constitution at Ocana, in 1820. All parties he had seemed to serve—all parties he had seemed to betray. All have forgotten services whose sincerity was, at the least, doubtful ; and Abisbal, who might have become the most illustrious character in Spain, has sunk into obscurity—not to say, disgrace.

Every sort of national honour which can be gratifying to the pride or the patriotism of the heroes of the Isla de Leon has been conferred on them by their grateful country. One of them is already no more. Arco Aguero was lately killed by a fall from his horse in the midst of his youth and of his glory. Riego has been of late the object of the attacks and persecutions of a proud and selfish faction—but Riego is the object of the idolatry of his fellow-citizens.

### "ICHABOD."

1 Sam. iv. 21, 22.

THE tumult of battle is o'er,  
And the shouts of the conquerors cease ;  
The chariots are rattling no more,  
And confusion is changed into peace ;  
But "where is the glory?"

A thousand glad hearts are exulting,  
Removed from the feelings of woe ;  
But to us those loud joys are insulting,  
Those shouts are the shouts of the foe ;  
And "where is the glory?"

To the idols their praise is ascending,  
And glad tears of rejoicing fast flow ;  
But our tears and our groans are still blending,  
The groans and the big tears of woe ;  
"For "where is the glory?"

We mourn for the fate of the dead,  
And we strew o'er their ashes these flowers—  
But oh ! that that grave were *our* bed,  
And the death-shade of cypress were  
our's ; For "where is the glory?"

The sun of our glories is clouded,  
O'er Shiloh is darkened the star ;  
For the ark which the Shekinah shrouded,  
Is lost in the chances of war ;  
And "where is the glory?"

Accursed be the day of this sorrow,  
O'er its front let the tempest be spread ;  
And blest be the dawn of to-morrow,  
Which numbers my name with the dead ;  
For "where is the glory?"

## Stephensiana, No. XV.

(Monthly Magazine, Feb.)

ARTHUR ONSLOW.

**T**HIS celebrated speaker of the House of Commons, for the purpose of relaxing himself from the multiplied cares of his office, was in the habit of passing his evenings at a respectable country public-house, which for nearly a century was known by the name of the Jew's-harp-house, situated about a quarter of a mile north of Portland-place. He dressed himself in plain attire, and preferred taking his seat in the chimney corner of the kitchen, where he took part in the vulgar jokes, and ordinary concerns of the landlord, his family and customers. He continued this practice for a year or two, and much ingratiated himself with his host and his family, who, not knowing his name, called him "the gentleman," but, from his familiar manners, treated him as one of themselves. It happened, however, one day, that the landlord was walking along Parliament-street, when he met the speaker in state, going up with an address to the throne, and looking narrowly at the chief personage, he was astonished and confounded at recognizing the features of the gentleman, his constant customer. He hurried home, and communicated the extraordinary intelligence to his wife and family, all of whom were disconcerted at the liberties, which at different times they had taken with so important a person. In the evening Mr. Onslow came as usual, with his holiday face and manners, and prepared to take his usual seat, but found every thing in a state of peculiar preparation, and the manners of the landlord and his wife changed from indifference and familiarity to form and obsequiousness. The children were not allowed to climb upon him, and pull his wig, as heretofore, and the servants were kept at a distance. He, however, took no notice of the change, but finding that his name and rank had by some means been discovered, he paid the reckoning, civilly took his departure, and never visited the house afterwards.

CALAIS.

Towards the close of the 12th century, Calais was a fishing village, with little in it to excite interest or attention; but when the inhabitants had acquired importance from success in the herring fishery, we find the church ready to extend its tyranny and usurpation on the occasion. In the year 1180, Pope Alexander III. granted the tithe of all the herrings there taken to the Abbey of St. Bertin, celebrated for its immense wealth, but to which bad effects were attributed, from its improper use. M. de Becquigny is the author who informs us of the rapacity thus excited, and the luxurious, worthless, and dissolute lives led by the abbots and monks.

The honest fishermen, however, not clearly comprehending the Pope's right to give away their property, declared they would sooner decimate the monks than suffer their herrings to be decimated. But the unjust sentence passed on them in this transaction, far from being combated, was confirmed by the civil power, and they were reduced to obedience by the Count of Flanders, who was then their regent, as guardian to Iola, Countess of Boulogne.—See also *L'Histoire de l'Academie des Inscriptions and Belles Letters*.

SCIENCE in FRANCE.

Caroline Herschel, sister to the astronomer of that name, is not the only female who addicts herself to the study of astronomy, and has reached a high degree of improvement in it.

Madame, or to borrow her own designation, the female citizen, Le François, wife of Le François, nephew and assistant to Jerome Lalande, who presides over the national observatory at Paris, seconded the zeal of her husband and his uncle, so as to combine and blend the results of their different observations and calculations.

In the midst of the convulsions that agitate Europe, and exposed to imminent danger from the commotions that render the times dark and perilous in their native country, these three persons

were occupied in the bloody year 1794 in the labour of making a catalogue of the stars; and they published the result of their united efforts and powers, in 40,000 calculations.

During those popular tumults, science was nourished. Citizen Mechain was sent, in 1792; to Barcelona, to make admeasurements, and Delembre, in the same year, was employed in measuring triangles, and taking the distances between Orleans and Dunkirk.

LETTER of LORD NELSON *relative to*  
PRIVATEERS.

*Termagant to be sent with the*  
*Dispatches coming by the Seahorse.*

To write Mr. Nepean that although I have full power and authority over his majesty's fleets in the Mediterranean, respecting military affairs; yet with respect to privateers, they being private property, I have not the smallest controul. When commissions are granted them, the owners give security in a large sum of money for their good conduct, and I should, and so would the sovereign, be liable to a prosecution by law should he force them to any act. Their conduct can only be judged by the High Court of Admiralty, on which there are two in the Mediterranean, one at Malta, the other at Gibraltar. However, to shew my sincere disposition to do all in my power for the security of the neutral navigation, which I am sure will never be interrupted by H. M. ships, I send you a paper for each of the vessels, which may possibly make the privateers consider a little before they will detain a real neutral vessel and cargo; but I must apprise you and desire that you will inform the government of Sardinia that any paper from me will not have the smallest weight in an English court of justice, where they adjudge from what is proved, and not from any opinion of others, however high their rank or station in life. I am very much of opinion that the conduct of Privateers of all nations is oftentimes very irregular, to say no more of it; but I can only again repeat that I have no controul over them, their conduct and seizures can only be judged in the Court of Admiralty. I shall send your letter and papers to his Ex-

cellency the Governor of Gibraltar, that they may be laid officially before the Court of Admiralty there; and I would recommend the case of the taking a Sardinian vessel to make other captures to be sent to Compté de Fidmont, to be laid before the British government, for I am of opinion that such conduct ought not to be permitted.

THE EMPEROR DOMITIAN assumed the title of God, and dedicated the form of a Letter to be used by his procurators—"Our Lord and God commands," &c.

The time when judicial speeches were not suffered to exceed was previously fixed, according to the nature of the cause, and was regulated by the dropping of water through a glass, called Clepsydra.—*Bewick* 428.

Head of Melancthon introduced into a picture, by Christopher Amberger, of the Adoration of the Magi, as one of those coming to pay homage to the infant Christ.—Copied by Mr. Lewis.

St. Ursula and her 11,000 Virgins.—"Oldys is of Father Simon's opinion about this Legend, that those who first broached it, finding in some old Martyrological MSS. St. Ursula et Undecimilla, V. M. (that is S. Ursula and Undecimilla, virgin Martyrs), and imagining that Undecimilla, with the V, and M. which followed, was an abbreviation for Undecem Millia Martyrum Virginum,—did thence, out of two Virgins, make eleven thousand."—*Biog. Brit.*

When Protector Somerset, some time before his arrest, sent for Cecil, and communicated his apprehensions, the Secretary, instead of suggesting any means to avoid his impending danger, coldly replied, "that if he was innocent he might trust to that; and if he was otherwise, he could only pity him." *King Edward's Journal*.—Pity indeed, if he really felt, it was all that he bestowed; for it does not appear that he interposed either publicly or privately, to avert the destruction of his former patron.—*Macdiarmid*.

A gentleman told me (says Berwick in a note on Apollonius, p. 140) that he was present at a meeting of Jumpers in Glamorganshire, who said, that in proportion as they jumped high, they approached nearer to the Lamb.

## Paragraphs.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES—LITERARY NEWS—REMARKABLE INCIDENTS, &c.

**A**N occurrence has just taken place at Paris, which has sensibly affected the public mind here, and gives rise to reflections, with the expression of which we do not wish to trust ourselves. We allude to the conversion of the elder daughter of a Mr. Douglas Loveday, an English gentleman. This unfortunate man, smitten, it seems, with the too prevailing mania for a French education, was induced to place his two daughters and his niece at the boarding-school of a Madame Reboul, with an express stipulation that there should be no interference with their religious principles. At this school they continued for six years, and, at length, the father announced his intention of taking them back to England. What was his horror, however, on going to the school for the purpose, at finding that they had not only all been converted to Catholicism, but that the eldest had been juggled into a convent. It seems their understandings were darkened, and their terrors excited, by some fraudulent legend of a miraculous host tortured by a Jew in the year 1290, under the reign of Philip le Bel. Mr. Loveday presented a petition on the subject to the Chamber of Deputies, complaining of the fraud, and imploring the restitution of his child. This petition is to be the subject of a future discussion, and is said to have been drawn up by Dupin, the celebrated advocate. It embraces all the facts, and occupies much more space than we can spare. The father states, that having gone to the convent to demand his daughter, he was compelled, under four bayonets, to settle a pension for life on her to enable her to live there, while the infatuated victim, surrounded by monks and nuns, actually laughed at the agony of her own father.

A few days ago Mr. Charbert, the proprietor of the Wild Indian Chief, in New Bond-street, met with a curious accident. It appears that while examining one of the poisoned arrows belong-

ing to the Indian, he accidentally let the point touch his chin, and a slight scratch was inflicted thereon. At the moment he paid no attention to the circumstance, but in a very short time the whole of his chin and the side of his face turned black, and was very much swollen. These symptoms began rather to alarm Mr. C. he sent for three medical gentlemen, who used their utmost skill to extract the poison, and render their patient service; but their efforts proved ineffectual. The Wild Indian stood by with the utmost *sang froid*, and witnessed the medical applications; after which he coolly walked away, and produced some root used in his country to extract the poison from the wound, and applied some to his master's face. It rendered immediate relief, the swelling went down, and the discolouration decreased. Had not this remedy been applied, mortification would have probably ensued. Mr. C. is now doing very well, and since the accident has caused the points of the arrows to be divested of all the poison.—*Gent. Ma.*

The conversion of the daughters of Mr. Loveday, in Paris, to the Catholic faith, whilst under tuition of a French governess, has made a considerable impression both here and abroad; not occasioned so much by the change of one religious belief for another, as by the unfair and treacherous means resorted to, and the difficulty thrown by the French authorities in the way of redress. One fiction made use of to influence the imaginations of the young devotees was, *The Legend of the Miraculous Host*, the force of which may now be generally appreciated, it having been translated into English, and published by Mr. Hone, with several marvellously expressive wood cuts from the hand of Mr. Cruickshank. It is a very reverend legend and speaks abundantly for itself. Within the walls of a convent, and covered with the dust of five hundred years, it no doubt produced great effects; but in its modern-



ized dress, we fear that a protestant nation will think of it with scorn. Appended to the principal subject is an extract from the works of Father Pinamonti, a Jesuit, containing a most elaborate and highly finished picture of the infernal regions, coloured with a vividness beyond which not even methodism itself can go. Viewing this pamphlet as a means of exposing silly superstition, and repressing that fanaticism which is again endeavouring to raise its head in France, we think it is seasonably applied; and we are persuaded that this is its true aim, without any intention on the part of the publisher to bring unmerited odium upon any sect or country. *Mon. Mag.*

POPULAR SUPERSTITION ON SAINT  
AGNES DAY—JAN. 21.

Saint Agnes has been always considered by the Catholics as a special patroness of purity, with the immaculate Mother of God and St. Thecla. Rome was the theatre of the triumph of St. Agnes; and Prudentius says, that her tomb was shown within sight of that city. She suffered not long after the beginning of the persecution of Dioclesian, whose bloody edicts appeared in March in the year of our Lord, 303. She was only 13 years of age at the time of her glorious death.

On this day, some women still fast all day, and take care that they do not touch, or are touched by, a male, in order that they may dream of their lovers at night. Many other kinds of divination are practised by our rustic damsels, for the same purpose. On this innocent superstition the late Mr. KEATS has founded his beautiful poem of '*The Eve of St. Agnes.*'

Ah ! bitter chill it was !

The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold ;  
The hare limped trembling through the frozen grass,  
And silent was the flock in woolly fold :  
Numb were the Beadsman's fingers, while he told  
His rosary, and while his frosted breath,  
Like pious incense from a censer old,  
Seemed taking flight for heaven, without a death,  
Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he  
saith.

The precautions to be observed by the fair Madeline differ somewhat from those just mentioned, and are thus prettily enumerated by the poet :—

They told her how, upon St. Agnes' Eve,  
Young virgins might have visions of delight,  
And soft adorings from their loves receive  
Upon the honied middle of the night,  
If ceremonies due they did aright ;  
As, soporless to bed they must retire,  
And couch supine ; \* \* \*  
Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require  
Of heaven with upward eyes for all that they desire.

Madeline prepares to retire to rest, that she may dream of her lover, while her rich kinsmen, the opposers of her love, are keeping holiday in another part of the house. In the following exquisite description of Madeline's chamber, and highly finished portrait of the heroine, we have a striking specimen of the sudden and strong nativity of the author's genius.

A casement high and triple-arched there was,  
All garlanded with carved imagines  
Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,  
And diamonded with panes of quaint device,  
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,  
As are the tiger-moth's deep-damasked wings ;  
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,  
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,  
A shielded scutcheon blushed with blood of queens  
and kings.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,  
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,  
As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon ;  
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,  
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,  
And on her hair a glory, like a saint :  
She seemed a splendid angel, newly drest,  
Save wings, for heaven :—

\* \* \*

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,  
In sort of wakeful swoon, perplexed she lay,  
Until the popped warmth of sleep oppressed  
Her soothed limbs, and soul fatigued away ;  
Flown, like a thought, until the morrow-day ;  
Blissfully haven'd both from joy and pain ;  
Clasped like a missal where swart Paynim pray ;  
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,  
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

A singular discovery of hidden treasure was lately made at *Eton*. Mrs. Coker, who had for many years kept a grocer's shop in the College, lately died, leaving property to a considerable amount to her relations. The house in which she lived was, with two others, sold last week. Previously to the purchaser taking possession, one of the executors considered it his duty to look round the premises, to see that no article of personal property had been left behind. In a dark corner under the counter he discovered a small box, of considerable

weight, and well secured. He brought which the good old lady dealt—but  
it to the light, and upon opening it *seven hundred guineas, and fourteen*  
found—not any of the commodities in *50l. bank notes.*

## Intelligence.

The FORTUNES OF NIGEL, (that is the name of the next of the *Waverley Novels*,) will be out in a few months. The collisions of English and Scottish Characters, Manners, and Interests, during the queer days of the British Solomon, are to furnish, we hear it whispered, the Materials of this next *tragi-comedy*.

It is currently reported in the Literary Circles, that Lord Byron has sent to the Hon. Douglas Kinnaird the MS. of a Parody on Mr. Southey's "Vision of Judgment;" which is, as might have been expected, *unfit for publication*. Leigh Hunt, and Bysche Shelley, are also understood to be his Lordship's colleagues at Pisa, where they are engaged in the production of some periodical work, for transmission to England, to console their absence.

The Rev. E. Berens, author of Village Sermons, will shortly publish another Volume, containing Sixteen Village Sermons on certain Parts of the Christian Character.

Mr. Southey is preparing for publication a Third Volume of "The Remains of Henry Kirke White," which will appear in March.

Mrs. Opie's new Tale of Madeline, and Miss A. M. Porter's new Romance of Roch Blanc, will be published next month.

The Widow's Tale, and other Poems, by the Author of Ellen Fitzarthur, are to appear next week.

Miss Lowry, daughter of the celebrated engraver of that name, has nearly ready for publication, "Conversations on Mineralogy," illustrated with numerous plates by her father.

The author of the *Panorama of Youth*, has appeared again before the public with a work well adapted to the juvenile class of readers, under the title of *The Life of a Boy*, in two thick volumes in octavo. The incidents of the story are simple, but sufficiently varied to support the necessary degree of interest, and the instructive portion of the work, which is by no means the least, is so mixed up with the lighter part, as to give to the whole a pleasing and entertaining character. It is written in a clear and easy style; and we can safely recommend it as affording a very suitable and unexceptionable addition to the youthful library.

Dr. Drake has in the press a new Work, entitled, "Evenings in Autumn."

Constance, a Tale, by Isabel Hill. The authoress of this little volume has already made a favourable impression on the public by her Tragedy of "The Poet's Child."

## LOSS IN DELAYS.

SHUN delays, they breed remorse,  
Take thy time while time is lent thee;  
Creeping snails have weakest force,  
Fly their fault lest thou repent thee;  
Good is best when soonest wrought,  
Lingering labours come to nought.

Hoist up sail while gale doth last,  
Tide and wind stay no man's pleasure:  
Seek not time when time is past,  
Sober speed is wisdom's leisure.  
After-wits are dearly bought;  
Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought.

Time wears all his locks before,  
Take thou hold upon his forehead;  
When he flies he turns no more,  
And behind his scalp is naked.  
Works adjourned have many stays;  
Long demurs breed new delays.

# SPIRIT

OF THE

## ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

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BOSTON, MAY 1, 1822.

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(London Time's Telescope for May 1822.)

### May.

Is not this the merry month of May,  
When love-lads masken in fresh array?  
—Youth's folks now flocken in every where,  
To gather May-busquets, and smelling breere,  
But we here sitten as drowned in a dream.

*Spenser.*

ALL ranks, formerly, went out into the woods a maying early on the 1st of this month; returning laden with boughs and garlands, and spending the remainder of the day in dancing round a May-pole,\* crowned with flowers. Of customs like these, yet in full vigour in the age of Elizabeth, Mr. Leslie's picture of *May morning* in the last exhibition (1821) at Somerset House, conveys a most excellent representation. The hobby-horse, the dragon, the May-pole, &c. as well as the dresses of a mixed company, are faithfully and ably depicted. This truly English picture is a work of novelty and merit, and we think that a well-executed engraving from it would be a profitable speculation to the very deserving artist.†

Other sports and pastimes besides those of *maying*, were celebrated by our ancestors on this day. The following curious record of these observances, in the time of *Cromwell*, we find

in the '*Moderate Intelligencer*, 26th April to 30th May, 1654:—

'Hyde Park, May 1. This day there was the hurling of a great ball, by fifty Cornish gentlemen on the one side, and fifty on the other: one party played in red-caps and the other in white. There was present his *Highness the Lord Protector*, many of his privy council, and divers eminent gentlemen, to whose view was presented great agility of body and most neat and exquisite *wrestling* at every meeting of one with the other, which was ordered with such dexterity, that it was to show more the strength, vigour, and nimbleness of their bodies, than to endanger their persons. The ball they played with was silver, and designed for the party that won the goal.' The same paper goes on to observe: 'This day was more observed by people's *going a maying*, than for divers years past, and indeed much *sin* committed by wicked meetings with fiddlers, drunkenness, ribaldry and the like: great resort came to Hyde Park, many hundreds of rich coaches, and gallants in rich attire, but most *shameful powder-*

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\* One of these poles was standing in East-Smithfield, till about the year 1760: some are still to be seen in different parts of the country.

† That the good Queen Elizabeth actually *went a maying*, we have the authority of '*The Progresses of this Queen*' (vol. iv. part I.) where the fact is thus stated: 'May 8th, 1602. On May-day, the queen went a maying to Sir Rich. Buckley's, at Lewisham, some three or four miles off Greenwich.'

*ed-hair men, and painted and spotted women*; some men played with a silver ball, and some took other recreation.'

A peculiar rustic ceremony used annually to be observed at *Horncastle*, in Lincolnshire, about forty years ago, which evidently derived its origin from the floral games of antiquity. On the morning of Mayday, when the young of the neighbourhood assembled to partake in the amusements which ushered in the festivals of the month of flowers, a train of youths collected themselves at a place to this day called the *May-bank*. From thence, with wands *enwreathed with cowslips*, they walked in procession to the May-pole, situated to the west end of the town, and adorned on that morning with every variety in the gifts of Flora. Here, uniting in the wild joy of young enthusiasm, they struck together their wands, and, scattering around the cowslips, testified their thankfulness for that bounty, which, widely diffusing its riches, enabled them to return home rejoicing at the promises of the opening year.—(*Weir's Sketches of Horncastle*.)

There is a singular species of festivity at *Padstow* in Cornwall, on the 1st of May. This is called the *Hobby-Horse*; from canvass being extended with hoops, and painted to resemble a horse. Being carried through the street, men, women, and children, flock round it, when they proceed to a place called *Traitor-pool*, about a quarter of a mile distant, in which the hobby-horse is always supposed to drink; when the head being dipped into the water, is instantly taken up, and the mud and water are sprinkled on the spectators, to the no small diversion of all. On returning home, a particular song is sung, that is supposed to commemorate the event that gave the hobby-horse birth. According to tradition, the French on a former occasion effected a landing at a small cove in the vicinity; but seeing at a distance a number of women dressed in red cloaks, which they mistook for soldiers, they fled to their ships, and put to sea. The day generally ends in riot and dissipation.—(*Hutchins's History of Cornwall*.)

## TO MAY.

Come, fairest nymph, resume thy reign!  
Bring all the Graces in thy train!  
With balmy breath, and flowery tread,  
Rise from thy soft ambrosial bed;  
Where, in Elysian slumber bound,  
Embow'ring myrtles veil thee round.

Awake, in all thy glories dressed;  
Recal the Zephyrs from the West:  
Restore the Sun, revive the skies:  
At mine, and Nature's call, arise!  
Great Nature's self upbraids thy stay,  
And misses her accustomed May.

See! all her works demand thy aid;  
The labours of *Pomona* fade:  
A plaint is heard from every tree;  
Each budding flow'ret calls for thee;  
The birds forget to love and sing;  
With storms alone the forests ring.

Come then, with Pleasure at thy side,  
Diffuse thy vernal spirit wide;  
Create, where'er thou turn'st thy eye,  
Peace, Plenty, Love, and Harmony;  
Till every being share its part,  
And Heav'n and Earth be glad at heart,

This invocation was written by Mr. West, the friend of Gray the poet, eighty years ago, and affords some proof that the fickleness of our climate is not so great a novelty as it is usually esteemed. Backward springs, wet summers, fine autumns, and mild winters, seem to have occurred at almost stated periods within the last century. May is often very changeful, and cold winds and a gloomy atmosphere but too often usurp the place of a clear blue sky, and an enlivening sun.

The very seasons meet, flinging the buds of spring  
Into the lap of summer.

This month, in favourable seasons, is bright with sunshine, and fragrant with perfumes, covering the meadows with verdure and decking the gardens with all the mixtures of colorific radiance; a month from which the man of fancy draws new infusions of imagery, and the naturalist new scenes of observation.

Now the flowers are appearing,  
In the blythe month of May,

and the smooth-shaven elastic lawns are smothered with lilacs and laburnums; the bees hum about the clover and sweet peas, and the early birds shake away the moisture from the young twigs in a rosy shower.

The recurrence of Spring brings with it recollections of past happiness,

and of the pleasant days of youth, which, 'like snow upon a river,' are melted away from our grasp, but which imagination still pictures to us in the most gay and vivid colours. A living author thus admirably displays the mighty power of past events over our present and future happiness, 'warm from the heart and faithful to its fires,' in that 'longing, lingering look' which we cast back to the scenes of our youth. 'Ye woods that crown the clear lone brow of Norman Court, why do I revisit ye so oft, and feel a soothing consciousness of your presence, but that your high tops waving in the wind recal to me the hours and years that are for ever fled; that ye renew in ceaseless murmurs the story of long-cherished hopes and bitter disappointment; that in your solitudes and tangled wilds I can wander and lose myself, as I wander on and am lost in the solitude of my own heart; and that, as your rustling

branches give loud blast to the waste below, borne on the thoughts of other years, I can look down with patient anguish at the cheerless desolation which I feel within! Without that face pale as the primrose with hyacinthine locks, for ever shunning and for ever haunting me, mocking my waking thoughts as in a dream; without that smile which my heart could never turn to scorn; without those eyes dark with their own lustre, still bent on mine, and drawing the soul into their liquid mazes like a sea of love; without that name trembling in fancy's ear; without that form gliding before me like Oread or Dryad in fabled groves, what should I do, how pass away the listless leaden-footed hours? Then wave, wave on, ye woods of Tuderley, and lift your high tops in the air; my sighs and vows, uttered by your mystic voice, breathe into me my former being, and enable me to bear the thing I am!

(English Magazines, February and March, 1822.)

#### MISS EDGEWORTH.

**T**HERE are some names in the republic of letters, as in the world of politics, which, from a variety of associations in the mind, seem to have a prescriptive title to public respect, even when all the members have not the fortune to be distinguished by particular pre-eminence over their contemporaries. Among this envied list is that of Edgeworth. And, their own specific merits out of the question, it would almost be a reflection on our taste were it not so, with the chosen friends and associates of Watt, Wedgwood, Darwin, Day, Beddoes, and so many other eminent names in science and literature. To the father of this lady they rendered the regard due to solid and useful acquirements. To herself something more. Her friends have been, not merely warm, but enthusiastic in her praise; and the public in general, sufficiently partial. Even those bulldogs of literature, the reviewers, who guard all the avenues to the temple of Fame with a vigilance that looks as if they thought none but themselves had

any right to enter there, have opened their wide and noisy throats to join in the cry of applause. The coarse-mouthed journal of Edinburgh, grown hoarse in abuse, has deigned to take her under its especial protection, and now flourishes the dulcet notes of eulogy over her volumes; the fact covers a multitude of its sins. Nor has the Quarterly ventured strongly to dispraise, though, like the opposite principles of electricity, these two always draw different ways. The British pursues its drowsy way with characteristic indifference. While all the monthly tribe, the mere dog-fish of criticism, with the form and appetites of the shark, without the same powers of doing mischief—let pass with impunity what their more voracious elder brethren are compelled to spare.

The truth is, she is above them all. She has had in an eminent degree, public opinion in her favour. And this, if it does not elevate an author out of the reach of unjust or petulant criticism, at least destroys much of its point, and all

its malice. Something is likewise due to coming out into the world under the wing of a father favourably distinguished in the walks of science and ingenuity; something to her wise exclusion of politics and political opinions from all her works:—something to their uniform aim—utility: most of all, to her undoubted talents as a theoretical teacher of education, as a general novelist, and as a faithful delineator of national manners.

The genius of Miss Edgeworth is peculiar. If good sense can be said to be embodied in any one novel-writer's pen of the day, it is in her's. It is never on stilts—never runs away with her; but by a species of habitual caution, seems pinned down to the steady, the sober, and the practical. She never attempts to astonish or surprise us in the conduct of her stories, to excite the mind by extraordinary or violent means, in order to interest it to a painful degree, but seeks to win the attention by legitimate and more ordinary incidents; and these experience has proved both to require more power in the writer, and to possess more permanent effects on the mind of the reader. Following up this design, we find in her volumes so much of nature and general life, combined with that rational tone of feeling peculiarly her own, that we are often tempted to think her tales of fiction, actual truths. This very adherence to nature, may induce some to think her too tame; they want to see her give the reins to her imagination; to revel in the wild regions of improbability, without any check from reason or reality. We doubt much whether she has any taste for this. We doubt more whether she could accomplish it successfully even if so inclined. For tightly curbed as her genius evidently has been by paternal criticism and admonition, it might now require some whipping and spurring to plunge headlong into the abyss of romance.

With writers of this kind indeed she claims no kindred. All the stories of the marvellous, of apparitions, imprisoned ladies, vaulted castles, horrible ruffians, knights, tournaments, all the clap-traps of the circulating library, the

hack machinery which writers of inferior genius find it necessary to use, and which even the author of *Waverley* does not disdain, find no favour in the eyes of Miss Edgeworth. Like Fielding and Smollett, she draws largely from actual life; and her sketches being worked up with skill and effect, the finished painting as it is true, so is it likely to be permanent in public esteem. As her subject is modern life, so her great aim seems to be moral improvement. To this every thing else is subservient. And it is a high degree of praise, more perhaps than can be said of most of her contemporaries, who only teach incidentally what, with her, forms the chief design.

She seems to have surveyed mankind, so far as a woman's opportunities admit, with a keen and accurate eye; and in those points which seldom come under female remark, to have been well informed by the extensive knowledge of life and manners possessed by her father. It is not difficult to discover, what in reality she has admitted, that facts have mostly furnished her with models and materials. We might go farther and say, that passing occurrences have been on the instant carefully noted down, serving, like masses of ore, to form the rough materials from which the metal was afterwards to be extracted. This impression is so strong, that we never put down her volumes without feeling convinced we have gained something in experience of the world, as well as much in amusement.

Her *Essays on Education* are ingenious, and display great attention to detail, but they are not, perhaps, what will carry her name down to posterity. Many of her opinions, and her father's opinions, are controverted, and their conclusions denied. They have able and numerous competitors, equally acute, equally philosophical, equally practical in the process of unfolding the latent germ of the human understanding. Of all knowledge upon this extensive subject, that which is derived from experience is the best. We, therefore, question whether one family can furnish sufficient general deductions for the guidance of mankind upon what,

as it interests all, must ever elicit various views, opinions, and systems.

As the faithful delineator of the national character and manners of Ireland she is beyond all rivalry. Though not, we believe, exactly born there, she is nevertheless Irish in education, in connexions, in property, in family, in all the relative associations which, in fact, constitute country; with the advantage of having been so often and so long in England, as fully to appreciate the local peculiarities which prevail in the sister island. For contrast and comparison are essential to all who would correctly describe the manners of a people. That to which we have been always accustomed necessarily excites little notice and no surprise; and were even a wise man to remain all his life in his native village, it is not likely that he would note the manners of those around him as peculiar or strange. To know ourselves thoroughly it is first necessary to become intimately acquainted with others.

To do this so as to penetrate to the heart; to shew at one view, not merely the language, but the feelings, sentiments, and even thoughts of a peculiar people, requires a moral anatomist of the first-rate order. Miss Edgeworth is second to none of her day. She has displayed for our inspection, with almost intuitive sagacity, the inmost recesses of the minds of her countrymen of every class; the peasantry, indeed, most powerfully and distinctly; but the higher and middling ranks with those delicate shadings which alone distinguish people of education and good breeding in different countries. To quote examples at random, the tale of the "Absentee" furnishes samples from the peer to the peasant. "Ormond," her last, is equally rich in original portraits. None who are acquainted with the mental constitution of Ireland, but will immediately recognize Sir Ulick O'Shane. His brother, "King Corny," a humourist, eccentric, acute, strong-minded, a despiser of rank, yet the king of his companions, is of a higher and richer stamp, very difficult of delineation, but unquestionably true to nature. Such a character,

at least in all its leading lineaments, we think we have seen. The scenes in his dominions of the "Black Islands" are admirable. To continue them would have been a work of great labour and ingenuity; and we are half inclined to think what has been suggested, that it was necessary to kill "King Corny," in order to let the story run more freely.

As a play-writer she has been much less successful, though encouraged to that department of literature by no less a judge than Sheridan. The "Comic Dramas" do not please in the closet, and their fate would not perhaps be more fortunate on the stage. But Miss Edgeworth has little reason to repine; for by a decree of the muses of ancient date, the callings of dramatist and novelist seem to be incompatible in one mind. Excellence in the one almost ensures mediocrity in the other. They demand, in fact, very opposite powers; requiring, in one instance, condensation of incident and character—in the other, expansion. Fielding is the only novel-writer who has had any material countenance as a play-wright; so little, indeed, that in the latter capacity he is nearly forgotten.

There is, however, a merit of this lady, not yet noticed, we believe, by the public or her friends, but which to the lovers of novel-reading is no ordinary one—that of having drawn forth the author of *Waverley*. If this affects his claim to originality of design, it is at least no discredit to follow the footsteps of Miss Edgeworth. She is the undoubted founder and finisher of that species of novel which introduces us to the peculiarities of a whole people.

Miss Edgeworth and her unknown pupil, though of various merits, have no reason to be ashamed of each other. The latter, in variety of powers, may excel his mistress; but the chief claims of both to public favour, are grounded on the delineation of national character. On this point it would be difficult to say which has the superiority. He writes *currente calamo*; she with more caution and deliberation; he is rapid and overwhelming; she more slow, minute, and accurate; he throws

off his pages carelessly, seemingly secure of their being well received by the present generation, whatever they may be by the next; she appears to have her eye more steadily bent on futurity. He possesses greater powers of imagination and displays more stores of knowledge. He deals continually in the bold, the glowing, and the impassioned; but after all, the scenes incessantly trench on the improbable, and the characters, striking as they are, seem too highly coloured. We see in them something beyond the common qualifications of men—too brave, too witty, too learned, too shrewd, too adventurous, too wicked, too good—too much, in short, the characters of a novel to be mistaken for nature; yet all so admirably *done*, that it is difficult to find fault with what is productive of so much amusement.

Miss Edgeworth, with a more cautious, perhaps less vigorous pen—and bold pens commonly get most into such scrapes—has in great measure avoided these extremes. She has not risked so much, and consequently failed less. Her personages are seldom overcharged in the drawing: they are less prurient, sometimes less entertaining, but certainly more chaste in the keeping, than those of the great master of Scottish manners. She has gone into the actual—not ideal, world, to sketch persons whom we have met with there in general intercourse, and know again immediately on seeing thus exhibited. Like some of the paintings of the Dutch masters, if they are in themselves somewhat ludicrous or singular, they are at least not caricatured.

The unknown author having tickled the public into singular admiration, and desirous (very justifiably) to pursue for profit what he perhaps commenced for amusement, has been compelled to seek other game. Being rather hard run for incidents and personages to furnish a good story for the supply of the market, he necessarily draws from

imagination what observation cannot supply. He takes a wider range in the worlds of fact and fiction, than any or all predecessors put together. He grasps greedily at characters and events past and present, public and private, real and unreal; at civil broils, mobs, pageants, and tiltings; at fanatics, rebels, smugglers, outlaws, fortune-tellers, rogues, of all kinds; in short, he leaves nothing unattempted by which the stronger passions of the mind are called into action; but the enthusiasm of the moment over, we revolt from improbabilities in every page.

The more subdued key of common life, chosen by our fair author, requires other and peculiar powers of delineation in order to make it interest as highly: much acquaintance with good society and its forms, long observance and nice discrimination of character, intimate knowledge of the human heart, are all necessary to the writer. In a romance, we must take upon trust what is given us, without looking much at proprieties or probabilities. On the contrary, we are fastidious in the details of dinner parties, drawing-rooms, and routs; but surrender our judgment at once to the painter of glens, caverns, inaccessible fastnesses, and impenetrable woods. To draw men skilfully, to give us the lights and shades of character, as we commonly meet with them in the world, possessing a mixture of vices and virtues, but the latter on the whole, preponderating, is a very arduous task. But to finish bold robbers, or heroes all perfection, requires only a few flourishes of the pen; the former demands the hand of the master artist, the latter may be done by his apprentice. Miss Edgeworth has succeeded admirably in what may be considered the more difficult department of novel writing. While it is remarkable that the Scottish writer has not once essayed his powers—and it would be literary heresy to doubt them—on the subject of genteel modern life.



## THE SMUGGLER.

I SPENT the whole of last summer, and part of the ensuing winter, on the Hampshire coast, visiting successively most of its sea-ports, and bathing-places, and enjoying its beautiful diversity of sea and wood scenery, often so intermingled, that the forest-trees dip down their flexile branches into the salt waters of the Solon sea; and green lawns and healthy glades slope down to the edge of the silver sands, and not unfrequently to the very brink of the water. In no part of Hampshire is this characteristic beauty more strikingly exemplified than at the back of the Isle of Wight, that miniature abstract of all that is grand and lovely throughout England. Early in August, I crossed over from Portsmouth to Ryde, purposing to fix my head-quarters there, and from thence to make excursions to all such places as are accounted worthy the tourist's notice. But a guide-book is at best an unsympathizing companion, cold and formal as the human machine that leads you over some old abbey, or venerable cathedral, pointing out indeed the principal monuments and chapels, but passing by, unnoticed, a hundred less outwardly distinguished spots, where feeling would love to linger, and sentiment find inexhaustible sources of interest and contemplation.

For want of a better, however, I set out with my silent guide, but soon strayed wide of its directions, rambling away, and often tarrying hours and days in places unhonoured by its notice, and perversely deviating from the beaten road, that would have conducted a more docile tourist, and one of less independent tastes, to such or such a nobleman's or gentleman's seat, or summer-house, or pavilion, built on purpose to be visited and admired. But I did not shape my course thus designedly in a spirit of opposition to the mute director, whose (not unserviceable) clue led me at last amongst the romantic rocks and cottages of Shanklin, Niton, and Undercliff. It led me to those enchanting spots and to their lovely vicinity; but to entice me thence, was

more than its inviting promises could effect; and finally I took up my abode for an indefinite time in a cottage of grey native stone, backed by the solid rocks, and tapestried in front with such an interwoven profusion of rose and myrtle, as half hid the little casements, and aspired far over the thatched roof and projecting eaves. Days, weeks, months, slipped away imperceptibly in this delicious retreat, and in all the luxury of lounging felicity. Mine was idleness, it is true, the sensation of perfect exemption from all existing necessity of mental or corporeal exertion;—not a suspension of ideas, but rather a season of unbounded liberty for the wild vagrant thought to revel in, to ramble at will beyond the narrow boundaries assigned by the claims of business or society, to her natural excursiveness. Summer passed away—the harvest was gathered in—autumn verged upon winter, and I still tenanted the rock cottage. No where are we so little sensible of the changes of season as in the sea's immediate vicinity; and the back of the Isle of Wight is peculiarly illustrative of this remark. Completely screened from the north by a high rocky cliff, its shores are exposed only to southern and westerly winds, and those are tempered by the peculiar softness always perceptible in sea-breezes. On a mild autumn day, or bright winter's morning, when the sun sparkles on the white sands and scintillating waves, on the sails of the little fishing-boats that steal along the shore with their wings spread open, like large butterflies, or on the tall grey cliffs, tinted with many-coloured lichens, a lounge on the beach will hardly perceive that the year is in its “sere and yellow leaf,” or already fallen into the decrepitude of winter. And when the unchained elements proclaim aloud that the hoary tyrant hath commenced his reign, when the winds are yet let loose from their caverns, and the agitated sea rolls its waves in mountainous ridges on the rocky coast, when the sea-fowl's scream is heard mingling in harsh concord with the howling blast;

then, oh! then,—who can tear himself from the contemplation of a scene more sublimely interesting than all the calm loveliness of a summer prospect? To me its attractions were irresistible; and besides those of inanimate nature, I found other sources of interest in studying the character and habits of the almost amphibious dwellers on that coast. Generally speaking, there is something peculiarly interesting in the character of seafaring men, even of those whose voyages have extended little beyond their own shores. The fisherman's life indeed may be accounted one of the most constant peril. For daily bread, he must brave daily dangers. In that season when the tillers of the ground rest from their labours—when the artisan and mechanic are sheltered within their dwellings—when the dormouse and the squirrel hide in their woolly nests, and the little birds find shelter in hollow banks and trees, or resort to milder regions, the poor fisherman must encounter all the fury of the combined elements—for his children's bread is scattered on the waters.

It is this perpetually enforced intercourse with danger that interests our feelings so powerfully in their behalf, together with its concomitant effects on their character—undaunted hardihood—insurmountable perseverance—almost heroic daring; and, generally speaking, a simplicity of heart, and a tenderness of deportment towards the females and little ones of their families, finely contrasting their rugged exterior. But, unfortunately, it is not only in their ostensible calling of fishermen, that these men are forward in effronting peril. The temptation of contraband trade too often allures them from their honest and peaceable avocations, to brave the laws of their country, and encounter the most fearful risks, in pursuit of precarious, though sometimes considerable gains. Of late, this desperate trade had extended almost to an organized system; and, in spite of all the preventive measures adopted by government, it is too obvious that the numbers of these “free traders” are yearly increasing, and that their hazardous commerce is more daringly and

vigorously carried on. Along the Hampshire coast, and more particularly in the Isle of Wight, almost every seafaring man is engaged in it, to a less or greater extent. For the most part, they are connected in secret associations, both for co-operation and defence; and there is a sort of freemasonry among them, the signs and tokens of which are soon apparent to an attentive observer. “The Custom-House sharks,” as they term them, are not their most formidable foes, for they wage a more desperate warfare, (as recent circumstances have too fatally testified,) with that part of our naval force employed by government on the preventive service. Some of the vessels on the station are perpetually hovering along on the coast; but in spite of their utmost vigilance, immense quantities of contraband goods are almost nightly landed, and no where with more daring frequency than in the Isle of Wight.

In my rambles along its shores, the inhabitants of almost every cottage and fisherman's cabin, for many miles round, became known to me. I have always a peculiar pleasure in conversing with these people, in listening with familiar interest (to which they are never insensible) to the details of their feelings and opinions, and of their family concerns. With some of my new acquaintances I had ventured to expostulate on the iniquitous, as well as hazardous nature of their secret traffic, and many wives and mothers sanctioned, with approving looks and half-constrained expressions, my remonstrances to their husbands and sons. These heard for the most part in sullen down-looking silence, (not however expressive of ill-will towards me,) or sometime answered my arguments with the remark, that, Poor folks, must live;” that “half of them during the war, had earned an honest livelihood in other ways; but now they were turned adrift, and must do something to get bread for their little ones; and, after all, while the rich and great folks were pleased to encourage their trade, it was plain they could not think much harm of those who carried it on.” This last was a stinging observation, one of those with which babes and sucklings so often con-

found the sophistry of worldly wisdom. Amongst these humble families there was one at whose cabin I stopped oftenest, and lingered longest, in my evening rambles. The little dwelling was wedged in a manner into a cleft of the grey rock, up which, on every slanting ledge, the hand of industry had accumulated garden mould, and fostered a beautiful vegetation; and immediately before it, a patch of the loveliest green sward sloped down to the edge of the sea-sand, enamelled with aromatic wild thyme, and dotted next the ocean, with tufts of thrift, centaury, and eringo, and with gold-coloured blossoms of the horn poppy. The peculiar neatness of the little cabin had early attracted my attention, which was further interested by the singular appearance of its owner. He was a large tall man, of about sixty, distinguished in his person by an air of uncommon dignity, and by a dress, the peculiarity of which, together with his commanding carriage, and countenance of bold daring, always suggested the buccaneer of romantic legends to my fancy. He wore large loose trowsers of shaggy dark-blue cloth, a sort of woollen vest, broadly striped with grey, for the most part open at the throat and bosom, and buckled in at the waist with a broad leathern belt, in which two pistols were commonly stuck, and not unfrequently an old cutlass; and over his shoulder was slung a second belt of broad white knitting, to which a powder-flask, a leathern-pouch, and often a thick short duck-gun, were suspended. A dark fur cap was the usual covering of his head, and his thick black hair was not so much intermingled with grey, as streaked with locks of perfect whiteness. Notwithstanding this formidable equipment, the harmless avocation of a fisherman was his ostensible employment, though to all appearance, not very zealously pursued; for in the daytime he was oftener to be seen lying along the shore in the broad sun, or strolling by the water's edge, or cleaning the lock of his gun under the shadow of a projecting crag, than busied with a hook and line in his little boat,

or mending his nets by the cabin door. At almost all hours of the night, a light was seen burning at the cottage window, and the master of the family, with his son, was invariably absent, if (as was sometimes my custom) I looked in on them after dark, on my return from some distant spot towards my own habitation.

At such an hour I was sure to find the female inmates, (the wife and widowed daughter of the man I have been describing,) in a state of visible perturbation, for which it was easy to assign a cause; but I had remonstrated in vain with the infatuated husband, and it was still more fruitless to argue with the helpless women. Richard Campbell was not a native of the Isle of Wight, nor one trained from his youth up to "go down to the sea in ships, and occupy his business in great waters." For many generations his family had owned and cultivated a small farm in the North of England; himself had been bred up a tiller of the ground, contrary to his own wishes, for they had pointed from his very cradle to a seafaring life; and all his hours of boyish pastime and youthful leisure, were spent in the briny element, close to which, at the head of a small bay, or inlet, stood his paternal farm. Just as he had attained his twentieth year, his father died, leaving him (an only child) the inheritor of all his little property, and at liberty to follow the bent of his own inclination.—Tumultuous wishes and powerful yearnings were busy in his heart; but he was "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow." He staid to comfort her old age, and to cultivate his little inheritance, partly influenced perhaps in his decision by his attachment to a pretty blue-eyed girl, whose sweeter smiles rewarded his filial piety, and whose hand was very shortly its richer recompense. The widowed mother continued to dwell under her son's roof, tended like Naomi, by a daughter-in-law as loving as Ruth, but happier than the Hebrew matron in the possession of both her children.

Many children were born to the young couple, "as likely boys and girls

as ever the sun shone upon," said the wife of Campbell, from whom, at different times, I gleaned "the simple annals" I am relating. "But God was very good to them. He increased their store with their increasing family, and provided bread for the little mouths that were sent to claim it. She never grudged her labour, and a better nor a kinder husband than she was blessed with, never woman had. To be sure, he had his fancies and particular ways, and when he could steal a holiday, all his delight was to spend it on the bay that was near their farm, (the worse luck) for many an anxious hour had she known even then, when he was out in his little boat shooting wild-fowl in the dark winter's nights. But no harm ever came to him, only their dearest boy, their dear Maurice," (the mother never named him without a glistening eye) "took after his father's fancy for the sea, and set his heart on being a sailor." And the father called to mind his own youthful longings, and would not control those of his child, especially as he had another son, a fine promising lad, who took willingly to the business of the farm, and already lightened his father's labours. The mother grieved sore at parting with her first-born, (what feelings are like those of a mother toward her first-born?) and the young Maurice was her most loving and dutiful child, and she had reared him with such anxious tenderness as only mothers feel, through the perilous years of a sickly infancy. But the father jested with her fears, and entered with the ardour of a boyish heart into his son's enterprising hopes; and at last the youth won from her an unwilling consent. And when she shook her head mournfully to his promises of bringing rare and beautiful things from foreign parts for her and his little sister, coaxed a half smile into her looks, by concluding with, "And then I will stay quiet with you and father, and never want to leave you again."—"My Maurice left us," said the mother, "and from that time every thing went wrong. Before he had been gone a month, we buried my husband's mother; but God called her away in a good old age, so we had no right to take on heavily at

her loss, though we felt it sorely." In addition to his own land, Campbell rented some acres of a neighbouring gentleman, whose disposition was restlessly litigious, and Campbell being unhappily fiery and impetuous, disputes arose between them, and proceeded to such lengths, that both parties finally referred their differences to legal arbitrement. After many tedious, and apparently frivolous delays, particularly irritating to Campbell's impatient spirit, the cause was given in favour of his opponent; and from that hour he adopted the firm persuasion that impartial justice was banished from the land of his fathers. This fatal prejudice turned all his thoughts to bitterness, —haunted him like a phantom in his fields, by his cheerful hearth, in his once-peaceful bed, in the very embraces of his children, "who, were born," he would tell them, in the midst of their innocent caresses,—“slaves in the land where their fathers had been free men.” In this state of mind he eagerly listened to the speculative visions of a few agricultural adventurers, who had embarked their small capital on an American project, and were on the point of quitting their native country to seek wealth, liberty, and independence, in the back settlements of the United States. In an evil hour, Campbell was persuaded to embark his fortunes with those of the self-expatriated emigrants. The tears and entreaties of his wife and children were unavailing to deter him from his rash purpose; and the unhappy mother was torn from the beloved home, where her heart lingered with a thousand tender reminiscences, and most tenaciously in the persuasion, that if her lost child was ever restored to his native country, to the once happy abode of his parents his first steps would be directed. The ships in which the Campbells were embarked, with their five remaining children, and all their worldly possessions, performed two-thirds of her course with prosperous celerity; but as she approached her destined haven, the wind, which had hitherto favoured her, became contrary, and she lost sea-way for many days. At last, a storm which had been gathering with awfully gradual preparation,

burst over her with tremendous fury. Three days and nights she drove before it, but on the fourth her masts and rigging went overboard, and before the wreck could be cut away, a plank in the ship's side was stove in by the floating timbers. In the confusion which had assembled every soul on deck, the leak was not discovered till the water in the hold had gained to a depth of many feet; and though the pump was set to work immediately, and for a time kept going by the almost superhuman exertions of crew and passengers, all was unavailing; and to betake themselves to the boats was the last hurried and desperate resource. Campbell had succeeded in lowering his three youngest children into one of them, already crowded with their fellow-sharers in calamity, and was preparing to send down his eldest son and daughter, and to descend himself with their mother in his arms, when a woman pressing before him with despairing haste, leapt down into the crowded boat, which upset in an instant, and the perishing cry of twenty drowning creatures mingled with the agonizing shriek of parents, husbands, and children, from the deck of the sinking ship. The other boat was yet alongside, and Campbell was at last seated in her with his two surviving children, and their unconscious mother, who sunk into a state of blessed insensibility, when the drowning screams of her lost little ones rung in her ears. Five-and-twenty persons were wedged in this frail bark, with a cask of water, and a small bag of biscuit. An old sail had been flung down with these scanty stores, which they contrived to hoist on the subsiding of the storm, toward the evening of their first day's commitment in that "forlorn hope," to the wide world of waters. Their compass had been lost in the large boat, and faint indeed were their hopes of ever reaching land, from whence they had no means of computing their distance. But the unsleeping eye of Providence watched over them, and on the fourth day of their melancholy progress, a sail making towards them was descried on the verge of the horizon. It neared, and the ship proved to be a homeward-

bound West India trader, into which the perishing adventurers were received with prompt humanity; and on her reaching her appointed haven, (Portsmouth) Campbell, with his companions in misfortune, and the remnant of his once-flourishing family once more set foot on British earth. He had saved about his person a small part of his little property; but the whole residue was insufficient to equip them for a second attempt, had he even been so obstinately bent on the prosecution of his trans-Atlantic scheme as to persist in it against (what appeared to him) the declared will of the Almighty. Once, in his younger days, he had visited the Isle of Wight, and the remembrance of its stone cottages, and beautiful bays, was yet fresh in his mind. He crossed over with his family, and a few weeks put him in possession of a neat cabin and small fishing-boat; and for a time the little family was subsisted in frugal comfort by the united industry of the father and son. Soon after their settlement in the island, their daughter (matured to lovely womanhood) married a respectable and enterprising young man, the owner of a pilot vessel. In the course of three years she brought her husband as many children, and during that time all went well with them; but her William's occupation, a lucrative one in time of war, exposed him to frequent and fearful dangers, and one tempestuous winter's night, having ventured out to the assistance of a perishing vessel, his own little vessel foundered in the attempt, and the morning's tide floated her husband's corpse to the feet of his distracted wife, as she stood on the sea-beach watching every white sail that became visible through the haze of the grey-clouded dawn.

The forlorn widow and her orphan babes found a refuge in the humble cabin of her father, and he and his son redoubled their laborious exertions for their support. But these were heavy claims, and the little family but just contrived to live, barely supplied with the coarsest necessities. When temptation assails the poor man by holding out to his grasp the means of lessening the hardships and privations of those dear to him as his own soul, is it to be

wondered at that he so often fails, when others, without the same excuses to plead, set him the example of yielding? Campbell (having first been seduced into casual and inconsiderable ventures) was at last enrolled in the gang of smugglers, who carried on their perilous trade along the coast; and from that time though comparative plenty revisited his cottage, the careless smile of innocent security no longer beamed on the features of its inmates. Margaret struggled long with well-principled firmness against the infatuation of her husband; but, flushed with success, and emboldened by association with numbers, they resisted her anxious remonstrances; and at last, heartsick of fruitless opposition, and shrinking from the angry frown of him who had been for so many years the sharer of her joys and sorrows, she very passively acquiesced in their proceedings, and in the end was persuaded to contribute her share towards furthering them, by secretly disposing of the unlawfully obtained articles.

During my abode in the Isle of Wight, I had become acquainted with two or three families resident within a few miles of the spot where I had taken up my habitation. With one of these (consisting of a widow lady of rank and her two grown-up daughters) I had been previously acquainted in London, and at other places. They had been recommended by the medical adviser of the younger daughter, who was threatened with a pulmonary affection, to try the effects of a winter at the back of the island, and I was agreeably surprised to find them inhabitants of a beautiful villa, "a cottage of humility," about three miles from my own cabin at the Undercliff. They were agreeable and accomplished women; and a few hours spent in their company formed a pleasing and not unfrequent variety in my solitary life; and in the dearth of society incident to their insulated retreat, my fair friends condescended to tolerate, and even welcome the eccentric old bachelor with their most gracious smiles. One November evening my ramble had terminated at their abode, and I had just drawn my chair into the cheerful circle round the

tea-table, when a powdered footman entered, and spoke a few words in a mysterious half whisper to the elder lady, who smiled and replied, "Oh, tell her to come in; there is no one here of whom she need be apprehensive." The communication of which assurance quickly ushered into the room my new acquaintance Margaret Campbell. An old rusty black bonnet was drawn down lower than usual over her face, and her dingy red cloak (under which she carried some bulky parcel) was wrapped round a figure that seemed endeavouring to shrink itself into the least possible compass. At sight of me she half started, and dropt her eyes with a fearful curtesy. "Ah, Margaret!" I exclaimed, too well divining the object of her darkling embassy. But the lady of the house encouraged her to advance, laughingly saying, "Oh, never mind Mr.—, he will not inform against us, though he shakes his head so awfully—Well, have you brought the tea?"—"And the lace, and the silk scarfs?" chimed in the younger ladies, with eager curiosity sparkling in their eyes, as they almost dragged the important budget, with their own hands, from beneath the poor woman's cloak. "Have you brought our scarfs at last? what a time we have been expecting them!"—"Yes, indeed," echoed Lady Mary; "and, depending on your promise of procuring me some, I have been quite distressed for tea—There is really no dependance on your word, Mrs. Campbell; and yet I have been at some pains to impress you with a just sense of your christian duties, amongst which you have often heard me remark, (and I am sure the tracts I have given you inculcate the same lesson,) that a strict attention to truth is one of the most essential—Well! where's the tea?"—"Oh! my lady," answered the poor woman with a humbly deprecating tone and look, "if you did but know what risks we run to get these things, and how uncertain our trade is, you would not wonder that we cannot always oblige our customers so punctually as we would wish—I have brought the silks and scarfs for the young ladies, but the tea——" "What! no tea yet? Real-

ly it is too bad, Mrs. Campbell ; I must try if other people are not more to be depended on.”—“ Indeed, my lady, we have tried hard to get it for your ladyship ; but there’s such a sharp look out now, and the Ranger has been lying off the island for this week past, our people haven’t been able to get nothing ashore, and yet I am sure my husband and son have been upon the watch along the beach, and in the boat these three nights in all this dreadful weather ; and to-night, though it blows a gale, they’re out again ;” and the poor woman cast a tearful shuddering glance towards the window, against which the wind beat dismally, accompanied with thick driving sleet, that half obscured the glimpses of a sickly moon.

The lady was pacified by these assurances, that the foreign luxury should be procured for her that night, if human exertions made at the peril of human life, could succeed in landing it. The silks, &c. were examined and approved of by the young ladies, and finally taken and paid for, after some haggling about “ the price of blood,” as the purchase-money might too justly have been denominated. Mrs. Campbell received it with a deep sigh, and humbly curtseying, withdrew from the presence, not without (involuntarily, as it were) stealing an abashed glance towards my countenance as she passed me. She was no sooner out of the room than her fair customers began to expatiate with rapturous volubility, on the cheapness of their purchases, an inconsistency of remark that puzzled me exceedingly, as, not five minutes before, while bargaining with the seller, they had averred her goods to be of very inferior manufacture, and exorbitantly dear. “ Ay, but,” observed the prudent mother, “ you were in such a hurry, or you might have made better bargains ; but it’s always the way—and yet I winked and winked at you both. I should have got those things half as cheap again.”

Indulgently tender as I am inclined to be to the little whims and foibles of the sex, I could not, on the present occasion, refrain from hinting to my fair friends a part of what was passing in my mind. At first they laughed at

my quizzical scruples, and replied to them with the common-place remark, that “ the few things they occasionally purchased could make no difference ; for that the people would smuggle all the same, and find encouragement from others, if not from them.” And when I pressed the question a little further, suggesting to their consciences whether *all* who encouraged the trade were not, in a great measure answerable for the guilt incurred, and the lives lost in the prosecution of it, they bade me not talk of such horrid things, and huddled away their recent purchases in a sort of disconcerted silence, that spoke any thing rather than remorse of conscience and purposed reformation. My “ sermonizing,” as it was termed, seemed to have thrown a spell over the frank sociability that usually enlivened our evening coteries. Conversation languished—the piano was out of tune—and the young ladies not in a singing mood. Their mamma broke her netting-thread every three minutes, and, from a digression on the degenerate rottenness of modern cotton, digressed insensibly into a train of serious observations on the dangers impending over Church and State, from the machinations of evangelical reformers—ever and anon, when the storm waxed louder, interspersing her remarks with pathetic complaints of the perverseness with which the very elements seemed to conspire with Government against the landing of the precious bales.

The storm did rage fearfully, and its increasing violence warned me to retrace my homeward way, before the disappearance of a yet glimmering moon should leave me to pursue it in total darkness. Flapping my hat over my eyes, and wrapping myself snugly round in the thick folds of a huge boat-cloak, I issued forth from the cheerful brightness of the cottage parlour into the darkness visible of the wild scene without. Wildly magnificent it was ! My path lay along the shore, against which mountainous waves came rolling in long ridges, with a sound like thunder. Sleet, falling at intervals, mingled with the sea surf, and both were driven into my face by the south-east blast, with a violence that obliged me

frequently to pause and gasp for breath. Large masses of clouds were hurried in sublime disorder across the dim struggling moon, whose pale light gleamed at intervals, with ghastly indistinctness, along the white sands, and on the frothy summits of the advancing billows. As I pursued my way, buffeting the conflicting elements, other sounds, methought, appeared to mingle in their uproar. The deep and shrill intonation of human voices seemed blended with the wailing and sobbing of the storm; the creaking and labouring of planks, the splash of oars was distinguishable, I thought, in the pause of the receding waves. I was not deceived. A momentary gleam of moonlight glanced on the white sails of a vessel at some distance from the land, and one of her boats a black speck on the billows) was discernible, making her way towards the shore. At that moment, another boat close in shore, shot by with the velocity of lightning, and at the same instant a man rushed quickly by me, whose tall remarkable figure I recognized for Campbell's in that dim momentary glance, he darted on with the rapidity of an arrow, and immediately I heard a long shrill whistle re-echoed by another and another from the cliffs, from the shore, and from the sea. The moon had almost withdrawn her feeble light, and I could no longer discern any object but the white sands under my feet, and the sea foam that frothed over them. More than two miles of my homeward path was yet before me; and in their progress I should have to cross two gullies furrowed through the sand by land-springs from the adjacent cliffs. Intermingled and bedded in these were several rocky crags, and portions of the foundered cliff, amongst which it was easy to pick one's day-light way; but the impenetrable gloom that now enveloped every object, made me pause for a moment to consider how far it might be safe to continue onward in my wave-washed path. A light streaming from one of the windows of Campbell's cottage, a few furlongs from the beach, decided the result of my deliberation, and I turned towards the little dwelling, purposing to apply there for a lantern and

a guide, should the younger Campbell chance to be at home.

I had no need to tap for admittance at the humble door. It was open, and on the threshold stood the mother of the family. The light from within gleamed across her face and figure, and I could perceive that she was listening with intent breathlessness, and with eyes rivetted, as if they could pierce the darkness, towards the quarter from whence I was approaching. My steps on the loose shingle at length reached the ear, and she darted forward, exclaiming, "Oh Amy! thank God! here's your father." The woman sprang to the door with a light, and its beams revealed my then unwelcome features, instead of those of the husband and father. "Oh, sir! I thought"—was poor Margaret's eloquently unfinished ejaculation, when she discovered her mistake; "but you are kindly welcome," she quickly added, "for this is no night for any Christian soul to be out in, though my husband and son—Oh, sir! they are both, both tossing in one little boat on that dreadful sea; and that is not all, the Ranger's boats are on the look out for the lugger they are gone to meet, and God knows what may happen—I prayed and beseeched them for this night only to stay peaceably at home, such a night of weather as was working up, but all in vain; we had promised our lady and the cargo was to be landed to-night—Oh, sir! my lady, and the like of she, little think"—And the poor woman burst into tears. This was no time for admonition and reproof, or for the consolatory remarks so often addressed to the unhappy, of "I told you it would come to this," or "This would not have happened if you had listened to me," or, "Well, you have brought it all upon yourself." The consequences of their illicit traffic was now brought more forcibly home to the minds of these poor people, by the agonizing suspense they were enduring, than they could have been by any arguments I might have laboured to enforce. I did my best to calm their terrors. To dispel them was impossible, while the tempest raged louder and louder; and independent of that there were other



too reasonable grounds for apprehension. I suggested the probability of Campbell not being in the boat, as he had passed me on the beach so recently ; but at all events he was abroad in a tremendous night, and with a desperate gang, expecting and armed against resistance. Forgetting my own purpose of borrowing a lantern to continue my homeward path, I entered the cabin with the distressed females, whose looks thanked me for abiding with them in this their hour of need. A cheerful fire brightened the interior of the little dwelling, where neatness and order still bore testimony that the habits of its inmates *had* at least been those of peaceful industry. The fire-light gleamed ruddy red on the clean brick floor : a carved oak table, and a few clumsy old chairs of the same fashion, were bright with the polish of age and housewifery ; and one, distinguished by capacious arms, a high stuffed back, and red cushion, was placed close beside the ingle nook, the accustomed seat of the father of the family. His pipe lay close at hand, on the high mantles shelf, where a pair of brass candlesticks, a few china cups, some long-shanked drinking glasses, and sundry tobacco stoppers, of fantastical figure, were ranged in symmetrical order. The dresser was elaborately set out with its rows of various shape and quaint diversity of motto, and device, its japanned tray, and mahogany tea-chest, proudly conspicuous in the middle. The walls were hung round with nets, baskets, and fishing apparatus, and to the rafter various articles of the same description were appended ; but Campbell's duck gun, and his two clumsy pistols, rested not on the hooks he was wont to call his armoury. An unfinished net was suspended by the chimney corner, at which the youthful widow had apparently been employed. She resumed her seat and shuttle, but the hand that held it rested idly on her lap, while her eyes were rivetted in mournful solicitude on the anxious countenance of her mother. There was something peculiarly interesting in this young woman ; not beauty of feature, for excepting a pair of fine dark eyes, shaded by lashes

of unusual length, there was nothing uncommon in her countenance, and her naturally dark and colourless complexion was tinged with the sallow hue of sickness ;—her lips were whiter than her cheek, and her uncommonly tall figure, slender and fragile as the reed, bowed down with the languor of weakness and sorrow. But when she lifted up those dark eyes, their melancholy light was touchingly expressive, and in unison with the general character of the slight shadowy frame, that seemed almost transparent to the workings of the wounded spirit within. Amy's young heart had never recovered the shock of her William's untimely death, and her timid tender nature was weighed down under a perpetual load of conscious self-reproach, that for her sake, and that of her infants, her father and her brother had engaged in the perilous unlawfulness of their present courses. As she sat looking on her mother's face, I could perceive what thoughts were passing in her mind. At last a large tear, that had been some time collecting, swelled over the quivering lid, and trickled slowly down her cheek, and rising suddenly, and letting fall the netting and shuttle, she came and edged herself on the corner of her mother's chair, and clasping one arm round her neck, and hiding her face on her shoulder, "Mother !"—"My Amy ! my dear child !" whispered the fond parent, tenderly caressing her, "why should you always reproach yourself so ? You who have been a good dutiful child, and a comfort to us ever since you were born. Before your father fell into evil company, and listened to their temptations, did we not contrive to maintain ourselves, and you and your dear fatherless babies, by honest industry ; and where should you have taken refuge, my precious Amy, but under your parents' roof ?" A look of eloquent gratitude and a tender kiss was Amy's reply to these fond assurances. For a few moments this touching intercourse of hearts, beguiled them from the intense anxiousness with which they had been listening to every sound from without ; but the redoubled violence of the storm fearfully roused them from

that momentary abstraction, and they started and looked in each other's faces, and then in mine, as if beseeching comfort, when, alas ! I had only sympathy to bestow. The conflict of winds and waves was indeed tremendous, and I felt too forcibly convinced, that if the poor Campbells were indeed exposed to it, in their little fishing boat, nothing short of a miracle could save them from a watery grave. There was a chance, however, that the landing of the contraband goods might have been effected by the crew of the lugger, without help from shore, and, in that case, the prolonged absence of the father and son might arise from their having proceeded with them to some inland place of concealment. The probability of this suggestion was eagerly caught at by the conscious pair, but the ray of hope gleamed with transient brightness : A gust of wind, more awful than any which had preceded it, rushed past with deafening uproar, and as it died away, low sobs, and shrill moaning lamentations, seemed mingled with its deep bass. We were all silent, now straining our sight from the cabin door into the murky gloom without,—now gathering together round the blazing hearth, where the neglected embers emitted only a fitful glimmer. The wind rushing through every chink and cranny, waved to and fro the flame of the small candle, declining in its socket, and at last the hour of twelve was struck by the old clock that “ticked behind the door” in its dark heavy case. At that moment a large venerable looking book, that lay with a few others on a hanging shelf, near the chimney, slipped from the edge on which it rested, and fell with a dull heavy sound at Margaret's feet. It was the Bible that had belonged to her husband's mother, and as she stooped to pick it up and replace it, she perceived that it had fallen open at the leaf, where, twenty-two years back from that very day, the venerable parent had recorded, with pious gratitude, the birth of her son's first born. “Ah, my dear son ! my good Maurice !” ejaculated the heartstruck mother ; “I was not used to forget the day God gave thee to me—Thou wert

the first to leave me, and now”——She was interrupted by the low inarticulate murmur of a human voice, that sounded near us. We all started, but Amy's ear was familiarized to the tone—it was one of her little ones talking and moaning in its sleep. The small chamber where they lay opened from that we were in, and the young mother crept softly towards the bed of her sleeping infants. She was still bending over them, when the outer door was suddenly dashed open, and Campbell—Campbell himself, burst into the cottage. Oh ! with what a shriek of ecstasy was he welcomed ! With what a rapture of inarticulate words, clinging embraces, and tearful smiles ! But the joy was transient, and succeeded by a sudden chill of nameless apprehensions ; for, disengaging himself almost roughly from the arms of his wife and daughter, he staggered towards his own old chair, and flinging himself back in it, covered his face with his clasped hands. One only cause for this fearful agitation suggested itself to his trembling wife. “My son ! my son !” she shrieked out, grasping her husband's arms, what have you done with him ? He is dead ! he is murdered ! Oh ! I knew it would come to this.”—“Peace, woman !” shouted Campbell, in a voice of thunder, uncovering his face as he started up wildly from his chair with a look of appalling fierceness—“Peace, woman ! your son is safe ;” then his tone suddenly dropping to a low hoarse murmur, he added, “*This* is not *his* blood,” and he flung on the table his broad white belt, on which the tokens of a deadly fray were frightfully apparent. “Campbell !” I cried, “unhappy man ! what have you done ? to what have you brought your wretched family ? For their sakes, escape, escape for you life, while the darkness favours you.” He trembled, and looked irresolute for a moment, but immediately resuming the voice and air of desperate sternness, replied, “It is too late—they are at my heels—they tracked me home ;” and while he yet spoke, the trampling of feet, and the shout of loud voices were heard ; the door burst open, and several rough looking men, in the garb of sailors, rushed into the

cottage. "Ah! we have you, my man," they vociferated—"we have you at last, though the young villain has given us the slip."—"Villain!" shouted Campbell; "who dares to call my son a villain?" But checking himself instantaneously, he added, in a subdued tone, "but I am in your power now, you may do what you will;" and once more he seated himself in sullen submissiveness. The women clung round him, his unhappy wife exclaiming, "Oh! what has he done? If there has been mischief, it is not his fault—he would not hurt a fly—For all his rough way he is as tender-hearted as a child—Richard! Richard! speak to them—tell them 'tis a mistake." He neither spoke nor moved, nor lifted up his eyes from the ground on which they were fixed. "No mistake at all, mistress," said one of the men, "he has only shot one of our people, that's all, and we must just fit him with a couple of these new bracelets." And so saying, he began fastening a pair of handcuffs round Campbell's wrists. He offered no resistance, and seemed indeed almost unconscious of what was doing, when the eldest of Amy's children, a pretty little girl of four years old, who having been awakened by the noise, had crept softly from her bed, and made her way unperceived towards her grandfather, burst into a fit of loud sobbing, and climbing up upon his knees, and clasping her little arms about his neck, and laying her soft cheek to his dark rough one, lisped out, "Send away naughty men grandad—naughty men frighten Amy."

The springs of sensibility that seemed frozen up in Campbell's bosom were touched electrically by the loving tones and caresses of his little darling. He hugged her to his bosom, which began to heave with deep convulsive sobs, and for a moment the tears of the old man and the child mingled in touching silence. As he clasped her thus, the handcuff that was already fastened to his left wrist, pressed painfully on her tender arms, and as she shrunk from it, he seemed first to perceive the ignominious fetter. His brow was wrung with a sudden convulsion, but its distortion was momentary, and turning to

his weeping daughter, he said quietly, "Amy, my dear child! take the poor baby; I little thought, dear lamb! she would ever find hurt or harm in her old grandfather's arms." It was a touching scene—even the rough sailors seemed affected by it, and they were more gently executing their task of fitting on the other manacle, when again steps and voices approached; again the door opened, and a second band appeared at it, a group of sailors likewise, bearing amongst them a ghastly burthen, the lifeless body of the unfortunate young man who had been shot in the execution of his duty, by the rash hand of the wretched culprit before us, whose aim was not the less fatal, for having been almost unconsciously taken in the bustle of a desperate conflict. "We've missed our boat, and we could not let him lie bleeding on the beach," said one of the new comers, in reply to an exclamation of surprise from those who before occupied the cottage. Campbell's agitation was dreadful—He turned, shuddering, from the sight of his victim. The women stood petrified with horror. I alone retaining some self-possession, advanced to examine if human aid might yet avail to save the poor youth, who was laid (apparently a corpse) on three chairs, near the door. Comprehending my purpose, the humane tenderness of poor Margaret's nature surmounted her agonizing feelings, and she came trembling to assist in the painful examination. The young man's face was turned from us towards the wall, and almost covered by the luxuriant hair, (a sailor's pride) which, escaping from the confining ribbon, had fallen in dark wet masses over his cheek and brow. His right hand hung down from his side, and on taking it into mine, I found that it was already cold as marble, and that no pulse was perceptible in the artery. Margaret had, as expeditiously as her agitation would permit, unclosed his sailor's jacket, and checked shirt, and though she started and shuddered at the sight of blood thickly congealed over his bosom, she persisted heroically in her trying task. His neck handkerchief had been previously untied, and stuffed down as a temporary

pledget into the wounded breast. In removing it, Margaret's finger became entangled by a black string passed round the youth's neck, to which a small locket was suspended. She had hastily moving it aside, when the light held by one of the sailors fell upon the medallion, (a perforated gold pocket piece) and her eye glancing towards it at the same moment, a half choaked exclamation burst from her lips, and, looking up, I saw her motionless, breathless, her hands clasped together with convulsive energy, and her eyes almost from their sockets, in the stare of indescribable horror with which they were rivetted on the suspended token. At last, a shriek (such a one as my ears never before heard, the recollection of which still curdles the blood in my veins) burst from her lips, and brought her daughter and husband (even the unfortunate man himself) to the spot where she stood absorbed in that fearful contemplation. She looked up towards her husband (on whose brow cold drops of agony were thickly gathering, whose white lips quivered with the workings of a tortured spirit) she gazed up in his face with such a look as I shall never forget. It was one of horrid calmness, more fearful to behold than the wildest expressions of passionate agony, and grasping his fettered hand firmly in one of her's, and with the other pointing to the perforated gold piece, as it lay on the mangled bosom of the dead youth, she said in a

slow steady voice, "Look there! what is that?—*Who* is that, Richard?" His eyes rivetted themselves with a ghastly stare on the object to which she pointed, then wandered wildly over the lifeless form before him; but the tremulous agitation of his frame ceased, the convulsive working of the muscles of his face changed into rigid fixedness. and he stood like one petrified in the very burst of despair. Once more she repeated, in the same calm deliberate tone, "*Who* is *that*, Richard?" and suddenly leaning forward, dashed aside from the face of the corpse the dark locks that had hitherto concealed it. "There, there!" she shrieked—"I knew it was my son!" and bursting into a frenzied laugh, she called out, "Amy! Amy! your brother is come home! come home on his birth-day!—Will nobody bid him welcome? Richard won't you speak to your son, to our dear Maurice! won't you bless him on his birth-day?" And snatching her husband's hand, she endeavoured to drag him towards the pale face of the dead. He to whom this heart-rending appeal was addressed, replied only by one deep groan, which seemed to burst up the very fountains of feeling and of life. He staggered back a few paces—his eyes closed—the convulsion of a moment passed over his features, and he fell back as inanimate as the pale corpse that was still clasped with frantic rapture to the heart of the brain-struck mother.

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### ONE KISS MORE.

ONE kiss more?

And then we part, my love;  
'Tis sweet to bless affection o'er  
And teach the heartstrings music's lore,  
Like seraphim above.

Lips are leaves

To rosy hearts and eyes,  
Are suns that light affection's heaves,  
And love to life's pure kisses cleaves  
When to part fondness he tries.

One kiss more?

The echo still returns,  
Another? oh, there's yet full store,  
The hallow'd incense sweetly burns  
From feeling's precious core.

Good night, sweeting!

Nay, but one more? then fly:  
Once parted here, time is so fleeting,  
In heaven may be our next love-meeting.  
Where kisses never die.

## WOMEN.

IT has often been a subject of meditation with me, whether there be really any difference between men and women—I mean in their intellectual powers. It is argued by some, that there is naturally no difference whatever, and that all the difference we observe is produced by art. Education has certainly a wonderful influence in fashioning the mind, and some philosophers have carried this principle so far, as to ascribe to it all the varieties in the animal creation. They say that man is indebted for his superiority solely to some accidental peculiarities in his organization ; that had he had the hoof of an ox, the nails of the wolf, or the claws of the lion, he would have been no better than these animals. I confess I do not hold with this sort of philosophy ; I rather think, with Galen, that man is wise not because of his hands, but that he had hands appended to his wrists instead of the hoofs of a horse, because of his pre-eminent wisdom. And I think, in like manner, it will be easy to shew, that there is a natural, or as the Marquis of Londonderry would say, a fundamental difference between the sexes, wholly independent of social institutions. Were there not this difference, how is it that women in all ages and in all countries, have held only a subordinate station in society ? Education is insufficient to account for this circumstance, because it is in nature for every thing ultimately to triumph over adventitious obstacles, and attain that rank for which it is qualified. Besides, we do not observe that education exerts such an omnipotent influence over the destiny of individuals. Most persons, remarkable for intellectual eminence, have attained it in spite of peculiar disadvantages ; it has ever been the lot of Genius to contend with the difficulties of fortune, birth, and education. Allowing, then, that females labour under disadvantages from this source, is it not surprising that they do not exhibit similar instances of triumphing over them ? yet we do not find such instances. If they afford any extraordinary examples of intellect, they are always, I apprehend, an inferior

grade. Thus they have produced no philosopher equal to Newton, no poet like Homer, no conqueror like Alexander, no dramatist like Shakspeare,—nor, to my mind, any cook equal to the great Doctor Kitchener.

Eminent women, no doubt, there have been ; but when we examine their productions, we seldom, I think, fail to discover traces to which sex they belong : the peculiarities of their nature usually reminding us of the fable of Æsop, quoted by Bacon ; when puss sat demurely at table, in man's attire, till a mouse crossed the room. The late Madame de Stael was a striking instance of this sort. No female displayed greater and more varied powers of intellect ; yet in her occasional vanity and especially in her personal antipathies, she evinced all the weaknesses (shall I say ?) of her sex. Queen Elizabeth's another instance of a masculine mind conjoined with womanly infirmities. She was never weary of listening to discourses on her "*excellent beauties*," and her most grave ministers found no way so effectual to her favour, as by telling her, that "the lustre of her beauty dazzled them like the sun, and they could not behold it with fixed eyes." But perhaps the rarest example of intellectual manhood is Catherine the Second, Empress of Russia : she indeed seems to have very little of woman in her nature ; even her vices were of a manly order—ambitious, cruel, and imperious ; and in her amours she appears, in some respects, to have usurped the place of the opposite sex, and treated her numerous lovers more like her mistresses than admirers.

I have chosen these three examples as being the best known, and exhibiting the strongest claims to an equality with man. I perhaps might have found living instances of great merit, but I prefer confining my observations to those that are dead. The examples, however, that I have quoted, by no means decide the question : it is not by particular instances, but by comparing the most eminent of both sexes, that a fair inference can be drawn.

But, perhaps, after all, it is only a dispute about words, arising from the standard to which we refer. Man's superiority is not universal. If he possess the comprehension of an angel, he has neither the eye of an eagle, nor the fleetness of a greyhound. If he excel woman ("lovely woman," as the poets say) in arts and arms, and science and philosophy, in foresight and grandeur of soul, how vastly inferior is he in all the softer graces, in tenderness, delicacy, and sentiment! What, indeed, would he have been without woman, or where would he have been!

"Oh, woman! lovely woman! Nature made you  
To temper man: we had been brutes without you!  
Angels are painted fair to look like you:  
There's in you all that we believe of Heaven—  
Amazing brightness, parity, and truth,  
Eternal joy and everlasting love."

But there is no end to such a theme. For my part, I think Nature in this matter has shewn her accustomed wisdom. As she made man with a right and a left hand, so it seems meet that there should be some inequality between the sexes; for, as monogamy (Mr. Malthus notwithstanding) is clearly a state designed for man, it would obviously have been a source of endless embarrassment, contention, and difficulty, had the parties in all respects been exactly equal and homologous.

I shall conclude these observations, by remarking three paradoxes concerning females, the first shewing how much more individual security depends on public opinion than positive institutions. Although females are excluded from power, and apparently without protection, yet no class is more secure in the enjoyment of its rights. Without representative in parliament, they are least of all obnoxious to oppressive laws; excluded from juries, the bar, and the bench, their offences are always viewed with indulgence. They have no minister in the church, yet no class is prayed for more fervently; nor have they any part in the army or navy, yet both are enthusiastic in their service; nor in the magistracy, yet alderman and justices of peace are almost proverbially devoted to their interest. In short, every where, and on every occasion, they are treated as pri-

vileged beings, entitled to precedency; and thus do they enjoy the honours and immunities through courtesy, which the most unquestioned right and superiority would scarcely procure them. It is certainly a most refined and nobly principle which grants from generosity that respect, reverence, and devotion which the most unbounded power could scarcely command. If that chivalrous feeling which protects the interests of the fair from violation from a sense of their weakness, were to be extended to the poorer classes from a sense of their destitute condition, there cannot be a doubt that their rights would be far more effectually guarded than by universal suffrage and annual parliaments. So much more omnipotent is opinion than law.

The second paradox is somewhat connected with the first. Though females are considered unqualified for superior stations in society, yet they sometimes exercise sovereign authority; though they are considered unfit to discharge the functions of an admiral, a judge, a commander-in-chief, or even a parish beadle, yet they are sometimes placed, by the principle of hereditary succession, at the head of the army, the navy, and the administration of justice.

The last paradox is this: one would imagine in the warm regions of the south, where men's passions are the most violent, females would have attained the highest rank; instead of which, it is in the cold countries of the north that modern gallantry had its origin. Tacitus gives an interesting account of the distinguished manner in which our German ancestors treated their women in their almost impenetrable forests. They worshipped them as a sort of supernatural beings; their household gods in peace, their most valued treasure in war, and their counsellors and companions at all times. This high homage no doubt, arose from the extreme delicacy which prevailed respecting the sexual intercourse. It was esteemed dishonourable to be intimate with a woman till the twentieth year; a custom which, Sir Walter Scott observes, was not only favourable to health and morals, but contributed to place females in that dignified rank

which they held in society. "Nothing," continues the same writer, "tends so much to blunt the feelings, to harden the heart, and to destroy the imagination, as the worship of Vaga Venus in early youth." The German wife, once married, seldom endeavoured to form a second union. Polygamy was unknown; and adultery, which rarely occurred, was punished with great severity; while the unfortunate offender had no chance to obtain a second husband, however distinguished by beauty, birth, or wealth.

These customs sufficiently account for the high estimation of women among the Gothic tribes. The divinity of females is in their chastity: when that is violated, the veil of the temple is rent, and they ceased almost to be objects of devotion. They are then reduced to that state of humiliation in which we find them in the seraglios of the East. Is it surprising, then, that they guard with such watchfulness the secret of their power? To them it is the wand of harlequin; and such as betray it to the enemy are very naturally shunned as traitresses to the interests of their order. Indeed it is a double treachery, equally injurious to both sides: by it the women lose their dominion, and the men, who had probably fed on heavenly visions, awake, in the fruition

of their hopes, with the sad conviction of Philip of their own mortality.

There is another consideration arising out of this subject, which may, perhaps, be worth noticing. We learn from it, that European gallantry is not formed on the models of ancient chivalry, but that it is derived from a much higher source—from that source from which we derive our most valued municipal institutions. Indeed chivalry (whatever may be said to the contrary, as has been elsewhere observed) was but a gloomy, ascetic, and absurd superstition, which very soon after its institution degenerated into the coarsest brutality and licentiousness. Mr. Dymoke, at the Coronation, I have often thought, was but a poor representation of the stern, subacid knights of yore; his gaudy plumes and tinsel trappings had as much relation to the Godfreys, Orlandos, and Bertrands of the old time, as a modern drawing-room has to the hall of William Rufus.—But I have done, Mr. Editor. In looking over the beginning of this epistle, I find that there are some matters at which your fair readers may probably cavil: you know, Sir, my object is merely truth and fair play; should I therefore have inadvertently fallen into any considerable errors, I shall most willingly submit to correction.

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TO A STREAM.

WHITHER, tell me, Stream!  
Roll these idle rills  
Down the rocks where Echo lies,  
From the bleeding hills;  
Kissing every heedless flow'r  
As it droops thy waters o'er  
With a liquid lip of foam?

'From the mountain urn  
O'er the heath I go,  
Where the wild linnet sings  
To the woods below;  
O'er the meadow's golden dress,  
Rover of the wilderness!  
And the sleeping vales, I roam.'

Wild and silly Stream!  
Ere the wish be vain,  
Turn to thy grassy spring,  
Murmurer! again.  
Tears, tears of sorrow deep,  
Rovers o'er their follies weep,  
For a dear and distant home.

RICHARD BELVOIR.

## ALL HALLOW EVE IN IRELAND.

In the hinder end of harvest upon All Hallow eve  
 Quhen our \**gude nighbours* rydis (now gif I reid richt)  
 Some bucklit on a benwood and some on a bene,  
 Ay trottand into troupes fra the twilight.

King James VI.

SOME years ago, I had the pleasure of passing an All Hallow Eve at the house of a substantial farmer in the vicinity of the town of Sligo. I had been wandering the whole day, about the beautiful and romantic glen of Knock-na-ree, and entered the hospitable abode of my worthy Milcsian friend just as the dim twilight was melting into the dark gloom of an autumnal evening.

A sparkling turf-fire enlivened the hearth, and a number of the neighbouring young rustics were mingled with the ruddy children of mine host about the room; while the elder folks encircled the glittering blaze, or crouched beneath the immense chimney that jutted far out into the room. Large pieces of hung beef and rusty bacon adorned the walls, a spinning-wheel was turned up under the ladder which ascended to the loft, the white wooden piggins and well-scoured trenchers were placed in meet array on the well-filled shelves, and the huge dresser proudly exhibited its store of shining pewter to the admiring eyes of the youthful peasants. A door, which stood ajar in one corner, purposely betrayed the treasures of "the best room;" a double chest of drawers, a polished oaken table, and several antique and quaintly-figured chairs reflected the beams of the burning turf, and faintly illumined the sacred apartment.

The buxom good wife, arrayed in a striped linsey-wolsey gown, was regaling her friends with merry lamb's-wool, while her lively children and their young guests indulged in the usual superstitions and quaint customs of All Hallow Eve. Three of the eldest lasses were lurking in a dark corner busily employed in kneading a cake with their left thumbs. Not a sound escaped from their clenched lips; the work

proceeded in mute solemnity; a single word would have broken the charm, and destroyed their ardent hopes of beholding their future husbands in their dreams after having partaken of the mystic *dumb-cake*.

While this work was going on silently in the corner, a group of sturdy boys in the centre of the floor were indulging in all the uproar of boisterous merriment at the glorious game of *snap-apple*. A burning candle was affixed to one end of a short skewer, and a ripe ruddy-cheeked apple stuck at the other. The skewer was suspended by its middle with a piece of strong cord from the dusky ceiling, and being gently put in motion, the eager boys thronged tumultuously forward to catch the delicious apple in their mouths, as it performed its swinging evolutions. Many a furzy head was set in a blaze, and many loud laughs and chirruping exclamations emanated from the merry group before the prize was carried off. Several young girls were roasting pairs of matrimonial apples on the hearth. One they dignified with the lordly title of "The Baron," and the other was supposed to be his lady-wife. And truly it was a bitter satire on the married state. The scorching apples resembled many a foolish couple in the land. Such sputtering and foaming—such angry fuming at each other—such prodigious perspirations—such vindictive tones and contemptuous hissings on both sides, and then such melting quietness for a moment, interrupted by a sudden swelling-up, or a burly look, that renewed the sputtering and fuming, until both were utterly exhausted! The married folks looked on and laughed prodigiously, ever and anon exchanging those most eloquent and volume-speaking looks, which often pass between man and wife.

Some of the younger children were

\* The fairies.



wandering about in the cold moonlight, zealously seeking for protecting "angry weed," to charm them against the fearful displeasure of their parents, for the ensuing year. The revered and grey-tressed patriarch of the family, with fearful inquisitive looks and quivering lips, silently tottered about on his crutches, to inspect the lusty "live-longs" which each of his beloved grandchildren had suspended from the roof on Midsummer Eve. If the plant still looked green and healthy, his countenance lighted up into a faint smile, and a pious ejaculation escaped from his thin lips; but if he met with one which shewed the sickly symptoms of decay, how woefully would the fond old man look round for the child who had hung it up, impressed with the heart-sickening certainty, that the sunk eye and pale cheek of his little darling were sorrowful foretokens of the untimely death predicted by the fatal live-long.

A troop of the youngest boys were kneeling round a bucket of ice-cold water, into which the old people, from time to time, threw small pieces of coin, for the shivering younglings to pick up from the bottom with their freezing lips. Some of the maidens were pouring molten lead through the bow of a rusty key into a bowl of pure fountain-water, and tracing indistinct semblances to different objects in the various shapes which the lead assumed. If any of them happened to cast the likeness of a ship, her future lord was doomed to be a hardy sailor. If fancy could warp a mis-shapen lump of the cooled metal into the similitude of a horse, a helmet, or a sword, the happy lass tempted her fate no farther, but merrily danced away, rich in the dear hope of being wedded to a gallant soldier. If the dim resemblance accorded not with her sympathies or inclinations, the dissatisfied and pouting girl would try her luck again, again to be defeated in her hopes: until, at length, wearied and disgusted, she rose from the mystic well with a sad heart and a heavy brow, to seek for consolation, and promises of better fortune in a different rite.

During one of those moments of

universal, silence which often happen in the most roystering assemblages, a loud and rather melodious voice was heard at a little distance gaily chanting an old beggarman's song, to one of the merriest tunes that ever flowed from the lips of mirth and happiness.

In a few moments the children came tumbling in, and joyfully announced the unexpected arrival of Larry Donovan. The welcome information was received with an unanimous burst of enthusiastic rapture, which had hardly subsided when Larry Donovan, the ancient *buc-haugh*, mounted on a grey drowsy-looking, lop-eared ass, made his appearance at the open doorway. Men, women, and children were all collected about the threshold to greet the arrival of the white-bearded, jovial beggarman, who continued to troll his old song amid the hearty *kead-mille-a-fal-tha's\**, that were showered upon him from every quarter. He vigorously raised himself from his pad, and reaching over the heads of the delighted youngsters, warmly grasped the trembling, out-stretched hand of the old patriarch. This action betrayed a pair of thin mis-shapen legs that dangled impotently behind Larry's muscular calves, under whose efficient covert they had hitherto been concealed. "Who have you there, Larry?" cried twenty voices at once. "Och! boys, boys," replied the happy mendicant, "I'll engage my fellow-traveller and kinsman here, will make every one of your young hearts dance with joy this merry night:—who did you think, boys, I'd mount upon my Rory and bring along with me to the house of revelry and feasting, but honest Dennis O'Neil, the old piper of Innismury." Dennis now shewed his grizzled face over the broad shoulder of his companion, and struck into the heart of the tune of Larry Donovan's much-loved song, pealing forth such cheering notes from his pipes, as he entered the house, that every eye beamed with transport and every toe was set in merry motion.

The floor was quickly cleared for dancing, and after Larry and the piper had quaffed a piggin of pure Pothien† between them, the latter gave the sig-

\* Kead-mille-a-faltha, a hundred thousand welcomes.

† Pothien, very strong whiskey.

nal for the lads and lasses to take their places. Every brow was beaming with joy and expectation, the young men were looking lovingly into the blue eyes of their maiden partners, when, after a moment's pause, the top couple started off to the galloping measures of "Kiss in the Furze."

I had now an opportunity of more particularly surveying the figure and appearance of the buchaugh. He was a tall handsome-looking old fellow, with a bright eagle glance, a high unfurrowed forehead, a full cheek and a profusion of long white locks floating carelessly down his back and bosom. He was wrapped up in a coarse blue cloak, fastened at his breast with a wooden skewer. A broad leathern belt was buckled round his middle, to which his little meal-can, and flat whiskey bottle were carefully fastened, and a nut-brown doothien or stunted tobacco pipe, was twisted in the band of his old slouched hat. He was engaged in deep *confab* with the aged grandsire of the family, but his ear was still attentive to the rapid flow of the tune, and he regularly beat time with the iron point of his oaken pike.

As soon as the dance was ended, preparations for the supper were set about with infinite vigour and alacrity. A neighbour's son disappeared for a few seconds, and returned with a colossal "cobler's nob,"<sup>\*</sup> which, Meleager like, he presented on bended knee to our host's eldest daughter, the blooming little Alice, and gave the signal for every youth to salute his willing partner by imprinting a warm kiss on the ripe luscious cheek of the blushing damsel.

The young man's gift was immediately ushered into an iron pot, a kish of turf and a fresh log were brought in—the good wife spitted a fine turkey, and a quarter of fat kid (which, when drest, tasted as delicious as fawn's flesh,) and little Nicodemus, our host's youngest boy, with a mortified and reluctant air, took his allotted station in the chimney corner, and sullenly and slowly turned round the richly-fraught spit with a heavy old-fashioned iron hand-dog.

The simmering waters soon began to send forth the most delicious of sounds

to the ears of the hungry; the blue flames curled and twined round the black crocks in snake-like coils; the moaning wind sang a melancholy foretoken of the death of the waning year; the burning turf, and the bright embers of the crumbling log, assumed strange images in the eyes of superstition and fancy; and the whole party drew closely round the glimmering hearth, drinking with greedy ears the honeyed words of the old Buchaugh. He was rich in the legendary histories of all the great families in the kingdom; explained the origin of such bitter maledictions as "the curse of Cromwell," and "the screech of the morning;" sang ancient ditties, and told affecting love-stories, and superstitious tales of midnight goblins, ladies clad in white garments tinged with crimson blood, and gaunt warriors galloping through dark glens in sable armour and plumes of waving fire; fearful visions of dying men; and rich descriptions of fairy revels among old ruins, or on the bright greensward, in the chill moonlight beam.

He had travelled from a village on the other side of Sligo, with the ancient piper behind him, alternately playing boisterous tunes and singing roaring catches, to scare away the mischievous elves and fearful goblins that flit about in the dark, and play lawless pranks upon sober travellers with impunity, on All Hallowmas Eve. "Wicked flesh and blood too," quoth he, "is often abroad on such a night as this. I remember, this time seven years, a poor sinful soul of a footpad formed a plan to waylay me, as I passed from father Fitzpatrick's snug little cabin, on the bog's side, to old Biddy Maguire's merry-making on the hill. The simple fool thought, perhaps, that my old cloak, like Thady Aroon's, was lined with rich gold; but no such thing, boys: Larry Donovan never takes more from charitable Christians, than just enough to make his heart glad, and his tongue chirrup for the night, living like the happy birds in the forest, without a single thought of the morrow. Well, boys, the footpad not having a distinct recollection of my figure, attire, and *phiznomy*, or perhaps being

\* Pig's head.

hoodwinked by the thoughts of the ugly business he was going about, instead of my own poor body, actually fell upon little Jack Delany, that keeps the *shebeen*-house in the valley. It is an old saying and a true one, that a bad cause makes a weak heart; and by this pike in my grasp, little Delany overcame the cowardly cur of a footpad, (who was no Irishman, do you mark,) knocked the dirty poltroon down, and resolutely robbed him. Now, whether Delany was justified in going so far, Larry Donovan won't pretend to decide; for I'm told it was a poser for the rosy, good-humoured priest himself. But when Jack lies on his low death-bed, with the clammy dews standing on his brow, the moaning *bibe* combing her yellow locks, and singing the death-wail at his casement, then will this, and all poor Delany's other actions, appear to his darkening eye in their true colours."

The supper-table was now prepared. The bright holiday pewter-plates and dishes gleamed upon the board, to the utter exclusion of the wooden bowl and rude trencher. The cobbler's nob grinned ghastly in the centre, surrounded by huge piles of laughing potatoes, while the light brown kid and frothy turkey harmoniously mingled their tempting odours. *Caulcannon* and apple-pies were smoking on all sides; piggins of pure Pothien shone brightly on different parts of the loaded table; and we took our seats as old Dennis played a festal flourish on his sonorous pipe.

After the repast, dancing was resumed, and the old mendicant cheerily accompanied the music with several verses of the old song,

" 'Twas on a day,  
When play was passing free  
With great pleasantry,  
Mirth and jollity,  
Och! Ro!  
And dancing also."

The diversion was kept up for many hours, when the exhausted young men and maidens again flocked round the entertaining Buchaugh. I had wound myself into the very inmost recesses of his affectionate old breast, by a lucky as-

sertion that there were wandering mendicants in Fairy-land, as well as among the Milesians. A blended expression of surprise and rapture sat on his happy countenance, and he listened with dumb attention to my recital of part of the Beggar's petition to Mab the Fairy Queen.

As I concluded my quotation from the alms-begging prayer of the pigmy mendicant to her fairy grace, when she was rioting perhaps on "a moon-parched grain of purest wheat," or

"The broke heart of a nightingale  
O'ercome in music,"

the old Buchaugh cordially grasped my hand, and, drawing his tattered cloak closer about him, requited me with a narration of "his travels into foreign parts."

After a preliminary draught, and the usual guttural "notes of preparation," he thus began:—"Many, many long years ago, when the good wife in the bee-hive chair was as blooming a lass as any of the young blossoms that gather around her, I was slowly pacing along the sea-shore, near the little village of Stradbally, when a barefooted little fellow ran up to me, ready to explode, with a message from old Thady Aroon, the great Buchaugh, who lay at the last extremity of life in one of the little cabins in the village. I found the old man at holy devotion with a venerable priest; and as soon as his prayers were ended he motioned me to approach, and, convulsively pressing my hand to his weakly-throbbing heart, in a tremulous and broken voice spoke to me as follows;—"Donovan," said he, "you're my own cousin-german, and I am sure you've as honest a heart as ever beat in the bosom of man. You know well enough how long I've been wandering over the land, curing the sick, amusing the lusty, carrying love-tokens over mountains and rivers, and bearing fond requests to young maidens from their lovers, to look up to the bright moon at midnight, and think that those who dearly loved them, although far, far away, were at that moment lifting their eyes to the same place, and fondly musing upon them.

In the course of a long life I have contrived to glean a mighty sum of money, which you will find carefully sewed up in my old patched cloak, with many valuable bonds and good notes from some of the great ones of the land. These I deliver up to thee, in the presence of this good and holy man, solemnly enjoining thee to act faithfully, and do the bidding of thy dying kinsman. By the side of the Blackwater you will find my only and beloved daughter, in a white little cottage, which was lately inhabited by my pious sister Bridget, whose death-lament was sung a few weeks ago—and my sweet bud is now left desolate and unprotected. She is married; but her husband breathes the air of a foreign and far-distant land. He is a young East Indian, whom his parents sent over to a relation in Dublin, for the purpose of receiving a liberal education. He saw my mild and beautiful child, loved her, and was beloved, ardently beloved, in return. Although springing from a proud and ancient family, he disdained not to wed with the humble blood of a wandering Buchaugh. True love levels all distinctions and degrees. The youth was suddenly called to the Indies by his father, and he left my daughter with her aunt, until he should have somewhat smoothed the severity of his proud father's displeasure, which he expected would at first rage most vehemently, on hearing that the child of his hopes had married without his consent, and to the daughter of a beggar too—a wandering Buchaugh on the mountains of Erin. He knows not that Peggy's old father can give her the dowry of a Duchess, neither does the girl herself. I have confided the secret of my wealth to none on earth before this day. I fear, from the young man's silence, that his father has roughly thrust him from his roof for his indiscretion; and my dying wish is, that you, my friend, should accompany my Peggy to Calcutta, seek out her beloved husband, and place them above the frowns and scorns of the cold world, and his cruel haughty relatives, by endowing them with this my tattered cloak.

“The old man died a few hours after, and I sought out the young bride's

cottage at the place mentioned by the old Buchaugh.

‘There I heard the thrushes warbling,  
The dove and partridge I there descried,  
And the lambskins sporting every morning  
Down by the banks of Blackwater side.’

After a long search, I at length discovered the jewel; and truly never did the warm eye of youth gaze on a more lovely object. The deep melancholy in which I found her absorbed, her pale countenance and mourning raiment, interested me beyond measure. I was then young and warm-hearted, and looked upon her with feelings little short of pure devotion.

‘Her head hung down on her white, white breast,  
A true lover's knot to her heart she press'd,  
And the tear-drop gleam'd on her cold pale cheek,  
Like frozen dew on the lily meek.’

I shewed her the antique silver ring, richly studded with diamonds, of old Aaron, and she resigned herself wholly to my direction, bitterly bewailing the death of the Buchaugh. We courageously set sail for the Indies, braving the fearful dangers of the great ocean, and arrived in safety at the doorga father-in-law. He bore the honoured name of a proud Irish family, but unluckily springing from a younger branch, which his ancestors had impoverished by lavishing the whole of their possessions on the elder sons, he was driven to truck and barter for his support. He went on prosperously for many years, but, meeting with a sudden reverse of fortune in some great speculations, had sent for his son to marry a rich heiress, in order to prop up his falling fortunes, the tottering state of which he had much ado to conceal. What a flood of agony did these dreadful tidings pour on the heart of young Hector O'Hara, on his arrival at Calcutta! He often rallied his sinking spirits, and resolved to impart the secret of his marriage to his father; but the moment the old man appeared with his stern eye and care-worn brow, his resolution vanished. How could he hurry him into the grave, by saying he had wedded with the daughter of a beggar? How blast all those budding hopes, from the blossoming of which

he anticipated such pleasure and advantages?

"The father alternately endeavoured to threaten and cajole him into a consent to the marriage with the heir—his mother on her bended knees besought him to save her from poverty and ruin; and his sisters turned with eyes full of tears and imploring looks upon him. Oppressed with their unrelenting persecution for many weeks, he had passed the night in dreaming agony. The whole family were gathered round him in the breakfast-room, assailing him with tears, threats, and bitter reproaches—his fevered blood rushed wildly through his veins; his heart beat convulsively in his breast: his sight grew dim; his brain whirled, and I fear the fatal consent was just quivering on his white lip, when the folding doors of the apartment suddenly burst open, and the pale face and slender figure of his Peggy appeared before him. "My wife! my dear wife!" was all that he could utter, and he bounded into her encircling arms. The father stood aghast, the women shrieked, and the young wife and her husband were still locked to each other's breast when I entered the room, and with a low obeisance introduced myself as a relation of the bride. The amazement of all instantly increased; and the face of old Hector assumed an expression of unfeigned horror and disgust, as I threw the old patched cloak of the Buchaugh at his feet, loudly proclaiming it to be the marriage portion of his son's wife. The sudden jerk loosened some of the stitches, and a shower of bright gold covered the floor. In a few words I explained every thing. The winning ways of Peggy soon moved the hearts of the family

in her favour; her husband was happy in her love; and the old gold and great money-bonds of the wandering Buchaugh effectually saved the sinking fortunes of the proud old Hector O'Hara.

"The grateful young couple implored me to pass the remainder of my days under their roof; but my heart yearned for the land of my forefathers. How could I die happy in a foreign country, with only one of my own dear kinsfolk to close my eyes and wail over my cold corpse? How could I rest under any turf but that of old Erin? The sun seemed to look upon me with a strange aspect—the moon had not half the sweet quietness in her white face, the stars did not shed the same soft light as in my own native land. There were no smiling maidens to look out upon me as I passed—no bright-eyed children to listen to my tales—no hoary grandsires to drop the tear at my pathetic ditties—no festal merry-meetings on All Hallow Eve—no willing voice to join with me in loudly chanting the soul-stirring anthem of *Erin-go-bragh*. My heart was in Ireland, all my affections were centered in my own country; and I quickly bade adieu to my kind friends, and cheerily set sail again for my own little Isle of the Ocean."

The old Buchaugh and the merry piper continued to amuse us for the greatest part of the night; nor did the rustic party break up before many of the youngsters were dozing in their seats, the piper's eyes twinkling with the effects of the strong Pothien, the merry cock crowing out his matinal salutation, and the grey dawn glimmering over the summit of the lofty Knock-na-ree.

#### VALE CRUCIS.

*A Welsh Song, by Mr. Roscoe.*

VALE of the Cross, the shepherds tell,  
'Tis sweet within thy woods to dwell,  
For there are sainted shadows seen,  
That frequent haunt thy dewy green;  
In wand'ring winds the dirge is sung,  
The convent bell by spirits rung,  
And matin hymns, and vesper pray'r,  
Break softly on the tranquil air.

Vale of the Cross, the shepherds tell,  
'Tis sweet within thy woods to dwell,  
For peace has there her spotless throne,  
And pleasure to the world unknown;  
The murmur of the distant rills,  
The Sabbath silence of the hills,  
And all the quiet God has given,  
Without the golden gates of Heaven.

(New Monthly Magazine, March.)

## SKETCHES OF ITALY IN PROSE AND VERSE.

*Passage of the Alps.*

HAIL, lovely land ! from cliffs where Winter reigns  
 Stern midst his snows, I seek thy sunny plains,  
 And gazing, breathless with the new delight,  
 Far, far beneath me bend mine eager sight,  
 To watch the radiance of thy beauty break  
 Through vapours frowning round each rugged peak.  
 One spot appears, one line of tender blue—  
 Are those the hills I loved, the vales I knew  
 E'en from my childhood in the Poet's strain ?  
 Behind yon beetling crag they're lost again ;  
 And Desolation re-assumes her sway,  
 And forms of Terror close around my way.  
 Once more the clouds dispart ; yon gorge between  
 A line of brighter, clearer light is seen,  
 Wide and more wide its spreading circles swell,  
 Pale tints of saffron glance o'er tower and fell,  
 And rays of purple mingling with the shade  
 Stream o'er the plain, and in the horizon fade ;—  
 Here, weary pilgrim, rest thine anxious eye,  
 That is the land you seek ; there, there lies Italy.  
 And yet I linger—Yes, thou Power sublime,  
 That dwell'st exulting 'mid the wrecks of Time,  
 I pause e'en at the portal of thy fame,  
 And feel that even Beauty woos in vain,  
 Whilst thou, encircled by majestic forms,  
 Stalk'st wildly by, and through the deep-toned storms  
 Speak'st to the elements. Thy word is past !  
 The icy mountain quivers to the blast,  
 The overhanging avalanche impends,  
 It crashes, toppling downward, it descends  
 With repereussive echoes, sweeping wide  
 Forest and hamlet in its furious tide ;  
 Now in broad cataracts of splendour tost,  
 Now shatter'd into sparkling gems of frost,  
 Now thundering o'er the precipice's verge  
 Through the black glen, and bursting into surge.  
 Dread symbols of omnipotence Divine,  
 Works of the Eternal Intellect, whose shrine  
 Is universal Nature, in this hour  
 Of solitude I feel, I own your power  
 With keener sense : ye mountains, tempest-riven,  
 From peak to base ; ye torrents, madly driven  
 With wreck of crag and forest to the night  
 Of fathomless gulphs ; ye snowy floods of light,  
 Ridged like the billow of a shoreless main  
 Behind the pathway of the hurricane—  
 There is a spirit in you, which comes o'er  
 The mind's lone contemplations—let me pour  
 Its feeling in my breast, and as I gaze adore.  
 Eternity speaks from your heights, around  
 Your icy brows sweeps the awakening sound  
 That hails us as immortal : this vile earth,  
 This body, prison of our heavenly birth,  
 Holds not communion with ; 'tis the soul  
 That mingles with your terrors, in the roll  
 Of your deep thunders, in the distant voice  
 Of cataracts, commanding to rejoice  
 Its heaven-aspiring faculties. Power, might,  
 And majesty, the vast, the infinite,  
 Are shadow'd in those giant forms, and raise  
 To them our aspirations whilst we gaze

Till all the bitter ills of life, which tear  
Our mortal part, the stripes of grief which bare  
Our bleeding bosoms to the scoffs of those  
Whose morbid dulness feels not Fancy's woes,  
Glance harmless from us ;—here at length we're free ;  
Nature, these mental spectres haunt not thee.

**T**HE road over Mont Cenis first conducted me into Italy. What I saw and felt on the occasion suggested the foregoing lines. I will detail in prose, from the memoranda I made on the spot, more accurately, the observations which occurred to me, and the emotions which I experienced.

*April 5.* We left the small town of St. Michael at break of day, and at the first post arrived at Modene, situated very romantically at the entrance of a deep defile of precipitous mountains. From Modene we began very perceptibly to ascend, although the commencement of the passage of Mont Cenis is not reckoned from this place, but from Lans-le-bourg, a stage farther. The scenery, upon our leaving Modene, assumed the wildest and most magnificent character: the precipices were sudden and deep, the valleys below hollowed out into a variety of savage forms, and their natural gloom increased by the thick woods of pine which overhung them; the mountains peaked and covered with snow, and projecting their bleak and barren sides and straight unbroken lines into the glens beneath. At Lans-le-bourg we had attained an elevation above the sea of more than 4000 feet. From this place the ascent became more rapid: we were forced to put on an additional pair of horses to the carriage, and to take with us some peasants, to assist in supporting its weight on the edge of the precipices, which, by the accumulation of snow, were rendered more than usually dangerous. We proceeded on foot, in order to have a more perfect view of the scenery. The road ascended by long traverses, six of which, each a mile in length, led from Lans-le-bourg to the highest point of Mont Cenis which it was necessary to pass. Our prospect was dreary in the extreme: on every side we saw wide-expanded snows, interrupted only by dark woods of pine, which stretched up the mountains. The snows were in some parts so deep,

that the posts which are placed at the edge of the road to mark its direction, and which must be at least sixteen feet high, were almost covered. The snowy masses impended over our heads from the verge of perpendicular cliffs, and threatened to descend and overwhelm us as we passed; or they had fallen across the road, and had been cut through by the workmen constantly employed on Mont Cenis, in order or to afford a passage. Whether Hannibal passed over Mont Cenis or not has been a subject of debate and inquiry. It is however, impossible to cross it without perpetually recurring to the adventures of the Punic chief, and the admirable narrative of his historian. “*Ex propinquo visa montium altitudo, nivesque cœlo prope immixtæ, tecta informia imposita rupibus, pecora jumentaque torrida frigore, homines intonsi et inculti, animalia inanimaque omnia rigentia gelu, cætera visu quàm dictu fœdiora terrorem renovarunt.*” The day was very cold, and the wind rushing down the deep gorges of the mountain, and bringing with it particles of snow, beat directly in our faces, and added much to the difficulty of the ascent. We, however, reached the highest part of the road in about two hours and a half. We then traversed a dreary plain, completely buried under the snow, from one part of which we had a fine view of the highest peak of Mont Cenis, which, as we passed, burst for a few moments from the clouds that surrounded it, and then retired again into obscurity. On this plain is situated a convent, the monks of which are especially charged with the care and protection of the distressed traveller. Near the convent is a lake which I conclude to be the one which Strabo notices as the sources of the rivers Druentias and Durias. At a short distance beyond, near a single house called the *Grande Croix*, we found sledges waiting for us. We placed ourselves in them, and began to descend very

rapidly. Each sledge was drawn by a mule, and guided by an athletic weather-beaten mountaineer. In one place the descent was so rapid, that my guide dismissed the mule, and directed the sledge down a shelving bank of snow, so steep that my own weight was sufficient to impel it with considerable velocity. Nothing could be wilder than the whole scene. The mountaineers with their sledges bounding from rock to rock, or sliding with their burden down the ridges of congealed snow; the bare broad cliffs hung with icicles, or the torrent suspended in its course by the frost; the road winding above our heads in short traverses, down which was seen at a distance the carriage slowly descending; a rude bridge thrown across a chasm or mountain-stream; the deep black valley below, in which appeared the small solitary village half buried beneath the impending rocks; and the vast amphitheatre of Mont Cenis, with its attendant mountains closing in every direction around us, covered with snow and veiled in clouds—all together formed a scene of impressive magnificence and desolation. We left our sledges at a small place called San Nicolo, and

descended in our carriage the rest of the way to Susa, along an excellent road. We soon perceived that we were approaching a warmer climate; the snow disappeared altogether from the edges of the roads, although at the corresponding elevation on the side of Savoy it was several feet deep; the air was much milder, and breathed upon us the balmy softness of Italy. About an hour before we reached the foot of the mountain, Susa was visible, deeply sunk amidst cliffs of great elevation. As we descended, and as the mountains by which we had been so long surrounded gradually opened, we caught a glimpse of the distant Italian plains and hills, seen through the vista of the termination of the range of Cenis. At one point the view was extremely beautiful: vineyards and majestic woods of chesnut formed the foreground; the small village of Novalese, with the spire of its church, appeared a little beyond; Susa still farther; and the river Duria, winding amidst the dark cliffs of the Alps, seemed to steal along with delight to the purple hills and green plains of Italy, which were seen faintly in the distance.

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#### PHILLIPS'S HISTORY.\*

**M**R. Phillips is very advantageously known to the public by his former work, which, though defective and erroneous in parts, yet possesses so much of curious information and useful instruction as to be very generally acceptable to almost every class of readers. The volumes now offered are equally deserving of praise. The author has bestowed similar pains in digging into ancient writers for the opinions of antiquity on the vegetable world, the strange ideas entertained of the properties of particular plants, the superstitions connected with others, and the domestic purposes to which all that were known at certain eras were applied. This research, mixed as it is with the statement of recent discoveries, and the results of an improved system always creating new varieties, forms al-

together a mass of intelligence at once entertaining in the perusal, and replete with matter that may be turned to pleasure and profit in the every-day routine of life.

During the reign of George III. *six thousand seven hundred and fifty-six rare exotics* were introduced into Great Britain; and the fostering rule of his august successor assures us that still more marked and rapid progress will continue to be made in thus improving and enriching the country. To exemplify our subject in details, we pass Artichoke, Asparagus, Asphodel, Barley, &c. &c. being attracted by its poetical analogies to *Ocimum* or Basil. Mr. P. defines its order genus, &c. and says,

“The difficulty of overcoming superstitious prejudices is fully exemplified in this fragrant herb. It was an opin-

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\* History of Cultivated Vegetables; comprising their Botanical, Medicinal, Edible, and Chemical qualities; Natural History; and relation to Arts, Science, and Commerce. By Henry Phillips, author of the History of Fruits known in Great Britain. London, 1822.



ion among the ancients, that if basil was pounded and put under a stone, it would breed serpents; from this notion its use was decried;—and when it was transplanted into our climate, which was found too cold for serpents, these reptiles degenerated into worms and maggots, which, we are told, this vegetable will engender, if it be only chewed, and put into the sun.

“Basil was condemned by Chrysippus, more than two hundred years B.C. as being hurtful to the stomach, a suppressor of urine, an enemy to the sight, and a robber of the wits. Diodorus added, that the eating of this plant caused cutaneous insects; and the Africans were persuaded that no person could survive if he were stung by a scorpion on the same day that he had eaten basil.

“We notice the story told by Hollerus of this plant to shew how far superstition and credulity carried the ill effects of basil. He relates, that an Italian by frequent smelling this herb, bred a scorpion in his brain. — — —

“The Romans sowed the seeds of this plant with maledictions and ill words, believing that the more it was cursed, the better it would prosper; and when they wished for a crop, they trod it down with their feet, and prayed to the gods that it might not vegetate. — —

“The French are now so partial to the flavour and qualities of this plant, that its leaves enter into the composition of almost all their soups and sauces.”

Our next examples shall be drawn from the more familiar *Faba* or Bean, and *Brassica* or cabbage—

“The meal of beans is the heaviest made from pulse, and was called in Latin *lomentum*. This was mingled with *frumentic* corn, whole, and so eaten by the ancients; but they sometimes, by way of having a dainty, bruised it first; it was considered a strong food, and was generally eaten with gruel or pottage. It was thought to dull the senses and understanding, and to cause troublesome dreams. Pythagoras expressly forbade beans to be eaten by his disciples, because he supposed them to have been produced from the same putrid matter from which, at the creation of the world, man was formed. The Romans at one time

believed, that the souls of such as were departed, resided in beans; therefore they were eaten at funerals and obsequies of the dead.

“Varro relates, that the great priests or sacrificers, called *Flamines*, abstained from beans on this account, as also from a supposition that certain letters or characters were to be seen in the flowers, that indicated heaviness and signs of death. Clemens Alexandrinus attributes the abstinence from beans to the opinion that they occasioned sterility; which is confirmed by Theophrastus, who extends the effects even to the plants.

“The Egyptian priests held it a crime to look at beans, judging the very sight unclean. The *Flamens Dialis* was not permitted even to mention the name. Lucian introduces a philosopher in hell saying, that to eat beans, and to eat our father's head, were equal crimes. — — —

“Beans make one of the finest of all baits for fish, if prepared in the following manner: Steep them in warm water for about six hours; then boil them in river-water in a new earthen pot, glazed in the inside; when about half boiled, to a quart of beans add two ounces of honey, and about a grain of musk; after which let them boil for a short time. Select a clear part of the water, and throw in a few of these beans early in the morning, and again at evening, for two or three days, which will draw the fish together, and they may be taken in a casting net in great numbers.

“The Roman name *Brassica*, came, as is supposed, from *præseco*, because it was cut off from the stalk: it was also called *Calvis* in Latin, on account of the goodness of its stalks, and from which the English name Cole, Colwort, or Colewort, is derived. The word Cabbage, by which all the varieties of this plant are now improperly called, means the firm head or ball that is formed by the leaves turning close over each other; from that circumstance we say the cole has cabbaged, or the tailor has cabbaged.

“Your tailor, instead of shreds, cabbages whole yards of cloth.”\*

\* Arbuthnot's History of John Bull.

"From thence arose the cant word applied to tailors, who formerly worked at the private houses of their customers, where they were often accused of cab-baging; which means the rolling up pieces of cloth, instead of the lists and shreds, which they claim as their due.

"We cannot here pass over the advice of Bruyerinus, respecting the preparing cabbage for the table. "I must," says he, "expose an error, which is no less common than pernicious, in preparing cabbage. Most people, in consequence of the ignorance of their cooks, eat it after it has been long boiled, a circumstance which does not a little diminish both its grateful taste and salutary qualities. But I observe, that those who have a more polite and elegant turn, order their cabbage to be slightly boiled, put into dishes, and seasoned with salt and oil; by which method they assume a beautiful green colour, become grateful to the taste, and proper for keeping the body soluble. This circumstance ought not to be forgot by those who are lovers of cabbage."

"The ancients boiled their cabbage with nitre, which rendered it at once more grateful to the palate, and more agreeable to the eye. — — —

In the *Economical Journal of France*, the following method of guarding cabbages from the depredations of caterpillars, is stated to be infallible; and may, perhaps, be equally serviceable against those which infect other vegetables.

"Sow a belt of hemp-seed round the borders of the ground where the cabbages are planted, and although the neighbourhood be infected with caterpillars, the space enclosed by the hemp will be perfectly free, and not one of these vermin will approach it."

The following miscellaneous extracts from the first volume will further illustrate Mr. Phillips' production—

*"Guinea Pepper.*—The following receipt is the famous pepper medicine for the cure of malignant influenza and sore throats; which has been found highly efficacious, and is recommended as a powerful diaphoretic, stimulant, and antiseptic.

"Take two table spoonfuls of small red pepper, or three of common Cayenne pepper, add two of fine salt, and beat them into a paste; add half a pint of boiling water, strain off the liquor when cold, and add to it half a pint of very sharp vinegar. Give a table spoonful every half hour as a dose for an adult, and so in proportion for younger patients. Perhaps this medicine might merit a trial in the yellow fever.\*

"The general mode of preparing Cayenne pepper is by gathering the bird peppers when ripe, drying them in the sun, powdering and mixing them with salt, which, when well dried, is put into close corked bottles, for the purpose of excluding the air, which disposes the salt to liquefy, and therefore is thought by some an improper ingredient in the composition. This is sometimes called Cayenne butter, and is in general esteem for the excellent relish it gives to different dishes."

*"Fennel.*—The common fennel is now but little used for culinary purposes, except as a saucc for mackerel. The French epicures keep their fish in the leaves of fennel to make them firm. It is also used in France, in water-suché, and all fish soups.

"The whole of the plant is good in soup or broth. It was formerly the practice to boil fennel with all fish, and it never would have been discontinued, had its virtues been more generally known; for it consumes the phlegmatic humour, in which most fish abound, and which greatly annoys many persons who are fond of boiled fish. Our fishmongers should at all times have a plentiful supply of this hardy and wholesome herb, every part of which agrees with the stomach.

"It is one of the five opening roots: it is recommended in broth to cleanse the blood, and remove obstructions of the liver, and to clear and improve the complexion after the jaundice and other sickness.

"The seed is one of the greater carminative seeds; and, boiled in barley-water, is good for nurses, as it is said to increase milk and make it more

\* Lunan.

wholesome for the child—a virtue attributed also to the leaves. The seeds are also recommended for those who are troubled with shortness of breath, and wheezing occasioned by stoppage of the lungs. Its leaves in decoction strengthen the sight; its juice, taken fasting, is said to cure intermittent fevers. It is a sudorific and carminative, facilitates digestion when chewed; and is a specific in malignant putrid fevers.

“There is a simple water made from the leaves, and an essential oil from the seed and leaves. Neumann says, “The oil obtained from the leaves on the upper part of the plant is much finer, lighter, and more subtle, than the oil obtained from the lower leaves. The former oil swims on water, and the latter sinks.” There is also a strong water, or kind of brandy, made of the seeds of fennel, called fennel water.

“Snakes and serpents delight in fen-

nel, and seem to eat it medicinally before they cast off their old skins. Pliny says, the ancient physicians observed that the serpents, having wounded the fennel stalk, cleared their eyes with the juice, whereby they learnt that this herb hath the singular property of cleansing our sight, and taking away the film or web from our eyes: he adds, that the only time to obtain the juice is when the stalk is nearly full grown: it was administered with honey.

“Induced by these observations, the author planted fennel on a bank in his shrubbery, where he had frequently seen snakes; but for want of that time and caution, which it requires to watch these reptiles, he has never seen them bite this herb, but has often found the stalks not only wounded, but eaten nearly half through, either by these, or some other animal.”

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THELWALL'S POEMS.\*

**A** VOLUME of poetry from the pen of a person who stands so high both in the literary and political world as Mr. Thelwall, cannot fail to be an object of more than ordinary interest; and we are persuaded, that in introducing such a production to the notice of our readers, we are conferring a reciprocal pleasure upon them and ourselves.

Many of Mr. Thelwall's poetical productions have already met the public eye, but they have never before made their appearance, in a regular or collected form, and the present may therefore be considered as the first fair opportunity that has been afforded of ascertaining his true character as a poet. Judging from these specimens, we should say, that the soft and tender is more his forte than the bold and sublime; he is better fitted to chant the amorous lay of the Troubadour, than the spirit-stirring strain of the warrior; and seems rather to aim at culling a wreath of the wild flowers that nature has strewn in his way, than at soaring

into the loftier regions of Parnassus, and giving “to airy nothing a local habitation and a name.” Nor will he suffer by this preference in the estimation of those persons, who are no admirers of certain bards of high renown, that have mistaken rhapsody for sublimity: have deemed horrors and crimes to be the most appropriate subjects of soothing song, and have conceived that they approach the perfection of their art, in proportion as their language becomes remote from common understanding, and their descriptions from versimilitude. With writers of this stamp, Mr. Thelwall has certainly nothing in common; but he may justly claim an honourable station among those who have excelled in strains of sweetness and tenderness, and in awakening the better feelings, and kindlier sensibilities of our nature. His anacreontics, of which there are several in the collection, exhibit very superior powers: we subjoin the following as a specimen.

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\* The Poetical Recreations of the Champion. London, 1822.

# IF WHEN THE SPARKLING GOB- LET FLOWS.

If when the sparkling goblet flows,  
I braid my temples with the rose,  
And, while reflected o'er the brim,  
I see the deepening blushes swim,  
With wilder ecstasies of soul,  
I bid the tide of Bacchus roll,—  
'Tis that the blush that paints the rose,  
A type of thee, my fair, bestows,  
And bath'd within the cup I'd be,  
That glows with love, and glows of thee.

If, when retiring to repose,  
Still in my chamber bloom the rose,  
And, twin'd in many a wreathing string,  
O'er all my couch a fragrance fling,  
Which scattering on my fervid breast,  
Sooths me, with opiate charm, to rest;—  
'Tis that the fragrance of the rose  
The breathing of thy lip bestows:  
And dreams of bliss it waits to me,  
That breathe of love, and breathe of thee.

Then come, Naera! sweeter rose!  
For whom my restless fancy glows;  
Come—whelm in dearer joys the soul  
Than ever bath'd in flowing bowl;—  
Come, and, in waking kisses, deal  
Such rapture as my dreams reveal;  
And while, with mingling soul, I sip  
The balmy fragrance of thy lip,  
More—more than vision'd bliss 'twill be—  
To wake to love, and wake for thee.

From many of equal merit, we offer  
to our readers, the beautiful piece entitled,

## HOPE DEFERRED.

Brimful of bliss the goblet flow'd,  
'Twas lifted to the very lip;  
With hope the thirsty bosom glow'd,  
And the bow'd head was bent to sip:

But envious fortune snatch'd away  
The mantling promise of delight:  
O'er-clouded was the genial ray,  
And the sweet dream was put to flight.

O Mary! is the goblet gone—  
The draught forever cast away?  
Or is it but a while withdrawn,  
To come more sweeten'd by delay?

Yes, Mary! yes—that speaking eye  
Tells me the cup again shall flow:  
And bless'd occasion shall supply  
The mutual bliss we pant to know.

The following version of the 138th  
psalm certainly appears to us extremely  
harmonious.

## FAST BY THY STREAM, O BABYLON.

Fast by thy stream, O Babylon, reeling,  
Woe-begone exile, to the gale of evening  
Only responsive, my forsaken harp I  
Hung on the willow.

Gush'd the big tear-drops, as my soul remembered  
Zion, thy mountain paradise, my country!  
When the fierce bands Assyrian, who led us  
Captive from Salem,

Claim'd, in our mournful bitterness of anguish,  
Songs and unseason'd madrigals of joyance;  
"Sing the sweet-temper'd carol that ye wont to  
Warble in Zion."

Dumb be my tuneful eloquence, if ever  
Strange echoes answer to a song of Zion:  
Blasted this right hand if I should forget thee,  
Land of my fathers.

The reproach under which our language labours of harshness, arising from the frequent recurrence of hissing sounds, is well known. Mr. Thelwall has given us a curious specimen of "an English song without a Sibilant," as a proof that this fault might partly, at least, be avoided. As it contains but a few stanzas, and may be considered a kind of poetical novelty, we shall subjoin it.

## SONG.

No—not the eye of tender blue,  
Tho' Mary, twere the tint of thine;—  
Or breathing lip of glowing hue  
Might bid the opening bud repine,  
Had long enthrail'd my mind:

Nor tint with tint, alternate aiding  
That o'er the dimpled tablet flow,  
The vermilion to the lily fading;  
Nor ringlet bright with orient glow  
In many a tendril twin'd.

The breathing tint, the beamy ray,  
The linear harmony divine,  
That o'er the form of beauty play,  
Might warm a colder heart than mine,  
But not for ever bind.

But when to radiant form and feature,  
Internal worth and feeling join  
With temper mild and gay good nature,—  
Around the willing heart, they twine  
The empire of the mind.

We had marked several other beautiful passages for extracting, but our limits will not admit of their insertion; we must therefore refer our readers to the work itself for further entertainment. For ourselves, we can truly say, that this miscellany has much exceeded our expectations, and that we should be glad indeed, could we always in our moments of relaxation from the severer pursuits and occupations of life, ensure amusement equal to that which we have derived from the Poetical Recreations of the Champion.

*Mon. Mag. March.*

## Stephensiana, No. V.

(Monthly Magazine.)

*An Original LETTER from a Traveller of Distinction, concerning GENERAL WASHINGTON.*

ON my arrival at Alexandria, I was exceedingly desirous to visit Mount Vernon, a seat belonging to General Washington at ten miles distance. After having traversed several extensive woods, and surmounted two hills, I discovered a house built in a style of elegant simplicity, and appearing in every respect agreeable. In front of it, were meadows kept in excellent order; on one side were tables and offices, and on the other a greenhouse and several buildings in which negroes were at work, and a court-yard adjoining was full of turkeys, ducks, geese, and other fowls. This house which commands a charming prospect of the Potomac, has a large and elegant portico on the side towards the river; the apartments are admirably adapted to the building, and the outside is covered with a kind of varnish, that renders it impenetrable to the rain.

The general, who did not arrive until the evening, when he came home exceedingly fatigued, had been visiting a distant part of his property, where he intended to open a new road. You have often heard him compared to Cincinnatus; the comparison is exact. This celebrated general is no more at present than a plain planter, unceasingly occupied about the cares of his *farm*, as he himself terms it.

He shewed me a barn which he had just finished; it is a building about one hundred feet in length, and of a breadth in proportion. It is destined to contain his corn, his potatoes, his turnips, &c. Around it he has constructed stables for his cattle, his horses, and his asses, of which he has multiplied a breed hitherto unknown in that country. The different parts of this building are so skilfully distributed that one man may fill the racks with potatoes, hay, &c. in a very short time, and that without any difficulty; the general informed me that it was built after a plan transmitted him by the celebrated

Arthur Young, but that he had made several alterations in it. This barn, which is of bricks made upon the spot, did not cost above 300*l*.—in England the expenses would have amounted to 1000*l*. He has planted 700 bushels of potatoes this year: all this seems very surprising in Virginia, where they neither erect barns, nor raise provender for their cattle.

His asses, his horses, and his mules, were feeding in the neighbouring fields. He informed me that it was his intention to introduce the use of artificial meadows, which are so uncommon, and yet so necessary in that province, for the cattle often want provisions in winter. His mules thrive uncommonly well, and he has a noble stallion which will keep up the race of the finest horses to be found in this part of America. He also possesses two superb asses, one of which came from Malta and the other from Spain. He has three hundred negroes, who are distributed in log houses, scattered over different parts of his property which, in this neighbourhood alone, amounts to 10,000 acres, and Colonel Humphrey, his secretary, assured me that in different parts of America, he has more than 200,000.

The general sent to England for a farmer well skilled in the agriculture of that country, and this person presides over the cultivation of his lands.

Every thing in his house bespeaks simplicity; his table is served plentifully but without any pomp, and every part of his domestic economy evinces uncommon regularity. Mrs. Washington superintends every thing, and joins to the good qualities of a farmer's wife, that dignified simplicity which ought to characterize a lady whose husband has acted so conspicuous part.

General Washington has nothing very characteristic in his countenance, and it is owing to this circumstance that his likeness is so very difficult to be taken, and that so few painters have succeeded in his portrait. The goodness of his heart, seems conspicuous in every look, and every movement of

his mind : his eyes possess but little of that brilliancy for which they were so conspicuous at the head of an army, or during some difficult emergency in the field of battle ; they become extremely animated, however, and lively, in the heat of argument. Abundance of good sense is discoverable in all his questions and replies, and in his conversation he evinces the utmost modesty and diffidence of his own powers. He speaks of the American war as if he had not directed its operations, and of his own battles and victories, with an indifference that would not become a stranger.

After having given liberty to his country, he is now about to add to her wealth and her respectability, being called by the unanimous voice of his fellow citizens to preside over the civil government of America, and to evince that zeal, discretion, assiduity and public virtue in peace, which he so wonderfully displayed during a long, a bloody, a ruinous, but a successful warfare.

#### FASCINATION.

That serpents terrify birds, and to such a degree that the poor little victims flutter about and fall within their reach, I can readily believe ; but to suppose that they possess any charm or power of fascination will scarcely be allowed by those who deserve the name of philosophers, or who search into the reason of things. The following occurrence towards the latter end of 1800, suggests an observation that will explain some circumstantial relations quoted in natural history :—A parrot belonging to my family, was entrusted to the care of a neighbour, during our retirement to a country house, and was placed, as usual, at the window. A dromedary happened to pass by, and stretching forth its long neck towards the parrot, affrighted the poor bird to such a degree that it fell off its perch upon its back, and remained a long time in convulsions. Why give an air of adventure and surprize ? why plunge into a maze of inquiries ? May not a common incident—a fright—produced by an object of terror, serve as a clue to the judgment ? Would not this have been called fasci-

nation had the part of the dromedary been performed by the serpent ?

LADY ARCHER, formerly MISS WEST, lived to a good old age—a proof that cosmetics are not so fatal as has been supposed. Nature had given her a fine aquiline nose, like the princesses of the House of Austria, and she did not fail to give herself a complexion. She resembled a fine old wainscoted painting with the face and features shining thro' a thick incrustation of copal varnish.

Her ladyship was, for many years, the wonder of the fashionable world—envied by all the ladies that frequented the court. She had a splendid house in Portland Place, with *et cetera* equal in brilliancy and beauty to, or rather surpassing those of any of her contemporaries. Magnificent appendages were a sort of scenery she glorified in—milk-white horse to her carriage—the coachman and footman in grand, shewy liveries—the carriage lined with a silk calculated to exhibit the complexion, &c. &c.

I recollect, however, to have seen the late Mrs. Robinson go far beyond all this in the rich exuberance of her genius ; a yellow lining to her landau with a black footman, to contrast with her beautiful countenance and fascinating figure, and thus render both more lovely. Lady Archer's house at Barnes Elms Terrace, was fitted up with an elegance of ornaments and drapery to strike the senses, and yet powerfully addressed to the imagination. She could give an insinuating interest to the scenes about her, which other eyes were viewing. Her kitchen garden and pleasure ground of five acres—the Thames running in front as if appertaining to the grounds—the apartments most tastefully decorated in the Chinese style—a fine conservatory opening into the principal apartment, with grapes, slow peaches, &c. at the end a magnificent sofa, with a superb curtain, all displayed with a peculiar grace, and to the greatest advantage. Much praise was due to the arrangements in her collection of green and hot house plants, the appellations of which she was well acquainted with, as also every thing relating to their history.

## ADMIRAL SIR RICHARD HUGHES

was of an ancient family—ran away with Miss Sloane, descended from the family of Sir Hans Sloane; he was a midshipman with Sir Edward Hughes, who, by some mistake, put out the eye of his friend with a fork, when about to transfix a cock roach. While admiral on the Halifax station, he surveyed the woods of Nova Scotia, and was introduced to the King on his return, and had an audience of two hours in the closet. He then became an admiral in the West Indies. He was a very handsome man, wore a ribbon over his eye, and was at once a poet, a musician, a well-informed man, and a most accomplished gentleman.

*The late* CAPTAIN HUGHES

was the son of an admiral and a baronet. This young man, heir to a good fortune, possessed of wit and humour, and undoubtedly had many of the best requisites for a gentleman. But one fault he had also, but it was a fault that precluded his advancement, ruined his constitution completely, cut his life short, and put a period to the hopes of his family and acquaintance.

Constant and habitual intoxication having at length endangered his life, a physician belonging to the fleet told him that if he persisted he would actually wear away the *coats* of his stomach. With a *non-chalance* that too strongly marked his character, he replied, "I thank you, Doctor, for your information, but in case of such an accident, which I find it difficult to provide against, it must *work* in its *waist-coat*."

## MARMION.

The following exquisitely beautiful passage of Marmion was in circulation before the poem was published, and as it varies in some respects from the printed copy, it will be esteemed a curiosity among the devotees of the illustrious author.

Harp of the north ! that mouldering long hath hung  
On the witch elm that shades Saint Fellan's spring,  
And down the fitful breeze its warblings flung  
Till enviously did around thee eling.  
With her green ringlets muffling every stirring,  
O, wizard harp ! still must thine accents sleep  
Mid rustling leaves and fountains murmuring,  
Still must thy sweeter sounds their silence keep,  
Nor bid a warrior smile, nor teach a maid to weep.

Not so in ancient days of Caledon,

Was thy voice mute amid the fatal crowd,  
When lays of hopeless love or glory won  
Aroused the fearful, and subdued the proud.  
At each acceding pause was heard aloud  
Thine ardent sympathy, sublime and high,  
Fair dames and crested knights attentive bow'd,  
For still the burthen of thy minstrelsy  
Was knighthood's dauntless deed, and beauty's  
matchless eye.

O, wake once more ! how rude soe'er the hand  
That ventures o'er thy magic maze to stray,  
O, wake once more ! though scarce thy skill com-  
mand

Some feeble echoing of thine earlier lay :  
Though harsh and faint, and soon to die away,  
And all unworthy of thy nobler strain,  
Yet if one heart breathe higher at the sway,  
The wizard note has not been touched in vain,  
Then silent be no more ! Enchantress wake again !  
Sweet Teviot on thy silver tide,  
The glaring bale-fires blaze no more,  
No longer steel-clad warriors ride

Along thy wild and willow'd shore.  
Where'er thou wind'st by dale and bill  
All, all is peaceful, all is still,  
As if thy waves, since Time was born,  
Since first they roll'd their way to Tweed,  
Had only heard the shepherd's reed,  
Nor started at the bugle horn.

Unlike the tide of human time,  
Which, though it change in ceaseless flow,  
Retains each grief, retains each crime,  
Its earliest course was doomed to know.  
And darker as it downward bears,  
Is stain'd with past and present tears.  
Low as that tide has ebb'd with me,  
It still reflects to memory's eye  
The hour my brave, my only boy  
Fell by the side of great Dundee.  
Why, when the volleying minstrel play'd  
Against the bloody Highland blade,  
Why was not I beside him laid ?  
Enough ! he died the death of fame,  
Enough ! he died with conquering Grane.

WALTER SCOTT.

February 17, 1810.

## LORD NELSON.

I visited Lord Nelson relative to my History of the War. On the Neapolitan subject he was as impetuous in language as in gesture, two or three times clapping his hand on his sword, and once drawing it half out. When he had calmed himself on his questionable conduct in that business, I directed the discourse to the battle of the Nile, and becoming tranquil, he drew on a sheet of paper, a sketch of the positions, and entered minutely into a description of his manœuvres. I thought the sketch curious, and begged to be allowed to bring it away.

## Paragraphs.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES—LITERARY NEWS—REMARKABLE INCIDENTS, &c.



### THE UNICORN.

Mr. Campbell has brought with him from Mashow, in Africa, the head of an animal which is believed by many, and it is endeavoured to prove, to be the Unicorn of Holy Writ.

When shot it was called a rhinoceros, but the head being brought in, it was found to be different from all the others that had been killed. The common African rhinoceros, continues Campbell, has a crooked horn resembling a cock's spur, which rises about nine or ten inches above the nose and inclines backwards; immediately behind this is a short thick horn; but the head they brought had a straight horn projecting three feet from the forehead, about ten inches above the tip of the nose. The projection of this great horn very much resembles that of the fanciful Unicorn in the British arms. It has a small thick horny substance, eight inches long, immediately behind it, which can hardly be observed on the animal at the distance of a hundred yards, and seems to be designed for keeping fast that which is pen-

etrated by the long horn; so that this species of rhinoceros must appear really like a unicorn when running in the field. The head resembled in size a nine-gallon cask, and measured three feet from the mouth to the ear, and being much larger than that of the one with the crooked horn, and which measured eleven feet in length, the animal itself must have been still larger and more formidable. From its weight, and the position of the horn, it appears capable of overcoming any creature hitherto known. Hardly any of the natives took the smallest notice of the head, but treated it as a thing familiar to them. As the entire horn is perfectly solid, the natives, I afterwards heard, made from one horn four handles for their battle-axes. Our people wounded another, which they reported to be much larger.\*

It has been further stated in No. XV. of the Missionary Sketches, that "the head measured from the ears to the nose three feet: the length of the horn, which is nearly black, is also three feet, projecting from the forehead, about ten inches above the nose." There is a small horny projection, of a conical shape, measuring about eight inches, immediately behind the great horn, apparently designed for keeping fast or steady whatever is penetrated by the great horn. This projection is scarcely observed at a very little distance. The animal is not carnivorous, but chiefly feeds on grass and bushes.

"Mr. Campbell was very desirous to obtain as adequate an idea as possible of the bulk of the animal killed near Mashow and with this view questioned his Hottentots, who described it as being much larger than the rhinoceros, and equal in size to three oxen or four horses.

"The skull and horn excited great curiosity at Cape Town, most scientific persons there being of opinion that it was all that we should have for the Unicorn. An animal of the size of a horse, which the fancied Unicorn is supposed to be, would not answer the description of the Unicorn given in the Sacred Scriptures, where it is described as a very large, ferocious, and untameable creature; but the animal in question exactly answers to it in every respect.

"The Hebrew name by which it is called is *Reem*, which signifies *Might* or *Strength*. The translators of the Old Testament into

\* The head being so weighty; and the distance to the Cape so great, it appeared necessary to cut off the under jaw and leave it behind; (the Mashow who cut off the flesh from it had ten cuts on his back, which were marks for ten men he had killed in his lifetime.) The animal is considered by naturalists, since the arrival of the skull in London, to be the Unicorn of the ancients, and the same as that which is described in the 39th chapter of the book of Job. The part of the head brought to London, may be seen at the Missionary Museum; and, for such as may not have the opportunity of seeing the head itself, the annexed drawing of it has been made.



Greek called it *Monoceros*; in the Latin (or Vulgate) translation it is *Unicornis*. In various countries it bears a name of similar import. In Geez it is called *Arive Harich*, and in the Amharic, *Auraris*, both signifying "the large wild beast with the horn." In Nubia, it is called *Girnamgirn*, or "horn upon horn." This exactly applies to the skull in the Society's Museum, which has a small conical horn behind the long one. From the latter we presume this animal has been denominated the Unicorn, it being the principal, and by far the most prominent horn, the other, as before intimated, being scarcely distinguishable at a short distance. The writer of the article "Unicorn," in the Supplement to the Encyclopedia Britannica, observes, (defining the term,) "the Scriptural name of an animal, which was undoubtedly the one-horned Rhinoceros."

"Some authors, both ancient and modern, have described an animal, which they call the Unicorn, said to resemble a horse, or deer, with a long horn, represented in English heraldry as one of the supporters of the royal arms; but there is reason to doubt the existence of any such quadruped. It is probable that the long horn ascribed to such an animal is that of a fish, or, as termed by some, a Sea Unicorn, called the *Monodon*, or *Narwhal*, confounding the land and sea animal together. The horn of the fish here alluded to, was formerly imposed on the world as the horn of the Unicorn, at an immense price. On the whole, it appears highly probable that the Rhinoceros, having one long horn projecting from its face, is the only Unicorn existing, and although it has a kind of stump of another horn behind the long projecting one, yet that it has been denominated *Unicorn*, (or one horn,) from that which is so obvious and prominent; and certainly its great bulk and strength render it such a formidable and powerful animal as is described in the Sacred Scriptures."

#### STEAM ENGINES OF ENGLAND.

A French writer, M. Dupin, give the following illustration of the labour of these machines. The great pyramid of Egypt required for its erection above 100,000 men for 20 years; but if it were required again to raise the stones from the quarries, and place them at their present height, the action of the steam-engines of England, which are at most managed by 36,000 men, would be sufficient to produce the effect in 18 hours. If it were required to know how long a time they would take to cut the stones, and move them from the quarries to the pyramid, a very few days would be found sufficient. The volume of the great pyramid is 4,000,000 cubic metres, its weight is about 10,400,000 tons, or 10,400,000,000 kilogrammes. The centre of gravity of the pyramid is elevated 49 metres from the base, and taking 11 metres as the main depth of the quarries, the total height of elevation is 10 metres, which, multiplied by 10,400,000 tons, gives 624,000,000 tons rais-

ed one metre. Thus the total of the steam-engines in England represents a power of 320,000 horses. These engines moved for twenty-four hours would raise 862,800,000 tons one metre high, and consequently, 547,100,000 tons in 13 hours, which surpasses the produce of the labour spent in raising the materials of the great pyramid.

#### WASHINGTON'S STATUE.

Canova's Statue of Washington represents him as writing his farewell address. He is seated in an ancient Roman chair, with his right leg drawn up and his left carelessly extended; holding in one hand a pen and in the other a scroll; at his feet lie the baton of a field marshal, and a sword like that of the ancient Roman. The costume is also Roman, the head and neck bare, a close vest and brace, with a girdle round the waist, upon which are displayed Medusa's head and other classical emblems. The statue is of white marble of the finest kind, as is likewise the pedestal; upon the four sides of which are four bas-reliefs, commemorating important circumstances in the life of the hero.

#### GREECE.

A pamphlet of considerable interest has just been published, under the title of *War in Greece*, in which the writer draws the following picture of the respective forces, &c. of the Turks and Greeks:—"Greece at this moment is full of men highly endowed, and a powerful and general thirst for knowledge has filled the universities of Europe with Greek students, supported by the patriotic aid of their countrymen. I do not say that the Greeks are pre-eminently industrious, brave, learned, patriotic, or religious; but I do say, that to possess these qualities at all, is a strong proof of their force of character, to those who know what the Turkish sway has been, and that it still is, with regard to civilization, an exterminating principle. It is said that the Greeks lie—that they steal—that they assassinate—be it so; but let it be asked what can men do that have no protection against conquerors, who at pleasure take from them their wives, their children, their fortunes, and their lives? They will lie, whose destruction follows the truth; they will steal, from whom all has been stolen; they will assassinate, who have no other protection against murderers. There was but one reproach against the Greeks: 'Why do you not rise upon your tyrants?' and this reproach they have wiped away; let it not be said that a great people, struggling sword in hand for freedom, are a debased people; say, rather, that those surrounding nations who withhold their aid are debased."

The writer gives the following estimate of the advantages possessed by each of the contending parties:—"What is then the state of the Greeks? 1st. They are far more numerous than their enemies. 2d. They possess equal courage. 3d. They possess the greatest part of the country, and many large tracts, and some islands where

the Turk, even in the day of his strength, never could penetrate; and these form so many impregnable fortresses from which to draw supplies. 4th. The Greeks have sailors; the Turks have none. 5th. The machine of Turkish government has, in all its subordinate parts, been worked by Greeks, and will go on badly without them. 6th. The Greeks are better informed on all subjects than the Turks. 7th. They fight not for civil and religious freedom alone, but for existence; extirpation is certain, if they are defeated; whereas the Turks have Asia Minor to retreat into, and only fight for a province belonging to their sovereign. 8th. The best troops the Sultan had in his army are amongst those Greeks now in arms against him; and 9th. The Turkish army may have courage and arms, but nothing else, and is not entitled to the name of an army; it is a numerous banditti, so bad, that the last Emperor lost his life by an attempt to restore discipline and introduce the European system among the Janizaries."

Against these *nine* advantages may be placed these on the side of the Turks:— "1st. They have an established government. 2d. They hold most of the fortresses. 3d. The Sultan may have great command of money if he acts wisely. 4th. He has greater means of forging arms and making gunpowder. A total ignorance of the art of war, and a complete want of discipline, is a disadvantage common to both Greeks and Turks, but the former have the advantage of being aware of their ignorance, and eager to remedy the deficit. This feeling is a host of strength on their side."

With respect to the manner of arming the Greeks, he proposes the *pike* as the best weapon they can adopt. It can be made by every peasant; it is cheaper than any other; it needs no ammunition but courage; it is used without any instruction; it is terrible in attack, and offensive war is the game for Greece to play: It is termed by Montecuculi the *queen of weapons*. He does not assert that it is superior to the musket and bayonet generally, but it is superior to the Turkish musket that has no bayonet. In retreating, a musket is a superior weapon, and he proposes that one-fourth of the army should carry them. The cavalry should be armed with swords and lances; and pistols, which abound in Greece, might be given to both services.

#### LITERARY.

The Songs of Anacreon, of Teos, are in the press; translated into English measure, by LORD THURLOW.

Early in March will be published, *Marian De Britton*, a Novel, by Capt. DE RENZY.

That delightful writer, Miss OPIE, has in the press *Madeline*, a tale, in two vols.

We have been assured that the sale of Scottish novels has been unduly *exaggerated*, and that not more than 12,000 of one novel has ever been sold. The profits, therefore, are not more than a third of our late estimate.

The revived art of Engraving on Wood, is about to be extensively and effectually applied to the illustration of Bibles, Testaments, and Common Prayer Books. In February was published, in all the usual sizes, and varied bindings, at an advance of only four, five, or six shillings each, on different sized editions, the HOLY BIBLE, with *Three Hundred Engravings*, copied by W. M. Craig, Esq. from the designs of the great masters in the different schools of painting, and engraved in a style of superior effect and beauty. Whatever may have been the attempts hitherto made to illustrate Bibles in a pleasing and popular manner, this undertaking will unquestionably be the cheapest, most comprehensive, and complete that has ever been submitted to the world. For Pocket Bibles, impressions of one hundred and fifty, or upwards, of the best subjects will be taken on India Paper as proofs, and this edition, at the same extra cost of five Shillings, will form the most exquisitely beautiful edition of the Bible ever offered to the world. *Ornamented Testaments* of all sizes may in like manner be had, each illustrated by one hundred engravings, at two shillings above the usual price; and the cheapest School Testaments will be prepared at one shilling extra. *Ornamented Common Prayer Books* will also be prepared of every size, from the large octavo to the small 32mo, illustrated with sixty engravings, and may be had at one shilling and sixpence, or one shilling extra in every variety. By changing the inscriptions the engravings will be adapted to Bibles and Testaments in all languages. Foreign booksellers and Missionary Societies, may be supplied with sets of the engravings with inscriptions in any language for the ornament and illustration of Bibles and Testaments, whatever be the language in which they are printed. The English editions into which the engravings will be introduced, will be the best that are produced at the *authorized presses* of the United Kingdom; and the Bibles, Testaments, and Common Prayer Books, thus offered to the world, will, in consequence, unite every point of perfection.

Miss SPENCE will shortly publish a new work, entitled *Old Stories*, in 3 vols.

The Works of DOCTOR JAMES ARMINIUS, formerly of Leyden, are in the press.

#### NEW NOVELS.

Sir Heraud of Arden: a Tale.

The Priest: a Novel, 3 vols.

Maurice Powell: an Historical Welsh Tale of England's Troubles, 3 vols.

Tales of Ton; third and last Series, containing a Tale of the Heart, the Hat and Feathers, Education and no Education, &c.

De Renzy; or, the Man of Sorrow, 3 vols. May you like it.

The Scottish Orphans: a Moral Tale, founded on an Historical Fact; by Mrs. Blackford.

Guilty or not Guilty? or, a Lesson for Husbands; by Ann of Swansea, 5 vols.

# SPIRIT

OF THE

## ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

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BOSTON, MAY 15, 1822.

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(Monthly Magazine, Jan.)

### A VISIT TO MOUNT ETNA.

Catania.

**WE** set out at three o'clock, P. M. from this city, and proceeding slowly on my mule, I ruminated on the description which I am about to give you of the most celebrated of volcanoes, of which you have already heard so much, that I have decided simply to relate to you what came under my own observation. We began our march in frightful roads, amidst rocks of lava which cover the first part of the route. Our mules, habituated to these rough passes, never once stumbled; but an accident happening to mine embarrassed me greatly. I felt my foot wet, and one side of my pantaloons was covered with blood: I alighted and perceived that my mule had been recently hurt. With a handkerchief and thong we bound up the wound, and continued our journey in a road covered with lava, but bordered with superb Indian fig trees, (this fruit which is despised in America is an article of great consumption in Sicily,) ordinary fig trees, and enormous olives: every where else this tree appeared to me paltry, and of a difficult vegetation; but here it grows to admiration. After proceeding five or six miles, we passed through the village of Gravelina; where I was assailed by nearly the whole population demanding charity. The number of poor which you meet with in Sicily and Italy, is sufficient to harden the heart of the traveller, who cannot be expected to

supply the wants of such idle mendicants, who languish on a land, the fruitful soil of which affords all that is necessary for subsistence. Some miles further we perceived, and afterwards passed through, another village called Masca-Luscia: it contains two churches; one of which, nearly destroyed by an earthquake, was never very remarkable, and the other is only rendered so, by a steeple fantastically decorated with stones of various colours. We arrived, in fine, at the last village, that of Nicolosi, which appeared poorer than all the rest; this was surely in former times, the Town of Etna, where the inhabitants of Catania took refuge, on the arrival of the Greeks: the environs abound in olive trees and vineyards, which produce excellent wine. All this part was covered with ashes by the eruption of Monte Rosso, a secondary volcano which formed itself at the time of the last eruption. Monte Rosso is one of those mountains by which Etna is surrounded. It appears that when an eruption takes place, the lava making its way on the flanks of the mountains, pierces the ground in the place which offers the least resistance, and there forms a swelling, which it afterwards consolidates by flowing from above. In this village we found the guide, or, as he is called, the Pilot of Etna. After some conversation, he engaged to ascend for three piastres, about 12s.6d. From thence to the

convent, where we were to rest our beasts, we had no more than a mile to go, which we performed in coasting along Monte Rosso, whose summit was gilded by the sun, and behind which it had already set when we arrived. This mountain is several miles in circumference. I profited by the last light of the sky, in order to sketch a view of the convent, which altho' of the common extent, is nevertheless very picturesque. Built against a small hill, long since become cold, and covered with woods, it seems sheltered from the destructive effects of the volcano; from the other side, between superb fir trees, you perceive the sea, the plains of Catania and Syracuse. You are received into the convent nearly in the same manner as you would be at an inn; the best situated room for the view is reserved for strangers. We were twelve hours in coming from Catania, which is, notwithstanding, only a distance of 12 miles. Being provided with a fowl, &c. I supped pretty well, slept in my cloak, and we set out at half past nine by moonlight, the guide, servant, and myself, on our mules, the mule-driver always on foot. We first entered into an immense torrent of lava; the uncertain glimmerings of the moon gave an extraordinary aspect to the huge masses by which I was surrounded. I forgot to tell you, that in this convent, which is very convenient for the traveller visiting Etna, as he there dines and rests himself, you also put on winter clothing; in fact, that season was drawing near when we quitted the monastery. You might have seen me then on the 21st of August, dressed nearly in the same manner as in England in the month of December. Soon after, long shadows scattered here and there, and a trembling of the leaves, announced the approach to the forest of oaks, which formerly encircled Etna to the height of several miles; but which an immense torrent of lava had cruelly ravaged. The light of the moon, the huge and broken rocks, the great oaks, whose vegetation surprises the beholder, in the midst of lavas, the silence of my guides, interrupted only by the rustling of the leaves, and by the trampling of our mules, every thing led me to reflection. How

can we reconcile the evident primitiveness of Etna with what Moses informs us of the creation of the world? It is true, he does not say that God created the world in infancy; and if He made Adam at the age of 30 years, He might also well create Etna with an open crater, and its flanks covered with lava.

While journeying along, I asked my guide if it was true, as I had read, that the mountain subsisted all kinds of game and wild beasts: he begged me not to be afraid: I repeated the question to him, and received the same reply, he being still persuaded that the fear of encountering ferocious animals caused me to speak in that manner. I should, notwithstanding, be led to believe, that the mountain, considering its extent and gradual temperature, might well support them; but it seems to me that Mr. Brydone gave too wide a scope to his imagination, when he described Etna as a general botanic garden, an almost universal menagerie. As for the rest, I had not the pleasure of seeing any of these animals, and we arrived without molestation, at the extremity of their domain, the forest, which may be about six miles in width. We then entered into the most fantastical lavas; they have more of a slope, and the crevices which form there, as soon as they become cold, acquire more extent, and present a more rent appearance. It was one o'clock, and already the wind blew piercingly cold.

I was sorry not to have brought a thermometer, but I had not been able to find one for sale, either at Messina or at Catania. As for a barometer, it would have been almost useless to me; the custom of calculating the elevation with this instrument, is extremely blameable. Some have found the elevation of Etna to be 12,000 feet, and others 24,000. Cassini reckons ten fathoms for the falling line of the mercury, by adding one to the first ten, two to the second, &c., but he has never surely made the experiment of his method on very high mountains, where the air is rarefied in a much more rapid progression. Etna might be measured trigonometrically, for it descends as far as the sea, the shore being taken for the base. We may even have an approach-

ing idea of its elevation by the time which the sun's light takes in descending from its summit to the sea.\*

Having arrived near a mass of snow which filled one of the narrow passes of the mountain, a summit which looked black in the sky, made me believe that I was at the end of the journey; an old tower which I took for the *Torre del Filosofo*, confirmed me in my error. I soon after perceived another summit covered with a whitish smoke; I asked if it was much higher than the other: my guide affirmed that it was, and he was in the right, for it seemed to me to surpass the first in the whole height of Vesuvius. The road became more united, and the acclivity gentler, but the wind was very violent, and the cold as sharp as it is with you in winter. We coasted along a torrent of black lava, the more singular, as its elevation was from eight to ten feet, and perpendicular like a wall, which clearly proved to me, that this matter, in flowing, is not in perfect fusion; as a great part of the substances which it drags along, are sufficiently hard to prevent their melting, and that they are like the basalt, detached from the immense vaults which during many ages supported this natural forge. The sky began to adorn itself in the east, and we perceived the house called *Les Anglais*. You have generally the key of this hut; but not having sent a shilling, with my request, to the person it belonged to, or rather to his domestic, we entered into the stable, where we kindled the charcoal which we had brought, and I can assure you, that I experienced there a

pleasure which I had not for a long time enjoyed, that of being cold and feeling the beneficent heat of the fire. After a light breakfast I directed my steps towards the place where, according to custom, the curious go to behold the rising of the sun.

There is no sight in the world which can equal this: the point of Calabria, the sea which separates it from Sicily, the mountains of Southern Italy, even the clouds which covered them, seemed to be at your feet.

The horizon was in a blaze: a globe of fire escaped from the floods, it was the sun appearing in the midst of the fog: it was of a greyish red, and its horizontal diameter was much greater than the perpendicular. The colour became more vivid; a rapid flash of lightning which glided along the surface of the sea, announces the presence of the star of day; its diameter enlarged, and it rose in the heavens. I profited by the moment in which the shadows still lengthened on the plains, to climb up the last summit, at a distance of two miles.

I do not exactly know how it can be explained, why the sun appears lengthened in the fog, if it is not by the pressure which each bed of the latter produces on the one under it; the stars appeared brilliant and numerous, and the moon was small but bright. I have already more than once remarked this effect in the most elevated places, which I attribute to the rarefaction of the air diverging a little the luminous rays.

The mule-driver remaining with our beasts, I bent my steps towards the

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\* In returning from Alexandria to Marseilles in the month of March, I saw Etna covered with snow. A calm having lasted some hours, I profited by it to take the height of this mountain. With the aid of a mariner's compass, I perceived that the Cape Spartivento, in Calabria, reached us by the N.N.E., and Cape Passaro, in Sicily, by the S.W.; I was then sure of the point where I found myself on the chart. (We made use on board of the French charts of the Mediterranean, which are very good.) This point being at a distance of 60 miles from the foot of the axis of Etna, I measured at that time the angle which the summit of the mountain made with the horizon; it was found to be 6 degrees; which gave me a rectangular triangle of which I knew a side and the three angles, the one right the other of 6 degrees, and the third of 84 degrees. The base being of 60 miles, there remained for me only to make the following proportion:

$$\sin. 84^{\circ} : 66 \text{ miles} :: \sin. 6^{\circ} : 4\frac{2}{4}$$

The result is found to be, for the axis side of Etna, 4 miles and 24-84ths, (above 4 miles and a quarter,) or about 20,400 feet for the total height. This measure is not perhaps perfectly correct, but, at least, it approximates very near to it. If this height appears surprising, we ought to consider that other great mountains have never been measured but with the barometer, and that Mr. Brydone was surprised to see the mercury here, descending nearly two inches lower than on the summit of the Alps.



INTERIOR OF THE CRATER OF ETNA.

last summit, which, covered with a light white smoke, seemed to move away from the impatient traveller. We walked nearly a mile on an almost horizontal lava, or to speak more correctly, on striated scorizæ, or dross, which made a cracking noise under our feet, and soon after on a large swamp of snow, where we found a large round stone, three feet in diameter, of the species of those called volcanic balls, which the mountain throws up in great eruptions; but it is only a grain of metal in comparison with the volcano, which ejected it from its bosom. In fine, we mounted the last cone which supports the crater; the ashes and the stones slipping under our feet. The cold was excessive, but exercise kept us warm; I quitted my cloak, and rolling up in it some pieces of lava, I left it on the mountain. My guide, in order to repose himself, invited me at every moment to enjoy the view which presented itself. At last we arrived on the borders of the crater; but the wind was so violent, that I could scarcely cast a glance over. I was thrown down, and had it not been for my *ciceroni*, I might have rolled to the foot of the declivity which had given us so much trouble to ascend. Fastening and lying down on the ridge of the crater, I considered it at my ease, and braved the fury of *Æolus* and *Vulcan*.

It is a vast aperture having four sum-

mits of different heights, rather more than a mile in width, and on account of its inequalities, I should think it about four in circumference. It is divided into two craters, by a cone rising from its centre, and which forms a crater itself, the slope of which is not very rapid. The antient aperture is united to this cone by a gentle declivity where has probably been formed, within a recent period, a small crater, a partial volcano, a perfect truncated cone, from whence issues a great quantity of smoke. The general aspect of the crater is much less dreary than that of *Vesuvius*; the substances surrounding it are not so black, but have rather the colour of potter's earth. It is now (1819) six years since Etna has made an eruption, but it has given concussions which have alarmed the inhabitants of Catania and overthrown some houses. I attribute its silence and its tranquillity, not to the extinction of the fires, for they still rage in its bosom, but to the great vacuum which must necessarily exist under this enormous vault. The whole of the mountain being formed only by what it has seized and driven out of the bowels of the earth, we might reasonably think that an interior vacuum, perhaps equal to the half of the exterior mass, must exist; at least that it is not filled with water as some persons have believed. However this may be, it appears that in great eruptions, all

the cones, all the partial volcanoes formed in the crater, are thrown to the outside ; which must then make a frightful aperture by its extent and profundity. I don't know whether, when this cone is considerably enlarged, its weight alone makes it fall into the gulph, the vaults of which have no longer the force to sustain it, or whether the eruption suffices to cause this displacement. This question can never be well decided ; for it would then require that chance should place an observer on the borders of the crater, and in that case, he would run a great risk never to be able to relate what he had seen.

How can I describe to you the immense panorama which developed itself before my eyes ! The whole of Sicily was encircled round Etna, which its own grandeur insulates from every thing that surrounds it ; the other mountains, rivers, woods and plains, are simply traced on a map extended at my feet. Calabria, from which a small canal alone separates us, is only a point of land, which is almost lost between the two seas. Farther off is Greece, but I could not see it. The point which is distinguished to the south, in the midst of the immensity of waters, is Malta, that bulwark of christianity, that rock on which split the glory of the Ottoman arms. I fancied I saw those numerous fleets, and those brave knights who manned them, ploughing the liquid plains ; first I admired them, and soon I made the sad reflection that all were dead, that generations had succeeded them, and that man is as small in time as in space.

I was assured that we might see the coast of Africa ; but the weather was very foggy, and I could not perceive it. One thing struck me, altho' it was only a very simple effect of the perspective, and this was the inclined plane which the sea presented towards me.

In that moment, when the sun rises to render life to so many creatures, so many towns which are only a point in the extent embraced by the eye, I was truly enraptured to find myself in the centre of so vast a panorama. Of how many successive beds of lava and ashes is this mountain formed ? How many generations has it seen ? With how many eruptions has it alarmed the va-

rious inhabitants, of which we have not even an idea ?

I could not make the entire tour of the crater on account of the violence of the wind, which prevented me also from descending into the interior, which appeared to me less rapid than that of Vesuvius.

It is when seated on the borders of the crater, that we may look down from one side into the rugged flanks of the mountain, and from the other on an immense horizon ; it is then, I say, that one is tempted to reason on the nature of volcanoes. I passed in review the various systems with which I was conversant, and I am forced to confess that each of them presents difficulties. I claim your indulgence for the reading of this letter : it is already very long, I shall notwithstanding explain to you the ideas which the sight of Vesuvius and Etna has left on my mind.

Volcanoes are certainly the most surprising objects we meet with on the surface of our globe. Allow me to suppose that one man alone inhabits it ; that he walks about in his domains ; where will he find fire unless a thunder-bolt falls under his feet, or that he arrives near to a volcano, near to Etna for instance ? We may judge of his astonishment at the sight of a mountain different from all others. Huge stones, of which the whole is the true image of chaos, would at first appear to him a barrier to his arriving at the summit ; but a deafening noise is heard, the entire mountain roars, a thick cloud of smoke rises up and becomes white, a light, of which he cannot conceive the cause, covers the top and escapes in sparkling sheafs ; if curiosity has triumphed over his fear, he braves all obstacles, he traverses the snow, and at last he arrives at the summit. Some red hot stones are still strewed under his feet ; should he lay hold of one, what will he think of the pain he experiences ? Without doubt he will attribute the cause to some evil genius, to some being superior to his nature and inhabiting these places : thus of how many mythological tales has Etna been the theatre ! It was there that were found the forges of Vulcan, the cavern of the terrible Polyphemus that monstrous Cyclop,

from whose voracity Ulysses had so much difficulty in escaping ; the people believe still that Etna is the sojourn of demons—a door of hell.

It was with great regret that I quitted a spot where I breathed, I thought, with more freedom than in any other part of the world. Having arrived at the *Maison des Anglais*, I there finished my breakfast and amused myself in designing. You perceive from thence in the south-east, a tower which is detached in the sky, and which is called the Philosopher's Tower ; it is a small square heap of stones and bricks which have been elevated on the ruins of a more ancient edifice, and which was primitively constructed for the philosopher Empedocles of Agrigentum, who wishing to retire from the world and give himself up to reflection, established himself there. He might have chosen, it appears, a place less exposed to the wind, for it was on the top of one of these papillæ, so young in comparison with the mountain, but which have notwithstanding, seen so many generations pass away. It is said, that wishing to have it believed that he had been carried away by the gods, he precipitated himself into the crater, and that the latter, an unfaithful repository of the remains of this madman, vomited his brass sandals, which were found on the borders of the crater.

In a little time we arrived in the temperate region ; the road became difficult, and the fatigue became overwhelming for my beast and for myself. Near the middle of the forest is the cavern of goats ; it is a vacant space under an ancient torrent of lava ; it is 20 feet wide but very few in depth. This forest contains oaks from 20 to 30 feet round, but their exportation is very difficult ; I should have even thought it impossible if I had not met with a square piece transported on rollers, gliding on two rafters successively placed on the lava. We afterwards entered into the vast torrent of lava which flowed from Monte Rosse ; the heat of the sun became insupportable. I entered into the torrid zone, and again put on my summer clothing. This Etna is truly an image of the earth ; it may be compared to one of the two hemispheres, of the north or of the south ; its icy summit resembles the pole, and is not susceptible of culture ; its temperate zone, on the contrary, presents the finest vegetation. If I were to remain longer in Sicily, I should conduct you into the immense valley of Bova, and should exhibit to you the famous chesnut-tree of a hundred horses, which no longer satisfies the curious, because it is separated into five different trunks, which it is said are joined at their roots. I am about to set out for Syracuse. Adieu !

#### HYMN TO SPRING.

Thou virgin bliss the seasons bring,  
Thou yet beloved in vain :  
I long to hail thee, gentle Spring,  
And meet thy face again.  
That rose-bud cheek, that sunlit eye,  
Those locks of fairest hue,  
Which zephyrs wave each minute by  
And show thy smiles anew.

Oh ! how I wait thy reign begun,  
To gladden earth and skies ;  
When, threaten'd with a warmer sun,  
The sullen Winter flies ;  
When songs are sung from every tree,  
When bushes bud to bowers,  
When plains a carpet spread for thee,  
And strew thy way with flowers.

Ah ! I do long that day to see  
When, near a fountain side,  
I loiter hours away by thee,  
With beauty gratified ;

To look upon those eyes of blue  
Whose light is of the sky,  
And that unearthly face to view  
Which love might deify.

I long to press that glowing breast,  
Whose softness might suffice  
As pillow for an angel's rest,  
And still be paradise.  
And, oh ! I wait those smiles to see,  
To me, to nature, given ;  
Smiles stol'n from joy's eternity,  
Whence mortals taste of heaven.

Oh ! urge the surly Winter by,  
Nor let him longer live ;  
Whose suns creep shyly down the sky  
And grudge the light they give.  
Oh ! bring thy suns, and brighter days,  
Which, lover-like, delight  
To hasten on their morning ways,  
And loth retire at night.



Oh! hasten on, thou lovely Spring;  
 Bid Winter frown in vain:  
 Thy mantle o'er thy shoulders bring,  
 And choose an early reign.  
 Thy herald flower, in many a place,  
 The daisy, joins with me;  
 While chill winds nip his crimped face,  
 He smiles in hopes of thee.

Then come; and while my heart is warm,  
 To sing thy pleasures new,  
 Led onward by thy lovely arm  
 I'll hie me through the dew;  
 Or meet thy noon-day's sober wind  
 Thy rearing flowers to see;  
 And weave a wreath, of those I find,  
 To nature and to Thee. JOHN CLARE.

## THE KING OF THE PEAK, A DERBYSHIRE TALE.

(London Mag. Mar.)

What time the bird wakes in its bower,  
 He stood, and look'd on Haddon tower;  
 High rose it o'er the woodland height,  
 With portals strong, and turrets bright,  
 And gardens green; with swirl and sweep,  
 Round rush'd the Wye, both broad and deep.  
 Leaping and looking for the sun,  
 He saw the red-deer and the dun;  
 The warders with their weapons sheen,  
 The watchers with their mantles green;  
 The deer-hounds at their feet were flung,  
 The red-blood at their dew-laps hung.  
 Adown he leap'd, and awhile he stood,  
 With a downcast look, and pondering mood;  
 Then made a step, and his bright sword  
 drew,

And cleft a stone at a stroke in two—  
 So shall the heads of my foemen be,  
 Who seek to sunder my love from me.

(Old Derbyshire Rhyme of Dora Vernon.)

THOSE who have never seen Haddon Hall, the ancient residence of the Vernons of Derbyshire, can have but an imperfect notion of the golden days of old England. Though now deserted and dilapidated—its halls silent—the sacred bell of its chapel mute—though its tables no longer send up the cheering smell of roasted boars, and spitted oxen—though the music and the voice of the minstrel are silenced, and the light foot of the dancer no longer sounds on the floor—though no gentle knights and gentler dames go trooping hand in hand, and whispering among the twilight groves—and the portal no longer sends out its shining helms, and its barbed steeds;—where is the place that can recal the stately hospitality and glory of former times, like the Hall of OLD HADDON?

It happened on a summer evening, when I was a boy, that several curious people had seated themselves on a little round knoll near the gate of Haddon Hall: and their talk was of the Vernons, the Cavendishes, the Manners, and many old names once renowned in

Derbyshire. I had fastened myself to the apron-string of a venerable dame, at whose girdle hung a mighty iron key, which commanded the entrance of the hall; her name was Dolly Foljambe; and she boasted her descent from an ancient red cross knight of that name, whose alabaster figure, in mail, may be found in Bakewell church. This high origin, which, on consulting family history, I find, had not the concurrence of clergy, seemed not an idle vanity of the humble portress; she had the straight frame, and rigid, demure, and even warlike cast of face, which alabaster still retains of her ancestor; and had she laid herself by his side, she might have passed muster, with an ordinary antiquarian, for a coeval figure. At our feet the river Wye ran winding and deep; at our side rose the hall, huge and grey; and the rough heathy hills, renowned in Druidic, and Roman, and Saxon, and Norman story, bounded our wish for distant prospects, and gave us the mansion of the Vernons for our contemplation, clear of all meaner encumbrances of landscape.

"Ah! dame Foljambe," said an old husbandman, whose hair was whitened by acquaintance with seventy winters; "it's a sore and a sad sight, to look at that fair tower, and see no smoke ascending. I remember it in a brighter day, when many a fair face gazed out at the windows, and many a gallant form appeared at the gate. Then were the days when the husbandman could live—could whistle as he sowed; dance and sing as he reaped; and could pay his rent in fatted oxen to my lord, and in fatted fowls to my lady. Ah! dame Foljambe, we remember when men could cast their lines in the Wye; could feast on the red deer and

the fallow deer, on the plover and the ptarmigan; had right of the common for their flocks, of the flood for their nets, and of the air for their harquebuss. Ah! dame, old England is no more the old England it was,—than that hall, dark and silent and desolate—is the proud hall that held Sir George Vernon, the King of the Peak, and his two lovely daughters, Margaret and Dora. Those were days, dame; those were days.” And as he ceased, he looked up to the tower, with an eye of sorrow, and shook and smoothed down his white hairs.

“I tell thee,” replied the ancient portress, sorely moved in mind, between present duty and service to the noble owner of Haddon, and her lingering affection for the good old times, of which memory shapes so many paradises, “I tell thee the tower looks as high and as lordly as ever; and there is something about its silent porch, and its crumbling turrets, which gives it a deeper hold of our affections, than if an hundred knights even now came prancing forth at its porch, with trumpets blowing, and banners displayed.”

“Ah! dame Foljambe,” said the husbandman; “yon deer now bounding so blythely down the old chase, with his horny head held high, and an eye that seems to make nought of mountain and vale; it is a fair creature. Look at him! see how he cools his feet in the Wye, surveys his shadow in the stream, and now he contemplates his native hills again. So! away he goes, and we gaze after him, and admire his speed and his beauty. But were the hounds at his flanks, and the bullets in his side, and the swords of the hunters bared for the bristling! Ah! dame, we should change our cheer: we should think that such shapely limbs, and such stately antlers, might have reigned in wood and on hill for many summers. Even so we think of that stately old hall, and lament its destruction.”

“Dame Foljambe thinks not so deeply on the matter,” said a rustic; “she thinks, the less the hall fire, the less is the chance of the hall being consumed; the less the company, the longer will the old hall floor last, which she sweeps

so clean, telling so many stories of the tree that made it;—that the seven Virtues in tapestry would do well in avoiding wild company; and that the lass with the long shanks, Diana, and her nymphs, will hunt more to her fancy on her dusty acre of old arras, than in the dubious society of the lords and the heroes of the court gazette. Moreover, the key at her girdle is the commission by which she is keeper of this cast-off and moth-eaten garment of the noble name of Manners; and think ye that she holds that power lightly, which makes her governess of ten thousand bats and owls, and gives her the awful responsibility of an armoury containing almost an entire harquebuss, the remains of a pair of boots, and the relique of a buff jerkin?”

What answer to this unceremonious attack on ancient things committed to her keeping, the portress might have made, I had not an opportunity to learn; her darkening brow indicated little meekness of reply; a voice, however, much sweeter than the dame’s, intruded on the debate. In the vicinity of the hall, at the foot of a limestone rock, the summer visitors of Haddon may and do refresh themselves at a small fount of pure water, which love of the clear element induced one of the old ladies to confine within the limits of a large stone basin. Virtues were imputed to the spring, and the superstition of another proprietor erected beside it a cross of stone, lately mutilated, and now removed, but once covered with sculptures and rude emblems, which conveyed religious instruction to an ignorant people. Towards this fountain, a maiden from a neighbouring cottage was observed to proceed, warbling, as she went, a fragment of one of those legendary ballads which the old minstrels, illiterate or learned, scattered so abundantly over the country.

#### DORA VERNON.

I.

It happen’d between March and May-day,  
When wood-buds wake which slumber’d late,  
When hill and valley grow green and gaily,  
And every wight longs for a mate;  
When lovers sleep with an open eye-lid,  
Like nighingales on the orchard tree,  
And sorely wish they had wings for flying,  
So they might with their true love be;

2.

A knight all worthy, in this sweet season  
Went out to Carcliff with bow and gun,  
Not to chase the roebuck, nor shoot the pheasant,  
But hunt the fierce fox so wild and dun.  
And by his side was a young maid riding,  
With laughing blue eyes, and sunny hair;  
And who was it but young Dora Vernon,  
Young Rutland's true love, and Haddon's heir.

3.

Her gentle hand was a good bow bearing,—  
The deer at speed, or the fowl on wing,  
Stay'd in their flight, when the bearded arrow  
Her white hand loosed from the sounding string.  
Old men made bare their locks, and blest her,  
As blythe she rode down the Durwood side,  
Her steed rejoiced in his lovely rider,  
Arch'd his neck proudly, and pranced in pride.

This unexpected minstrelsy was soon interrupted by dame Foljambe, whose total devotion to the family of Rutland rendered her averse to hear the story of Dora Vernon's elopement, profaned in the familiar ballad strain of a forgotten minstrel. "I wonder at the presumption of that rude minion," said the offended portress, "in chaunting such ungentle strains in my ear. Home to thy milk-pails, idle hussey—home to thy distaff, foolish maiden; or if thou wilt sing, come over to my lodge when the sun is down, and I will teach thee a strain of a higher sort, made by a great court lord, on the marriage of her late Grace. It is none of your rustic chaunts, but full of fine words, both long and lordly; it begins,

Come, burn your incense, ye god-like graces,  
Come, Cupid, dip your darts in light;  
Unloose her starry zone, chaste Venus,  
And trim the bride for the bridal night.

None of your vulgar chaunts, minion, I tell thee; but stuffed with spiced words, and shining with gods, and garters, and stars, and precious stones, and odours thickly dropping; a noble strain indeed." The maiden smiled, nodded acquiescence, and tripping homewards, renewed her homely and interrupted song, till the river bank and the ancient towers acknowledged, with their sweetest echoes, the native charms of her voice.

"I marvel much," said the hoary portress, "at the idle love for strange and incredible stories which possesses as with a demon the peasants of this district. Not only have they given a

saint, with a shirt of hair cloth and a scourge, to every cavern, and a druid with his golden sickle and his misletoe to every circle of shapeless stones; but they have made the Vernons, the Cavendishes, the Cockaynes, and the Foljambes, erect on every wild place crosses or altars of atonement for crimes which they never committed; unless fighting ankle-deep in heathen blood, for the recovery of Jerusalem and the holy Sepulchre, required such outlandish penance. They cast too a supernatural light round the commonest story; if you credit them, the ancient chapel bell of Haddon, safely lodged on the floor for a century, is carried to the top of the turret, and, touched by some invisible hand, is made to toll forth midnight notes of dolour and woe, when any misfortune is about to befall the noble family of Rutland. They tell you too that wailings of no earthly voice are heard around the decayed towers, and along the garden terraces, on the festival night of the saint who presided of old over the fortunes of the name of Vernon. And no longer ago than yesterday, old Edgar Ferrars assured me that he had nearly as good as seen the apparition of the King of the Peak himself, mounted on his visionary steed, and, with imaginary horn, and hound, and halloo, pursuing a spectre stag over the wild chase of Haddon. Nay, so far has vulgar credulity and assurance gone, that the great garden entrance, called the Knight's porch, through which Dora Vernon descended step by step among her twenty attendant maidens, all rustling in embroidered silks, and shining and sparkling like a winter sky, in diamonds, and such like costly stones—to welcome her noble bridegroom, Lord John Manners, who came cap in hand with his company of gallant gentlemen—"

"Nay, now, dame Foljambe," interrupted the husbandman, "all this is fine enough, and lordly too, I'll warrant; but thou must not apparel a plain old tale in the embroidered raiment of thy own brain, nor adorn it in the precious stones of thy own fancy. Dora Vernon was a lovely lass, and as proud

as she was lovely ; she bore her head high, dame ; and well she might, for she was a gallant Knight's daughter ; and lords and dukes, and what not, have descended from her. But, for all that, I cannot forget that she ran away in the middle of a moonlight night, with young Lord John Manners, and no other attendant than her own sweet self. Aye, dame, and for the diamonds, and what not, which thy story showers on her locks and her garments, she tied up her berry brown locks in a menial's cap, and ran away in a mantle of Bakewell brown, three yards for a groat. Aye, dame, and instead of going out regularly by the door, she leapt out of a window ; more by token she left one of her silver heeled slippers fastened in the grating, and the place has ever since been called the Lady's Leap."

Dame Foljambe, like an experienced rider, whose steed refuses obedience to voice and hand, resigned the contest in despair, and allowed her rustic companion to enter full career into the debatable land, where she had so often fought and vanquished in defence of the decorum of the mode of alliance between the houses of Haddon and Rutland.

"And now, dame," said the husband-man, "I will tell thee the story in my own and my father's way. The last of the name of Vernon was renowned far and wide for the hospitality and magnificence of his house, for the splendour of his retinue, and more for the beauty of his daughters, Margaret and Dorothy. This is speaking in thy own manner, dame Foljambe ; but truth's truth. He was much given to hunting and hawking, and jousting, with lances either blunt or sharp ; and though a harquebuss generally was found in the hand of the gallant hunters of that time, the year of grace 1560, Sir George Vernon despised that foreign weapon ; and well he might, for he bent the strongest bow, and shot the surest shaft, of any man in England. His chase-dogs too were all of the most expert and famous kinds—his falcons had the fairest and most certain flight ; and though he had seen foreign lands, he chiefly prided himself in maintaining unimpaired the old baronial gran-

deur of his house. I have heard my grandsire say, how his great grandsire told him, that the like of the knight of Haddon, for a stately form, and a noble, free, and natural grace of manner, was not to be seen in court or camp. He was hailed, in common tale, and in minstrel song, by the name of the KING OF THE PEAK ; and it is said, his handsome person and witchery of tongue chiefly prevented his mistress, good Quēen Bess, from abridging his provincial designation with the headsmān's axe.

"It happened in the fifth year of the reign of his young and sovereign mistress, that a great hunting festival was held at Haddon, where all the beauty and high blood of Derbyshire assembled. Lords of distant counties came ; for to bend a bow, or brittle the deer, under the eye of Sir George Vernon, was an honour sought for by many. Over the chase of Haddon, over the hill of Stanton, over Bakewell-edge, over Chatsworth hill and Hardwicke plain, and beneath the ancient castle of Bolsover, as far as the edge of the forest of old Sherwood, were the sounds of harquebuss and bowstring heard, and the cry of dogs and the cheering of men. The brown-mouthed and white-footed dogs of Derbyshire were there among the foremost ; the snow-white hound and the coal-black, from the Scottish border and bonny Westmoreland, preserved or augmented their ancient fame ; nor were the dappled hounds of old Godfrey Foljambe, of Bakewell bank, far from the throat of the red deer when they turned at bay, and gored horses and riders. The great hall floor of Haddon was soon covered with the produce of wood and wild.

"Nor were the preparations for feasting their nobly hunting party unworthy the reputation for solid hospitality which characterised the ancient King of the Peak. Minstrels had come from distant parts, as far even as the Scottish border ; bold, free-spoken, rude, rough witted men ; 'for the sel-vage of the web,' says the northern proverb, 'is aye the coarsest cloth.' But in the larder the skill of man was chiefly employed, and a thousand rari-

ties were prepared for pleasing the eye and appeasing the appetite. In the kitchen, with its huge chimneys and prodigious spits, the menial maidens were flooded nigh ankle deep in the richness of roasted oxen and deer; and along the passage, communicating with the hall of state, men might have slid along, because of the fat droppings of that prodigious feast, like a slider on the frozen Wye. The kitchen tables, of solid plank, groaned and yielded beneath the roasted beeves and the spitted deer; while a stream of rich smoke, massy, and slow, and savoury, sallied out at the grated windows, and sailed round the mansion, like a mist exhaled by the influence of the moon. I tell thee, dame Foljambe, I call those the golden days of old England.

"But I wish you had seen the hall prepared for this princely feast. The floor, of hard and solid stone, was strewn deep with rushes and fern; and there lay the dogs of the chase in couples, their mouths still red with the blood of stags, and panting yet from the fervour and length of their pursuit. At the lower end of the hall, where the floor subsided a step, was spread a table for the stewards and other chiefs over the menials. There sat the keeper of the bows, the warder of the chase, and the head falconer, together with many others of lower degree, but mighty men among the retainers of the noble name of Vernon. Over their heads were hung the horns of stags, the tusks of boars, the skulls of the enormous bisons, and the foreheads of foxes. Nor were there wanting trophies, where the contest had been more bloody and obstinate—banners and shields, and helmets, won in the Civil and Scottish, and Crusading wars, together with many strange weapons of annoyance or defence, borne in the Norwegian and Saxon broils. Beside them were hung rude paintings of the most renowned of these rustic heroes, all in the picturesque habiliments of the times. Horns, andarquebusses, and swords, and bows, and buff coats, and caps, were thrown in negligent groups all about the floor, while their owners sat in expectation of an immediate

and ample feast, which they hoped to wash down with floods of that salutary beverage, the brown blood of barley.

"At the upper end of the hall, where the floor was elevated exactly as much in respect, as it was lowered in submission at the other, there the table for feasting the nobles stood; and well was it worthy of its station. It was one solid plank of white sycamore, shaped from the entire shaft of an enormous tree, and supported on squat columns of oak, ornamented with the arms of the Vernons, and grooved into the stone floor, beyond all chance of being upset by human powers. Benches of wood, curiously carved, and covered, in times of more than ordinary ceremony, with cushions of embroidered velvet, surrounded this ample table;—while in the recess behind appeared a curious work in arras, consisting of festivals and processions, and bridals, executed from the ancient poets; and for the more staid and grave, a more devout hand had wrought some scenes from the controversial fathers and the monkish legends of the ancient church. The former employed the white hands of Dora Vernon herself; while the latter were the labours of her sister Margaret, who was of a serious turn, and never happened to be so far in love as to leap from a window."

"And now," said dame Foljambe, "I will describe the Knight of Haddon, with his fair daughters and principal guests, myself." "A task that will last thee to doomsday, dame," muttered the husbandman. The portress heeded not this ejaculation, but with a particular stateliness of delivery proceeded. "The silver dinner bell rung on the summit of Haddon hall, the warder thrice wound his horn, and straightway the sound of silver spurs was heard in the passage, the folding door opened, and in marched my own ancestor, Ferrars Foljambe by name. I have heard his dress too often described not to remember it. A buff jerkin, with slashed and ornamented sleeves, a mantle of fine Lincoln green, fastened round his neck with wolf-claws of pure gold, a pair of gilt spurs on the heels of his brown hunting-boots, garnished a-

bove with taslets of silver, and at the square and turned-up toes, with links of the same metal connected with the taslets. On his head was a boar-skin cap, on which the white teeth of the boar were set tipt with gold. At his side, was a hunting horn, called the white hunting horn of Tutbury, banded with silver in the middle, belted with black silk at the ends, set with buckles of silver, and bearing the arms of Edmund, the warlike brother of Edward Longshanks. This fair horn descended by marriage to Stanhope, of Elvaston, who sold it to Foxlowe, of Staveley. The gift of a king and the property of heroes was sold for some paltry pieces of gold."

"Dame Foljambe," said the old man, "the march of thy tale is like the course of the Wye, seventeen miles of links and windings down a fair valley five miles long. A man might carve thy ancestor's figure in alabaster in the time thou describest him. I must resume my story, dame; so let thy description of old Ferrars Foljambe stand; and suppose the table filled about with the gallants of the chase and many fair ladies, while at the head sat the King of the Peak himself, his beard descending to his broad girdle, his own natural hair of dark brown—blessings on the head that keeps God's own covering on it, and scorns the curled inventions of man—falling in thick masses on his broad, manly shoulder. Nor silver, nor gold, wore he; the natural nobleness of his looks maintained his rank and pre-eminence among men; the step of Sir George Vernon was one that many imitated, but few could attain—at once manly and graceful. I have heard it said, that he carried privately in his bosom a small rosary of precious metal, in which his favourite daughter Dora had entwined one of her mother's tresses. The ewer-bearers entered with silver basins full of water; the element came pure and returned red; for the hands of the guests were stained with the blood of the chase. The attendant minstrels vowed, that no hands so shapely, nor fingers so taper, and long, and white, and round, as those of the Knight of Haddon, were that day dipped in water.

"There is wondrous little pleasure in describing a feast of which we have not partaken; so pass we on to the time when the fair dames retired, and the red wine in cups of gold, and the ale in silver flagons, shone and sparkled as they passed from hand to lip beneath the blaze of seven massy lamps. The knights toasted their mistresses, the retainers told their exploits, and the minstrels with harp and tongue made music and song abound. The gentles struck their drinking vessels on the table till they rang again; the menials stamped with the heel of their ponderous boots on the solid floor; while the hounds, imagining they heard the call to the chase, leaped up, and bayed in hoarse but appropriate chorus.

"The ladies now re-appeared, in the side galleries, and overlooked the scene of festivity below. The loveliest of many counties were there; but the fairest was a young maid of middle size, in a dress disencumbered of ornament, and possessed of one of those free and graceful forms which may be met with in other counties, but for which our own Derbyshire alone is famous. Those who admired the graces of her person were no less charmed with her simplicity and natural meekness of deportment. Nature did much for her, and art strove in vain to rival her with others; while health, that handmaid of beauty, supplied her eye and her cheek with the purest light and the freshest roses. Her short and rosy upper-lip was slightly curled, with as much of maiden sanctity, perhaps, as pride; her white high forehead was shaded with free and unaffected modesty. Those who observed her close, might see her eyes, as she glanced about, sparkling for a moment with other lights, but scarce less holy, than those of devotion and awe. Of all the knights present, it was impossible to say, who inspired her with those love-fits of flushing joy and delirious agitation; each hoped himself the happy person; for none could look on Dora Vernon without awe and love. She leaned her white bosom, shining through the veil which shaded it, near one of the minstrel's harps; and looking round on the presence, her eyes grew brighter as she looked; at least,

so vowed the knights, and so sang the minstrels.

"All the knights arose when Dora Vernon appeared. 'Fill all your wine-cups, knights,' said Sir Lucas Peverel. 'Fill them to the brim,' said Sir Henry Avenel. 'And drain them out, were they deeper than the Wye,' said Sir Godfrey Gernon. 'To the health of the Princess of the Peak,' said Sir Ralph Cavendish. 'To the health of Dora Vernon,' said Sir Hugh de Wodensley; 'beauty is above titles, she is the loveliest maiden a knight ever looked on, with the sweetest name too.' 'And yet, Sir Knight,' said Peverel, filling his cup, 'I know one who thinks so humbly of the fair name of Vernon, as to wish it charmed into that of De Wodensley.' 'He is not master of a spell so profound,' said Avenel. 'And yet he is master of his sword,' answered De Wodensley, with a darkening brow. 'I counsel him to keep it in its sheath,' said Cavendish, 'lest it prove a wayward servant.' 'I will prove its service on thy bosom where and when thou wilt, Lord of Chatsworth,' said De Wodensley. 'Lord of Darley,' answered Cavendish, 'it is a tempting moonlight, but there is a charm over Haddon-to-night it would be unseemly to dispel. To-morrow, I meet Lord John Manners to try whose hawk has the fairer flight, and whose love the whiter hand. That can be soon seen; for who has so fair a hand as the love of young Rutland? I shall be found by Durwood-Tor when the sun is three hours up, with my sword drawn—there's my hand on't, De Wodensley;' and he wrung the knight's hand till the blood seemed starting from beneath his finger nails.

"'By the saints, Sir Knights,' said Sir Godfrey Gernon, 'you may as well heard one another about the love of 'some bright particular star and think to wed it,' as the wild wizard of Warwick says, as quarrel about this unattainable love. Harken, minstrels: while we drain our cups to this beautiful lass, sing some of you a kindly love strain, wondrously mirthful and melancholy. Here's a cup of Rhenish, and a good gold Harry in the bottom on't, for the minstrel who pleases me.'

The minstrels laid their hands on the strings, and a sound was heard like the swarming of bees before summer thunder. 'Sir Knight,' said one, 'I will sing ye, Cannie Johnie Armstrong with all the seventeen variations.' 'He was hanged for cattle stealing,' answered the knight. 'I'll have none of him.' 'What say you to Dick of the Cow, or the Harper of Lochmaben?' said another, with something of a tone of diffidence: 'What! you northern knaves, can you sing of nothing but thievery and jail-breaking?' 'Perhaps your knightship,' humbly suggested a third, 'may have a turn for the supernatural, and I'm thinking the Fairy Legend of young Tamlane is just the thing that suits your fancy.' 'I like the naïveté of the young lady very much,' answered the knight, 'but the fair dames of Derbyshire prize the charms of lovers with flesh and blood, before the gayest Elfin-knight that ever ran a course from Carlisle to Caerlaverock.' 'What would your worship say to William of Cloudesley?' said a Cumberland minstrel, 'or to the Friar of Orders Grey?' said a harper from the halls of the Percys.

"'Minstrels,' said Sir Ralph Cavendish, 'the invention of sweet and gentle poesy is dead among you. Every churl in the Peak can chaunt us these beautiful but common ditties. Have you nothing new for the honour of the sacred calling of verse, and the beauty of Dora Vernon? Fellow—harper,—what's your name? you with the long hair and the green mantle,' said the knight, beckoning to a young minstrel who sat with his harp held before him, and his face half buried in his mantle's fold: 'come, touch your strings and sing; I'll wager my gold-hilted sword against that pheasant feather in thy cap, that thou hast a new and a gallant strain; for I have seen thee measure more than once the form of fair Dora Vernon with a ballad-maker's eye.—Sing, man, sing.'

"The young minstrel, as he bowed his head to this singular mode of request, blushed from brow to bosom; nor were the face and neck of Dora Vernon without an acknowledgment of how deeply she sympathized in his

embarrassment. A finer instrument, a truer hand, or a more sweet and manly voice, hardly ever united to lend grace to rhyme.

### THE MINSTREL'S SONG.

#### 1.

Last night a proud page came to me ;  
Sir Knight, he said, I greet you free ;  
The moon is up at midnight hour,  
All mute and lonely is the bower :  
To rouse the deer, my lord is gone,  
And his fair daughter's all alone,  
As lily fair, and as sweet to see,—  
Arise, Sir Knight, and follow me.

#### 2.

The stars stream'd out, the new-woke moon  
O'er Chatsworth hill gleam'd brightly down,  
And my love's cheeks, half-seen, half-hid,  
With love and joy blush'd deeply red :  
Short was our time, and chaste our bliss,  
A whisper'd vow and a gentle kiss ;  
And one of those long looks, which earth  
With all its glory is not worth.

#### 3.

The stars beam'd lovelier from the sky,  
The smiling brook flow'd gentlier by ;  
Life, fly thou on ; I'll mind that hour  
Of sacred love in greenwood bower ;  
Let seas between us swell and sound,  
Still at her name my heart shall bound ;  
Her name—which like a spell I'll keep,  
To soothe me and to charm my sleep.

“ ‘Fellow,’ said Sir Ralph Cavendish, ‘thou hast not shamed my belief of thy skill ; keep that piece of gold, and drink thy cup of wine in quiet, to the health of the lass who inspired thy strain, be she lordly, or be she low.’ The minstrel seated himself, and the interrupted mirth re-commenced, which was not long to continue. When the minstrel began to sing, the King of the Peak fixed his large and searching eyes on his person, with a scrutiny from which nothing could escape, and which called a flush of apprehension to the face of his daughter Dora. Something like a cloud came upon his brow at the first verse, which, darkening down through the second, became as dark as a December night at the close of the third, when rising, and motioning Sir Ralph Cavendish to follow, he retired into the recess of the southern window.

“ ‘Sir Knight,’ said the lord of Haddon, ‘thou art the sworn friend of John Manners, and well thou knowest what his presumption dares at, and what are the letts between him and me. *Cavendo tutus !* ponder on thy own motto

well.—‘Let seas between us swell and sound :’—let his song be prophetic, for Derbyshire,—for England has no river deep enough and broad enough to preserve him from a father’s sword, whose peace he seeks to wound.’ ‘Knight of Haddon,’ said Sir Ralph, ‘John Manners is indeed my friend ; and the friend of a Cavendish can be no mean person ; a braver and a better spirit never aspired after beauty.’ ‘Sir Knight,’ said the King of the Peak, ‘I court no man’s counsel ; hearken to my words. Look at the moon’s shadow on Haddon-dial ; there it is beside the casement ; the shadow falls short of twelve. If it darkens the midnight hour, and John Manners be found here, he shall be cast fettered, neck and heel, into the deepest dungeon of Haddon.’

“All this passed not unobserved of Dora Vernon, whose fears and affections divined immediate mischief from the calm speech and darkened brow of her father. Her heart sank within her when he beckoned her to withdraw ; she followed him into the great tapestried room. ‘My daughter,—my love Dora,’ said the not idle fears of a father, ‘wine has done more than its usual good office with the wits of our guests to-night ; they look on thee with bolder eyes, and speak of thee with a bolder tongue, than a father can wish. Retire, therefore, to thy chamber. One of thy wisest attendants shall be thy companion.—Adieu, my love, till sun-rise !’ He kissed her white temples and white brow ; and Dora clung to his neck, and sobbed in his bosom ;—while the secret of her heart rose near her lips. He returned to his guests, and mirth and music, and the march of the wine-cup, re-commenced with a vigour which promised reparation for the late intermission.

“The chamber, or rather temporary prison of Dora Vernon, was nigh the cross-bow window which looked out on the terraced garden, and the extensive chase towards the hill of Haddon. All that side of the hall lay in deep shadow, and the moon, sunk in the very summit of the western heath, threw a level and a farewell beam over river and tower. The young lady of Haddon seated herself in the recessed window, and lent



her ear to every sound, and her eye to every shadow that flitted over the garden and chase. Her attendant maiden—shrewd, demure, and suspicious, of the ripe age of thirty—yet of a merry pleasant look, which had its admirers—sat watching every motion with the eye of an owl.

“It was past midnight, when a foot came gliding along the passage, and a finger gave three slight scratches on the door of the chamber. The maid went out, and after a brief conference suddenly returned, red with blushes from ear to ear. ‘Oh, my lady!’ said the trusty maiden,—‘oh, my sweet young lady,—here’s that poor young lad—ye know his name—who gave me three yards of crimson ribbon, to trim my peach-bloom mantle, last Bakewell fair. An honester or a kinder heart never kept a promise; and yet I may not give him the meeting. Oh, my young lady, my sweet young lady, my beautiful young lady, could you not stay here for half an hour by yourself?’ Ere her young mistress could answer, the notice of the lover’s presence was renewed.—The maiden again went—whispers were heard—and the audible salutation of lips; she returned again more resolute than ever to oblige her lover.—‘Oh, my lady—my young lady; if ye ever hope to prosper in true love yourself—spare me but one half hour with this harmless kind lad.—He has come seven long miles to see my fair face, he says;—and, oh, my lady, he has a handsome face of his own.—Oh, never let it be said that Dora Vernon sundered true lovers!—but I see consent written in your own lovely face—so I shall run—and, oh, my lady, take care of your own sweet handsome self, when your faithful Nan’s away.’ And the maiden retired with her lover.

“It was half an hour after midnight, when one of the keepers of the chase, as he lay beneath a holly bush listening, with a prolonged groan, to the audible voice of revelry in the hall, from which his duty had lately excluded him, happened to observe two forms approaching; one of low stature, a light step, and muffled in a common mantle:—the other with the air, and in the dress, of a forester—a sword at his side, and

pistols in his belt. The ale and the wine had invaded the keeper’s brain, and impaired his sight; yet he roused himself up with a hiccup and a ‘hilloah,’ and ‘where go ye, my masters?’ The lesser form whispered to the other—who immediately said, ‘Jasper Jugg, is this you? Heaven be praised I have found you so soon;—here’s that north country pedlar, with his beads and blue ribbon—he has come and whistled out pretty Nan Malkin, the lady’s favourite, and the lord’s trusty maid.—I left them under the terrace, and came to tell you.’

“The enraged keeper scarce heard this account of the faithlessness of his love to an end,—he started off with the swiftness of one of the deer which he watched, making the boughs crash, as he forced his way through bush and glebe direct for the hall, vowing desertion to the girl, and destruction to the pedlar. ‘Let us hasten our steps, my love,’ said the lesser figure, in a sweet voice; and unmantling as she spoke, turned back to the towers of Haddon the fairest face that ever left them—the face of Dora Vernon herself. ‘My men and my horses are nigh, my love,’ said the taller figure; and taking a silver call from his pocket, he imitated the sharp shrill cry of the plover; then turning round he stood and gazed towards Haddon, scarcely darkened by the setting of the moon, for the festal lights flashed from turret and casement, and the sound of mirth and revelry rang with augmenting din. ‘Ah, fair and stately Haddon,’ said Lord John Manners, ‘little dost thou know, thou hast lost thy jewel from thy brow—else thy lights would be dimmed, thy mirth would turn to wailing, and swords would be flashing from thy portals in all the haste of hot pursuit. Farewell, for a while, fair tower, farewell for a while.—I shall return, and bless the time I harped among thy menials and sang of my love—and charmed her out of thy little chamber window.’ Several armed men now came suddenly down from the hill of Haddon, horses richly caparisoned were brought from among the trees of the chase, and the ancestors of the present family of Rutland sought shelter, for a time, in a distant land, from the wrath of the King of the Peak.”

(European Magazine.)

## SPECIMENS OF THE GERMAN LYRIC POETS,

CONSISTING OF TRANSLATIONS, &amp;c. 1822.

**T**HIS volume contains seventy-three poetical pieces, and twenty biographical notices, which include the interesting names of Bürger, Claudius, Von Goethe, Hölty, Klopstock, Von Kotzebue, Von Schiller, Schubart, Stolberg, Voss, and Weisze. As these names have already a powerful interest with the public, we shall select our specimens chiefly from them. Our first extract shall be from the masterly Goethe, only remarking, that the subject is quite a German Romance, and that it is headed by a delicate wood-cut :

## THE FISHER.

IN gurgling eddies roll'd the tide,  
The wily angler sat  
Its verdant, willow'd bank beside,  
And spread the treacherous bait.  
Reclin'd he sat in careless mood,  
The floating quill he eyed ;—  
When, rising from the opening flood,  
A humid maid he spied.

She sweetly sang, she sweetly said,  
As gazed the wond'ring swain ;  
' Why thus with murd'rous arts invade  
My placid, harmless reign ?  
Ah, didst thou know, how blest, how free,  
The funny myriads stray,  
Thou'st long to dive the limpid sea,  
And live as blest as they.

The sun, the lovely queen of night,  
Beneath the deep repair ;  
And thence in streamy lustre bright,  
Return more fresh and fair,  
Tempts thee not yon ætherial space,  
Betinged with liquid blue ?—  
Nor tempts thee there thy pictured face,  
To bathe in worlds of dew ?'

The tide in gurgling eddies rose,  
It reach'd his trembling feet :  
His heart with fond impatience glows  
The promis'd joys to meet.  
So sang the soft, the winning fair :  
Alas ! ill-fated swain !—  
Half-dragg'd, half-pleased, he sinks with her,  
And ne'er was seen again !

The following beautiful song by the same poet, must remind every reader of the commencement of the *Bride of Abydos*.

## SONG.

Know'st thou the land, where citrons scent the gale,  
Where glows the orange in the scented vale ;  
Where softer breezes fan the azure skies,  
Where myrtles spring, and prouder laurels rise ?  
Know'st thou the land ? 'tis there our footsteps tend :  
And there, my faithful love, our course shall end.

Know'st thou the pile, the colonade sustains,  
Its splendid chambers and its rich domains,  
Where breathing statues stand in bright array,  
And seem, ' What ails thee, hapless maid ?' to say.  
Know'st thou the land ? 'tis there our footsteps tend ;  
And there, my gentle guide, our course shall end.

Know'st thou the mount, where clouds obscure the  
day ;  
Where scarce the mule can trace his misty way ;  
Where lurks the dragon and her scaly brood ;  
And broken rocks oppose the headlong flood ?  
Know'st thou the land ? 'tis there our course shall end :  
There lies our way,—ah, thither let us tend !

Of Schiller's genius we select the following grand specimen.

## MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS,

*In the Park of Fotheringay Castle.*

Freedom returns,—oh let me enjoy it,  
Let me be happy, be happy with me,—  
Freedom invites me,—oh ! let me employ it,  
Skimming, with winged step, light o'er the lea,—  
Have I escaped from this mansion of mourning ?  
Holds me no more this sad dungeon of care ?  
Let me, with thirsty impatience burning,  
Drink in the free, the celestial air.—  
Thanks to these friendly trees which hide from me  
My prison's bounds, and flatter my illusion ;  
Happy I'll dream myself, and gladly free ;  
Why wake me from my Dream's so sweet confusion ?  
From where yon misty mountains rise on high,  
I can my Empire's boundaries explore,  
And those light clouds which steering southwards fly,  
Seek the mild clime of France's genial shore ;  
Hastening clouds ! ye meteors that fly,  
Could I but with you speed through the sky ?  
Tenderly greet me the land of my youth ;  
I am in sorrow, I am in restraint.  
I have none else to bear my complaint ;  
Free in ether your path is seen,  
Ye are not subject to this tyrant Queen.  
Hear'st thou the bugle ? blithely resounding ;  
Hear'st thou the blast through wood and plain ?  
Could I once more on my nimble steed bounding,  
Join the jocund, the frolicsome train !  
Again, oh ! sadly pleasing remembrance ;  
Such were the wounds which so merry and clear,  
Oft, when with music the hounds and the horn  
Cheerfully wakened the slumbering morn,  
On the hills of the Highlands delighted my ear.

The following is by Salis :

### SPRING.

Fresher green the lawns display,  
Vernal odours scent the dale;  
Gayly trills the linnet's lay,  
Sweetly waits the nightingale.  
See the grove its buds disclose;  
Love awakes the soft recess:  
Now each shepherd bolder grows,  
Kinder every shepherdess!

Now the blossom rears its head,  
Spring reveals its blooming pride;  
Spring enamels all the mead,  
Decks the hillock's sloping side.  
See the lily of the vale,  
Peeping through its leafy shade,  
Half its modest charms conceal:  
Garland meet for spotless maid.

Now the woodbine's twining shade,  
Sweetly forms the rustic bower;—  
Soft retreat of youth and maid,  
True to love's appointed hour!  
Fonder grows the Zephyr's kiss,  
Pleasure wakes at every call:  
Vernal life, and thrilling bliss,  
Feels the heart, that feels at all!

The ensuing drinking Song, which has all the vivacious feeling of our own Morris, is extracted from the anonymous writers which close the volume; and with it our poetical specimens must also be concluded.

To Bacchus, dear Bacchus, an altar I'll raise,  
And, full of his presence, grow wild in his praise.  
Approach, thirsty toppers, no ills shall annoy,  
But wine flow in plenty, and plenty of joy.  
We'll drain the bowl empty, and drink away care,  
If endless such pleasures, how happy it were.

And Venus, bright Goddess, the incense shall share,  
And bumpers be quaff'd to the health of each fair:  
In Love's happy triumph each beauty shall shine,  
And heighten the joys of the juice of the vine.  
We'll drink, and we'll love, & we'll laugh away care;  
If endless such pleasures, how happy we were!

Independent of the above, did our space allow, we should be happy to give copies of many other beautiful poems contained in this volume; as, for instance, Bürger's verses beginning,

How in the charms of countless loves,

in which there is such a beautiful display of pious, tender, and delicate sentiment, that it almost shakes our faith

in Schlegel's remark on this poet; namely, that "his feelings are more honest and candid, than tender and delicate:" but had he often written thus, such negative praise could never have been awarded to him. Of a different character is the next poem, entitled "Love's Witchcraft;" but the sweet playfulness of it deserves equal commendation.

### LOVE'S WITCHCRAFT.

Maiden, look me in the face;  
Stedfast, serious—no grimace!  
Maiden, mark me, now I task thee,  
Answer quickly, what I ask thee;  
Stedfast, look me in the face;  
Little vixen—no grimace!

Frightful art thou not; 'tis true,  
Eyes thou hast of lovely blue;  
Lips and cheeks, the rose defying,  
Bosom, snow in whiteness vying.  
Charms thou hast;—ah, sure 'tis true;  
Killing eyes of azure hue!

Be thou lovely;—yet, I ween,  
Fair thou art, but not a queen;  
Not the queen of all that's charming;  
Not alone all hearts alarming.  
Fair and bright;—but still, I ween,  
Bright and fair;—but not a queen.

When I turn me here and there,  
Scores of lovely maids appear;  
Scores of maids, in beauty blooming,  
Claims, as fair as thine assuming:  
Scores of maidens here and there,  
Smile as sweet, and look as fair!

Yet hast thou imperial sway;  
I, thy willing slave, obey!  
Sway imperial, now to tease me,  
Now to soothe, and now to please me,  
Life and death attend thy sway;  
See thy willing slave obey!

Scores of maidens!—what a train!  
Scores and scores!—yet all were vain,  
Should ev'n thousands strive to chase thee  
From the throne where love doth place thee;  
Tens of thousands!—what a train!  
All their fondest hopes were vain!

Look me, charmer, in the face;  
Little vixen, no grimace!  
Tell me, why for thee I'm sighing,  
Thee alone, and others flying?  
Little charmer, no grimace;  
Speak, and look me in the face!

Long the cause I've vainly scann'd,  
Why to thee alone I bend!  
Tortur'd thus, nor know the reason,  
Martyr still to am'rous treason!  
Fair enchantress! 'fore me stand:  
Speak—and show thy magic wand!

## PHILLIPS'S HISTORY.

(Literary Gazette.)

WE continue without preface our extracts from this History of Vegetables; a few columns of which administer to the miscellaneous nature of our various sheet.

*Mint*.—Should be cut for drying, just when it is in flower, and on a fine day; for, if cut in damp weather, the leaves will turn black. It should be tied in small bunches, and dried in a shady place out of the wind; but, to retain its natural virtues more effectually, it has been found better to place the mint in a screen, and to dry it quickly before a fire, so that it may be powdered, and immediately put into glass bottles and kept well stopped. Parsley, thyme, sage, and other herbs, retain their full fragrance when thus prepared, and are by this mode secured from dust, and always ready to the hand of the cook.

A conserve made of mint is grateful, and the distilled waters, both simple and spiritous, are much esteemed. The juice of spearmint drunk in vinegar, often stops the hiccup. Lewis observes, what has before been observed by Pliny, that mint prevents the coagulation of milk, and hence is recommended in milk diets. When dry, and digested in rectified spirits of wine, it gives out a tincture which appears by day-light of a fine dark green, but by candle-light of a bright red colour; a small quantity is green by day-light or candle-light; a large quantity seems impervious to day-light, but when held between the eye and the candle, or between the eye and the sun, it appears red. If put into a flat bottle, it appears green sideways; but when viewed edgeways, red.

*Mushrooms*.—So much are mushrooms now in request, that we cannot content ourselves with mushroom beds only, but we have mushroom houses also. The author, on referring to his diary of November fourteenth, finds a memorandum that would have puzzled our forefathers.

“While gathering a mushroom, the ladder slipped and I was precipitated to the ground, but without injury.”

The mushrooms in the house alluded to, were growing on beds supported one over the other by broad shelves of elm planks, with a deep ledge to keep up the earth.

As light is not necessary for the growth of this high-flavoured vegetable, almost every country-seat may furnish an out-house for the purpose of obtaining mushrooms at all seasons, and of a safe quality.

The author has observed that the upper shelves in his Majesty's mushroom house at Kensington, were equally or more productive than those below: thus by good arrangement a small shed, or even a closet, may be made sufficient for the supply of a moderate family. As mice will destroy the spawn or young mushrooms, either traps must be set, or ingress allowed to their purring enemy.

In the neighborhood of London, experienced mushroom-men go about at the proper season, collecting vast quantities of spawn for the supply of seedsmen, who sell it by the bushel, the price varying according to the favourableness of the weather when it is collected.—Since mushrooms have been so much grown on hot-beds, and more minutely attended to, the plant has been found so perfect, that it can either be raised by seed or propagated by roots, the several filaments at the root producing tubercles in the manner of potatoes, from each of which will arise new roots and a new plant or flower.

The following simple and easy method is recommended for trying the quality of field mushrooms: take an onion, and strip the outer skin, and boil it with them; if it remains white, they are good, but if it become blue or black, there are certainly dangerous ones among them.

The most venomous sort is one that rises out of the earth about six inches high, rounding and hollow like a bladder, red as scarlet, full of holes like fine wrought net work; which is most probably the *Clathrus cancellatus*. There is one kind of these mushrooms that is

said to kill the very flies that settle on them.

Matthiolus mentions mushrooms that weighed thirty pounds each. Fer. Imperatus tells us, he saw some which weighed above one hundred pounds a-piece. The Journal des Scavans furnishes us with an account of some growing on the frontiers of Hungary, which made a full cart load.

A mushroom of the very first quality was lately gathered in the neighborhood of Brigg, in Lincolnshire, which measured three feet four inches in circumference; girth of the stalk, five inches and a half; it was two inches in thickness, and weighed twenty-nine ounces. Six others were gathered at the same time near the above, averaging about two feet in circumference.

Chambers relates, that some years ago, an extraordinary mushroom grew upon an old piece of timber in a blacksmith's cellar in the Haymarket, and attained the height of twelve inches or more, and when cut down, appeared again at the same time the next year, and so for several succeeding years. In the year 1692, M. Tournefort found such an one growing on an old beam in the abbey at St. Germain's: the smell was like others of the same kind. An infusion from part of it turned an infusion of turnsol into to a bright red; so that it evidently abounded in acids.—This seed must have been brought by some accident to these situations, unless the fungi originated in the decaying timber. Lord Bacon says, "It is reported, that the bark of white or red poplar (which may be classed amongst the moistest trees) cut small and cast into furrows well dunged, will cause the ground to put forth mushrooms, at all seasons of the year, fit to be eaten; some add to the mixture leaven bread, resolved in water. It is also reported, that if a hilly field, where the stubble is standing, be set on fire, in the showery season it will put forth great store of mushrooms."

*Parsley.*—The seed should be sown in the spring; it remains six weeks in the earth; it never appears in less than forty days, nor does it often exceed fifty: thus it takes longer to vegetate than any other known seed; but it is ob-

served that old seed comes up earlier than new.

Parsley, when rubbed against a glass goblet or tumbler, will break it; the cause of this phenomenon is not known.

To preserve parsley for the seasoning of meats, &c. let it be gathered on a dry day, and immediately put into a tinned roasting-screen, and placed close to a large fire; it will then soon become brittle, when it may be rubbed fine, and put into glass bottles for use.

*Rosemary.*—It is still the custom in some parts of this country, as well as in France, to put a branch of rosemary in the hands of the dead when in the coffin; and we are told by Valmont Bomare, in his *Histoire Naturelle*, "that when the coffins have been opened after several years, the plant has been found to have vegetated so much that the leaves have covered the whole corpse. This account savours more of superstition than of the nature of the plant.

It is still the custom at the hospitals in France to burn rosemary with juniper berries, to correct impure air, and to prevent infection. The custom of using it at funerals may have had reference to this virtue in the plant.

Without entering into the extravagant opinions of the ancients respecting odours, we cannot avoid thinking that the effect which different smells and perfumes have on the mind as well as the health, is not at present sufficiently attended to.

Most people acknowledge to have felt the refreshing odour of tea and coffee before tasting them; and in heated rooms the fragrance of a cut lemon, or a recently sliced cucumber, has been observed to give general refreshment.

The ancients held certain odours in great veneration. Among the Israelites, the principal perfume of the sanctuary was forbidden for all common uses. The smell of the incense and burnt offerings in their sacrifices was thought to dispose the mind to devotion; while others were used to excite love. "I have perfumed my bed with myrrh, aloes, and cinnamon."\* Some perfumes were prescribed to procure

\* Proverbs, c. vii. v. 17.

pleasant dreams ; whereas others were deemed of a contrary effect. It appears that they also employed odours as a nourishment when the frame was exhausted ; as it is related that Democritus when on his death-bed, hearing a woman in the house complain that she should be prevented from being at a solemn feast which she had a great desire to see, because there would be a corpse in the house, ordered some loaves to be brought, and having opened them, poured wine into them, and so kept himself alive with the odour of them until the feast was past. — — —

The sprigs of this plant were formerly stuck into beef whilst roasting, and they are said to have communicated to it an excellent relish. The leaves were also boiled in milk pottage, to give it an aromatic flavour ; and this plant also produces by distillation an essential oil, which was much esteemed for all affections of the brain.

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(New Monthly Magazine, April.)

## SKETCHES OF ITALY IN PROSE AND VERSE.

### *Como.*

WHERE Como on its lake's still bosom views  
 Bleak Alpine snows, and summer's fervid hues,  
 There is a solitude more sweet than e'er  
 Was given to Fancy's dream, or Poets prayer ;  
 Where rocks and woods ward off the noon-tide ray,  
 And meeting points inclose a tranquil bay  
 Which sleeps on russet sands, or ripples o'er,  
 Where the bare crag that to the wave descends  
 Its shadows with the light-leaved olive blends,  
 And myrtles mingled with the clustering vine  
 High over-arch'd a bower of fragrance twine ;  
 Whilst far beyond the lake's broad waters roll'd  
 Expand their purple splendours edged with gold,  
 By headland bleak and misty isle retire,  
 And seem to tinge each distant cape with fire.

This calm retirement virtuous Pliny chose,  
 Within these groves he sought and found repose,  
 When sickening with the vulgar toils of life,  
 The courtly homage, the forensic strife,  
 He left the world which triflers hold so dear,  
 And joyous sprang to feast on Nature here.  
 " Beauties of earth and heaven," ('twas thus he cried)  
 " Thou wave dark-heaving to the cavern's side,  
 Thou ancient forest's venerable shade,  
 Ye azure mountains that in distance fade,  
 Ye clouds that round their icy summits break,  
 How pure, how deep the wisdom that ye speak !  
 Not that vain knowledge taught in worldly schools,  
 To flatter, fawn, ensnare, delude by rules ;  
 In truth's fair semblance to conceal our guile,  
 And sheath the stings of malice in a smile :  
 Not that base grovelling to another's will,  
 Reviled, spurn'd, trampled, yet complacent still ;  
 But studious thoughts on Nature's works intent,  
 The soaring hopes in fancy's vision sent,  
 The clear transparence of the spotless mind,  
 Which glows with joys that leave no shade behind."

Thus didst thou read Creation's moral page,  
 Thus soothe thy cares, O philosophic sage.  
 I feel with thee the raptures that inspir'd  
 Thy lonely hours, when, in itself retired,  
 Thy free mind soar'd upon the wings of thought,  
 And grasp'd the fair ideas which it sought.  
 I seem thy sports, thy studies to divide,  
 Through valleys lone I linger by thy side,  
 Breathe the keen freshness of the mountain-air,  
 And read man's charter'd independence there.

Or trim with thee the midnight lamp, and gaze  
 Upon the glories of Rome's ancient days,  
 The glow of mind, the constancy of soul,  
 Stamp'd by thy genius on the historic roll,  
 When o'er thy breast prophetic longings came,  
 And throbb'd with promise of immortal fame.

But did thy virtuous bosom never feel  
 Those blighted hopes which thought could never heal ?  
 Did thy capacious wisdom ne'er explore  
 An unseen world, where fame should be no more ?  
 Wast thou content mind's purest joys to know,  
 And in the silent grave those joys forego ?  
 The towering heights of Reason's lore to try,  
 To plume thine eagle fancy and to die ?  
 Did no still voice e'er whisper in thy breast,  
 That those fond aspirations to be blest,  
 That feverish restlessness, that mortal strife,  
 Were the sure earnest of immortal life,  
 Seeds of that flower that was again to bloom  
 More bright, more fair and live beyond the tomb ?  
 Unhappy ! from these truths thou turn'dst away,  
 Nor hail'dst the morn that brought our glorious day.

**T**HE view of the Lake of Como from the town is confined to a small circular basin, surrounded by high hills, and enlivened by villas. On doubling a low headland, a very beautiful reach is seen. The mountains rise on each side boldly from the water's edge, and their summits terminate in peaks of varied form and elevation. Their gradual ascent (in Gibbon's words) is covered by a triple plantation of olives, of vines, and of chesnut-trees, and they are clothed nearly to their summits with verdure. The green mass of the woods is agreeably interrupted in various places by small villages, clustering round the slender tower of the church, or by the solitary convent or chapel, whilst the white villas which crowd the shores are reflected in the transparent waters which flow close under their walls. About three miles from Como we came to the promontory and small village of Torno. It forms a very picturesque object, sloping gradually from the higher hills, and projecting far into the lake, with its houses, church, and cypress-trees. Here some have placed Pliny's two villas—his *Tragedy* and *Comedy*. The situation has sufficient beauty, and agrees well enough with Pliny's description to warrant us in placing them here ; but there is nothing like conclusive evidence of their having occupied this site. We coasted the Eastern shore of the lake from Torno, admiring, as we advanced, the beauty and

boldness of the scenery, and, about two miles farther, landed at a modern villa called the Pliniana. Here, in the inner court of the house, is the intermitting fountain described by both Plinys. Its source is under a low cavern ; it runs with great rapidity, and is as clear as crystal. The attendant informed us, that it still rises and falls thrice a day, but at uncertain hours. It does not, I think, appear from Pliny's account, that he had a villa close to this fountain ; and, indeed, the confined situation, hardly allowing room for a house, is very ill adapted to the space of a Roman mansion. The site however, of the Pliniana is very beautiful ; it is embosomed in a grove of chesnuts, laurel, and cypress ; it clings close to the rocky hill which rises immediately above it ; and commands an extensive and magnificent view of the lake.

I shall subjoin Pliny's description of his villas on the lake, as tending to illustrate the beautiful scenery in which his elegant genius seems so much to have delighted. "On this shore I have many villas, but two, as they please me most, so principally engage me. The one placed on rocks, after the Baian fashion, looks over the lake ; the other, also, in the Baian manner, touches its waters : wherefore, *that* I am accustomed to call *Tragedy*, because she is supported on buskins ; *this*, *Comedy*, because her feet are sandaled. Each has its peculiar charms, which, to the

possessor of both, are, from their very diversity, rendered more attractive. *This* enjoys the lake more closely; *that* more extensively—*this* embraces in its prospect one bay only of a soft circling outline; *that* with its lofty promontory divides two:—from *that* the extended line of coast, stretching to a great distance, appears like a school of equestrian exercise; from *this* the gentle curve of the shore forms a spacious

and sheltered portico for pedestrian recreation. *That* feels not the waves; *this* breaks them;—from *that* you can look down upon the fishermen: from *this* you can partake in the sport yourself, and throw the hook from your chamber, nay, almost from your bed, as from a boat. These united attractions have induced me to make to each those additions in which they are separately deficient.”—*Pliny, B. ix. Ep. 7.*

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(Monthly Magazine, Mar.)

### THE TREE OF KEBYRBOR,

In the Island of that name, situated twelve miles N.E. of Baroatch, in the vicinity of the Cornaline Mines.  
(Read to the Literary Society of Bombay, by Dr. Copland.)

**T**HE moon was shining bright, and we could distinguish objects so as to form a correct notion of the tree. The obscurity diffused beneath the foliage added to the grandeur and solemnity of the scene. Its leafy colonnades, its verdant arcades, its immense festoons, the spacious area that this giant of the forest covers with its shade, its enormous trunks, all concur to attest its antiquity, and I experienced emotions similar to what are felt in the vast basilicos of the gothic order, while the freshness which emanated from the thick foliage seemed to give me new life.

The ground which this tree covers with its branches, as far as I could judge, is about three or four acres. They ascend to such a height as to be visible in a radius of many miles; at certain distances the tree appears like a hill, forming one extremity of the island. On the east the river washes its foot; to the south and west are sand banks, which are covered at high tides. The northern part of the island is a tongue stretching about three miles. The soil, light and sandy, has some fertility.

When the river overflows, towards the end of the rainy season, the island becomes inundated. This forces the few islanders that inhabit it, with the

apes, their neighbours, to seek refuge in the higher parts of the tree, where they remain perched several days, till the waters retire; such being their rapidity, that no boat can manœuvre in them.

A singular tradition exists among the Hindoos respecting this tree. They relate that a man of the name of Kebyr, renowned for sanctity, after cleansing his teeth in the Indian manner, with a piece of wood, threw it into the river, where it took root so as to form, in time, this prodigious tree. After his death, the saint had the honours of canonization, and we saw his statue in a temple near one of the most ancient trunks, supposed to be the piece of wood that served him for a tooth pick.

To this temple repair all the neighbouring villagers, and a multitude of strangers arrive to pay their devotions. The duty of celebrating the ceremonies is confined to the mendicants named *Biragys*, superintended by a chief who resides in that island. With an exception of the students that dwell on the neighbouring continent, the rest are wanderers that come from all parts of India. Our intention was to pass the night under the protection of the saint, but not having our hammocks we were obliged to take to our boat, and pass the night in it, instead of a temple.



(English Magazines, April.)

## THE DEVIL'S LADDER.

NOT far from Lorrich, upon the extreme frontiers of the Rhine province, are still to be seen the ruins of an ancient castle, which was formerly inhabited by Sibö, of Lorrich, a knight great courage, but of a character any thing rather than gentle. It happened once, in a stormy eve, that a little old man knocked at his castle-gate, and besought his hospitality,—a request which was not a little enforced by the shrill voice of the wind, as it whistled through his streaming locks, almost as white as the snows that fell fast about him. The knight, however, was not in one of his mildest moods, nor did the wild dwarfish figure of the stranger plead much for him who was by no means an admirer of poverty, whatever shape it might assume. His repulse, therefore, was not couched in the gentlest language; and, indeed, deserved praise, rather for its energetic conciseness, than for any other quality. The little old man was equally sparing of words on his part, and simply saying, “I will requite your kindness,” passed on his way with a most provoking serenity of temper.

At the time, Sibö did not take this threat very much to heart; but it soon appeared to be something more than an empty menace; for the next day he missed his daughter, a lovely girl in her tenth year, who was already celebrated for her beauty through the whole province. People were immediately sent out to seek her in every direction, and at last the knight, finding none of his messengers return, set out himself for the same purpose. For a long time he was no more successful in the search than his vassals; nobody had seen her, nobody could give him any information, till he met with an old shepherd, who said, “that early in the day he had seen a young girl gathering flowers at the foot of the Redrich mountain; that, in a little time after, several dwarfs had approached the child, and, having seized her in their arms, tripped up to the summit of the rock with as much facili-

ty as if they had been walking on a plain. God forbid!” added the shepherd, making the sign of the cross, “God forbid, that they were of those evil spirits who live in the hidden centre of the mountain; they are easily excited to anger, which is too often fatal to its victims.” The knight, alarmed at this recital, cast his eyes towards the summit of the Redrich, and there, indeed, was Garlinda, who seemed to stretch forth her arms for his assistance. Stung with all the impotence of passion, he instantly assembled his vassals, to see if there was not one among the number who could climb the precipice; but, though several made the effort, none succeeded. He then ordered them to provide instruments for cutting a pathway in the rock; this attempt, however, was not a jot more successful than the first, for no sooner had the workmen begun to use their axes, than such a shower of stones was poured upon their heads from the mountain-top, that they were compelled to fly for safety. At the same time a voice was heard, which seemed to proceed from the depths of the Redrich, and which distinctly uttered these words:—“It is thus that we requite the hospitality of the Knight of Lorrich.”

Sibö, finding earthly arms of no avail against the gnomes, had now recourse to heaven; and as he had certain private reasons for distrusting the efficacy of his own prayers, he bribed the monks and nuns of the neighbourhood to employ their intercession. But these holy folks prospered no better with their beads than the peasants had done with their pick-axes; the gnomes continued as immovable as their own mountain, and nothing was left to console the poor Sibö, except the certainty of his daughter's living. His first looks at day-break, and his last at night-fall, were given to the Redrich, and each time he could see Garlinda on its summit, stretching out her little arms in mournful greeting to her father.

But, to do justice to the gnomes, they

took all possible care of their little foundling, and suffered her to want for nothing; they built for her a beautiful little cottage, the walls of which were covered with shells, and crystals, and stones of a thousand colours. Their wives, too, made her necklaces of pearl and emerald wreaths, and found every hour some fresh amusements for her youth, which grew up in a continued round of delight, like a snow-drop in the first gentle visitings of the spring. Indeed, she seemed to be a general favourite, and more particularly so with one old gnome, the sister of him who had tempted her by the flowers on the Redrich. Often would she say to her pupil, when her young eyes were for a moment diamed with a transient recollection of past times: "Be of good heart, my dear child; I am preparing for you a dowry, such as was never yet given to the daughter of a king."

Thus rolled away four years, and Sibo had nearly renounced all hope of again seeing his Garlinda, when Ruthelm, a young and valiant knight, returned from Hungary, where he had acquired a glorious name, by his deeds against the infidels. His castle being only half a league distant from Lorrich, he was not long in hearing of Sibo's loss, upon which he determined to recover the fair fugitive, or perish in the attempt. With this design, he sought the old knight, who was still buried in grief for his daughter's absence, and made him acquainted with his purpose. Sibo grasped the young warrior's hand, and a smile, the first he had known for many years, passed over his hard features as he replied, "Look out from this window, my gallant stranger; as far as the eye can reach, it looks upon the lands of Sibo; below, too, in the castle vaults, where others keep their prisoners, I lock up my gold, enough to purchase another such a province. Bring me back my daughter, and this shall be yours,—and a prize beyond all this,—my daughter's hand. Go forth, my young knight, and heaven's blessing go with you."

Ruthelm immediately betook himself to the foot of the Redrich to explore his ground, but he soon saw that it would be impossible to climb the mountain

without aid from some quarter, for the sides were absolutely perpendicular. Still he was unwilling to give up his purpose; he walked round and round the rock, exploring every cleft and every cranny, wishing that he had wings, and cursing the shrubs that nodded their heads most triumphantly near the summit, as if in defiance of his efforts. Almost ready to burst with vexation, he was about to desist, when the mountain-gnome stood before him on a sudden, and thus accosted him:—

"Ho! ho! my spruce knight; you have heard, it seems, of the beautiful Garlinda, whose abode is on the summit of these rocks. Is it not so, my mighty man of arms? Well, I'll be your friend in this business; she is my pupil, and I promise you she is yours, as soon as you can get her."

"Be it so," replied the knight, holding out his hand in token that the offer was accepted.

"I am but a dwarf in comparison with you," replied the little man, "but my word is as good as yours notwithstanding. If you can manage to climb the precipice, I shall give you up the maiden; and though the road is somewhat rough, the prize will more than recompense your labour. About it, therefore, and good luck attend you on your journey."

Having uttered these words, the dwarf disappeared, with loud bursts of laughter, to the great indignation of Ruthelm, whose wit was altogether in the elbows. He measured the cliff with angry eyes, and at last exclaimed, "Climb it, quotha! yes, indeed, if I had wings."

"It may happen without wings," said a voice close beside him; and the knight, looking round, perceived a little old woman, who gently tapped him on the shoulder: "I have heard all that passed just now between you and my brother. He was once offended by Sibo, but the knight has long since paid the penalty of that offence; and besides, the maiden has none of her father's harshness; she is beautiful, good, and compassionate to the wants of others; I am certain, that she would never refuse hospitality, even though it were to a beggar. For my part, I love her, as

if she were my own child, and have long wished that some noble knight would choose her as his bride. It seems that you have done so; and my brother has given you his word, a pledge that with us is sacred. Take, therefore, this silver bell; go with it to the Wisper Valley, where you will find a mine, which has long ceased to be worked, and which you will easily recognise by the beech-tree and the fir that twine their boughs together at its entrance. Go in without fear, and ring the bell thrice, for within lives my younger brother, who will come to you the moment he hears its sound. At the same time the bell will be a token to him that you are sent from me. Request him to make a ladder for you up to the summit of Redrich; he will easily accomplish this task before the break of day, and, when done, you may trust to it without the slightest fear of danger."

Ruthelm did as the old woman had directed; he set out instantly for the Wisper Valley, where he soon found the mine in question, with the two trees twined together at its opening. Here he paused in something like terror; it was one of those still nights, when the mind has leisure for apprehension. The moon shone sadly on the wet grass, and not a star was visible. For a moment his cheek was pale, but in the next instant it was red with shame, and he rang the bell with a most defying vehemence, as if to atone for his momentary alarm. At the third sound, a little man arose from the depths of the mine, habited in grey, and carrying a lamp, in which burnt a pale blue meteor. To the gnome's question of what did he want, the knight boldly replied by a plain story of his adventure; and the friendly dwarf, bidding him to be of good cheer, desired that he would visit the Redrich by the break of day; at the same time he took from his pocket a whistle, which he blew thrice, when the whole valley swarmed with little gnomes, carrying saws and axes, and other instruments of labour. A sign from their leader was enough; they set off in the direction of the Redrich,

when, in a few moments only, it was evident their task had begun by the horrible din that he heard even in the Wisper Valley. Highly delighted with this result, the knight bent his way homewards, his heart beating as fast as the hammers of the gnomes, the noise of which accompanied him in his journey, and entertained him in his castle. Nor indeed did Ruthelm desire better music, for besides that the knights of those warlike times were more celebrated for hard blows than for fine ears, every sound of the axe was a step in the ladder, and every step in the ladder was a step nearer to Garlinda, with whom he had contrived to be desperately in love, without the superfluity of seeing her.

No sooner had the morning begun to dawn, than he set out for the Redrich, where he found that the gnomes had not made all that nightly clatter to no purpose; a ladder was firmly planted against the rock, and reached to the very top of the mountain. There was a slight throb of fear at his heart, as he mounted the lower steps, but his courage increased in proportion to his advance. In a short time he arrived happily at the summit, precisely as the light of day was breaking in the east, when the first object presented to his eyes was Garlinda, who sweetly slumbered on a bank of flowers. The knight was riveted to the spot, and his heart beat high with pleasure as he gazed on the sleeping beauty; but when she opened her bright blue eyes, and turned their mild lustre upon him, he almost sank beneath the gush of ecstasy that thrilled through every vein. In an instant he was at her feet, and poured forth the story of his love, with a vehemence that at once confounded and pleased the object of it. She blushed, and wept, and smiled as she wept, her eyes sparkling through her tears, like the sun-beams shooting through a spring shower.

At this moment they were interrupted by the unexpected appearance of the gnome who had carried off Garlinda; behind him was his sister, testifying by her smiles how much pleased she was by the happy meeting of the

lovers. At first the dwarf frowned angrily at the sight of Ruthelm; but, when he perceived the ladder, he readily guessed how all had happened, and burst into a sudden fit of laughter, exclaiming, "Another trick played me by my good old sister! I have promised though, and will keep my word. Take that which you have come so far to seek, and be more hospitable than your father. That you may not, however, gain your prize too easily, you shall return by the same way that you came; for our pupil we have a more convenient road, and heaven grant it may prove the road to her happiness."

Ruthelm willingly descended the ladder, though not without some little peril to his own neck, while the gnome and his sister led the maiden by a path that traversed the interior of the mountain, and opened at its foot by a secret outlet. Here they were to part, and the old woman, presenting her with a box formed of petrified palm-wood, and filled with jewels, thus addressed her:—"Take this, my dear child; it is the dowry that I have so long and often promised you. And do not forget your

mountain friends, for in the various evils of the world you are going to visit, a day, perhaps, may come, when you will need their power. You'll think of this, my child."—Garlinda thanked the dwarf, and wept in thanking her.

And now Ruthelm conducted the fair-one to her father, though not without many a lingering look cast back upon the mountain she had quitted. To describe the old man's joy would be impossible; mindful of the past, he immediately gave orders that all who sought the hospitality of his castle should be feasted there with the utmost kindness for the space of eight days; and Ruthelm received the hand of Garlinda, in recompense of his knightly service. Both lived to the evening of a long and happy life, blest in themselves and no less blest in their posterity.

For many years the ladder still remained attached to the mountain, and was looked upon by the neighbouring peasants as the work of a demon.—Hence it is that the Redrich is yet known by the name of *The Devil's Ladder*.

## STANZAS

On viewing the Monument of two Children sleeping, by Chantrey.

O CHANTREY! thou hast stolen the feeling all  
Of Nature's young and innocent worshippers,  
Of those whose hearts keep holy festival  
Through the fair seasons of their beauteous years;  
Whose feet go printless over woe; whose tears  
But gem the looks of gladness where they light;  
Whose lips are wet with honey; while the fears,  
Waylaying mortal joys, may never fright  
The soul from its repast, pure, sensitive, and light.

For when the blight of ugly Death had thrown  
Its lustre from that seat of love, the eye,  
Then camest thou, and in thy chisell'd stone  
Hewedst out these an immortality.  
While their free spirits sought to glorify  
The holiness of innocence with wings,  
Thou bad'st their fairy forms entranced lie,  
As if they dreamt of Heaven, and lovely things  
That Future still to Youth in radiant beauty brings.

O artist! pity thou could'st not bestow  
The breath into those lips that gently part;  
And give the warm blood in those veins to flow,  
That seem to converse with the throbbing heart;  
And bid that perfect foot with ardent start,  
Climb the bright Helicon of Life's domain;  
Pity! yet hardly so;—man has no art  
To wake the youthful melody again;  
And joy is oft, at best, the holiday of pain.

Sweet forms ! sweet memories of what have been !  
 Fair triumphs of a noble art ! ye lie  
 Mocking at things of flesh, in all your green,  
 And everlasting freshness. Oh ! gone by  
 I have known forms like yours,—yet they could die !  
 But your sweet sympathies shall perish not ;  
 And ye, like rainbows promise-bent on high,  
 Shall point the mourner from his earthly spot,  
 To where immortal youth is joy's peculiar lot.

(New Monthly, April.)

# LETTER FROM SPAIN.

Seville.

WHEN the last census was made, in 1787, the number of Spanish females confined to the cloister, for life, amounted to thirty-two thousand. That in a country where wealth is small and ill distributed, and industry languishes under innumerable restraints, there should be a great many portionless gentlewomen unable to find a suitable match, and consequently glad of a dignified asylum, where they might secure peace and competence, if not happiness, is so perfectly natural, that the founders and supporters of any institution intended to fulfil these objects would deserve to be reckoned among the friends of humanity. But the cruel and wicked church law, which, aided by external force, binds the nuns with perpetual vows, makes the convents for females the *Bastilles* of superstition, where many a victim lingers through a long life of despair or insanity. Though I do not mean to enter into a point of Theological controversy, I find it impossible to dwell for a moment on this subject without expressing my utter abhorrence and detestation of the cold indifference with which our church looks on the glaring evils of some of its laws, when, according to her own doctrines, they might be either repealed or amended without relinquishing any of her claims. The authority of the Roman Pontiff, in all matters of church government, is not questioned among Catholics. Yet, from a proud affectation of infallibility, even upon such points as the most violent partisans of that absurd pretension have never ventured to place within its reach, the church of Rome has been so sparing of the power to reform her laws, that it might be

suspected she wished to abandon it by prescription. Always ready to *bind*, the heirs of Saint Peter have shewn themselves extremely averse to the humane office of *loosing on earth*, except when it served the purposes of gain or ambition. The time, I believe, will never come when the church of Rome will agree to make concessions on what are called *matters of faith*. But I cannot discover the least shadow of reason or interest for the obstinacy which preserves unaltered the barbarous laws relating to the religious vows of females ; unless it be that vile animal jealousy, which persons, deprived of the pleasures of love, are apt to mistake for zeal in the cause of chastity : such zeal as your Queen Elizabeth felt for the purity of her maids.

The Nunneries in this town amount to twenty-nine. Of these, some are under the exclusive jurisdiction of the Friars, whose rule of religious life they profess ; and some under that of the Episcopal See. The last generally follow the monastic rules of Saint Benedict, Saint Bernard, or Saint Jerom ; and it is remarkable, that the same superiority which is observable in the secular above the regular clergy, is found in the nuns under the episcopal jurisdiction. Some of the *last* inhabit large convents, whose courts and gardens allow the inhabitants ample space for exercise and amusement. Instead of narrow cells, the nuns live in a comfortable suite of apartments, often at the head of a small family of younger nuns whom they have educated, or of pupils, not under religious vows, whom their parents place there for instruction. The life, in fact, of these communities, is rather collegiate than monastic ; and

were it not for the tyrannical law which deprives the professed nuns of their liberty, such establishments would be far from objectionable. The dress of these nuns is still that which the *Duenas*, or elderly matrons, wore when the convents were founded, with the addition of a large mantle, black, white, or blue, according to the custom of the order, which they use at the choir. From a head-dress not unlike that which, if I may venture upon such matters, I believe you call *mob-cap*, hangs the black veil. A rosary, or chaplet of black beads with a cross at the end, is seen hanging over the neck and shoulders, or loosely coiled on a leather strap, which tightens the tunic or gown to the waist. A slip of cloth of the breadth of the shoulders, called the *scapulary*, hangs down to the feet both before and behind, probably with a view to conceal every outline of the female shape.

The mildness of these monastic rules being unsatisfactory to the fiery spirit of bigotry, many convents have been founded under the title of *Reformed*, where, without the least regard to the sex of the votaries, young and delicate females are subjected to a life of privation and hardship, as the only infallible method of obtaining the favour of Heaven. Their dress is a tunic of sackcloth, tied round the waist with a knotted rope. The rule allows them no linen either for clothing or bedding. Woollen of the coarsest kind, frets their bodies, day and night, even during the burning summers of the South of Spain. A mantle of the same sackcloth is the only addition which the nuns make to their dress in winter, while their feet, shod with open sandals, and without either socks or stockings, are exposed to the sharp winter blasts, and the deadening chill of the brick floors. A band of coarse linen, two inches in breadth, is worn by the Capuchin nuns, bound tight six or eight times round the head, in remembrance, it is said, of the *crown of thorns*; and such is the barbarous spirit of the rule, that it does not allow this band to be taken off even under an access of fever. A young woman that takes the veil in any of the reformed convents renounces the sight of her nearest relations. The utmost

indulgence as to communication with parents and brothers extends to a short conversation once a month, in the presence of one of the elder nuns, behind a thick curtain spread on the inner side of the iron grating, which completely intercepts the view. The religious vows, however, among the Capuchin nuns put a final end to all communication between parents and children.

To those acquainted with the character of our species of christianity, it will be difficult to conceive what motive can influence the mind of a young creature of sixteen thus to sacrifice herself upon the altars of these Molochs whom we call Saints and Patriarchs. To me these horrid effects of superstition appear so natural, that I only wonder when I see so many of our religious young females still out of the convent. Remorse and mental horrors goad some young men into the strictest monasteries, while more amiable, though equally mistaken views, lead our females to a similar course of life. We are taught to believe self-inflicted pain to be acceptable to the Deity, both as an atonement for crime, and a token of thankfulness. The female character, among us, is a compound of the most ardent feelings—vehement to deliriousness, generous to devotedness. What wonder, then, if, early impressed with the loveliness and sufferings of an incarnate Deity, an exquisitely tender mind grow restless and dissatisfied with a world as yet known only through the pictures of morose fanatics, and pant after the most effectual means of giving her celestial lover an unquestionable proof of gratitude? The first nascent wish of taking the veil is eagerly watched and seized by a confessor, who, to a violent jealousy of earthly bridegrooms, joins a confident sense of merit in adding one virgin more to the ten thousand of the spiritual *Harem*. Pious parents tremble to place themselves between God and their daughter, and often with a bleeding heart lead her to the foot of the altar.

There is an extreme eagerness in the Catholic professors of celibacy, both male and female, to decoy young persons into toils from which they themselves cannot escape. With this view

they have disguised the awful ceremony which cuts off an innocent girl from the sweetest hopes of nature, with the pomp and gaiety which mankind have unanimously bestowed on the triumph of legitimate love. The whole process which condemns a female "to wither on the virgin thorn," and "live a barren sister all her life," is studiously made to represent a wedding. The unconscious victim, generally in her fifteenth year, finds herself, for some time previous to her taking the veil, the queen of the whole community which has obtained her preference. She is constantly addressed by the name of bride, and sees nothing but gay preparations for the expected day of her spiritual nuptials. Attired in a splendid dress, and decked with all the jewels of her family and friends, she takes public leave of her acquaintance, visits, on her way to the convent, several other nunneries to be seen and admired by the recluse inhabitants, and even the crowd which collects in her progress follows her with tears and blessings. As she approaches the church of her monastery, the dignified ecclesiastic who is to perform the ceremony, meets the intended novice at the door, and leads her to the altar amid the sounds of bells and musical instruments. The monastic weeds are blessed by the priest in her presence; and having embraced her parents and nearest relations, she is led by the lady who acts as bride's-maid to the small door next to the double grating, which separates the nun's choir from the body of the church. A curtain is drawn while the abbess cuts off the hair of the novice, and strips her of worldly ornaments. On the removal of the curtain she appears in the monastic garb, surrounded by the nuns bearing lighted tapers, her face covered with the white veil of probationship, fixed on the head by a wreath of flowers. After the *Te Deum*, or some other hymn of thanksgiving, the friends of the family adjourn to the *Locutory*, or visiting-room, where a collation of ices and sweetmeats is served in the presence of the mock bride, who, with the principal nuns, attends behind the grating which separates the visitors from the inmates of the convent. In the

more austere convents the parting visit is omitted, and the sight of the novice in the white veil, immediately after having her hair cut off, is the last which, for a whole year, is granted to the parents. They again see her on the day when she binds herself with the irrevocable vows, never to behold her more, unless they should live to see her again crowned with flowers, when she is laid in her grave.

Instances of novices quitting the convent during the year of probation are extremely rare. The ceremony of taking the veil is too solemn, and bears too much the character of a public engagement, to allow full liberty of choice during the subsequent noviciate. The timid mind of a girl shrinks from the idea of appearing again the world, under the tacit reproach of fickleness and relaxed devotion. The nuns, besides, do not forget their arts during the nominal trial of the victim, and she lives a whole year the object of their caresses. Nuns, in fact, who, after profession, would have given their lives for a day of free breathing out of their prison, it has been my misfortune to know; but I cannot recollect more than one instance of a novice quitting the convent; and that was a woman of obscure birth, on whom public opinion had no influence.

That many nuns, especially in the more liberal convents, live happy, I have every reason to believe; but, on the other hand, I possess indubitable evidence of the exquisite misery which is the lot of some unfortunate females, under similar circumstances. I shall mention only one case in actual existence, with which I am circumstantially acquainted.

A lively and interesting little girl of fifteen, poor, though connected with some of the first gentry in the town, having received her education under an aunt who was at the head of a wealthy, and not austere, Franciscan convent, came out, as the phrase is, *to see the world*, previous to her taking the veil. I often met the intended novice at the house of one of her relations, where I visited daily. She had scarcely been a fortnight out of the cloister, when that world she had learned to abhor in description, was so visibly and rapidly

winning her affections, that at the end of three months she could hardly disguise her aversion to the veil. The day, however, was now fast approaching which had been fixed for the ceremony, without her feeling sufficient resolution to decline it. Her father, a good but weak man, she knew but too well, could not protect her from the ill treatment of an unfeeling mother, whose vanity was concerned in thus disposing of a daughter for whom she had no hopes of finding a suitable match. The kindness of her aunt, the good nun to whom the distressed girl was indebted for the happiness of her childhood, formed, besides, too strong a contrast with the unkindness of an unnatural mother, not to give her wavering mind a strong though painful bias towards the cloister. To this were added all the arts of pious seduction so common among the religious of both sexes. The preparations for the approaching solemnity were, in the mean time, industriously got forward with the greatest publicity. Verses were circulated, in which her confessor sang the triumph of Divine Love over the wily suggestions of the *impious*. The *wedding-dress* was shewn to every acquaintance, and due notice of the appointed day was given to friends and relatives. But the fears and aversion of the devoted victim grew as she saw herself more and more involved in the toils she had wanted courage to burst when she first felt them.

It was in company with my friend Seandro, with whose private history you are well acquainted, that I often met the unfortunate Maria Francisca. His efforts to dissuade her from the rash step she was going to take, and the warm language in which he spoke to her father on that subject, had made her look upon him as a warm and sincere friend. The unhappy girl, on the eve of the day when she was to take the veil, repaired to church, and sent him a message, without mentioning her name, that a female penitent requested his attendance at the confessional. With painful surprise he found the future novice at his feet, in a state bordering on distraction. When a flood of tears had allowed her utterance, she told him that, for want of another friend in the

whole world, to whom she could disclose her feelings, she came to him, not, however, for the purpose of confession, but because she trusted he would listen with pity to her sorrows. With a warmth and eloquence above her years, she protested that the distant terrors of eternal punishment, which, she feared, might be the consequence of her determination, could not deter her from the step by which she was going to escape the incessant persecution of her mother. In vain did my friend volunteer his assistance to extricate her from the appalling difficulties which surrounded her : in vain did he offer to wait upon the archbishop, and implore his interference : no offers, no persuasions could move her. She parted as if ready to be conveyed to the scaffold, and the next day she took the veil.

The real kindness of her aunt, and the treacherous smiles of the other nuns, supported the pining novice through the year of probation. The scene I beheld when she was bound with the perpetual vows of monastic life, is one which I cannot recollect without an actual sense of suffocation. A solemn mass, performed with all the splendour which that ceremony admits, preceded the awful oaths of the novice. At the conclusion of the service, she approached the superior of the order. A pen, gaily ornamented with artificial flowers, was put into her trembling hand, to sign the engagement for life, on which she was about to enter. Then, standing before the iron-grate of the choir, she began to chaunt, in a weak and fainting voice, the act of consecration of herself to God ; but, having uttered a few words, she fainted into the arms of the surrounding nuns. This was attributed to mere fatigue and emotion. No sooner had the means employed restored to the victim the powers of speech, than, with a vehemence which those who knew not her circumstances attributed to a fresh impulse of holy zeal, and in which the few that were in the painful secret saw nothing but the madness of despair, she hurried over the remaining sentences, and sealed her doom for ever.

The real feelings of the new votress were, however, too much suspected by her more bigoted or more resign-



ed fellow-prisoners; and time and despair making her less cautious, she was soon looked upon as one likely to bring disgrace on the whole order, by divulging the secret that it is possible for a nun to feel impatient under her vows. The storm of conventual persecution, (the fiercest and most pitiless of all that breed in the human heart,) had been lowering over the unhappy young woman during the short time which her aunt, the prioress, survived. But when death had left her friendless, and exposed to the tormenting ingenuity of a crowd of female zealots, whom she could not escape for an instant, unable to endure her misery, she resolutely attempted to drown herself. The attempt, however, was ineffectual. And now the merciless character of Catholic superstition appeared in its full glare. The mother, without impeaching whose character no judicial steps could be taken to prove the invalidity of the profession, was dead; and some relations and friends of the poor prisoner were moved by her sufferings to apply to the church for relief. A suit was instituted for this purpose before the ecclesiastical court, and the clearest evidence adduced of the indirect compulsion which had been used in the case. But the whole order of Saint Francis, considering their honour at stake, rose against their rebellious subject, and the judges sanctioned her vows as voluntary and valid. She lives still in a state approaching to madness, and death alone can break her chains.

Such an instance of misery is, I hope, one of those extreme cases which seldom take place, and more seldom transpire. The common source of suffering among the Catholic recluses proceeds from a certain degree of religious melancholy, which, combined with such complaints as originate in perpetual confinement, affect more or less the greater number.

The mental disease to which I allude is commonly known by the name of *Escrúpulos*, and might be called *religious anxiety*. It is the natural state of a mind perpetually dwelling on hopes connected with an invisible world, and anxiously practising means to avoid an unhappy lot in it, which keep the ap-

prehended danger for ever present to the imagination. Consecration for life at the altar promises, it is true, increased happiness in the world to come; but the numerous and difficult duties attached to the religious profession, multiply the hazards of eternal misery with the chances of failure in their performance; and while the plain Christian's offences against the moral law are often considered as mere frailties, those of the professed votary seldom escape the aggravation of sacrilege. The odious diligence of the Catholic moralists has raked together an endless catalogue of sins, by *thought, word, and deed*, to every one of which the punishment of eternal flames has been assigned. This list, alike horrible and disgusting, haunts the imagination of the unfortunate devotee, till, reduced to a state of perpetual anxiety, she can neither think, speak, nor act, without discovering in every vital motion a sin which invalidates all her past sacrifices, and dooms her painful efforts after Christian perfection to end in everlasting misery. Absolution, which adds boldness to the resolute and profligate, becomes a fresh source of disquietude to a timid and sickly mind. Doubts innumerable disturb the unhappy sufferer, not, however, as to the power of the priest in granting pardon, but respecting her own fulfilment of the conditions, without which to receive absolution is a *sacrilege*. These agonizing fears, cherished and fed by the small circle of objects to which a nun is confined, are generally incurable, and usually terminate in an untimely death, or insanity.

There are, however, constitutions and tempers to which the atmosphere of a nunnery seems natural and congenial. Women of uncommon cleverness and judgment, whose strength of mind preserves them in a state of rational happiness, are sometimes found in the cloisters. But the true, the genuine nun—such, I mean, as, uncumbered by a barbarous rule, and blessed with that Lilliputian activity of mind which can convert a parlour or a kitchen into an universe—presents a most curious modification of that amusing character, *the old maid*. Like

their virgin sisters all over the world, they too have, more or less, a flirting period, of which the confessor is always the happy and exclusive object. The heart and soul of almost every nun not passed fifty are centred in the priest that directs her conscience. The convent messengers are seen about the town with lots of spiritual *billets-doux*, in search of a soothing line from the ghostly fathers. The nuns not only address them by that endearing name, but will not endure from them the common form of speech in the third person :—they must be *tutoyé*, as children are by their parents. Jealousy is a frequent symptom of this nameless attachment ; and though it is impossible for every nun to have exclusive possession of her confessor, few will allow the presence of a rival within their own convent.

I do not intend, however, to cast an imputation of levity on the class of

Spanish females which I am describing. Instances of gross misconduct are extremely rare among the nuns. Indeed, the physical barriers which protect their virtue are fully adequate to guard them against the dangers of a most unbounded mental intimacy with their confessors. Neither would I suggest the idea that nothing but obstacles of this kind, keeps them, in all cases, within the bounds of modesty. My only object is to expose the absurdity and unfeelingness of a system which, while it surrounds the young recluses with strong walls, massive gates, and spiked windows, grants them the most intimate communication with a man—often a young man—that can be carried on in words and writing. The struggle between the heart thus barbarously tried, and the unnatural duties of the religious state, though sometimes a mystery to the modest sufferer, is plainly visible in most of the young captives.

## DESCRIPTION OF A TURKISH IMPERIAL ARMY

OF CONTINGENTS, REQUIRED FROM THE VIZIRS, PASHAS, OR OTHER GOVERNORS.

Written by an eye-witness.

THE most accurate notion which can be formed of a Turkish imperial army of provincial contingent troops, (if troops they deserve to be called) must be obtained by comparing them with those bands of armed pilgrims, who, in days of yore, traversed Europe from various countries to St. Jago of Compostella, or our lady of the Pillar, in Saragossa, to the holy house of Loretto, &c. &c. Regulating and animating their march by hymns and litanies, their devotions, uninterrupted excepting when some traveller was to be stripped, some village to be plundered and burnt. But instead of long trains of peregrinators adorned with crosses and cockle-shells, the Ottoman army exhibits Mahometan monks in party-coloured caps and garments, mounted, as a mark of humility, on asses, marching at the head of tumultuary columns, flourishing the flags of the prophet and vociferating prayers and imprecations with all their might.

Behind these appear the *Delis*, or select horsemen, who scour and plun-

der the country on every side. Then follow the *Timariotes*, or national cavalry, mounted on horses or mules, which they are bound to provide : but rarely indeed in any other way than at the expense of the lawful owners, who fall in their route ; furnished with pack-saddles, and ropes for stirrups.

Last advance the *infantry*, once the glory of an Ottoman army, but now held as the meanest body in their service. Armed with guns without bayonets, with enormous horse-pistols and massy daggers, they press forward in confused crowds, raising clouds of dust, as numerous flocks of sheep hurried on by the shepherds. Behind this infantry come the *topgis*, or artillery, their guns dragged along by buffaloes, or by Christian slaves equally under the lash.

The rear of this strange association of barbarians of various countries, languages and habits of life ; some shouting and singing aloud, others firing off their pieces loaded with ball into the air ; is closed by the commanders of

different ranks, superbly apparelled, and surrounded by multitudes of insolent attendants and servants; liberally exercising their cudgels on all who do not keep a duly respectful distance from their haughty masters. Notwithstanding their brutality, yet it is under the protection of these attendants that the Greek suttlers and canteeners, the Jew furnishers of clothing, old or new, the gypsey blacksmiths, conjurors, and fortune-tellers, poultry-stealers, and, when requisite, executioners, place themselves.

No Turkish army ever takes the field without Jewish contractors and furnishers; for they supply the *Spahis* and *Timariotes* with barley for their horses, and bread-corn for the men; unless the army be to remain for some time in one position; when the surrounding country, friend or foe, is equally laid under contribution.

When on a march, the army halt for the night, and the attendants are employed to set up tents for the commanders; the *bazars*, or markets, are opened in various parts of the camp. The scouring parties produce the sheep, &c. they have stolen; the gipsies open their bags of poultry, often suffocated by the sulphur burnt under the trees or roosts to bring them down; the suttlers and coffee-men display their stores and stoves; the Jews their scales for exchange of money; the soldiers sing to the sound of their lutes; the *seraskier* or commander holds his court; the great men give and receive visits of ceremony;—but all this time no outpost, not even a sentinel is appointed; every one lays him down to rest under the protection of that fatality in which the essence of Mussulmanism consists.

#### AUTHENTIC ANECDOTES OF THE LATE REV. DR. BARRETT,

VICE-PROVOST OF TRINITY-COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

THE object of this memoir was born in Dublin, in the year 1753, and was the son of a clergyman in rather confined circumstances. After receiving the usual rudiments of a classical education, he entered college about the year 1773, as a non-decremented pensioner; and passing through the usual routine of preliminary instruction, he obtained a fellowship in 1778. In 1791, he became a member of the senior board, and in 1792, librarian, having enjoyed the office of assistant during the preceding eight years. His habits, at all times retired, became decidedly cenobitical before he had passed his prime. Until the last twenty years, however, he occasionally ventured beyond the walls of the college, to dine with a gentleman of the Irish bar to whom he was much attached, but always on the express condition *that there should be no ladies present*. The following was a favourite question of his, and was proposed by him to myself at a Hebrew examination:—"What other *mainin*" (meaning) "has *rosh* besides *caput*?—Why it means *pison* (poison); and there's a passage

in Scripture which is translated what *head's* above the *head* of a woman—but it ought to be—what *pison's* above the *pison* of a woman."

After he relinquished this anti-ascetic indulgence, he became a voluntary prisoner, never passing the college gate, except when he happened to be appointed one of the Lent preachers, and when he went to the Bank to receive the interest on his myriad of debentures. These were, indeed, so numerous, that the clerks, relying on his integrity, and shrinking from the Herculean task themselves, gladly allowed him to mark them himself. One of the junior fellows (at present in the enjoyment of a college living) has been known to borrow a debenture, in order to have an excuse for accompanying the Doctor to the Bank, and witnessing the operation. Once, and once only, was he known to undertake a long journey; and that was on the occasion of a lawsuit relative to college property, which obliged him to transplant himself to the county of Kerry, one of the most remote parts of Ireland, and to him an *ultima Thule*. Many stories are in circulation

relative to his progress, such as his mistaking geese for swans, and not knowing what pigs were. But whatever may be said of the goose and swan story, the other is evidently overstrained, for he had a most retentive memory, and had seen pigs in his boyhood.

He usually walked in the Fellows' garden, the park, or the courts of the college, encumbered with the weight of his entire wardrobe, consisting of a coat, vest, and breeches (brown in reality, but by courtesy black), a shirt (black in reality, but in courtesy white), hose, and no cravat. At home he sat constantly without the coat, the waistcoat being furnished with sleeves. On the occasion of a fellowship examination, it was no easy matter to become convinced of his identity; for he never failed to wash his hands and face on such occasions, and vacancies occur in Dublin College almost every year, or at least every two years. This phenomenon, added to the assumption of a clean gown (which, however, he always exchanged for the old and unctuous one immediately after examination), improved his exterior so much, that he might actually have passed for a handsome old man. But the disposition of his locks was not unlike the radiation of a bunch of radishes, and such curls as fell off (for his hair had in latter years but a precarious tenure,) he always attached with hair-pins to the back of his head.

It was once well-said and feelingly deplored in one of our most celebrated journals, that we cannot "quote a nose, hitch a note of admiration upon a lady's cheek, or put the turn of a countenance between inverted commas." This inconvenience bears hard upon one who attempts to record the jests of the late vice-provost of Trinity College. For, besides the impossibility of delineating in cold black and white the dwarfish figure of the doctor, and the beaked nose of his face, (not very unlike the print of Gray, and therefore bordering upon the parrot cast,)—by what witchery of the goose-quill could that voice be heard by the eye thro' the medium of a piece of paper,—that dry, gritty, angular voice, which was so essentially and intimately grotesque, that the utmost rigidity of muscle was hardly

proof agains the effect it produced in uttering the most indifferent sentences? And how shall I succeed in conveying even the most remote idea of that peculiar articulation, interrupted, yet continuous, hurried, but alays emphatic, with which his sentences inupigned upon the tympanum of the auditors?

From a host of anecdotes, it shall be my care to cull a few of those (*quorum pars magnum fui*) which best tend to exhibit the peculiar features of his mind, and the leading characteristics of his disposition; and I shall conscientiously separate truth from fiction, and, as it were, filter away every thing equivocal or overcharged. And I must in the outset protest against the immoderate use of the expression "do you see me now?" with which most retailers of those anecdotes, tinctured as it would seem with too much of an *improvisatore* style, interlard the phrases attributed to him. Nor have I ever heard him swear, altho' I have no doubt of the veracity of those who have at times assured me that they had heard him. That which was truly unique in his diction, (which was by no means felicitous,) was a habit he had acquired of assigning a reason for every thing. "Put" (the *u* being pronounced as in *but*), "Put," said he to one of the porters who were attending at table, "the-cover-upon-the-cowled-mutton . . . not-to-keep-it-from-gettin-cowled....because-its-cowled-already....but-to-keep-the-flies-from-it." "You're Sir K . . . .," said he, addressing a bachelor of arts, "*because-you've-taken your-degree.*"

His ruling passion is alleged to have been the love of money, with what truth I shall not here enquire; for this is no time to scrutinize his foibles, when his bones are scarcely yet settled within the grave. It is certain that he was no stranger to those kindlier feelings of which the mere miser is incapable. I have seen his cats, and cocks, and hens, passing out of the hall-door before him in the morning, and himself patting them, and giving directions to his college-woman about them. When his former and favourite old woman, Catty, was on her death-bed, nothing could exceed the humanity with which he provided for her necessities. It is even

said, that he complied with her request of having masses said for her soul, and that he paid for them out of his own pocket.

That the erudition of Dr. Barrett should be almost without a parallel might be expected from his habits of complete seclusion, added to a memory of a power little short of miraculous, even in matters the most trivial. The following anecdote I had from the mouth of Sir Charles Ormsby, a barrister, some years deceased. This gentleman, having occasion to call upon him after a lapse of twenty years, during which the doctor had never seen him, was not only addressed by name, but by his college designation: "Ormsby *primus* . . . how-do-ye-do?" Another gentleman, who had entered college on the same day, nearly forty years ago, took occasion, although unacquainted, to visit him during his last illness, and was immediately accosted with—"Aye, you're H\*\*\*\*\* . . . you *enthered* college—the same day with me . . . I-got-first-place, and -you-got-eleventh." The following instance exhibiting quickness of perception, in addition to memory, was communicated to me by a friend eminently skilful in numismatic affairs, and one of those least likely to be obliged to have recourse to extraneous aid in decyphering coins. The piece of money and the interpretation, with the remark annexed in the doctor's hand-writing, are now lying before me. "The affair of the coin was this," writes my friend, "I could not decypher it, nor could any of the friends who understood the Greek character in which the epigraph was given, and whom I consulted. W\*\*\*\*\*, however, offered to consult Barrett, and went down at the moment to College: he met Jack in the square, who, on the instant that he glanced his eye on the piece, which is by no means in good conversation, strung off the inscription:—"Inscription, ΑΥΤΟΚΡ. Μ ΙΟΥΛΙ ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΣ ΣΕΒ. That is, Αυτοκρατωρ Ναρκος Ιουλιος Φιλίππος σεβαστος, or, the Emperor Julius Philippus Augustus. He killed Gordian in Syria, where he was made Emperor, in 244." This comment he added in the same breath with the ex-

planation of the legend, and wrote both down at the request of the enquirer.

Of the limited range of enjoyments to which the Vice-Provost was necessarily restricted from his habits of monachism those of the table were not the least prominent. In drinking he was remarkably abstemious, but his manducating propensities developed themselves in no equivocal manner. Faithful to the Commons' bell, he opened his hall-door at three o'clock every day, and the ceremony of closing it was so attractive in the eyes of those disposed to gratify their risible inclinations, that groups might frequently be observed assembled in the court for the purpose of witnessing the complicated process. After pulling the door to, he used to swing from the handle for the space of some seconds, and then run a tilt against the pannels, almost in the manner of a battering-ram, until he became satisfied by the result of repeated ordeals that no straggler about college could gain admission without co-operation from within. He then tucked up the skirts of his gown, and, in a pace rapid for a man of his years, proceeded across the court towards the dining-hall. On one occasion, many years since, some mushrooms were served up in a very scanty quantity, as they were only just coming into season. The Vice-Provost devoured them all; and some of the fellow-commoners, indignant at the appropriation, were determined to punish him. A whisper accordingly began to circulate that the mushrooms had been of a rather suspicious appearance, and most probably of a deleterious nature. When the buzz, thickening as it approached the head of the table, reached the ears of the Vice-Provost, his agony was extreme, and his cries for assistance not to be withstood. A draught of oil was accordingly procured, which he was obliged to swallow as an emetic, and the triumph of the avengers was complete.

In wit and repartee he was by no means deficient. One day, at Commons, Mr. \*\*\*\*\* one of the junior fellows, distinguished for his classical attainments, took occasion to ask the Doctor in a bantering tone how he would translate the opening of Cæsar's Commentaries—*Gallia est omnis divisa in*

*partes tres*, and instantly received the following retort :—" Why . . . I suppose-I'd-say—All Gaul is *quartered* into three halves, *Misther \*\*\*\*\**." A *jib* (or new comer in college), unacquainted with the person of the Vice-Provost, dazzled his eyes one day with a looking glass, upon which the Doctor having detected the delinquent, fined him and his brother ten shillings each for *casting reflections on the heads of College*.

His regularity in attending to college business was extreme. It is on record, that a poor soldier was once near undergoing a flogging, in consequence of the neglect of some duty while absorbed in the perusal of Baron Munchausen. Tom Jones was more fatal to Jacky Barrett, (the Doctor's familiar designation throughout college), while a student of Trinity college. At that time the Doctor was much addicted to the perusal of novels. One baleful day, his attention was so engrossed by the adventures of the hero above-mentioned, that he actually forgot, until too late, to repair to the College Chapel (where he was reader for the week), and thereby incurred a heavy penalty.

While he was once examining a class of graduates, in the Hebrew Psalter, one of them being insufficiently prepared, was prompted by his neighbour. It was the 114th psalm that he was endeavouring to translate, and he had got as far as "the mountains skipped like rams," when the professor perceived what was going forward, and interrupted the proceeding with the following adverse proposition :—" Why-the-mountains-skipped-to-be-sure....*but*, Sir \*\*\*\*\* ,you're *promptin*."

Not long before his death he put the question to Mr. \*\*\*\*\* , who was sitting with him, which of the fellows would be *sorryest* for him in the event of his dying? Mr. \*\*\*\*\* replied, that he, for one, would be sorry, and he was confident that the feeling would be general. "Aye,...*but-who'll-be-sorryest?* ..... I'll-tell-you-who'll-be-sorryest..... It'll be Tom \*\*\*\*\* ,...for-he'll-lose-nine-hundhert-guineas." To explain this, it may be necessary to mention, that the situation of senior lecturer for the ensuing year (the emoluments of which

are estimated at about 1000*l*. would have reverted to Dr. \*\*\*\*\* had the Vice-Provost survived a few days longer. In consequence of his demise it devolves upon Dr. \*\*\*\*\* , the new senior fellow. His disease was a dropsy, and he died on the evening of Thursday last in the 69th year of his age.

Reports are, of course, various, as to the particulars of the Doctor's will. It is certain that his own family inherit the smallest part of the spoil. To his brother he has bequeathed £50 a year; to one of his nieces, a widow, £100 a year, with a reversion to her children; to each of two others, £30 a year. To each of his executors, he has left a legacy of £500 to indemnify them for their trouble; to his college-woman, it is believed, £100 a year. The head porter of the University has succeeded to a handsome bequest, which some exaggerate to £1000 a year; but which is more probably two or three hundred. This was a debt of gratitude. About ten or twelve years since, some workmen conspired to murder and rob the Vice-Provost, and had actually removed some slates from the roof of his building, in order to gain admission by night. The plot was detected and prevented by the activity of the head-porter, who ever after watched over him with unremitting vigilance, and was, in fact, notwithstanding the difference of rank, his most confidential friend up to his last moments. The bulk of his property, amounting to something between eighty and a hundred thousand pounds, he has left, as he expresses it in his will, "to feed the hungry and clothe the naked."

But it is time to turn from these perishable memorials, which, however vividly imprinted upon the minds and memories of those who had intercourse with the subject of this memoir during his life-time, must with them decay, to those more durable records which attest the extent of his research, and the depth of his erudition. The published works of Dr. Barrett are 3 in number :

1. An Enquiry into the Origin of the Constellations that compose the Zodiac, and the Uses they were intended to promote
2. An Essay on the Earlier Part of the Life of Swift.

3. *Evangelium secundum Matthæum ex Codice Rescripto in Bibliothecâ Collegii SSæ. Trinitatis juxta Dublin.*

The mortal remains of this most erudite and most eccentric character have been this day deposited in the church yard of Glasnevin, a sequestered and interesting village to the NW. of Dublin, where his mother is interred. It is classic ground. He reposes in the same cemetery with Dr. Delany, the celebrated contemporary of Dean Swift. A venerable mansion within the precincts of the Dublin society's botanic garden, which adjoins the village was once the residence of Tickell, the poet. It is, at present, inhabited by Professor Wade, and is a favourite resort, during the mornings of summer, of those who

love to pursue the study of botany in the most delightful of all situations for the purpose. Until a comparatively late period, a terrace branched off through the garden, from the rear of this house which was the favourite promenade of Addison, who resided in this neighbourhood during his abode in Ireland. It was from him called "Addison's Walk." At the upper end of the village are ten elm-trees, which were planted under the direction of one of those worthies who adorned the metropolis of Ireland, and, in particular, the vicinity of Glasnevin, while the facetious Dean of St. Patrick's was in the height of his career. They are called "Apollo and the Nine Muses."

## Paragraphs.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES—LITERARY NEWS—REMARKABLE INCIDENTS, &c.  
(English Magazines, April.)

### THE PIRATE.

**T**HIS is not the best, nor is it the worst (the worst is good enough for us) of the Scotch Novels. There is a story in it, an interest excited almost from the first, a clue which you get hold of and wish to follow out; a mystery to be developed, and which does not disappoint you at last. After you once get into the stream, you read on with eagerness, and have only to complain of the number of impediments and diversions thrown in your way. The author is evidently writing to gain time, to make up his complement of volumes, his six thousand guineas worth of matter; and to get to the end of your journey, and satisfy the curiosity he has raised, you must be content to travel with him, stop when he stops, and turn out of the road as often as he pleases. He dallies with your impatience, and smiles in your face, but you cannot, and dare not be angry with him, while with his giant-hand he plays at push-pin with the reader, and sweeps the rich stakes from the table. He has, they say, got a *plum* by his writings. What have not the public got by reading them? The course of exchange is, and will be, in our favour, as long as he gives us one volume for ourselves, and two for himself. Who

is there that has not been the better, the wiser, and happier man for these fine and inexhaustible productions of genius? The more striking characters and situations are not quite so highly wrought up in the present, as in some former instances, nor are they so crowded together, so thickly sown. But the genius of the author is not exhausted, nor can it be so till not a Scotch superstition, or popular tradition is left, or till the pen drops lifeless and regretted from its master's hand. Ah! who will then call the mist from its hill? Who will make the circling eddies roar? Who, with his "so potent art," will dim the sun, or stop the winds, that wave the forest-heads, in their course? Who will summon the spirits of the northern air from their chill abodes, or make gleaming lake or hidden cavern teem with wizard, or with elfin forms? There is no one but the Scottish Prospero, but old Sir Walter, can do the trick aright. He is the very genius of the clime—mounts in her cold grey clouds, dips in her *usquebaugh* and whiskey!—startles you with her antique Druid spells in the person of Elshie, or stirs up the fierce heat of her theological fires with Macbriar and Kettle-drumle: sweeps the country with a far war-cry to Lochiel, or sighs

out the soul of love in the perfumed breath of the Lily of St. Leonard's. Stand thou, then, Meg Merrilies on the point of thy fated rock, with wild locks and words streaming to the wind ; and sit thou there in thy narrow recess, Balfour of Burley, betwixt thy Bible and thy sword, thy arm of flesh and arm of the Spirit :—when the last words have passed the lips of the author of *Waverley*, there will be none to re-kindle your fires, or recall your spirit ! Let him write on then to the last drop of ink in his inkstand, even though it should not be made according to the model of that described by Mr. Coleridge, and we will not be afraid to read whatever he is not ashamed to publish. We are the true and liege subjects of his pen, and profess our ultra-fealty in this respect, like the old French leaguers, with a *Quand même*.

The Pirate is not what we expected, nor is it new. We had looked for a prodigious *row*—landing and boarding, cut and thrust, blowing up of ships, and sacking of sea-ports, with the very devil to pay, and a noise to deafen clamour, Guns, drums, trumpets, blunderbusses, and thunder.

We supposed that for the time, "Hell itself would be empty, and all the devils be here." *There be land pirates and water pirates* ; and we thought Sir Walter would be for kicking up just such a dust by sea, in the *Buccaneers*, (as it was to be called) as he has done by land in *Old Mortality*. *Multum abludit imago*.

Of the execution of these volumes we need hardly speak. It is inferior, but it is only inferior to some of his former works.—Whatever he touches, we see the hand of a master. He has only to describe actions, thoughts, scenes, and they everywhere speak, breathe, and live. It matters not whether it be a calm sea-shore, a mountain-tempest, a drunken brawl, "the Cathedral's choir and gloom," the Sybil's watch-tower, or the smuggler's cave ; the things are immediately there that we should see, hear, and feel. He is Nature's Secretary. He neither adds to, nor takes away from, her book ; and that makes him what he is, the most popular writer living.

#### EXPLOSION OF GAS CAUSED BY RATS.

A curious circumstance lately occurred in a shop on the Quaside in *Newcastle*—an explosion of gas caused by rats. The shop, after being some time unoccupied, had been recently fitted up by a grocer. The gas-pipe, for lighting the shop, came up through the floor, beneath the counter, through a hole large enough to adroit a rat to pass.—At a bend in the pipe, just above the floor, a hole was made by the teeth of these animals (it is supposed in search of water), as though it had been filed through ; and consequently the gas escaped, and was partly confined in the hollows of the counter.—The escape being discovered by the smell, a search for the leak was imprudently made with a candle, which caused an explosion, that broke several panes in the windows, and damaged the counter considerably ; but happily no personal injury was sustained. This circumstance, however, shows the necessity of caution in the management of the gas ; and that the use of candles ought to be avoided in searching for leaks in confined places, where any accumulation of gas is possible.

#### PAWNBROKERS.

*Jan. 23.*—It was clearly decided in the Court of King's Bench, that, in the event of an article pawned not being redeemed within twelve months and a day, the pawnbroker is bound to account, if called upon by the owner, for the difference in its produce, deducting only the sum advanced, the interest, and expenses ; and that, if not actually sold, it may be redeemed after the time mentioned.

#### RAT-CATCHING.

*Jan. 12.*—Died, at Louth, aged 71, William Morris, a rat-catcher.—A few days since he went out to destroy vermin ; and, as usual, took a box containing some poisonous articles, which he used in his vocation, in his pocket, in which also he incautiously put a small fruit pie. The latter he took out and ate upon the road ; but the lid of his box not being sufficiently secure, a part of the poison laid, without his knowing it, fallen out upon the surface of his pie. Medical aid was resorted to as soon as the accident was discovered ; but the poor fellow's sufferings terminated in death after ten days of excruciating agonies.

#### LEVITY.

Aged 15, Mr. Lennon, the eldest son of Major Lennon, of Grange cottage, Queen's county. This young gentleman went to call upon a friend a few years older than himself, and being wrapped up in a Portuguese cloak, most imprudently determined upon surprising him, and concealing his face, and assuming a feigned voice, accosted him as a robber. The effects of his levity proved most fatal, for the other snatching up a blunderbuss, wounded Mr. Lennon in the face and head so horribly, that he died the next morning.



## FRENCH LANGUAGE.

To Parody a famous expression of Mirabeau, it may be said that "the French language is making the tour of the world." A French Journal is now printed at Smyrna, under the title of the "Spectator Oriental;" and another is published in the Russian empire, at Odessa; two French papers appear at Madrid, the one entitled the "Regulateur," and the other the "Boussole." England has its *Courier de Londres*; and several French Journals appear in various parts of Germany and Switzerland. Such are the accounts of the French themselves of their language. Let us compare them with the English, destined perhaps one day to exceed all other languages in universality: In Paris, one paper; in Brussels, one; in Canada, several; in America, between three and four hundred; in the different West India Islands, seven or eight at least; in New South Wales, two and a magazine; in India, five or six, and also one or two periodical works; at the Cape of Good Hope, and in our other Colonies, one paper at least. While 15,000,000 of persons in the West Indies and America, 20,000,000 at home, and half a million or more in the different Colonies of the East and in Europe, making a total of 35,500,000 inhabiting every climate, speak the English tongue from childhood; besides all those foreigners whom literature or trade induce to study it. The increase of the English language in America, in the East, and in New South Wales, will only be limited by a territory which far exceeds one quarter of the globe, when its population shall be at a stand. A more permanent memorial of Britain than all her martial triumphs, and destined to make her remembered and admired when they are long forgotten.

## MAGNETISM.

The Prussian State Gazette calls the attention of its readers to a highly-important discovery, which Dr. Seebeck has communicated to the Academy of Science at Berlin, in three different sittings, the last on the 26th of October, "on the magnetic properties inherent in all metals and many earths (and not in iron alone, as was hitherto supposed), according to the difference of the degrees of heat." This discovery, it is stated, opens, in this part of Natural Philosophy, an entirely new field, which may lead to interesting results with respect to hot springs, connected with the observations made by the Inspector of Mines, M. Von Trebra, and others, relative to the progressive increase of warmth in mines, in proportion to their depths. According to M. Von Trebra's observations, the heat at the depth of 150 feet below the surface of the earth is one degree, at 300 feet deep two degrees, at 600 feet four degrees, &c.

## REPUTED SPECIFICS.

The *Acorus Calamus* has lately been discovered to be a remedy for a pain in the breast. The discovery was accidental: the

patient chewing it without any design of using it as a medicine.—Strong coffee is also recommended as a cure for gravel.

## "MODES OF CATCHING."

*Munich, Nov. 27.*—A very extraordinary circumstance has occurred here. A servant maid being in a garden with a child nine months old, set it down on the ground, when suddenly an Eagle darted from the air to seize upon it as a prey. The servant, who fortunately was close by, with the greatest courage and presence of mind threw a shawl at the bird, which covering its eyes, not only prevented him from seizing the infant, but even from escaping. She then boldly caught hold of the robber, and in spite of his struggles held him fast till some persons came to her assistance. His Majesty amply rewarded the heroine, who received some wounds in the contest, and sent the prisoner to the menagerie at Nymphenburg.

## TOOTH DRAWING.

Dr. Monsey, an eccentric physician of the last century, was remarkable for many peculiarities, but the mode he adopted for drawing his own teeth was perhaps the most uncommon: it consisted in fastening a strong piece of catgut firmly round the affected tooth; the other end of the catgut was, by means of a strong knot, fastened to a perforated bullet; with this a pistol was charged, and when held in a proper direction, by touching the trigger, a troublesome companion was got rid of, and a disagreeable operation evaded.

A person whom he fancied he had persuaded to consent to this summary proceeding, went so far as to let him fasten his tooth to the catgut: but at that moment his resolution failed, and he cried out hastily that he had altered his mind: "But I have not," said Monsey, holding fast the string, and giving it an instantaneous and smart pull; "and sir, you are a fool and a coward for your pains."

## TEMPERATURE OF ROOMS.

Mr. JOHN MURRAY has published some curious observations on the temperature of a room indicated by two thermometers at different altitudes. Two thermometers being placed one on the floor, and the other suspended 6½ feet above it, between the 5th and 24th of November, indicated differences of from 1½ to 5°, the greater heat being in that 6½ feet above the floor. He says that Breguel's *Thermometre Metallique*, in a still room without a fire, in the summer months, readily communicated the difference in temperature between the floor and a chair, and between this last and the table.

## Intelligence.

Captain BASIL HALL, states that occultations of the stars by the moon are *easily discernible at sea*; and that he himself has made several observations of this kind. This mode of determining the longitude would be much preferable to that of the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites.

The Rev. I. TAYLOR will soon publish, in a duodecimo volume, *Scenes in England*, illustrated by 84 engravings.

*Cœur de Lion*, or the Third Crusade, a Poem, in sixteen Books, by Miss ELEANOR ANNE PORDEN, author of the *Veils*, the *Arctic Expeditions*, &c. is in the press.

Mr. MACKENZIE, author of the *Thousand Experiments*, a volume which has acquired for its author a great reputation among the European and American chemists, is preparing *First Lines of the Science of Chemistry*, for the use of Students, with engravings.

The author of the *Beauties, Harmonies, and Sublimities of Nature* is writing a work under the title of *The Tablets of Memnon*; or, *Fragments Illustrative of the Human Character*. It will contain some very curious anecdotes, and be illustrated by the author's correspondence with St. Pierre, author of the *Studies of Nature*, Madame de Stael, Dr. Percy, late Bishop of Dromore, and several other eminent, literary, and political characters.

*Sacred Lyrics*; by JAMES EDMESTON, vol. 3, will shortly appear.

The long announced biography of *Public Men of all Nations Living in 1822*, will appear in April, and be embellished with 150 spirited engraved portraits. It will form three volumes somewhat larger than Debreton's *Peerage*, and may be regarded as the peerage of talents and genius in every walk of life.

*Cataline*; a Tragedy, in five acts; with other Poems, will be published in a few days, by the Rev. G. CROLY, A. M. author of *Paris in 1815*, *Angel of the world*, &c.

In the Arctic Land Expedition Lieutenant Franklin, R. N. proceeded from York Factory towards their wintering ground at Cumberland, a distance of about 900 miles from the coast.—Lieutenant Franklin, Dr. Richardson, Mr. Back, and Mr. Hood, attended by the Orkney-men, who had been engaged to man the boats in the rivers of the interior, had worked in the Company's service several years, and understood the language of many of the Indian tribes, left the factory on the 7th of September, 1819. As the travellers advanced, the mild season not having yet begun to disappear, vast herds of grey deer were observed passing the rivers towards the Esquimaux lands. They entered upon Lake Winnipie, at the farther side of which they had to encounter the grand rapid, extending nearly three miles, and abounding in obstructions quite insurmountable. Here they were obliged to drag their boats on shore, and carry them

over the land. The woods along the banks were all in a blaze, it being the custom of the natives, as well as of the traders, to set fire to the trees, for the double purpose of keeping off the cold and the wolves. The expedition passed several other rapids and falls, along a flat, woody, and swampy country, across five miles of which no eye could see. After a tedious journey of forty-six days, (the dangers and distresses of which rather increased than diminished as they advanced,) the expedition arrived at Cumberland, a post situated on the banks of a beautiful lake, and stockaded against incursions of savages, the attacks of wolves and bears, and the more ferocious assaults of rival traders. Here the winter of 1819 was passed. In June 1820 they set forward in canoes manned by Canadians. On the 29th of July they arrived at the north side of Slave Lake. A party of Copper Indians were engaged to accompany them, and they commenced the work of discovery. On the 1st of September they reached the banks of the Copper Mine River, in lat. 55. 15. N., long. 113 W., a magnificent body of water two miles wide. They had penetrated into a country destitute of wood, and the men were exhausted with the labours of carrying canoes, cargoes, &c. amounting to three tons, from lake to lake. Their broken spirits were revived by success; but the season was too far advanced to make farther progress. They returned to a small wood of pines, and erected their winter residence of mud and timber, which they named Fort Enterprise. By Indian report this river runs into the Northern Sea, in west longitude 110, and in lat. 72. In June, 1821, they proposed to re-embark, and it was supposed that the river would enable them to reach the sea in a fortnight.

### NEW WORKS.

Sir Andrew Wylie of that Ilk, 3 vols.

Irah and Adelah, a Tale of the Flood, and other Poems; together with Specimens of a New Translation of the *Platis*, by Thomas Dale, of Benett College, Cambridge, 8vo.

Aroita and Palemon, after the excellent poet Geoffrey Chaucer; by Lord Thurlow.

Poems on Several Occasions; by Lord Thurlow.

The French Protestant: a Tale; by the author of the *Italian Convent*, 12mo. 3s.

Stories after Nature, f. cap. 8vo. 6s.

Legends of Scotland (first series) containing Fair Helen, of Kirkconnel, and Roslin Castle; by Ronald M'Chronicle, esq. 3 vols.

Fanny Fairfield, the Farmer's Daughter: a Juvenile Tale, 12mo. 5s.

Singularity: a Tale; by Jane Harvey, author of *Brougham Castle*, &c. 3 vols.

Lemira of Lorraine: a Romance, 3 vols.

The Recluse: a Romance, a Translation of *Le Solitaire*, 2 vols.

The woman of Genius, 3 vols. 12mo.

Dinan, a Romance.

Langreath: a Tale; by Mrs. Nathan, 3 vols.

# SPIRIT

OF THE

## ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

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BOSTON, JUNE 1, 1822.

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(London Time's Telescope for June 1822.)

### June.

What pomps can courts and capitals supply,  
So gorgeous as the *rising of the sun*?  
What matins like the *larks*, who heavenward climb,  
And pour down lighted music from above?  
What midnight serenade so rapturous  
As the lone *nightingale's*, whose soul of love  
Out-gushes with her song? *Jewels and rings!*  
Is not each dewy blade, and leaf, and flower,  
Hung with a *pearl*, which, when the sun upsprings,  
Is dyed to *amethyst and ruby*? *Nympholept.*

THE flower-garden is usually in all its glory in June, if the weather have been mild and favourable to vegetation. The region of Flora, with its odours and endless hues, is an object of admiration to *man* alone, and constitutes one of the most pleasing and innocent recreations: to none but *man* is it an object of the slightest moment. The general sense of beauty, as well as of grandeur, seems familiar to *man* in the creation. The herd, in common with him, enjoy the gentle breath of spring; they lie down to repose on the flowery bank, and hear the peaceful humming of the bee; they enjoy the green fields and pastures; but we have reason to think, that it is *man* only who sees the image of beauty over the happy prospect, and rejoices at it; that it is hidden from the brute creation, and depends not upon sense, but on the intelligent mind.

In every age and every nation, *flowers* have been honoured, cherished, loved and admired. In the olden time they graced the festivals, and adorned the altars, of the deities. A goddess,

ever blooming and young, superintended their interests, and her marriage with the gentle Zephyrus must have singularly promoted the welfare of her delicate subjects. They have been showered on the heads of heroes, been twisted in the chaplets of Hymen, and chosen by Love as his most appropriate gifts, and most intelligible symbols. Affection has delighted to strew them on the graves of the departed, and Poetry has sung their praise, till the wearied ear turns from the oft-told tale.

Who will assert that in modern days flowers are less honourably distinguished?—who that has seen the Epergne laden with their mingled blossoms; the most dainty dishes garnished with their brilliant tints; or the splendid drawing-rooms and gay boudoirs, where they grow in tubs, or float in vases, or stiffen in saucers filled with moistened sand—who, above all, that has beheld them in bunches, bushes, and arborets mingling with the tresses, towering high above the heads, or, as in recent times, hanging confusedly about the throats of our most fashionable females?—‘Flowers of all hues, and *without thorn* the rose.’

With how much care, too, do we tend ‘the firstlings of the year,’ and endeavour to persuade them to expand their bright petals, and breathe their delicious scents a little earlier than the laws of nature permit. In the language of that exquisite poem, ‘The

Flower and the Leaf,' the choicest offering which Flora's altars ever received,

When buds, that yet the blast of Eurus fear,  
Stand at the door of life, and doubt to clothe the year,

we tempt them forth, and promise them our fostering protection, 'Then, at our call emboldened,' the hyacinth, the narcissus, and the crocus, burst their sheaths; we delight to deck our rooms with these children of early spring—we display them exultingly at our windows, and, 'Qui possit violas addere, divas erit.' Faint, however, are the pleasures which flowers afford in cities, when compared with those which they bestow upon their admirers in the country. There, the florist rears them near his home, watches them, improves them by culture, takes a parental interest in their progress, and a lover's pride in their charms, while health and cheerfulness reward his labours. There, the botanist explores the hedges, and traverses the hills in pursuit of some new addition to his herbal or his knowledge, and the barren heath and dull common acquire interest and beauty in his eyes.

Oh! friendly to the best pursuits of man,  
Friendly to thought, to virtue, and to peace,

are tastes and studies of this description, when cultivated as the amusement, not the business of life, and kept in due subserviency to higher and more useful pursuits.

*Botany* appears to be peculiarly adapted to the study of ladies, as it tempts them to the enjoyment of air and exercise, which though the best friends to health and beauty, the most effectual remedies for nervousness and ennui, are yet very generally neglected by the flowers of the human race. It is favourable, also, to the acquisition of habits of inquiry and observation, and sends the eye constantly abroad on expeditions of discovery. It is not a botanist 'who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and cry, all is barren;' on the contrary, wherever a blade of grass appears, he is on the watch for rarity or beauty, and seldom returns from a ramble without some novelty to relate, some treasure to display.

On minute inspection, how much of amusement and instruction may be de-

rived from the study of flowers,—that study in which Israel's wisest monarch delighted; he who 'spoke of trees from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall!' The *daisy*, insignificant as it apparently is, (yet immortalized by the pen of Dryden, and graced by the song of Burns) becomes, on closer observation, an expanse of wonders, a cluster of miracles. Scores of minute blossoms compose its disc and border, each distinct, each useful, each delicately beautiful. The *convolvulus* and *honeysuckle* appear to the careless eye to twist in a similar manner round every thing in their neighbourhood; but the botanist discovers that they are governed by different laws, the former always twining itself according to the apparent motion of the sun, the latter in a contrary direction; and when busy man attempts to alter this arrangement, he invariably injures, and perhaps destroys, the plant.

The *physiology of vegetables* is a most curious and entertaining branch of the science of botany; and, owing to the great improvement of our microscopes, may be pursued to an extent far beyond the most sanguine hopes of former students. In some recent experiments, the growth of wheat was actually rendered visible to the eye; a bubble of gas was seen to dart forth, carrying with it a portion of vegetable matter, which instantaneously formed into a fine tube, and one fibre was completed. In short, with instruments like our's, what may we not hope to accomplish in studies, unexhausted and inexhaustible as are those of nature?

In this delightful month, the fields of clover (*trifolium pratense*) white and purple, are in blossom; and the dog-rose (*rosa canina*), and the poppy (*papaver somniferum*), have their flowers full blown.\* The milky juice of

\* Sleep is a god too proud to wait in palaces,  
And yet so humble too as not to scorn  
The meanest country cottages;  
His poppy grows among the corn.

The halcyon Sleep will never build his nest  
In any stormy breast.  
'Tis not enough that he does find  
Clouds and darkness in their mind;  
Darkness but half his work will do:  
'Tis not enough; he must find quiet too.  
Horace, imitated by Cowley.

the poppy is the well known and valuable *opium* of the shops, the soother of all our aches and pains. The Turks, it is well known, are in the habit of chewing opium as a luxury, and to induce a state of indolence and apathy, which they regard as the summit of human happiness. It is often taken in large and repeated doses ; and in the professed opium-eaters, it produces a singular species of intoxication. The higher orders frequently amuse themselves in observing the strange effects produced on one of those persons by the full and intoxicating doses. The mind is elevated to madness ; the man fancies himself a sultan, orders the servants to be whipped, dismisses one minister, beheads another, and comports himself with all the dignity and arrogance of a king : while at the highest pitch of frenzy, a slave is ordered to make a sudden and loud noise ; in a moment the horror-struck opium-eater stands abashed, prays for forgiveness, and becomes perfectly sober. Such is the very extraordinary effect of a sudden noise upon a person who has taken sufficient opium to procure intoxication.

The *rose*, the type of love and beauty, now holds a conspicuous place in the flower-garden :—

Ah ! see, deep-blushing in her green recess,  
The bashful *virgin-rose*, that half-revealing,  
And half, within herself, herself concealing,  
Is lovelier for her hidden loveliness.  
Lo ! soon her glorious beauty she discovers :  
Soon droops :—and sheds her leaves of faded hue :  
Can this be she,—the flower,—erewhile that drew  
The heart of thousand maids, of thousand longing  
lovers ?

So fleeteth in the fleeting of a day,  
Of mortal life the green leaf and the flower,  
And not, though Spring return to every bower,  
Buds forth again soft leaf or blossom gay.  
*Gather the rose !* beneath the beauteous morning  
Of this bright day that soon will over-cast ;  
O gather the sweet rose, that yet doth last !

*Tasso.*

In no country of the world does the *rose* grow in such perfection as in Persia ; and in no country is it so cultivated and prized by the natives. It is often alluded to by Hafez in his odes.

The garden of Negauristan, a palace belonging to the King of Persia, is described by Sir R.K.Porter in his recent

Travels to abound with the most beautiful rose-trees ; he there saw 2 plants full *fourteen feet high, laden with thousands of flowers, in every degree of expansion, and of a bloom and delicacy of scent, that imbued the whole atmosphere with the most exquisite perfume.* The gardens and courts of the Persians are crowded with its plants, their rooms ornamented with vases filled with its gathered bunches, and every bath strewn with the full-blown flowers, plucked from the ever-replenished stems :—

And as the *parent-rose* decays and dies,  
The infant buds with brighter colours rise ;  
And with fresh sweets the mother's scent supplies.

Even the humblest individual, who pays a piece of copper money for a few whiffs of a *kalioun*, feels a double enjoyment when he finds it stuck with a bud from his dear native tree !

But in this delicious garden of Negauristan, the eye and the smell are not the only senses regaled by the presence of the rose. The ear is enchanted by the wild and beautiful notes of multitudes of *nightingales*, whose warblings seem to increase in melody and softness with the unfolding of their favourite flowers ; verifying the song of their poet, who says : ‘ When the roses fade, when the charms of the bower are passed away, the fond tale of the nightingale no longer animates the scene.’

The general character of this bower of faëry land, this garden of beauty, is, (according to Sir R. K. Porter) laid out in parallel walks, planted with luxuriant willows, and fruit-trees of various kinds, besides rose-trees in profusion. In Negauristan, narrow, secluded walks, shaded above and enamelled with flowers below, with cuts of clear and sparkling water, silvering the ground, and cooling the air, are charmingly contrasted with other parts which the hand of neglect (or taste assuming graceful negligence) has left in a state of romantic wilderness. The trees are all full-grown and luxuriant in foliage ; while their lofty stems, nearly covered with a rich underwood of *roses*, lilacs, and other fragrant and aromatic shrubs, form the finest natural tapestry of leaves and flowers.

Where'er the eye could reach,  
 Fair structures rainbow-hued arose ;  
 And rich pavilions through the opening woods  
 Gleamed from their wavy curtains sunny gold ;  
 And winding through the verdant vale,  
 Flowed streams of liquid light ;  
 And fluted *cypresses* reared high  
 Their living obelisks.  
 And broad-leaved *plane-trees* in long colonnades  
 O'erarched delightful walks,  
 Where round their trunks the thousand-tendrilled  
*vine*  
 Wound up, and hung the boughs with greener  
 wreaths,  
 And clusters not their own.  
 Wearied with endless beauty did his eyes  
 Return for rest ? Beside him teems the earth  
 With *tulips*, like the ruddy evening streaked ;  
 And here the *lily* hangs her head of snow ;  
 And here, amid her sable cup,  
 Shines the red *eye-spot*, like one brightest star,  
 The solitary twinkle of the night ;  
 And here the *rose* expands  
 Her paradise of leaves.

And oh ! what odours the voluptuous vale  
 Scatters from *jasmine* bowers  
 From yon *rose* wilderness,  
 From clustered *Henna*, and from *orange* groves,  
 That with such perfumes filled the breeze,

As *Peris* to their sister bear,  
 When from the summit of some lofty tree  
 She hangs, engaged, the captive of the Dives.  
 They from their pinions shake  
 The sweetness of celestial flowers,  
 And, as her enemies impure,  
 From that impervious poison far away  
 Fly groaning with the torment, she the while  
 Inhales her fragrant food.

Such odours flowed upon the world,  
 When at Mohammed's nuptials, word  
 Went forth in heaven, to roll

The everlasting gate of Paradise  
 Back on its living hinges, that its gales  
 Might visit all below : the general bliss  
 Thrilled every bosom ; and the family  
 Of man, for once, partook one general joy.

Mackerel (*scomber*, *scomber*) are taken in abundance in this month. The success of the fishery in 1821 was beyond all precedent. The amount of the *catch* of 16 boats, from Lowestoft, on the 30th (June) amounted to £5,252. 15s. 1¼d., being an average of £328, 5s. 11¼d. for each boat. The boats not in the above calculation, and those which went out to the westward, were also successful ; and it is supposed that there was no less a sum than £14,000 altogether realized by the owners and men concerned in the fishery on the Suffolk coast.

MIDSUMMER DAY, the nativity of St. John the Baptist, is celebrated on the 24th of June.

The following singular custom was a few years ago observed in Yorkshire. On *Midsummer eve*, every housekeeper who, during the preceding 12 months, had changed his residence into a new neighbourhood (there being certain limited districts called *neighbourhoods*) spreads a table before his door in the street with bread, cheese, and ale, as refreshments for all who chose to accept it. If the master of the house be in tolerable circumstances, the party, after regaling themselves for a short time, are invited to supper, and the evening is concluded in mirth and good humour. The origin of this custom is not known, but it is said to have been instituted for the purpose of introducing strangers to an early and friendly acquaintance with their neighbours ; others think that it was established for the laudable purpose of settling differences by the meeting and mediation of friends.

In Cornwall, *Midsummer-day* is considered as a high holiday, on which either a pole is erected, decorated with garlands, or some flag is displayed to denote the sanctity of the time. The *fires* kindled in different parts of the country on the eve of *Midsummer-day*, and other festivals, may probably be reckoned among the relics of Druidical superstition. We are informed by Toland, in his History of the Druids, that two fires were kindled by them near one another, on May-eve, in every village through the nation, and that it extended to Gaul, to Ireland, and the Isles. One fire was on the karne, (that is, a stone barrow) the other on the ground adjoining ; the men and beasts to be sacrificed, were to pass between the two fires. The Druids were accustomed to carry lighted torches in their hands on certain occasions in a peculiar manner, in order to drive away evil spirits. In the Island of Lewis, one of the Scottish Isles, it was an antient custom to make a *fiery circle*, round the houses, corn, and cattle, belonging to each particular family ; this was done by a man who carried a brand or torch in his hand, and travelled round the things which were to be inclosed. The same ceremony by the carrying of fire was performed about

women after childbearing, and round children before they were initiated, as an effectual means of preserving the mother and her offspring from the power of evil spirits.

In Cornwall, at present, although the bonfires remain, the marching from village to village with lighted torches, exists only in the fading recollection of the aged, and in those pages which marked the prevailing customs of departed days.

About the time of the summer solstice, the *Druids* lighted up a fire in honour of *Bel* or *Belus*; and, at this season of the year, it is still a custom in some parts of Ireland for the people to light up fires in some elevated places,\* and to bring their families together, to dance round, to pass through, and to jump over them, in order that success may attend them in all their future enterprises. In some places, even their cattle are compelled to submit to this ordeal, of passing through the fire, that good luck may attend their dairies and that neither blight nor mildew may destroy their ensuing crops. The bonfires in *Cornwall* are evidently of the same original, although they are unattended with these ordeals, and are destitute at present of all ominous power. We can only view them as the continued emblems of those flames in which the Druid sacrifices were once consumed. The victims have disappeared, but the fire still continues occasionally to glow; though the reason for which it was originally lighted is nearly lost. Yet even at the *present day*, when the bonfires are lighted up in Cornwall, and the spectators have for some time been assembled round them, it is customary for the youths of both sexes to display their agility, either in running through the fire, or in jumping over the glowing brands, as the flames decline. In these practices they awaken a spirit of emulation in each other; and that person is thought to be the most fortunate or lucky, who can brave the fiercest fire, and pass through it with the least inconvenience.

Of the *sacrificing of beasts*, some solitary memorials still remain; and in

the following barbarous instance (narrated by Mr. Hitchins, to whom we are indebted for much curious information) the perpetrator of the deed could assign no other reason, than that it was necessary to procure *good luck*. ‘An ignorant old farmer in Cornwall having met with some severe losses in his cattle about the year 1800, was much afflicted with his misfortunes. To stop the growing evil he applied to the farriers in his neighbourhood, but unfortunately he applied in vain. The malady still continuing, and all remedies failing, he thought it necessary to have recourse to some extraordinary measure. Accordingly, on consulting with some of his neighbours, equally ignorant with himself, and evidently not less barbarous, they recalled to their recollections a tale which tradition had handed down from remote antiquity, that the calamity would not cease until he had actually *burned alive the finest calf which he had upon his farm*; but that, when this sacrifice was made, the murrain would afflict his cattle no more. The old farmer, influenced by this counsel, resolved immediately on reducing it to practice; that, by making the detestable experiment, he might secure an advantage, which the whispers of tradition, and the advice of his neighbours, had conspired to assure him would follow. He accordingly called several of his friends together, on an appointed day, and having lighted a large fire, brought forth his best calf; and, without ceremony or remorse, pushed it into the flames. The innocent victim, on feeling the intolerable heat, endeavoured to escape; but this was in vain. The barbarians that surrounded the fire were armed with pitchforks, or *pikes*, as in Cornwall they are generally called: and, as the burning victim endeavoured to escape from death, with these instruments of cruelty the wretches pushed back the tortured animal into the flames. In this state, amidst the wounds of the pitchforks, the shouts of unfeeling ignorance and cruelty, and the corision of flames, the dying victim poured out its expiring groan, and

\* Chiefly on the mountains which lie to the south of Dublin. A line of country-cars is drawn across the roads, and ‘something towards the bonfire’ is exacted from the traveller.

was consumed to ashes. It is scarcely possible to reflect on this instance of superstitious barbarity, without tracing a kind of resemblance between it and the ancient sacrifices of the Druids. This calf was *sacrificed to fortune*, or good luck, to avert impending calamity, and to ensure future prosperity, and was selected by the farmer as the finest among his herd.—(*History of Cornwall.*)

But besides the sacrifice of beasts, which was common to the Druids, they also offered *human victims* at the polluted shrines of their imaginary gods. At these shrines their enemies were sacrificed, and their friends were offered. Sometimes the vigorous youth and graceful virgin were immolated on these sanguinary altars; and sometimes the *smiling infant* was carried from the bosom of its mother, to the flames which terminated its life:—

Like *Moloch*, horrid king, besmeared with blood  
Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears,  
Though for the noise of drums and timbrels loud,  
Their children's cries unheard, that passed thro' fire  
To his grim idol.

Some remains of this dreadful superstition have appeared in one of the western departments of France in the

present year (1821). A farmer finding himself and his family infested with vermin, and his cows giving no milk, attributed these misfortunes to the influence of sorcery, and was advised to throw salt in the fire, and bran in the stable where the cows were kept. But this plan failing, he consulted one of the 'wise men' of the village, who, after looking in a book threatened the farmer with new calamities, and told him that his wife and children would die in a few days; that the only remedy was to force the sorcerer to 'undo the work of fate;' and, in order to effect this, that he must be *put in the fire*, and held there, till it was accomplished. The man pointed at, an honest mechanic of the village, was accordingly seized, and held in the fire for a considerable time, and would have been burnt alive, had not his piercing cries alarmed some neighbouring rustics, who arrived just in time to save him from the diabolical ferocity of the farmer and his companion. Another similar instance lately occurred in the department of the Sarthe, where a man who was accused of having given the small-pox to the infant of another, and caused the death of his sheep,—was *murdered* as a sorcerer.

## FALLS OF NIAGARA.

(From Howison's recent Travels in Canada.)

[Howison (like Humboldt) seems to write of the forests, the rivers, the cataracts, the boundless and majestic wildernesses of the New World, as if his spirit were quite penetrated with the mighty and mysterious influences of elemental nature; nor have we met, for a long while, with any thing more charming in our literature, than the unstudied contrast continually presented by his quiet and temperate views of men and manners on the one hand, and his most rich and imaginative descriptions of external nature on the other. Neither Chateaubriand nor Humboldt has written any thing more truly beautiful and impressive, than his sketch of the voyage up the St. Lawrence in batteaux—Some of his descriptions of walks and rides through the primeval forests, which still skirt the shores of Ontario and Erie—His rich panorama of the *thousand islands*—or, above all, his visit to the cataracts of Niagara. We venture to quote a considerable part of the last description, and challenge any one to point out any thing more powerful, or more chastely and tastefully powerful, in all the prose that has been written in our time.]

**T**HE Table Rock, from which the Falls of Niagara may be contemplated in grandeur, lies on an exact level with the edge of the cataract, on the Canada side, and, indeed, forms a part of the precipice over which the water gushes. It derives its name from the circumstance of its projecting beyond

the cliffs that support it, like the leaf of a table. To gain this position, it is necessary to descend a steep bank, and to follow a path that winds among shrubbery and trees, which entirely conceal from the eye the scene that awaits him who traverses it. When near the termination of this road, a few steps



carried me beyond all these obstructions, and a magnificent amphitheatre of cataracts burst upon my view with appalling suddenness and majesty. However, in a moment the scene was concealed from my eyes by a dense cloud of spray, which involved me so completely, that I did not dare to extricate myself. A mingled rushing and thundering filled my ears. I could see nothing except when the wind made a chasm in the spray, and then tremendous cataracts seemed to encompass me on every side, while below, a raging and foamy gulf of undiscoverable extent lashed the rocks with its hissing waves, and swallowed, under a horrible obscurity, the smoking floods that were precipitated into its bosom.

At first, the sky was obscured by clouds, but after a few minutes the sun burst forth, and the breeze subsiding at the same time, permitted the spray to ascend perpendicularly. A host of pyramidal clouds rose majestically, one after another, from the abyss at the bottom of the Fall; and each, when it had ascended a little above the edge of the cataract, displayed a beautiful rainbow, which in a few moments was gradually transferred into the bosom of the cloud that immediately succeeded. The spray of the Great Fall had extended itself through a wide space directly over me, and, receiving the full influence of the sun, exhibited a luminous and magnificent rainbow, which continued to over-arch and irradiate the spot on which I stood, while I enthusiastically contemplated the indescribable scene.

Any person, who has nerve enough, (as I had,) may plunge his hand into the water of the Great Fall, after it is projected over the precipice, merely by lying down flat, with his face beyond the edge of the Table Rock, and stretching out his arm to its utmost extent. The experiment is truly a horrible one, and such as I would not wish to repeat; for, even to this day, I feel a shuddering and recoiling sensation when I recollect being in the posture above described.

The body of water which composes the middle part of the Great Fall is so immense, that it descends nearly two-

thirds of the space without being ruffled or broken, and the solemn calmness with which it rolls over the edge of the precipice, is finely contrasted with the perturbed appearance it assumes after having reached the gulf below. But the water towards each side of the Fall is shattered the moment it drops over the rocks, and loses as it descends, in a great measure, the character of a fluid, being divided into pyramidal-shaped fragments, the bases of which are turned upwards. The surface of the gulf below the cataract presents a very singular aspect; seeming, as it were, filled with an immense quantity of hoar frost, which is agitated by small and rapid undulations. The particles of water are dazzlingly white, and do not apparently unite together, as might be supposed, but seem to continue for a time in a state of distinct comminution, and to repel each other with a thrilling and shivering motion which cannot easily be described.

The noise made by the Horse-shoe Fall, though very great, is infinitely less than might be expected, and varies in loudness according to the state of the atmosphere. When the weather is clear and frosty, it may be distinctly heard at the distance of ten or twelve miles; nay much further when there is a steady breeze; but I have frequently stood upon the declivity of the high bank that overlooks the Table Rock, and distinguished a low thundering only, which at times was altogether drowned amidst the roaring of the rapids above the cataract. In my opinion, the concave shape of the Great Fall explains the circumstance. The noise vibrates from one side of the rocky recess to the other, and a little only escapes from its confinement, and this is less distinctly heard than it would otherwise be, as the profusion of spray renders the air near the cataract a very indifferent conductor of sound.

The road to the bottom of the Fall presents many more difficulties than that which leads to the Table Rock. After leaving the Table Rock, the traveller must proceed down the river nearly half a mile, where he will come to a small chasm in the bank, in which there is a spiral staircase enclosed in a wood-

en building. By descending this stair, which is seventy or eighty feet, perpendicular height, he will find himself under the precipice on the top of which he formerly walked. A high but sloping bank extends from its base to the edge of the river ; and on the summit of this there is a narrow slippery path, covered with angular fragments of rock, which leads to the Great Fall. The impending cliffs, hung with a profusion of trees and brushwood, over-arch this road, and seem to vibrate with the thunders of the cataract. In some places they rise abruptly to the height of one hundred feet, and display upon their surfaces, fossil shells, and the organic remains of a former world ; thus sublimely leading the mind to contemplate the convulsions which nature has undergone since the creation. As the traveller advances, he is frightfully stunned by the appalling noise ; for clouds of spray sometimes envelope him, and suddenly check his faltering steps,—rattlesnakes start from the cavities of the rocks, and the scream of eagles soaring among the whirlwinds of eddying vapour, which obscures the gulf of the cataract, at intervals announce that the raging waters have hurled some bewildered animal over the precipice. After scrambling among piles of huge rocks that obstruct his way, the traveller gains the bottom of the Fall, where the soul can be susceptible only of one emotion, viz. that of uncontrollable terror.

It was not until I had, by frequent excursions to the Falls, in some measure familiarized my mind with their sublimities, that I ventured to explore the *penetralia* of the Great Cataract. The precipice over which it rolls is very much arched underneath ; while the impetus which the water receives in its descent, projects it far beyond the cliff, and thus an immense Gothic arch is formed by the rock and the torrent. Twice I entered this cavern, and twice I was obliged to retrace my steps, lest I should be suffocated by the blasts of dense spray that whirled around me ; however the third time I succeeded in advancing about twenty-five yards. Here darkness began to encircle me ; on one side, the black cliff stretched it-

self into a gigantic arch far above my head, and on the other, the dense and hissing torrent formed an impenetrable sheet of foam, with which I was drenched in a moment. The rocks were so slippery, that I could hardly keep my feet, or hold securely by them ; while the horrid din made me think the precipices above were tumbling down in colossal fragments upon my head.

It is not easy to determine how far an individual might advance between the sheet of water and the rock ; but were it possible to explore the recess to its utmost extremity, scarcely any one, I believe, would have courage to attempt an expedition of the kind.

A little way below the Great Fall, the river is, comparatively speaking, so tranquil, that a ferry-boat plies between the Canada and American shores, for the convenience of travellers. When I first crossed, the heaving flood tossed about the skiff with a violence that seemed very alarming ; but as soon as we gained the middle of the river, my attention was altogether engaged by the surpassing grandeur of the scene before me. I was now within the area of a semi-circle of cataracts, more than three thousand feet in extent, and floated on the surface of a gulf, raging, fathomless, and interminable. Majestic cliffs, splendid rainbows, lofty trees, and columns of spray, were the gorgeous decorations of this theatre of wonders, while a dazzling sun shed refulgent glories upon every part of the scene. Surrounded with clouds of vapour, and stunned into a state of confusion and terror by the hideous noise, I looked upwards to the height of one hundred and fifty feet, and saw vast floods, dense, awful, and stupendous, vehemently bursting over the precipice, and rolling down, as if the windows of heaven were opened to pour another deluge upon the earth. Loud sounds, resembling discharges of artillery or volcanic explosions, were now distinguishable amidst the watery tumult, and added terrors to the abyss from which they issued. The sun, looking majestically thro' the ascending spray, was encircled by a radiant halo ; whilst fragments of rainbows floated on every side, and momentarily vanished only to give place

to a succession of others more brilliant. Looking backwards, I saw the Niagara river, again become calm and tranquil, rolling magnificently between the towering cliffs that rose on either side, and receiving showers of orient dew drops from the trees that gracefully over-arched its transparent bosom. A gentle breeze ruffled the waters, and beautiful birds fluttered around, as if to welcome its egress from those clouds of spray, accompanied by thunders and rainbows, which were the heralds of its precipitation into the abyss of the cataract. \*\*\*

When it was midnight, I walked out, and strolled into the woods contiguous to the house. A glorious moon had now ascended to the summit of the arch of heaven, and poured a perpendicular flood of light upon the silent world below. The starry hosts sparkled brightly when they emerged above the horizon, but gradually faded into twinkling points as they rose in the sky. The motionless trees stretched their majestic boughs towards a cloud-

less firmament, and the rustling of a withered leaf, or the distant howl of the wolf alone broke upon my ear. I was suddenly roused from a delicious reverie, by observing a dark object moving slowly and cautiously among the trees. At first, I fancied it was a bear, but a nearer inspection discovered an Indian on all fours. For a moment I felt unwilling to throw myself in his way, lest he should be meditating some sinister design against me; however, on his waving his hand, and putting his finger on his lips, I approached him, and notwithstanding his injunction to silence, inquired what he did there. "Me watch to see the deer kneel," replied he; "This is Christmas night, and all the deer fall upon their knees to the Great Spirit, and look up." The solemnity of the scene, and the grandeur of the idea, alike contributed to fill me with awe. It was affecting to find traces of the Christian faith existing in such a place, even in the form of such a tradition.

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### THE PRIMROSE.

(Blackwood's Mag.)

I saw it in my evening walk,  
A little lonely flower—  
Under a hollow bank it grew,  
Deep in a mossy bower.

An oak's gnarl'd root, to roof the cave,  
With Gothic fret-work sprung,  
Whence jewell'd-fern,\* and arum leaves,  
And ivy garlands hung.

And close beneath came sparkling out,  
From an old tree's fall'n shell,  
A little rill that clipt about  
The lady in her cell.

And there, methought, with bashful pride,  
She seem'd to sit and look  
On her own maiden loveliness,  
Pale imaged in the brook.

No other flower, no rival grew  
Beside my pensive maid;

She dwelt alone, a cloister'd nun,  
In solitude and shade.

No sun-beam on that fairy pool  
Darted its dazzling light;  
Only, methought, some clear cold star  
Might tremble there at night.

No ruffling wind could reach her there—  
No eye, methought, but mine,  
Or the young lambs that came to drink,  
Had spied her secret shrine.

And there was pleasantness to me  
In such belief—cold eyes  
That slight dear Nature's loveliness  
Profane her mysteries.

Long time I look'd and linger'd there,  
Absorb'd in still delight;  
My spirits drank deep quietness  
In with that quiet sight.

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\* The flowers of the *Osmunda Legalis*, or flowering-fern, are set like two rows of jewellery on the under sides of the leaves. This elegant plant blows in July and August, and is generally found on or about the boles and twisted roots of old trees.

(English Magazines, April.)

## THE ROSE IN JANUARY.

## INTRODUCTION.

I HAD the good fortune to become acquainted in his old age with the celebrated Wieland, and to be often admitted to his table. It was there that, animated by a flask of Rhenish, he loved to recount the anecdotes of his youth, and with a gaiety and naïveté which rendered them extremely interesting. His age—his learning—his celebrity—no longer threw us to a distance, and we laughed with him as joyously as he himself laughed in relating the little adventure which I now attempt to relate. It had a chief influence on his life, and it was that which he was fondest of retracing, and retraced with most poignancy. I can well remember his very words; but there are still wanting the expression of his fine countenance—his hair white as snow, gracefully curling round his head—his blue eyes, somewhat faded by years, yet still announcing his genius and depth of thought; his brow touched with the lines of reflection, but open, elevated, and of a distinguished character; his smile full of benevolence and candour. “I was handsome enough,” he used sometimes to say to us—and no one who looked at him could doubt it; “but I was not amiable, for a *savant* rarely is,” he would add laughingly, and this every one doubted; so to prove it, he recounted the little history that follows.

“I was not quite thirty,” said he to us, “when I obtained the chair of philosophical professor of this college in the most flattering manner: I need not tell you that my *amour propre* was gratified by a distinction rare enough at my age. I certainly had worked for it formerly; but at the moment it came to me, another species of philosophy occupied me much more deeply, and I would have given more to know what passed in one heart, than to have had power to analyze those of all mankind. I was passionately in love; and you all know, I hope, that when love takes possession of a young head, adieu to every thing else; there is no room for any

other thought. My table was covered with folios of all colours, quires of paper of all sizes, journals of all species, catalogues of books, in short, of all that one finds on a professor’s table: but of the whole circle of science I had for some time studied only the article *Rose*, whether in the Encyclopedia, the botanical book, or all the gardeners’ calendars that I could meet with: you shall learn presently what led me to this study, and why it was that my window was always open, even during the coldest days. All this was connected with the passion by which I was possessed, and which was become my sole and continual thought. I could not well say at this moment how my lectures and courses got on, but this I know, that more than once I have said, ‘Amelia,’ instead of ‘philosophy.’

“It was the name of my beauty—in fact, of the beauty of the University, Mademoiselle de Belmont. Her father, a distinguished officer, had died on the field of battle. She occupied with her mother a large and handsome house in the street in which I lived, on the same side, and a few doors distant. This mother, wise and prudent, obliged by circumstances to inhabit a city filled with young students from all parts, and having so charming a daughter, never suffered her a moment from her sight, either in or out of doors. But the good lady passionately loved company and cards; and to reconcile her tastes with her duties, she carried Amelia with her to all her assemblies of dowagers, professors’ wives, canonesses, &c. &c. where the poor girl *ennuyed* herself to death with hemming or knitting beside her mother’s card-table. But you ought to have been informed, that no student, indeed no man under fifty, was admitted. I had then but little chance of conveying my sentiments to Amelia. I am sure, however, that any other than myself would have discovered this chance, but I was a perfect novice in gallantry; and, until the moment when I imbibed this passion from Amelia’s beautiful dark eyes, mine, having been always

fixed upon volumes of Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldaic, &c. &c. understood nothing at all of the language of the heart. It was at an old lady's, to whom I was introduced, that I became acquainted with Amelia; my destiny led me to her house on the evening of her assembly; she received me—I saw Mademoiselle de Belmont, and from that instant her image was engraven in lines of fire on my heart. The mother frowned at the sight of a well-looking young man; but my timid, grave, and perhaps somewhat pedantic air, reassured her. There were a few other young persons—daughters and nieces of the lady of the mansion; it was summer—they obtained permission to walk in the garden, under the windows of the saloon, and the eyes of their mammas. I followed them; and, without daring to address a word to my fair one, caught each that fell from her lips.

“Her conversation appeared to me as charming as her person; she spoke on different subjects with intelligence beyond her years. In making some pleasant remarks on the defects of men in general, she observed, that ‘what she most dreaded was violence of temper.’ Naturally of a calm disposition, I was wishing to boast of it; but not having the courage, I at last entered into her idea, and said so much against passion, that I could not well be suspected of an inclination to it: I was recompensed by an approving smile; it emboldened me, and I began to talk much better than I thought myself capable of doing before so many handsome women; she appeared to listen with pleasure; but when they came to the chapter of fashions, I had no more to say—it was an unknown language; neither did she appear versed in it. Then succeeded observations on the flowers in the garden; I knew little more of this than of the fashions, but I might likewise have my particular taste; and to decide, I waited to learn that of Amelia: she declared for the *Rose*, and grew animated in the eulogy of her chosen flower. From that moment, it became for me the queen of flowers. ‘Amelia,’ said a pretty, little, laughing *Espiègle*, ‘how many of your favourites are condemned to death this winter?’ ‘Not

one,’ replied she; ‘I renounce them—their education is too troublesome, and too ungrateful a task, and I begin to think I know nothing about it.’

“I assumed sufficient resolution to ask the explanation of this question and answer: she gave it to me; ‘You have just learned that I am passionately fond of *Roses*; it is an hereditary taste; my mother is still fonder of them than I am; since I was able to think of any thing, I have had the greatest wish to offer her a *Rose-tree* in blow (as a new year’s gift) the ‘first of January;’ I have never succeeded. Every year I have put a quantity of rose-trees into vases; the greater number perished; and I have never been able to offer one rose to my mother.’ So little did I know of the culture of flowers, as to be perfectly ignorant that it was possible to have roses in winter; but from the moment I understood that it might be, without a miracle, and that incessant attention only was necessary, I promised myself, that this year the first of January should not pass without Amelia’s offering her mother a rose-tree in blow. We returned to the saloon—so close was I on the watch, that I heard her ask my name in a whisper. Her companion answered, ‘I know him only by reputation; they say he is an author; and so learned, that he is already a professor.’ ‘I should never have guessed it,’ said Amelia, ‘he seems neither vain nor pedantic.’ How thankful was I for this reputation. Next morning I went to a gardener, and ordered fifty rose-trees of different months to be put in vases. ‘It must be singular ill fortune,’ thought I, ‘if among this number, one at least does not flower.’ On leaving the gardener, I went to my bookseller’s—purchased some works on flowers, and returned home full of hope. I intended to accompany my rose-tree with a fine letter, in which I should request to be permitted to visit Madame de Belmont, in order to teach her daughter the art of having roses in winter; the agreeable lesson, and the charming scholar, were to me much pleasanter themes than those of my philosophical lectures. I built on all this the prettiest romances possible; my milk pail had not yet got on so far as

Perrette's; she held it on her head; and my rose was not yet transplanted into its vase; but I saw it all in blow. In the meantime, I was happy only in imagination; I no longer saw Amelia; they ceased to invite me to the dowager parties, and she was not allowed to mix in those of young people. I must then be restricted, until my introducer was in a state of presentation, to seeing her every evening pass by with her mother, as they went to their parties. Happily for me, Madame de Belmont was such a coward in a carriage, that she preferred walking when it was possible. I knew the hour at which they were in the habit of leaving home; I learned to distinguish the sound of the bell of their gate, from that of all the others of the quarter; my window on the ground floor was always open; at the moment I heard their gate unclose, I snatched up some volume, which was often turned upside down, stationed myself at the window, as if profoundly occupied with my study, and thus almost every day saw for an instant the lovely girl, and this instant was sufficient to attach me to her still more deeply. The elegant simplicity of her dress; her rich, dark hair wreathed round her head, and falling in ringlets on her forehead; her slight and graceful figure—her step at once light and commanding—the fairy foot that the care of guarding the snowy robe rendered visible, inflamed my admiration; while her dignified and composed manner, her attention to her mother, and the affability with which she saluted her interiors, touched my heart yet more. I began too to fancy, that, limited as were my opportunities of attracting her notice, I was not entirely indifferent to her. For example, on leaving home, she usually crossed to the opposite side of the street; for had she passed close to my windows, she guessed, that, intently occupied as I chose to appear, I could not well raise my eyes from my book; then as she came near my house, there was always something to say, in rather a louder tone, as 'Take care, mamma; lean heavier on me; do you feel cold?' I then raised my eyes, looked at her, saluted her, and generally encountered the transient glance of my divinity,

who, with a blush, lowered her eyes, and returned my salute. The mother, all enveloped in cloaks and hoods, saw nothing. I saw every thing—and surrendered my heart. A slight circumstance augmented my hopes. I had published '*An Abridgment of Practical Philosophy*.' It was an extract from my course of lectures—was successful, and the edition was sold. My bookseller, aware that I had some copies remaining, came to beg one for a customer of his, who was extremely anxious to get it; and he named Mademoiselle Amelia de Belmont. I actually blushed with pleasure; to conceal my embarrassment, I laughingly inquired, what could a girl of her age want with so serious a work? 'To read it, sir,—doubtless;' replied the bookseller; 'Mademoiselle Amelia does not resemble the generality of young ladies; she prefers useful to amusing books.' He then mentioned the names of several that he had lately sent to her; and they gave me a high opinion of her taste. 'From her impatience for your book,' added he, 'I can answer for it, that it will be perused with great pleasure; more than ten messages have been sent; at last, I promised it for to-morrow, and I beg of you to enable me to keep my word.' I thrilled with joy, as I gave him the volumes, at the idea that Amelia would read and approve of my sentiments, and that she would learn to know me.

"October arrived, and with it my fifty vases of rose-trees; for which, of course, they made me pay what they chose; and I was as delighted to count them in my room, as a miser would his sacks of gold. They all looked rather languishing, but then it was because they had not yet reconciled themselves to the new earth. I read all that was ever written on the culture of roses, with much more attention than I had formerly read my old philosophers; and I ended as wise as I began. I perceived that this science, like all others, has no fixed rules, and that each vaunts his system, and believes it the best. One of my gardener authors would have the rose-trees as much as possible in the open air; another recommended their being kept close shut up; one ordered

constant watching; another absolutely forbade it. 'It is thus with the education of man,' said I, closing the volumes in vexation. 'Always in extremes—always for exclusive systems—let us try the medium between these opposite opinions.' I established a good thermometer in my room; and, according to its indications, I put them outside the windows, or took them in: you may guess that fifty vases, to which I gave this exercise three or four times a day, according to the variations of the atmosphere, did not leave me much idle time; and this was the occupation of a professor of philosophy! Ah! well might they have taken his chair from him, and sent him back to school; to school, a thousand times more childish than the youngest of those pupils to whom I hurried over the customary routine of philosophical lessons: my whole mind was fixed on Amelia and my rose-trees.

"The death of the greater number of my *élèves*, however, soon lightened my labour; more than half of them never struck root. I flung them into the fire: a fourth part of those that remained, after unfolding some little leaves, stopped there. Several assumed a blackish yellow tint, and gave me hope of beautifying; some flourished surprisingly, but only in leaves; others, to my great joy, were covered with buds; but in a few days they always got that little yellow circle which the gardeners call the collar, and which is to them a mortal malady—their stalks twisted—they drooped—and finally fell, one after the other, to the earth—not a single bud remaining on my poor trees. Thus withered my hopes; and the more I hawked them from window to window, the worse they grew. At last, one of them, and but one, promised to reward my trouble—thickly covered with leaves, it formed a handsome bush, from the middle of which sprang out a fine, vigorous branch, crowned with six beautiful buds that got no collar—grew, enlarged, and even discovered, through their calices, a slight rose tint. There were still six long weeks before the new year; and, certainly, four at least, of my precious buds would be blown by that time. Behold me now recom-

pensed for all my pains; hope re-entered my heart, and every moment I looked on my beauteous introducer with complacency.

"On the 27th of November, a day which I can never forget, the sun rose in all its brilliance; I thanked Heaven, and hastened to place my rose-tree, and such of its companions as yet survived, on a peristyle in the court. (I have already mentioned that I lodged on the ground floor.) I watered them, and went, as usual, to give my philosophical lecture. I then dined—drank to the health of my rose; and returned to take my station in my window, with a quicker throbbing of the heart.

"Amelia's mother had been slightly indisposed; for eight days she had not left the house, and consequently I had not seen my fair one. On the first morning I had observed the physician going in; uneasy for her, I contrived to cross his way, questioning him, and was comforted. I afterwards learned that the old lady had recovered, and was to make her appearance abroad on this day at a grand gala given by a Baroness, who lived at the end of the street. I was then certain to see Amelia pass by, and eight days of privation had enhanced that thought; I am sure, Madame de Belmont did not look to this party with as much impatience as I did. She was always one of the first: it had scarcely struck five, when I heard the bell of her gate. I took up a book,—there was I at my post, and presently I saw Amelia appear, dazzling with dress and beauty, as she gave her arm to her mother; never yet had the brilliancy of her figure so struck me: this time there was no occasion for her to speak to catch my eyes; they were fixed on her, but hers were bent down; however, she guessed I was there, for she passed slowly to prolong my happiness. I followed her with my gaze, until she entered the house; then only she turned her head for a second; the door was shut, and she disappeared, but remained present to my heart. I could neither close my window, nor cease to look at the Baroness's hotel, as if I could see Amelia through the walls; I remained there till the objects were fading into obscurity—the approach of night, and

the frostiness of the air, brought to my recollection that the rose-tree was still on the peristyle : never had it been so precious to me ; I hastened to it ; and scarcely was I in the anti-chamber, when I heard a singular noise, like that of an animal browsing, and tinkling its bells. I trembled, I flew, and I had the grief to find a sheep quietly fixed beside my rose-trees, of which it was making its evening repast with no slight avidity.

"I caught up the first thing in my way ; it was a heavy cane : I wished to drive away the gluttonous beast ; alas ! it was too late ; he had just bitten off the beautiful branch of buds, he swallowed them one after another ; and, in spite of the gloom, I could see, half out of his mouth, the finest of them all, which in a moment was champed like the rest. I was neither ill-tempered nor violent ; but at this sight I was no longer master of myself. Without well knowing what I did, I discharged a blow of my cane on the animal, and stretched it at my feet. No sooner did I perceive it motionless, than I repented of having killed a creature unconscious of the mischief it had done ; was this worthy of the professor of philosophy, the adorer of the gentle Amelia ? But thus to eat up my rose-tree, my only hope to get admittance to her ! When I thought on its annihilation, I could not consider myself so culpable. However, the night darkened ; I heard the old servant crossing the lower passage, and I called her. ' Catherine,' said I, ' bring your light ; there is mischief here, you left the stable door open, (that of the court was also unclosed,) one of your sheep has been browsing on my rose-trees, and I have punished it.'

"She soon came with the lanthorn in her hand. ' It is not one of our sheep,' said she ; ' I have just come from them, the stable gate is shut, and they are all within. Oh, blessed saints ! blessed saints ! What do I see ! ..... exclaimed she when near, ' it is the pet sheep of our neighbour Mademoiselle Amelia de Belmont. Poor Robin ! what bad luck brought you here ? Oh ! how sorry she will be.' I nearly dropped down beside Robin. ' Of Mademoiselle Amelia ?' said I, in a trembling voice,

' has she actually a sheep ?' ' Oh ! good Lord ! no, she has none at this moment—but that which lies there with its four legs up in the air : she loved it as herself ; see the collar that she worked for it with her own hands.' I bent to look at it. It was of red leather, ornamented with little bells, and she had embroidered on it in gold thread—' Robin belongs to Amelia de Belmont ; she loves him, and begs that he may be restored to her.' ' What will she think of the barbarian who killed him in a fit of passion ; the vice that she most detests : she is right, it has been fatal to her. Yet if he should be only stunned by the blow : Catherine ! run, ask for some æther, or *eau de vie*, or hartshorn,—run, Catherine, run.'

"Catherine set off : I tried to make it open its mouth ; my rose-bud was still between its hermetically sealed teeth ; perhaps the collar pressed it ; in fact the throat was swelled. I got it off with difficulty ; something fell from it at my feet, which I mechanically took up and put into my pocket without looking at it, so much was I absorbed in anxiety for the resuscitation. I rubbed him with all my strength ; I grew more and more impatient for the return of Catherine. She came with a small phial in her hand, calling out in her usual manner, ' Here, sir, here's the medicine. I never opened my mouth about it to Mademoiselle Amelia ; I pity her enough without that.'

"'What is all this, Catherine ? where have you seen Mademoiselle Amelia ? and what is her affliction, if she does not know of her favourite's death ?' ' Oh, sir, this is a terrible day for the poor young lady. She was at the end of the street searching for a ring which she had lost, and it was no trifle, but the ring that her dead father had got as a present from the Emperor, and worth, they say, more ducats than I have hairs on my head. Her mother lent it to her to-day for the party ; she has lost it, she knows neither how nor where, and never missed it till she drew off her glove at supper. And, poor soul ! the glove was on again in a minute, for fear it should be seen that the ring was wanting, and she slipped out to search for it all along the street, but she has found nothing.'



“It struck me, that the substance that had fallen from the sheep’s collar had the form of a ring—could it possibly be ! I looked at it ; and, judge of my joy, it was Madame de Belmont’s ring, and really very beautiful and costly. A secret presentiment whispered to me that this was a better means of presentation than the rose-tree. I pressed the precious ring to my heart, and to my lips ; assured myself that the sheep was really dead ; and, leaving him stretched near the devastated rose-trees, I ran into the street, dismissed those who were seeking in vain, and stationed myself at my door to await the return of my neighbours. I saw from a distance the flambeau that preceded them, quickly distinguished their voices, and comprehended by them that Amelia had confessed her misfortune. The mother scolded bitterly ; the daughter wept, and said, ‘Perhaps it may be found.’ ‘Oh yes, perhaps,’—replied the mother with irritation, ‘it is too rich a prize to him who finds it ; the Emperor gave it to your deceased father on the field when he saved his life ; he set more value on it than on all that he possessed besides, and now you have thus flung it away ; but the fault is mine for having trusted you with it. For some time back you have seemed quite bewildered.’ I heard all this as I followed at some paces behind them ; they reached home, and I had the cruelty to prolong, for some moments more, Amelia’s mortification. I intended that the treasure should procure me the *entrée* of their dwelling, and I waited till they had got up stairs. I then had myself announced as the bearer of good news ; I was introduced, and respectfully presented the ring to Madame de Belmont ; and how delighted seemed Amelia ! and how beautifully she brightened in her joy, not alone that the ring was found, but that I was the finder. She cast herself on her mother’s bosom, and turning on me her eyes, humid with tears, though beaming with pleasure, she clasped her hands, exclaiming, ‘Oh, sir, what obligation, what gratitude do we not owe to you !’

“‘Ah, Mademoiselle !’ returned I, ‘you know not to whom you address

the term gratitude.’ ‘To one who has conferred on me a great pleasure,’ said she. ‘To one who has caused you a serious pain, to the killer of Robin.’

“‘You, sir ?—I cannot credit it—why should you do so ? you are not so cruel.’

“‘No, but I am so unfortunate. It was in opening his collar, which I have also brought to you, that your ring fell on the ground—you promised a great recompense to him who should find it. I dare to solicit that recompense ; grant me my pardon for Robin’s death.’

“‘And I, sir, I thank you for it,’ exclaimed the mother ; ‘I never could endure that animal ; it took up Amelia’s entire time, and wearied me out of all patience with its bleating ; if you had not killed it, Heaven knows where it might have carried my diamond. But how did it get entangled in the collar ? Amelia, pray explain all this.’

“Amelia’s heart was agitated ; she was as much grieved that it was I who had killed Robin, as that he was dead.—‘Poor Robin,’ said she, drying a tear, ‘he was rather too fond of running out ; before leaving home I had put on his collar, that he might not be lost—he had always been brought back to me. The ring must have slipped under his collar. I hastily drew on my glove, and never missed it till I was at supper.’

“‘What good luck it was that he went straight to this gentleman’s,’ observed the mother.

“‘Yes—for you,’ said Amelia ; ‘he was cruelly received—was it such a crime, sir, to enter your door ?’

“‘It was night,’ I replied ; ‘I could not distinguish the collar, and I learned, when too late, that the animal belonged to you.’

“‘Thank Heaven, then, you did not know it !’ cried the mother, ‘or where would have been my ring ?’

“‘It is necessary at least,’ said Amelia, with emotion, ‘that I should learn how my favourite could have so cruelly chagrined you.’

“‘Oh, Mademoiselle, he had devoured my hope, my happiness, a superb rose-tree about to blow, that I had been long watching, and intended to present—to—to—a person on New

Year's Day.' Amelia smiled, blushed, extended her lovely hand towards me, and murmured—'All is pardoned.' 'If it had eaten up a rose-tree about to blow,' cried out Madame de Belmont, 'it deserved a thousand deaths. I would give twenty sheep for a rose-tree in blow.' 'And I am much mistaken,' said Amelia, with the sweetest naïveté, 'if this very rose-tree was not intended for you.' 'For me! you have lost your senses, child; I have not the honour of knowing the gentleman.' 'But he knows your fondness for roses; I mentioned it one day before him, the only time I ever met him, at Madame de S.'s. Is it not true, sir, that my unfortunate favourite had eaten up my mother's rose-tree?' I acknowledged it, and I related the course of education of my fifty rose-trees.

"Madame de Belmont laughed heartily, and said, 'she owed me a double obligation.' 'Mademoiselle Amelia has given me my recompense for the diamond,' said I to her; 'I claim yours also, madam.' 'Ask, sir,—' 'Permission to pay my respects sometimes to you!' 'Granted,' replied she, gaily: I kissed her hand respectfully, that of her daughter tenderly, and withdrew. But I returned the next day—and every day—I was received with a kindness that each visit increased—I was looked on as one of the family. It was I who now gave my arm to Madame de Belmont to conduct her to the evening par-

ties, she presented me as her friend, and they were no longer dull to her daughter. New Year's Day arrived. I had gone the evening before to a sheepfold in the vicinity to purchase a lamb similar to that I had killed. I collected from the different hot-houses all the flowering rose-trees I could find; the finest of them was for Madame de Belmont; and the roses of the others were wreathed in a garland round the fleecy neck of the lamb. In the evening I went to my neighbours, with my presents. 'Robin and the rose-tree are restored to life,' said I, in offering my homage, which was received with sensibility and gratefulness. 'I also like to give you a New Year's gift,' said Madame de Belmont to me, 'if I but knew what you would best like.' 'What I best like—ah, if I only dared to tell you.' 'If it should chance now to be my daughter—' I fell at her feet, and so did Amelia. 'Well,' said the kind parent, 'there then are your New Year's gifts ready found; Amelia gives you her heart, and I give you her hand.' She took the rose wreath from off the lamb, and twined it round our united hands. And my Amelia," continued the old professor, as he finished his anecdote, passing an arm round his companion as she sat beside him, "my Amelia is still to my eyes as beautiful, and to my heart as dear, as on the day when our hands were bound together with a chain of flowers."

#### SIMPLICITY.

FROM wealthy Ormus' pearly bed  
Let Beauty deck her braided hair,  
And glittering rays of splendour shed  
From every gem that nestles there;  
Reckless of Freedom's sacred call  
Let Afric bid her children toil,  
And give to grace yon pageant hall  
The ruffled honours of her soil;  
But say, can such delights impart  
A smile to virtue's chasten'd eye?  
Ah, no! she turns with aching heart  
To thee, divine Simplicity!

With thee she loves at break of dawn  
To climb the hill's aspiring height,  
With thee to rove th' espangled lawn  
When gently swells the gale of Night;  
To seek the soft retiring dell  
Where Spring its earliest visit paid,

Where Summer's lingering beauties dwell,  
And Autumn courts the sober shade;  
To gather thence the fairest gem  
That graces Nature's diadem,  
As gladden'd by the kindly shower  
She sits enthroned in Flora's bower!

Then, farewell Wealth and Grandeur too!  
Ah, what is all your pomp to me  
Whilst mine the joys ye never knew—  
The joys of loved Simplicity?  
Give me to cull with tender hand  
The straggling sweets of Nature's reign;  
I'll covet not the fairy-wand  
Which sways rich Fancy's genii-train!  
Give me the gentle heart to share  
In all those joys, to Nature true—  
The breast those straggling sweets to wear—  
Then, Wealth farewell, and Grandeur too!

## COCHELET'S SHIPWRECK.\*

THE Sophie sailed from Nantes on the 14th of May 1819, and on the 13th of the same month, was wrecked about 20 leagues to the north of Cape Bojodore. The ship, it seems, was carried out of her course by the currents, which, as is well known, set to the eastward along the African coast, and which M. Cochelet thinks, it is high time were put an end to: "ne doit on pas esperer que les autorités maritimes, prendront enfin des mesures propres a prevenir ces accidens." We fear it will not be easy to prevent such accidents in ships managed like the Meduse frigate, or the brig Sophie.

The captain wished first to make Madeira, and then the Canary Islands, for the purpose of correcting his longitude, but missed them both; when abreast of the latter Islands, however, he had a good observation for the latitude, and as no land was in sight, he ought in common prudence to have stood to the westward. On the 29th, they were, by observation, in lat, 27°. 4; and on the evening of the same day, land was seen about eight leagues to the east; but still, with inconceivable infatuation, the course was not altered. At length about half past three in the morning of the 30th, the ship struck. The coolness and discipline of the crew are thus narrated:

"The moon set about 40 minutes past three in the morning, and in less than an hour, the sun would have shewn us our situation: the sea, which till then had been smooth, and often calm, began to be agitated by a strong breeze from the north; all at once a violent shock was felt. The ship struck at the heel, and beat upon the rocks, *avec un fracas épouvantable*. M. Mexia exclaimed, 'We are lost.' I sprung from my cabin. We threw ourselves into each other's arms, and each endeavoured to inspire the other with resignation; but how difficult the task: to possess it in so dreadful a situation, when numbers at the same instant behold their end approaching, and expressed by the signs of despair, the abandonment of every earthly affection! I went upon deck, and in the midst of con-

sternation and tumult, heard nothing but cries of "take in sail!"—"hoist out the boat." I asked the terrified captain, what he thought of this frightful event. "What can I think?" he replied; "I know no more than you do where we are. I can see nothing." In the mean time, the ship, impelled by the force of the wind, was driven farther upon the shoal, experiencing, every time she struck, a shock which endangered the masts. A thick fog surrounded us and obscured our view of the land; a feeble twilight shewed it indistinctly; and from the configuration of the clouds, we imagined ourselves in a gulph, surrounded on all sides by immense rocks. At length the ship became completely fixed, and experienced no other motion than that produced by the sea beating upon her. In an instant the sails were furled, and we succeeded, by unheard-of efforts, in getting the boat into the sea. An anchor was carried out to the north-west, but all our attempts to heave the ship off were in vain; our misfortune was irreparable, and as the day dawned, the horrors of our situation were revealed to us. It was not in the midst of islands, as we believed, that cruel destiny had thrown us. A flat sandy beach, without bounds, presented itself to our view—it was on the main land—on Africa—on that inhospitable and barren coast, that has always been the terror of mariners.

"It would be impossible to paint the grief that took possession of each of us. What fate awaited us on this detested region."

The conduct of the officers under these circumstances, was not less extraordinary. We are not told that any attempt was made to lighten the ship; they suffered themselves to fall into the power of the natives, although the weather continued moderate, and their boat was riding safely by a hawser in the lee of the vessel; the whole crew only consisted of thirteen, and they knew that the Canary islands could not be more than twenty or thirty leagues distant.

After passing to and fro several times between the ship and the shore, the natives got possession of the officers, passengers, and one sailor, in all, six persons. The sailors, with greater prudence, kept on board, and, after a feeble attempt to rescue their superiors,

\* Naufrage du Brick Français La Sophie, perdu le 30 Mai, 1819, sur la Cote occidentale d'Afrique, et captivité d'un partie de Naufragés, avec de Nouveaux renseignements sur la ville de Timectou, par Charles Cochelet, &c. Paris. 1821.

set sail, and, in two days, made the island Fortaventura. M. Cochelet and his friends took care to land their trunks and luggage, intending, no doubt, to proceed by the diligence, but the natives very unceremoniously took possession of their goods and chattels, and obliged them to assist in unloading their ship, which they did very leisurely, and then burnt her. The savages into whose hands they had thus fallen, are represented as the most hideous monsters that exist in human shape, and as the last link in the chain that connects man with the brute creation.

On their landing, their chief, named Fairry, gave them a most gracious reception, holding out one hand, in token of friendship, and with the other pointing to heaven, and repeating "*Allah Akbar*," "God is great." He then led them to a sand hill, kindly offering to carry their arms, and shewed them the desert, with the purpose, no doubt, of letting them know how entirely they were in his power.

"If this was his object, he accomplished it completely; for it was impossible for me to observe without dismay this sea of sand, the horizon of which mingled itself with a sky of fire; and the calm and silent immobility of which was a thousand times more striking than the agitation of the ocean during a tempest."

The politeness of the natives was soon changed for the most capricious tyranny and contempt. By the women, in particular, they were obliged to perform the most abject offices—prepare their food, of which they did not deign to give them a share, or dig in the sand for a scanty pittance of brackish water.

Our author was sent off to the ship to assist in searching for *argeono*, or money. It was in vain to intimate that he could not swim—prompt obedience was necessary, and he contrived, with some difficulty, to get on board.

He found the Africans engaged in a furious attack on two pigs, these unclean animals being the abhorrence of all true Musselmén. Having no provisions but what the ship afforded, and being withal but indifferent judges of salt meat, before eating any part of it they constantly called on our Frenchmen to distinguish the beef from the

pork, by lowing like cows, or grunting like hogs.

When the ship beat so high that the ladies could go off, they were obliged to act as stepping-stones, to assist them in ascending the ship's sides.

"They placed themselves, without ceremony, upon us, and afterwards made use of their hands to finish their clambering. If you consider that they were the most repulsive creatures in the world, and almost destitute of clothing, you will have little difficulty in believing that it was a very singular task for us to supply the place of stepping-stones to these women. It seemed, without doubt, very diverting to them, for they appeared to take a pleasure in it, which they expressed by shouts of laughter, of the coarsest and most insulting nature that can be imagined."

The most unreasonable of all their demands, however, was in sending them aloft to unbend the top-sails. The only expedient that occurred to them, to enable them to obey this command, was to cut away the masts.

"During more than two hours, we applied the axe with redoubled force. They gave way at last, but with such a crash, that I was struck with the effect produced by the noise of their fall, reiterated as it was, for a long time, among the hillocks of sand, by echoes, of which perhaps, till then, they were unconscious. For the first time, without doubt, the silence of many ages had been disturbed. So violent and transient a commotion, rendered more dreadful still the calm by which it was succeeded, and with which this frightful desert was reinvested, perhaps for ever."

For about ten days they were employed in plunder. The natives shewed the most astonishing want of discrimination in their selection of the booty. Money and provisions were the great objects of their avidity—buttons were more valued than diamonds—the finest laces lay neglected on the beach, or were used to tie the mouths of sacks—but, above all, to a literary man, the dispersion of so many works of merit, was most afflicting.

"How many copies of works of merit will be for ever deprived of readers! I have seen thousands of volumes, containing the most opposite sentiments, borne equally by the wind into the interior of the desert."

Letters and newspapers were equally scattered.

In the midst of these melancholy reflections the captain came up with a

face of satisfaction, announcing the apparition of two "jolies Parisiennes," whom a disaster similar to their own had thrown on this inhospitable coast. M. Cochelet thought the poor man's head turned by his misfortunes; he however followed him, and saw, by the glimmering fire in their tent, two ladies "en veritable costume de bal," one of them in a robe "de crepe rose, garnie des fleurs, et l'autre une robe de satin blanc, brodée en lames d'argent." Both of them had caps and feathers of the last Parisian fashions.

"I had not yet been able to see the *divine figures* which such elegant equipments led me to ascribe to their wearers. I approached nearer, and, to my great astonishment, under those beautiful coverings, which our Parisian 'marchandes de modes' had, without doubt, prepared for other heads, I see the horrible Sinné, with his frightful hair, and my master Hamet, who was no less terrible."

On the 10th of June a party of Bedouin Arabs arrived; they were distinguished from their former friends by the splendour of their dress and arms, and their noble and imposing demeanour; they were commanded by Sidi Hamet, a chief who is well known as having rescued Capt. Riley and his companions, and also the crew of a ship belonging to Glasgow, which was wrecked on the same coast about six years ago. Sidi Hamet purchased the Frenchmen from the natives, and on the 17th set out with them on their route through the desert for Wednoon, or Oquadnoun, as it is here spelt.

A journey in the desert can never become a party of pleasure. The sufferings of the party are related in the same minute and lively manner, but do not admit of abridgment. Previous to their arrival at Wednoon, Sidi Hamet sold them to the Cheik Berouc, who resided there, and from thence they transmitted a statement of their case to Mr. Wiltshire, the English Consul at Mogadore.

The French agent there forwarded their case to the consul at Tangier, and through his intervention they were ransomed by the Emperor of Morocco. After remaining three months at Wednoon, during which one of their companions died, they proceeded to Mogadore.

They were now mounted on mules, but their sufferings had not yet ended! exhausted with heat and fatigue after a journey of six days, they arrived at Tarodant, a populous town belonging to the Emperor of Morocco; they entered the town in the evening, but, upon the cry of "Nsara!" or Christians!" the inhabitants pursued them with hootings and imprecations, and they were with some difficulty protected by their escort. They were lodged in a pavilion in a garden belonging to the Emperor, and committed to the charge of two renagades, a Spaniard and an Italian, who treated them with the utmost hospitality and kindness. The description of this delicious garden recalls the stories of the "Arabian Nights."

"Perhaps none ever passed by such a sudden transition from a situation so miserable to one so transporting. A moment before we were abandoned to the most painful disquietudes, in the midst of a crowd of infuriated savages, and *now*, inaccessible as we were to their approach, the tranquillity which was procured us by that isolated state which was the constant object of all our desires. This change, from one condition to another, was so rapid, that the cries and imprecations which we had heard appeared to us the effect of a dream. The most complete silence reigned around us; the noise of some spouting streams of water, and the hollow murmuring of the woods, agitated by a light breeze, alone disturbed the calm of a delightful evening. We found ourselves transported into a garden of vast extent. The darkness prevented us from judging of its beauty, but the perfume of orange trees, with which the air was scented, promised us a delicious abode.

"A magnificent alley, embellished on both sides with groves of that fruit tree, led to a pavilion, situated at the end of the garden.

"As soon as day-light appeared, I began to examine the place where I was astonished to find myself, and of which I had as yet but an imperfect idea. Advancing to the terrace, which was contiguous to the pavilion, I beheld the vast extent of the garden, concerning which I could not form a correct judgment the evening before. This first impression which one feels, but cannot express, when the return of day unfolds to view a delightful, and, as yet, unknown situation; the freshness of morning; the perfume exhaled from a thousand orange-trees covered with blossoms; the appearance of so many overflowing fountains, so many sources of enjoyment, to which we had been as yet strangers, left a delicious impression on all our minds.

"The height of the walls which surround the garden first arrested my attention: they are as high as those of the town, and indented in the same manner. The pavilion, propped against them, is situated towards the north, opposite the governor's palace. A single inclosure of walls surrounds the palace, and the garden separates them from the town, and serves them for a rampart. In one of the towers, raised at certain distances on the walls, was seen a piece of ordnance. It appeared to be intended, in time of war, for driving away an enemy who might be tempted to approach the town on the side of the pavilion.

"This pavilion, composed of five rooms, the largest of which is in the middle of the other four, is remarkable for its commodious arrangement, and the elegance of its decorations. It has three entrances: the principal one, facing the avenue of orange trees, is fronted by a terrace and a gallery which has three openings arched above. The two others are on the right and left of the buildings. Nothing can be imagined richer than the ornaments of the principal division, though it had been stript of its state, and of the furniture which embellished it during the abode of the Sultan. The ceiling of wood, painted of different colours, and in imitation of a tent, particularly attracted my notice, from the skill displayed in the work. A crown of gilded suns, fixed on the wall, and much resembling stucco, formed the elegant border which encompassed the room at the top, immediately under the ceiling, and the floor of the chamber was a sort of Mosaic, composed of an immense number of polished stones of different colours. The doors, although defaced by age, still shone with gilding, which was well preserved. An immense orange tree, and a date tree, loaded with fruit, reached the terrace contiguous to the building, and mingled their foliage with the green tiles which covered it."

Nothing was wanting to their satisfaction here but a change of clothes and clean linen, a luxury they had not enjoyed since their shipwreck; they were consequently covered with rags and vermin. In this state they proceeded to Magadore, where they arrived on the 13th of October. Their delight on beholding the town and shipping could only be equalled by meeting a person in the European dress.

"In a moment, without asking any information, without demanding either his rank or his name, we stretched out our arms towards him, well satisfied that the first European who offered himself to our view could not but be a brother, sensible of our misfortunes. We mingled our embraces, without having, at first the power to pronounce a single word; and the emotion of that Christian, more than his words,

announced to us that we held in our embrace M. Casaccia."

How Mr. Casaccia received such an embrace before their toilet was made, we are not informed.

We shall not detain our readers with their succeeding adventures, nor with Mr. Cochelet's remarks on the present state of Morocco, which contain little either of importance or novelty; but as every visitor to Africa is expected to clear up some of the mysteries respecting the interior of that vast continent, we cannot pass over the "*Nouveaux renseignements sur la ville de Timectou*," so pompously announced in the title-page. During their stay at Wednoon, a Moorish merchant arrived from Tombuctoo, or Timectou, as our author chooses to spell it, and he endeavoured to acquire some information from him concerning it; but it seems the Moor told so many lies, and exaggerated so much, that no reliance could be placed on his account. Hamar, a Moorish servant of his master the Cheik Beroue, observing his anxiety, told him he was acquainted with a merchant who had visited that city, and on this hearsay account he affects to doubt of the reality of the visits made by Robert Adams or Sidi Hamet to Tombuctoo.

The account given by Hamar is, that, about seven years before, a merchant of Rabat proposed to him to accompany him to Tombuctoo, which Hamar agreed to; but on their arrival at Wednoon, the intelligence that a caravan had perished in the desert, deterred him from proceeding; but Sidi Mahommed, his companion, went on, and on his return informed him, that, after suffering great hardships, he arrived on the fortieth day after his departure from Wednoon at Taudeny, a town inhabited partly by Negroes and partly by Arabs. After staying there some time, he quitted it, and in fifteen days more reached Tombuctoo, a city about three times the size of Fez, (which, we are told in a note, contains about 90,000 inhabitants.) At the period of their arrival they had only quitted the desert four days. The first appearance of the city, situated in an immense plain, was very striking, and its extent greatly surpassed the expecta-

tion of Sidi Mahommed. The gates were shut when the caravan arrived, but on the sentry firing off his musket, a guard of about a hundred Negroes armed with darts, daggers, and some muskets, came out from the city and pointed out a place for them to remain without the walls. After trading with the inhabitants, chiefly in tobacco, for which they received gold dust and ornaments of the same metal, at the end of six days they were admitted within the walls, and lodged within the quarter of the Moors which is situated near the King's palace. The interior of this building was richly adorned with gold; the Sultan had only reigned two years, 1813 and 1814, having succeeded to his father, who had been assassinated. During their stay, a number of slaves were brought in from Bambarra. Sidi Mahommed estimated their numbers at three thousand. He purchased twenty-five for goods, which were only valued at five hundred franks. These slaves were sold principally to the Moors, who carried them across the desert to Morocco. The interior of the city resembled an immense camp, or rather a number of separate encampments, the houses being insulated and scattered about without regard to order or symmetry. A river named Ouaddi Soudan, flowed about two leagues to the south; the road between it and the city was constantly crowded with Negroes bearing burdens on their heads, and camels loaded with merchandise. The river

was covered with vessels, many of them of considerable size, which, Sidi Mahommed was informed, came from Djinné, and navigated a great distance towards the east.

Beyond the river, about half a day's journey to the south of Tombuctoo, is a small town called Oualadi, the environs of which are very fertile, and from which the capital draws its chief supply of provisions.

An epidemic disease, which raged at the time, determined Sidi Mahommed to hasten his departure. He experienced fresh disasters on his return, and lost several of his slaves in the desert, but, on the whole, his expedition proved a profitable one.

M. Cochelet infers, that Adams could not have visited Tombuctoo, merely because he never heard the circumstance mentioned by Hamar, his informer, who had been more than six years resident at Wednoon. If such an objection required an answer, it would be found in the account of Sidi Mahommed, which, as far as it goes, confirms that given by Adams, particularly in the relative position of that city and the Niger, for the Ouadi, Soudan, and Niger, are evidently the same, or rather one of its branches, which issue from the lake Dibbie. We may add, that Monsieur Lapie, in his notes to the map that accompanies the work, states his conviction that Adams must have visited Tombuctoo.

## THE MARTYR OF ANTIOCH.

(Monthly Magazine, Apr.)

**T**HE *Martyr of Antioch*, a dramatic poem, lately published, by the Rev. H. H. MILMAN, Professor of Poetry in the university of Oxford, if not endowed with the striking energies of that school of poetry, to which our empirical Laureate has ascribed a *satanic* character, yet displays a degree of power and dignity, which always ensures him respect, and sometimes deserves admiration. His taste, on the other hand, is too pure, and his elevation of mind too great to allow him to fall into the babbling prolixity and con-

temptible puerilities of the Bards of the Lakes, whilst he is by no means deficient in that simplicity and tenderness of sentiment, to which those writers advance such exclusive pretensions. The materials of poetry are, indeed, so mixed up in him, and have received such assiduous and well directed cultivation, that his works present, in our opinion, as many beauties, combined with as few faults, as are to be found in any of our authors. Without ranking him in the very first class, he will undoubtedly attain and secure a high sta-

tion amongst the most pleasing and unexceptionable of our poets.

In his selection of subjects, Mr. Milman is most likely in some measure influenced by his profession; and to this, to a certain extent, there is no objection. The "Martyr of Antioch" partakes more of this spirit than his last work, the "Fall of Jerusalem;" and rather more, we are inclined to say, than is requisite for a production of general interest. We do not wish to see Mr. Milman confine himself, like Mrs. Hannah More, to the inditing of Sacred Dramas. His profession cannot demand from him this sacrifice. We proceed, at once, to the martyrdom of St. Margaret.

The daughter of a heathen priest, (in the drama called Callias,) beloved by Olybius, the Roman Prefect of the East, Margaret suffered death in the persecution of the Christians at Antioch, in the reign of the Emperor Probus. The poem opens with a sacrifice to Apollo, introduced by a hymn to that deity, which is somewhat too long. Margarita alone is expected to complete the ceremony. She is the priestess of the god, and herself little less than a goddess, in the beautiful description of the poet.

*Macer.* What, then, is wanting?

*Second Priest.* What, but the crown and palm-like grace of all,

The sacred virgin, on whose footsteps beauty  
Wants like a handmaid; whose most peerless form,  
Light as embodied air, and pure as ivory  
Thrice polished by the skilful statuary,  
Moves in the priestess' long and flowing robes,  
While our scarce-erring worship doth adore  
The servant rather than the God.

*Third Priest.* The maid  
Whose living lyre so eloquently speaks,  
From the deserted grove the silent birds  
Hang hovering o'er her: and we human hearers  
Stand breathless as the marbles on the walls,  
That even themselves seem touch'd to listening life,  
All animate with the inspiring ecstacy.

*First Roman.* Thou mean'st the daughter of the  
holy Callias;

I once beheld her when the thronging people  
Prest round, yet parted still to give her way,  
Even as the blue enamoured waves, when first  
The sea-horn Goddess in her rosy shell  
Said the calm ocean.

*Second Priest.* Margarita, come,  
Come in thy zoneless grace and flowing locks,  
Crown'd with the laurel of the God; thy lyre  
Accordant to thy slow and musical steps,  
As grateful 'twould return the harmony,  
That from thy touch it wins.

Margarita, notwithstanding these invocations, does not appear; and, on searching the sanctuary, it is found in a state of profane confusion, and the priestess is sought for in vain. The alarmed father upbraids the Prefect with the abduction of his daughter, and in the midst of their alarm, Vopiscus enters with the Emperor's mandate, commanding Olybius to institute new severities against the Christians. Margarita now, rather unaccountably, enters, and hearing these orders, without yet divulging her faith, cannot repress her emotions:

*Olybius.* Priests!

We mourn that we must leave th'imperfect rites,  
Deeply we mourn it, when bright Margarita  
Vouchsafes her late and much-desired presence.  
So on to-morrow for our Judgment-hall—  
Let all the fires be kindled, and bring forth  
The long-disused racks, and fatal engines.  
Their rust must be wash'd off in blood. Proclaim  
That every guilty worshipper of Christ  
Be dragg'd before us. Ha!—

*Macer.* What frantic cry  
With insolent interruption breaks upon  
Rome's Prefect?

*Many voices.* Lo the priestess! Lo the priestess!

*Sec. Priest.* She hath fallen down upon her knees;  
her hair

Is scattered like a cloud of gold: her hands  
Are clasp'd across her swelling breast; her eyes  
Do hold a sad communion with the heavens,  
And her lips move, yet make no sound.

*Third Priest.* Haste—haste—  
The laurel crown—the laurel of the God—  
She's rapt—possess'd!—

*Margarita.* The crown—the crown of glory—  
God give me grace upon my bleeding brows  
To wear it.

*Sec. Priest.* She is distracted by our gaze—  
She shrinks and trembles. Lead her in, the trance  
Will pass anon, and her unsealed lips  
Pour forth the mystic numbers, that men hear,  
And feel the inspiring Deity.

We next find Margaret passing secretly in the evening through the grove of Daphne, to warn her assembled brethren of their approaching danger, and pausing to apostrophize the scene of her former idolatry.

O, thou polluted, yet most lovely grove!  
Hath the Almighty breath'd o'er all thy bowers  
An everlasting spring, and paved thy walks  
With amarantine flowers—are but the winds,  
Whose breath is gentle, suffered to entangle  
Their light wings, not unwilling prisoners,  
In thy thick branches, there to make sweet murmurs  
With the bee's hum, and melody of birds,  
And all the voices of the hundred fountains,  
That drop translucent from the mountain's side,  
And lull themselves along their level course,



To slumber with their own soft-sliding sounds ;  
And all for foul idolatry, or worse,  
To make itself a home and sanctuary ?

Oh, second Eden, like the first, defiled  
With sin ! even like thy human habitants,  
Thy wind, and flowers, and waters, have forgot  
The gracious hand that made them, ministers  
Voluptuous to man's transgressions—all,  
Save thou, sweet nightingale ! that, like myself,  
Pourest alone thy melancholy song  
To silence and to God.

She is here overtaken by the Prefect, whose jealousy has been roused by her recent coldness, and from whom she still conceals the real cause of her apparent change. Nothing results from the meeting, and the martyr passes on to the congregation at the burial-place of the christians. They have just interred a brother, over whom they chant an anthem, which is more distinguished by its piety than by poetical spirit. They are warned by the Neophyte, and flee timely away. Margaret returns to the temple, and the explanatory scene with her father ensues :

*Callias.* How ?—what ?—mine ears  
Ring with a wild confusion of strange sounds  
That have no meaning. Thou'rt not wont to mock  
Thine aged father, but I think that now  
Thou dost, my child.

*Margarita.* By Jesus Christ—by Him  
In whom my soul hath hope of immortality,  
Father ! I mock not.

*Callias.* Lightnings blast—not thee,  
But those that by their subtle incantations  
Have wrought upon thy innocent soul !

*Margarita.* Look there !  
Father, I'll follow thee where'er thou wilt ;  
Thou dost not mean this cruel violence  
With which thou dragg'st me on.

*Callias.* Dost not behold him,  
Thy God ! thy father's God ! the God of Antioch !  
And feel'st thou not the cold and silent awe,  
That emanates from his immortal presence  
O'er all the breathless temple ! Dar'st thou see  
The terrible brightness of the wrath that burns  
On his arch'd brow ? Lo ! how the indignation  
Swells in each strong dilated limb ! His stature  
Grows loftier ; and the roof, the quaking pavement,  
The shadowy pillars, all the temple feels  
The offended God ! I dare not look again,  
Dar'st thou ?

*Margarita.* I see a silent shape of stone,  
In which the majesty of human passion  
Is to the life expressed. A noble image,  
But wrought by mortal hands, upon a model  
As mortal as themselves.

*Callias.* Ha ! look again, then,  
There in the East. Mark how the purple clouds  
Throng to pavilion him ; th' officious winds  
Pant forth to purify his azure path  
From night's dun vapours and fast-scattering mists,  
The glad earth wakes in adoration ; all  
The voices of all animate things lift up

Tumultuous orisons ; the spacious world  
Lives but in him that is its life. But he,  
Disdainful of the universal homage,  
Holds his calm way, and vindicates for his own  
Th' illimitable heavens, in solitude  
Of peerless glory unapproachable.  
What means thy proud undazzled look, to adore  
Or mock, ungracious ?

*Margarita.* On yon burning orb  
I gaze, and say, Thou mightiest work of him  
That launch'd thee forth, a golden-crowned bride-  
groom,

To hang thy everlasting nuptial lamp  
In the exulting heavens. In thee the light,  
Creation's eldest-born, was tabernacled.  
To thee was given to quicken slumbering nature,  
And lead the season's slow vicissitude  
Over the fertile breast of mother earth ;  
Till men began to stoop their grovelling prayers  
From the Almighty Sire of all to thee—  
And I will add,—Thou universal emblem,  
Hung in the forehead of the all-seen heavens,  
Of him, that with the light of righteousness  
Dawn'd on our later days ; the visitant day-spring  
Of the benighted world. Enduring splendour !  
Giant refresh'd ! that evermore renew'st  
Thy flaming strength ? nor even shalt thou cease,  
With time coeval even till Time itself,  
Hath perish'd in eternity. Then thou  
Shalt own, from thy apparent deity  
Debased, thy mortal nature, from the sky  
Withering before the all-enlightening Lamb,  
Whose radiant throne shall quench all other fires.

*Callias.* And yet she stands unblasted ! In thy  
mercy

Thou dost remember all my faithful vows,  
Hyperion ! and suspend the fiery shaft  
That quivers on thy string. Ah ! not on her,  
This innocent, wreak thy fury ! I will search,  
And thou wilt lend me light, although they shroud  
In deepest Oreus, I will pluck them forth,  
And set them up a mark for all thy wrath :  
Those, that beguiled to this unholy madness  
My pure and blameless child. Shine forth, shine  
forth,

Apollo ! and we'll have our full revenge !

The scene is next transferred to the Prefect's hall of justice, whither the captured christians are brought for judgment, and, amongst the rest, Margaret, who has been seized in company with Fabius, the patriarch of her sect, and who now stands before the Prefect, her lover, and the priest, her father, to receive her sentence at their hands. The whole scene is well imagined, and forcibly written. It is succeeded by an interview between the father and child in the prison. The spirit of the parent is broken down, and he forgets, in his sorrow, the supposed guilt of the apostate priestess.

Daughter ! when thou serv'st  
Thy father's gods, thou wert not thus ! the sun  
Was brightest where thou wert—beneath thy feet

Flowers grew. Thou sat'st like some unclouded star,  
 Inshered in thine own light and joy, and mad'st  
 The world around thee beauteous ; now, cold earth  
 Must be thy couch to-night, to-morrow morn—  
 —What means that music ?—Oh, I us'd to love  
 Those evening harpings once, my child !

*Margarita.* I hear

The maids ; beneath the twilight they are thronging  
 To Daphne, and they carol as they pass.

*Callias.* Thou canst not go.

*Margarita.* Lament not that, my father.

*Callias.* Thou must breathe here the damp and  
 stifling air.

*Margarita.* Nay, listen not.

*Callias.* They call us hence. Ah ! me,  
 My gentle child, in vain wouldst thou distract  
 My rapt attention from each well-known note,  
 Once hallow'd to mine ear by thine own voice,  
 Which erst made Antioch vacant, drawing after thee  
 The thronging youth, which cluster'd all around  
 thee  
 Like bees around their queen, the happiest they  
 That were the nearest. Oh, my child ! my child !

The virgins of Apollo are heard, as  
 they pass by, and their evening song is  
 very beautifully written. As the night  
 advances, Margaret is led forth to a  
 splendid palace, where the strongest  
 trial of her faith is made, in the choice  
 of good or evil, held out to her by the  
 Prefect, to whom she is devotedly at-  
 tached, and who presents the contrast  
 to her senses in the strongest colours :

*Olybius.* Sweet *Margarita*,  
 Give me thine hand—for once !—Oh ! snowy treas-  
 ure,  
 That shall be mine thus fondly clasp'd forever.  
 Now, *Margarita*, cast thine eyes below—  
 What seest thou ?

*Margarita.* Here Apollo's temple rests  
 Its weight upon its snow-white columns. There  
 The massy shades of Daphne, with its streams,  
 That with their babbling sounds allure the sight,  
 Where their long dim-seen tracts of silvery white-  
 ness  
 Now gleam, and now are lost again. Beyond  
 The star-lit city in its wide repose ;  
 Each tall and silent tower in stately darkness,  
 Distinct against the cloudless sky.

*Olybius.* Beneath thee,  
 Now, to the left !

*Margarita.* A dim and narrow court  
 I see, where shadows as of hurrying men  
 Pass and repass ; and now and then their lights  
 Wander on shapeless heaps, like funeral piles—  
 And there are things of strange distorted shape  
 On which the torches cast a colder hue,  
 As though on iron instruments of torture.  
 A little farther, there are moving lamps  
 In the black amphitheatre, that glance,  
 And as they glance each narrow aperture  
 Is feebly gilded with their slanted light.  
 It is the quick and busy preparation  
 For the dark sacrifice of to-morrow.

*Olybius.* There,  
 If thou canst add the scorn, and shame, and pain,

The infuriate joy of the fierce multitude,  
 The flowing blood, and limbs that writhe in flame,  
 Thou seest what thou preparest for thyself.  
 Now what *Olybius*' love prepares for thee,  
 Fairest, behold \* \* \* Behold  
 Yon throne, whereon the Asiarch holds his state,  
 Circled by kings, and more than kingly Romans ;  
 There by his side shall *Margarita* sit,  
*Olybius*' bride ; with all the adorning city,  
 And every province of the sumptuous East,  
 Casting its lavish homage at her feet ;  
 Her life one luxury of love, her state  
 One scene of peerless pomp and pride ; her will  
 The law of spacious kingdoms, and her lord  
 More glorious for the beauty of his bride,  
 Than for three triumphs. Now, my soul's beloved !  
 Make thou thy choice.

*Margarita.* 'Tis made—the funeral pyre.

The Prefect determines, notwith-  
 standing, at all events, to save the  
 maiden's life, and although she is  
 brought with the other victims to the  
 place of execution, it is only with the  
 view of shaking her constancy, by  
 making her an eye-witness of the vari-  
 ous tortures under which they expire.  
 Before they are led out to death, the  
 spirit of the beautiful martyr rises high  
 within her, and breaks forth in a strain  
 of inspiration.

*Olybius.* Beautiful ! what mean'st thou ?  
 Why dost thou look to yon bright heaven ? What seest  
 That makes thy full eyes kindle as they gaze,  
 Undazzled, on the fiery sky ? Give place—  
 Strike off those misplaced fetters from her limbs ;  
 The sunshine falls around her like a mantle.  
 The robes of saffron flame like gold. Give place.

*Macer.* Great Phœbus conquers ! See, she strikes  
 the lyre  
 With his ecstatic fervour.

*Callias.* Peace—oh peace !  
 And I shall hear once more before I die  
 That voice on which I've lived these long, long years.  
 Hark, even the winds are mute to hear her, Peace !

*Marg.* What means yon blaze on high ?  
 The empyrean sky  
 Like the rich veil of some proud fane is rending,  
 I see the star-paved land,  
 Where all the angels stand,  
 Even to the highest height in burning rows ascend-  
 ing ;

Some with their wings dispread,  
 And bow'd the stately head,  
 As on some mission of God's love departing,  
 Like flames from midnight conflagrations starting ;  
 Behold ! the appointed messengers are they,  
 And nearest earth they wait to waft our souls away.

Higher and higher still  
 More lofty statues fill  
 The jasper courts of the everlasting dwelling ;  
 Cherub and Seraph pace  
 The illimitable space,  
 While sleep the folded plumes from their white shoul-  
 ders swelling.

From all the harping throng  
 Bursts the tumultuous song,

Like the unceasing sounds of cataracts pouring ;  
Hosanna o'er Hosanna louder roaring.  
That faintly echoing down to earthly ears,  
Hath seem'd the consort sweet of the harmonious  
spheres.

\* \* \* \* \*

Beyond ! ah, who is there  
With the white snowy air ?

'Tis he—'tis he, the Son of Man appearing !

At the right-hand of One,  
The darkness of whose throne

That sun-eyed Seraph Host behold with awe and  
fearing ;

O'er him the rainbow springs,  
And spreads its emerald wings,

Down to the glassy sea his loftiest seat o'er-arching.  
Hark !—thunders from his throne, like steel-clad  
armies marching.

The Christ ! the Christ commands us to his home,  
Jesus, Redeemer, Lord, we come, we come, we come !

The christians are then given into the hands of the torturers, and their various fates are related by officers who enter for that purpose. Glybius awaits in anxiety the effect which these scenes are to produce on Margarita, and seemingly aware that he has placed her in a very perilous predicament. His arrangements certainly appear to have been but loosely concerted, for a very simple circumstance disappoints his hopes, and plunges him in a state of distraction and remorse, under the influence of which he renounces his power and his ambition for ever. An officer enters amidst fearful shrieks, with an aspect of ill omen :

*Olybius.* Speak, and instantly,  
Or I will dash thee down, and trample from thee  
Thy hideous secret.

*Officer.* It is nothing hideous—  
'Tis but the enemy of our faith. She died  
Nobly in truth—but—

*Callias.* Dead ! she is not dead !  
Thou liest ! I have his oath—the Prefect's oath :  
I had forgot it in my fears, but now  
I well remember, that she should not die.  
Faugh ! who will trust in Gods and men like these ?

*Olybius.* Slave ! slave ! dost mock me ? Better  
twere for thee

That this be false, than if thou'dst found a treasure  
To purchase kingdoms.

*Officer.* Hear me but a while.  
She had beheld each sad and cruel death,  
And if she shuddered, 'twas as one that strives  
With nature's soft infirmity of pity,  
One look to heaven restoring all her calmness ;  
Save when that dastard did renounce his faith,  
And she shed tears for him. Then led they forth  
Old Fabius. When a quick and sudden cry  
Of Callias, and a parting in the throng,  
Proclaim'd her father's coming. Forth she sprang,  
And clasp'd the frowning headsman's knees, and said,  
'Thou know'st me, when thou laid'st on thy sick bed,  
Christ sent me there to wipe thy burning brow—

There was an infant play'd about thy chamber,  
And my pale cheek would smile and weep at once,  
Gazing upon that almost orphan'd child.  
Oh ! by its dear and precious memory,  
I do beseech thee slay me first, and quickly :  
'Tis that my father may not see my death."  
—With that the headsman wip'd from his swarth  
cheeks

A moisture like to tears. But she meanwhile  
On the cold block composed her head, and cross'd  
Her hands upon her bosom, that scarce heav'd,  
She was so tranquil ; cautious, lest her garments  
Should play the traitors to her modest care.  
And as the cold wind touch'd her naked neck,  
And fann'd away the few unbraided hairs,  
Blushes o'erspread her face, and she look'd up  
As softly to reproach his tardiness :  
And some fell down upon their knees, some clasp'd  
Their hands, enamour'd even to adoration  
Of that half-smiling face and bending form.

*Callias.* But he—but he—the savage executioner.

*Officer.* He trembled.

*Callias.* Ha ! God's blessing on his head !

And the axe slid from out his palsied hand ?

*Officer.* He gave it to another.

*Callias.* And—

*Officer.* It fell.

*Callias.* I see it,

I see it like the lightning flash. I see it,  
And the blood bursts—my blood—my daughter's  
blood !

*Officer.*—let me loose.

*Officer.* Where goest thou ?

*Callias.* To the Christian,

To learn the faith in which my daughter died,  
And follow her as quickly as I may.

The death of the lovely martyr is represented as effecting a sudden change in the feelings of the people, who join the surviving christians in honouring her remains ; and the volume closes with a triumphal hymn, conceived in a high and sustained spirit of enthusiasm.

Mr. Milman may assure himself of a considerable addition to his well-earned reputation from this performance. It is a stately, graceful, and vigorous production ; the offspring of very considerable natural talents, refined and cultivated by industry and by art. With much of the powers, he has none of the eccentricities of genius ; and possesses, in as much perfection as could be desired, the qualities which ought to distinguish the occupant of that chair to which he has recently been appointed, and which he cannot fail to fill with honour. The poet may well profess to teach the theory of his art, who can put it so beautifully into practice ; and his opinions of the works of others must deserve attention when all voices unite to commend his own.

## PETER KLAUS.

## THE LEGEND OF THE GOATHERD—RIP VAN WINKLE.

THE following legend is offered to our readers, not only on the score of its intrinsic merit, but as being the undoubted source from which Geoffrey Crayon drew his Rip Van Winkle.

This story of The Goatherd is to be found in Busching's Popular Tales, page 327, where it is followed by a second legend on the same subject; both have reference to the celebrated Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, who, in fact, is the subject of many a winter's tale amongst the Germans, but all springing from one and the same source. According to this primal story, the Emperor once took refuge, with a party of his followers, in the Kyffhausen mountains, where he still lives, though under the influence of magic. Here he sits, with his friends, on a bench before a stone table, supporting his head on his hands, and in a state of apparent slumber. His red beard has grown through the table down to his feet, while his head nods and his eyes twinkle, as if he slept uneasily or were about to wake. At times this slumber is interrupted, but his naps are, for the most part, tolerably long, something about a hundred years duration. In his waking moments, he is supposed to be fond of music, and amongst the numerous tales to which his magic state has given rise, there is one of a party of musicians, who thought proper to treat him with a regular concert in his subterranean abode. Each was rewarded with a green bough, a mode of payment so offensive to their expectations, that upon their return to earth, all flung away his gifts, save one, and he kept the bough only as a memorial of the adventure, without the least suspicion of its value; great, however, was his surprise, when, upon showing it to his wife, every leaf was changed into a golden dollar.

But even the first tale of the Emperor's prolonged slumber can hardly be deemed original; and perhaps, to speak it fairly, is nothing more than a popular version of The Seven Sleepers, not a little disfigured by time and the peculiar superstitions of the country. It is, indeed, surprising how small a stock of original matter has sufficed for all the varieties of European legend; the sources are remarkably few to him who has sufficient knowledge of the subject to follow up the various streams to their fountain head; and it is a task which, if ably executed, might prove both curious and instructive.

PETER KLAUS was a Goatherd of Sittendorf, and tended his flocks in the Kyffhausen mountains; here he was accustomed to let them rest every evening in a mead surrounded by an old wall, while he made his muster of them; but for some days he had remarked that one of his finest goats always disappeared some time after coming to this spot, and did not join the flock till late: watching her more attentively, he observed that she slipped through an opening in the wall, upon which he crept after the animal, and found her in a sort of cave, busily employed in gleaning the oat-grains that dropped down singly from the roof.—He looked up, shook his ears amidst the shower of corn that now fell down upon him, but with all his enquiry could

discover nothing. At last he heard above the stamp and neighing of horses, from whose mangers it was probable the oats had fallen.

Peter was yet standing in astonishment at the sound of horses in so unusual a place, when a boy appeared, who by signs, without speaking a word, desired him to follow. Accordingly he ascended a few steps and passed over a walled court into a hollow, closed in on all sides by lofty rocks, where a partial twilight shot through the over-spreading foliage of the shrubs. Here, upon a smooth, fresh lawn, he found twelve knights playing gravely at nine-pins, and not one spoke a syllable; with equal silence Peter was installed in the office of setting up the nine-pins.

At first he performed this duty with

knees that knocked against each other, as he now and then stole a partial look at the long beards and slashed doublets of the noble knights. By degrees, however, custom gave him courage; he gazed on every thing with firmer look, and at last even ventured to drink out of a bowl that stood near him, from which the wine exhaled a most delicious odour. The glowing juice made him feel as if re-animated, and whenever he found the least weariness, he again drew fresh vigour from the inexhaustible goblet. Sleep at last overcame him.

Upon waking, Peter found himself in the very same enclosed mead where he was wont to tell his herds. He rubbed his eyes, but could see no sign either of dog or goats, and was, besides, not a little astonished at the high grass, and shrubs, and trees which he had never before observed there. Not well knowing what to think, he continued his way over all the places that he had been accustomed to frequent with his goats, but no where could he find any traces of them; below him he saw Sittendorf, and, at length, with hasty steps he descended.

The people, whom he met before the village, were all strangers to him; they had not the dress of his acquaintance, nor yet did they exactly speak their language, and, when he asked after his goats, all stared and touched their chins. At last he did the same almost involuntarily, and found his beard lengthened by a foot at least, upon which he began to conclude that himself and those about him were equally under the influence of enchantment; still he recognised the mountain he had descended, for the Kyffhausen; the houses too, with their yards and gardens, were all familiar to him, and to the passing questions of a traveller, several boys replied by the name of Sittendorf.

With increasing doubt he now walked through the village to his house: It was much decayed, and before it lay a strange goatherd's boy in a ragged frock, by whose side was a dog worn lank by age, that growled and snarled when he spoke to him. He then en-

tered the cottage through an opening which had once been closed by a door; here too he found all so void and waste that he tottered out again at the back door as if intoxicated, and called his wife and children by their names; but none heard, none answered.

In a short time, women and children thronged around the stranger with the long hoary beard, and all, as if for a wager, joined in enquiring what he wanted. Before his own house to ask others after his wife, or children, or even of himself, seemed so strange, that, to get rid of these querists, he mentioned the first name that occurred to him; "Kurt Steffen?" The bystanders looked at each other in silence, till at last an old woman said; "He has been in the churchyard these twelve years, and you'll not go there to-day. 'Velten Meier?'" "Heaven rest his soul!" replied an ancient dame, leaning upon her crutch; "Heaven rest his soul! He has lain these fifteen years in the house that he will never leave."

The Goatherd shuddered, as in the last speaker he recognised his neighbour, who seemed to have suddenly grown old; but he had lost all desire for farther question. At this moment, a brisk young woman pressed through the anxious gapers, carrying an infant in her arms, and leading by the hand a girl of about fourteen years old, all three the very image of his wife. With increasing surprise he asked her name: "Maria!"—"And your father's?"—"Peter Klaus! Heaven rest his soul! It is now twenty years since we sought him day and night on the Kyffhausen mountains, when his flock returned without him; I was then but seven years old."

The Goatherd could contain himself no longer; "I am Peter Klaus," he cried, "I am Peter Klaus, and none else," and he snatched the child from his daughter's arms. All for a moment stood as if petrified, till at length one voice, and another, and another, exclaimed, "Yes, this is Peter Klaus! Welcome, neighbour!—Welcome after twenty years!"

## LONDON CHIT-CHAT—MRS. RADCLIFFE—CASTLE OF UDOLPHO, &amp;c.

(Blackwood's Mag.)

*London, March 11, 1822.*

**N**OTHING could have been more ill-advised, and unhappy in its effects, than the re-appearance of old Madame Mara a short time since in a public orchestra. She had, many years ago, retired from the musical profession, surrounded by such admiration and fame as perhaps never fell to the lot of any other singer—Mrs. Billington not excepted. The most classical judges of the art in Europe scarcely knew how to clothe their praises in competent terms; her skill, voice, and exquisite feeling and expression, were chronicled in treatises and cyclopædias, and the qualities of succeeding singers were estimated according to the degree in which they approached her. The lovers of music who had grown up since her retirement were full of envy of those older persons who had heard this miracle of art, when on a sudden, to the astonishment of every body, out comes an announcement that Madame Mara had arrived here, and intended to sing again in public. A crowded audience waited on her bidding; but alas, poor aged soul! the meanest chorister in the ranks of the orchestra could have done better. It is invidious and painful to dwell on the exposure.

I have been led into a recollection of this circumstance by having heard a report, not in general circulation, that another old lady of equal fame in literature to that of Madame Mara in music, is about to resume her exertions, after a long interval, and to strive again at a species of composition which requires, above every thing, a fervid imagination, and a fresh and elastic fancy. I allude to Mrs. Radcliff, the author of *Mysteries of Udolpho*, who, it seems, is preparing a new romance. Whoever has tasted the melancholy sweetness and mystery of her writings, (for her helpless common-place and prosing sink in the memory of the reader, leaving nothing behind but mingled impressions of moonlight festivals, and convent-shaunts heard over still waters, and

Italian skies, and love-lorn girls, and dim forests, and dusky chambers in old forsaken castles,) will be uneasy at hearing she is about again to essay these things, and to vex the charm which has wrapped itself, I hope for ever, round her name.

Lord Byron, it is said, is shortly coming home to make some family arrangements, in consequence of the death of a near relation. This will be awkward for the beginning of the *Pisan Journal*, which, by the bye, is to be edited in London by Mr. John Hunt of the Examiner. The author of "*Amarynthus, the Nympholept*," it is suspected, will be one of the contributors.

Haydon is getting on famously with his large picture of Christ raising Lazarus. The composition of it is very simple and grand; and the fearfulness of the subject is rendered overpowering by its being treated in a pathetic, rather than in a violent or horrible way. Lazarus has already arisen upright from the earth, and is seen staggering with a bewildered and reluctant air under the shadow of the mouth of the cavern which contains his grave.—Christ is standing in the middle of the picture, beckoning the fearful object to come forth; and the people about him have their terror in some degree calmed by the sight of *his* calmness, and their consciousness of his divinity. The figures placed between the Saviour and the cavern have not the benefit of seeing his godlike tranquillity, and they are therefore agitated with the spasm of mortal dread. This is, in my opinion, very subtly and delicately felt, and will have its due effect with the public.

The *Literary Gazette*, in one of its late numbers, gave a review of a poem published anonymously, and called "*Italy*," which they confidently attribute to Mr. Southey. This seemed at the time to argue great thoughtlessness on their part, because the very same number contained Southey's answer to Lord Byron's attack, in which he takes occasion to aver solemnly that he never published a book writ-

ten by himself without affixing his name to it. (This, by the way, is very unfashionable.) The poem is assuredly very much in Southey's manner; but it was difficult to conceive that he would lay himself so open to his enemy as to perpetrate an anonymous publication in the very teeth of a gratuitous avowal of his disdain of such concealment. It has since been reported that the poem was written by Mr. Rogers, who is said to have acknowledged it. The story of the two Foscari, which forms one of its episodes, is much more affecting than Lord Byron's tragedy on the same subject.

The specimens of the American poets, which have been announced, will be selected by Mr. Roscoe, son of the Biographer of the Medici family. It will be a curious thing to receive samples of *foreign* poetry, in the language in which they were originally written, and that language our own mother tongue. Little is known here of American poetry, except the epic of Mr. Jo-

el Barlow, which was pretty bad.—Should the book contain any thing in verse as interesting by virtue of its *nationality*, (for, perhaps, after all, this is the chief source of whatever is valuable and lasting in literature), as the novels of Charles Brockden Brown, it will be a capital introduction to our knowledge of the genius of the United States. Washington Irving has grafted himself (style, feelings, allusions, every thing) on *our* literature, properly so called, and has become merely one of a crowd of good English writers. Brown, it must be admitted, followed the manner of Godwin a little too slavishly, but in all else he is purely American; and this it is which makes him stand out with so bold and single a prominence. It is to be hoped that Mr. Roscoe will give us, among the rest, a specimen or two of the more recent poetry of Mr. Alston, the painter, for surely his muse cannot have been idle since his return to America. His sonnet on Rembrandt was first-rate.

#### ON THE DETERIORATION OF MAN AND BEAST.

(From the same.)

**T**HERE is in fact nothing very philosophical in the supposed notions of animals in a state of nature being ever deteriorated by that same climate in which, and for which they were produced. The various climates of the earth, and the various tribes of animals which live under their influence, are reciprocally fitted for each other; and it is only by confusedly combining the qualities of an animal formed for one country, with those of another formed for a totally different one, that the idea of deterioration can arise in the mind. The same observation may be equally applied to the numerous varieties or races of each kind.

The Laplander is not a deteriorated Asiatic of the Mongolian or Caucasian line, any more than the Georgian or Circassian is a highly refined Laplander; neither is the Shetland pony a deteriorated Arabian courser, any more than the steed of Araby is a thoroughbred Shetly. From whatever country

or parent stock all, or any of these animals, human or brute, may have originally sprung, each has long since been enabled, by a wise provision of nature, to assimilate its attributes to the qualities of the climate, in which it was destined to live, move, and have its being. Had it been incompetent to effect or undergo such assimilation, it would then indeed have deteriorated; that is to say, it would have died. But creatures of all kinds, whether irrational or intellectual, prefer the other alternative, notwithstanding its being attended with some occasional inconveniences. If we admire the slim smooth elegance of the Italian greyhound, and regard the rough shaggy coat of the dog of Nova Zembla, as a deterioration, let us remember that that which is the delight of the one, would be the death of the other; and what would then become of that forlorn agriculturist, whose business it is to drill the ice, and to furrow the snow? The small stature and peculiar

habits of the northern Nomadian, with the curry-comb-despising hide and short limbs of the afore-mentioned Sheltý, would have been as little fitted to sustain the fiery breath or shifting sands of an eastern desert, as an inhabitant of Arabia, with his more stately steed, the cold and cloudy clime, and the rugged and precipitous mountains of Lapland and Thule. Therefore, each exists in the best and most improved state, according to the nature of its particular calling, and is *not* deteriorated.

A similar observation is also applicable to many of the tastes and propensities of the human mind and body, which are too often regarded by us as the results of grossness or refinement, in proportion as they remove from or approach towards that ideal standard of perfection, which sometimes natural, but more frequently artificial circumstances have erected as our criterion of judgment. Your Esquimaux, when he swallows a bit of polar bear's fat dipt in whale oil, is as much a man of taste

in matters gastronomical, as your more taper-limbed Frenchman or Italian when he *titivates* a stewed ortolan, reposing in the purer juice of the olive. Nor is it a whit more rational for the one to abhor what he regards as the foul feeding of the other, than it would be for that other to despise the over-refinement of his more luxurious fellow-creature. The olive and the ortolan neither flourish nor flit among the snows of Greenland, nor does the polar bear ramble among the cypress groves, or the northern whale flounder along the balmy shores of the "Saturnia Tellus."

But where to find that happiest spot below,  
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?  
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone  
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;  
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,  
And his long night of revelry and ease.  
The naked negro, panting at the line,  
Boasts of his golden sands, and palmy wine,  
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,  
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.\*

\* Goldsmith's Traveller.

## BEAUTIES OF THE OLD BALLAD.

(Monthly Magazine, Mar.)

IT is a remarkable fact, that the two most important changes in the history of the country have been partly accomplished by OLD BALLADS. At the battle of Hastings, the Normans commenced the onset, singing the song of Roland, a famous peer of Charlemagne; and the great revolution of 1688 was partly effected by the well-known song of *Lillibulero*, made on the appointment of Talbot to the lieutenancy of Ireland. The song of *Roland* is lost, but we still have *Lillibulero*.—This miserable doggerel, we are told, had a more powerful effect than either the orations of Cicero or Demosthenes: the impression it made, according to Burnet, can only be imagined by those who saw it; 'the whole army, and at last, the people, both in city and country, were singing it perpetually.'

"What mighty conquests rise from trivial things,"

is proverbial, but the power and fascination of the old metrical romance, ap-

pears, at first view, inexplicable. "I never heard," says Sir Philip Sydney, "the old song of Percie and Douglas, that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet;" and Ben Jonson used to say he had rather have been the author of that fine old ballad than all his works. Addison, who had seen only a later version of Chevy Chase of the time of Elizabeth, has compared the fine passages with the best parts of Virgil; and it must be allowed, if poetical excellence consists in the power to yield pleasure to the greatest number of individuals, that the Chevy Chase of the English bard is superior to the *Ænied* of the Roman poet.

If, in fact, we examine the *materiel* of the ancient ballads, we shall cease to wonder at the admiration they have excited. They contain the soul of true poetry. There is in them all that can move the heart, delight the imagination, or chain the attention. Scenes of love and tenderness—the adventures of chivalry—



valry—the frolics of kings and tinkers—of robbers, gypsies, and friars, form their subjects ; and these narrated in a style of unaffected simplicity, and with a vigour and sincerity of feeling, that give the impress of reality to the creatures of the imagination. That such themes, so treated, should interest, is far from wonderful. The sources on which they draw for admiration are universal, and will find a mirror in every bosom : they appeal to nature—to our passions—our love—hatred and curiosity—and that any numerous class should be insensible to such appeals, would be more surprising than that their dominion is universal. Add to this, the old ballad derives some advantage even from rudeness and antiquity ; the novelty of an obsolete language, and the glimpse of ancient manners, conducing in part to their general attractions. Besides, they rarely contain any wire-drawn poem, or complicated plot : the old songs, it is true, are of the nature of *epics*, with a beginning, a middle, and an end ; but the plot generally turns on a simple incident, comprised in a few stanzas, apparently struck out at a heat, and starting with a vigour and impetuosity that inclines the reader to sing them after the minstrel fashion, rather than recite them like ordinary verse. Their *grossieretés* are the fault of all early writing, and as long as the staple commodity is good to demur on account of indelicacies of language, would be like shunning a person, otherwise unexceptionable, on account of his clothes. No doubt, any modern imitation of these defects would be disgusting enough, inasmuch as we should not expect from an educated person the behaviour of a clown ; but in the *old bards*, their freedom and simplicity augment their value, by cloathing them with the venerable hoar of antiquity, which, like the crust on good old port, attests their age and genuineness.

We will now give a few specimens of the Old English Ballads ; they are a fruitful mine, from which later poets have drawn the rude materials of their finest poetry, and polished it into gems of the purest ray. Even the Great Dramatist has been largely indebted to the old bards ;—the plot of the “ Mer-

chant of Venice” is evidently taken from the ancient ballad, entitled “ A new Song, shewing the crueltie of Gernutus, a Jewe, who lending to a merchant one hundred crownes, would have a pound of his fleshe, because he could not pay him at the time appointed. To the tune of ‘ Black and Yellow.’ ”

The sequel of Gernutus’s story corresponds exactly with the remorseless Shylock.

The bloudie Jew now ready is  
With whetted blade in hand,  
To spoyle the bloud of innocent,  
By forfeit of his bond.

And as he was about to strike  
In him the deadly blow :  
Stay, quoth the judge, thy crueltie ;  
I charge thee so to do ;

Sith needs thou wilt thy forfeit have,  
Which is of flesh a pound :  
See that thou shed no drop of bloud,  
Nor yet the man confound.

For if thou doe like murderer,  
Thou here shalt hanged be :  
Likewise of flesh see that thou cut  
No more than longes to thee.

For if thou take either more or lesse,  
To the value of a mite,  
Thou shalt be hanged presently,  
As is both law and right.

The rest is well known.

“ The Passionate Shepherd to his Love ” is a beautiful old sonnet quoted in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and erroneously ascribed to Shakspeare. The real author was Christopher Marlow, a dramatic writer of some repute, who lost his life by a stab received in a brothel, before the year 1593. Sir Walter Raleigh wrote the *Nymph’s Reply to the Passionate Shepherd*,” but we can only insert a part of the latter, which has been frequently imitated :

Live with me, and be my love,  
And we wil all the pleasures prove  
That hills and valies, dale and field,  
And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks,  
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,  
By shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

Then will I make thee beds of roses  
With a thousand fragrant posies,  
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,  
Imbrodered all with leaves of mirtle.

A belt of straw, and ivie buds,  
With coral clasps and amber studs ;  
And if these pleasures may thee move,  
Then live with me, and be my love

The sweet little sonnet which follows has also been ascribed to Shakspeare with as little authority; the first stanza is found in "Measure for Measure," and both are preserved in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Bloody Brother."

Take, oh take those lips away,  
That so sweetly were forsworne,  
And those eyes, the breake of day,  
Lightes that do misleade the morn :  
But my kisses bringe againe,  
Seales of love, but seal'd in vaine.

Hide, oh hide those hills of snowe,  
Which thy frozen bosom beares,  
On whose tops the pinkes that growe,  
Are of those that April wears :  
But first set my poor heart freee,  
Bound in these icy chaines by thee.

What follows is of a different character, and was intended by the poet laureate of the day to celebrate the glories of Agincourt. The homeliness of this laureate effusion would incline one to think that something has appended to this office at all times, to depress the holders below their cotemporaries in every thing except maudlin piety and courtly adulation. We give the first stanza of this *carmen triumphale* as a curiosity :

Our kynge went forth to Normandy,  
With grace and myzt of chivalry ;  
The God for him wrouzt marvelously,  
Wherefore Englande may calle and cry,  
*Deo gratias, &c.*

The humorous and lively description of the "Dragon of Wantley," a rapacious overgrown attorney, shows the vigorous strokes with which the ballad-makers struck out their characters :

This Dragon had two furious wings,  
Each one upon each shoulder ;  
With a sting in his tayl as long as a flayl,  
Which made him bolder and holder.

He had long claws, and in his jaws  
Four and forty teeth of iron ;  
With a hide as tough as any buff,  
Which did him round environ.

But it is in scenes of tenderness the beauties of the Ballad shine most bewitchingly. The "Childe (a name formerly given to knights) of Elde," is particularly admired for its affecting simplicity. We can conceive nothing more touching and dignified than the following :

The Baron he stroakt his dark-brown cheek,  
And turnde his head asyde  
To whipe away the starting teare  
He proudly strove to hide.

In deepe revolving thought he stood  
And musde a little space ;  
Then raise faire Emmeline from the  
ground,  
With many fond embrace.

"The Nut-Browne Mayd," forms the ground-work of Prior's "Henry and Emma," and though thickly covered with the rust of antiquity—being at least three hundred years old—is justly admired for sentimental beauties. We give the introductory stanza :

Be it ryght, or wrong, these men among,  
On women do complayne,  
A Hyrmyge this, how that it is  
A labour spent in vayne,  
To love them well ; for never a dele  
They love a mon agayne :  
For late a man do what he can,  
Theyr favour to attayne,  
Yet yf a newe do them pursue,  
Theyr fyrst true lover then  
Laboureth for nought ; for from her thought  
He is a banyshed man.

The elegant little sonnet of "Cupid and Campaspe," though not so old as the last is a real *bijou*. It is found in the third act of an old play, entitled "Alexander and Campaspe," written by John Lilye, a celebrated writer of that prolific age of true poetry, the Elizabethan :

Cupid and my Campaspe playd  
At cards for kisses ; Cupid payd :  
He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows,  
His mother's doves, and teame of sparrows,  
Loses them too ; then down he throws  
The coral of his lippe, the rose,  
Growing on's cheek (but none knows how)  
With these the crystal of his browe,  
And then the dimple of his chinne ;  
All these did my Campaspe winne.  
At last he set her both his eyes,  
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.  
O Love ! has she done this to thee ?  
What shall, alas ! become of me !

The next, with which we shall conclude our selections, though too deeply tinged with affectation and refinement to be ranked among bardic beauties has too much merit to be omitted :

TO LUCASTA ON GOING TO THE WAR.  
Tell me not, sweet, I am unkinde,  
That from the nunnerie  
Of thy chaste breast, and quiet minde  
To warre and armes I flie.

True, a new mistress now I chose,  
The first foe in the field ;  
And with a stronger faith embrace  
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such  
As you, too, shall adore ;  
I could not love thee, deare, so much,  
Lov'd I not honour more.

In these extracts we have passed over "Barbara Allan," "Chevy Chase," and others, the beauties of which are too universally known to need pointing out. Our object has only been to gather a few flowers from the rich meadow of ancient poesy, and range them in a garland, not inferior, we trust, either in fragrance or beauty, to many of our modern *bouquets*. Many pieces of

perhaps greater excellence we have been obliged to omit from their length, and the difficulty of quoting them in moderate compass, so as to be intelligible. In this, indeed, have consisted the difficulties of our task, for it must be confessed, that the old poetry, like the old architecture, was a little massive in structure, and in taking away a few fragments, or perhaps, some of those impurities with which its beauties are obscured, one is in danger of bringing down too much of the building. But in what we have done, we trust, our extracts will not be considered too long, nor affected by indelicacies that have been objected to the otherwise incomparable *Old Ballad*.

## Stephensiana, No. VII.

(Monthly Magazine, Mar.)

RIDGWAY'S.

FOR some years I accustomed myself to a morning's stroll from Chelsea, to Ridgway's, in Piccadilly. He is a considerable dealer in newspapers and political pamphlets, and as a copy of every newspaper of the day lay upon the counter, and his shop is provided with a fire and chairs, others besides myself strolled there, and here, therefore, was to be seen and heard something of the active world.

There were politicians by habit and profession, men of letters, men in and out of place, editors of papers, members of parliament, occasionally peers; and all met upon terms of equality, talked with freedom, and seldom allowed differences of opinion to create ill blood.

The Rev. Mr. Este united to great knowledge of the world, a lively wit, which relieved the common-place of some others in our regular group.

I never learnt more from any individual than John Nicholls, many years an M. P. whose enlightened mind atoned for a defect in his sight, and whose stores of anecdote seemed inexhaustible.

The venerable Major Cartwright often graced our circle and inspired our respect in spite of the extremity to which he pushed some principles which are thought uncongenial with the spirit

of our constitution. While, however, such virtuous men as he espouse any cause, it must, and perhaps ought to have advocates.

These bookseller's *conversazioni* are pleasanter even than club houses, where the same faces are always collected, and where party feeling and family distinction interfere with ease and freedom. I remember that at Almon's, where I used see Fox, Norfolk, Wilkes, Burke, Barré, and others of equal note—and that at Debrett's, frequented for many years by men of the highest rank and most splendid reputation. Debrett, however, failed, and his shop being closed—the habits of his visitors changed, and Ridgway's is now the place of rendezvous, but his shop is too small for the accommodation required. It is, however, pleasant, and here I have been often gratified, and have formed some valuable acquaintances. Such shops in my time have been what certain coffee houses were in the days of the Spectator.

INGENUOUS ROBBERS.

In India there is a class of robbers called the Gidias, who are very expert in imitating the cries of different animals, and covering themselves with their skins, to elude the pursuit of justice. They often follow the camps, and with singular address contrive to

steal out of the tents. Sometimes they attack and murder parties of the military escorting money. If a house is to be plundered, all the approaches to it are intercepted, and any individual found near it massacred without mercy. The English company has cleared its provinces of most of them, but some few yet remain, and from time to time bands of them will issue from the Mahratta States, and overrun the territories of the company.

#### INDIAN CUSTOMS.

A late voyager in India observes that he one day saw a company of Lascars at table, and that before they begun dinner, the cook threw some spoonfuls of rice into the sea, pronouncing a formula of words, as if saying grace. They were all seated in a circle, and squat on their haunches. In the middle of each circle, was set a large platter of boiled rice, and in the centre of the rice, a little dish of salt fish sauce. No spoons were in use, but every one helped himself with his right hand, and in taking up the rice, twisted it with his fingers into the shape of a ball, which he frequently dipped in the sauce. They are so careful in eating that not a grain of rice is ever seen to drop on the floor.

T. HOLLIS, ESQ.

of Corscombe, in Devonshire, after returning from his second tour, wrote the following in a window in an inn at Fal-mouth :—

“I have seen the specious, vain Frenchman, the trucking scuit Dutchman, the tame Dane, the sturdy, self-righting Swede, the barbarous Russ, the turbulent Pole, the honest, dull German, the pay fighting Swiss, the subtle, splendid Italian, the salacious Turk, the sun-warming, lounging Maltese, the piractical Moor, the proud, cruel Spaniard, the bigotted, base Portuguese with their countries—and hail again old England, my native land. Reader, if English, Scotch or Irish, rejoice in the freedom that is the felicity of thy native land, and maintain it sound to posterity. April 14, 1753.”

Dec. 11, 1798, while transcribing the above, it has struck me that the frequent changes in our dynasty have mainly contributed to strengthen our rights, (both preceding and in actual

existence) and to continue and extend yet further, the elastic action of public spirit. In many instances of recent aggrandisement, kings and courtiers seem to have been in a more direct and emphatical conjunction with the popular language and principles, which afterwards the malignant influence of prosperity has counteracted, and placed them in opposition to.

#### TOLERATION.

The leading feature for determining the true religion is universal charity. A saying of Fitzjames, Bishop of Soissons, is recorded, which will stand the test, and greatly savours of real christian candour, that “We ought to regard even the Turks as our brethren.”

Racine, in his *Discours sur l'Histoire Ecclesiastique*, judiciously observes that religion ought to be maintained by the same pure gentle means which established it; preaching, accompanied by discretion and the practice of every moral virtue; and above all as most deserving of confidence, by unbounded patience.

Not less edifying is the view of religion adopted by Filangieri, when he says, “If so many martyrs had not been sacrificed to error, how many more proselytes would have been gained to truth?” He adds: “Innumerable are the turnings wherein the human intellect has strayed with regard to religion, but those records which contain the history of such aberrations, present us with a supplement, in a great and prevailing truth, that the blood of the Martyrs is the seed of the church. He further declares that natural justice ensures to every one the right of public and private worship,—and that to force the conscience dishonours the service of the Supreme Being, and is contrary to the quiet, noble faithful principles of that best of religions, the Gospel.”

St Chrysostom (in his 47th Homily, in *Joan*), expressly declares that Christians are not to use force for the destruction of error; he gives us a very impressive and sensible idea of his candour, when he subjoins: “The arms with which we ought to contend for the salvation of men, are mildness and persuasion.”

Fenelon, setting aside the pomp and

parade of authority, wrote as follows with purity and simplicity, to Louis XIV.;—"Grant toleration to all, not in approving every thing indifferently, but in patiently permitting whatever God permits, and endeavouring to reclaim men, by that meekness of persuasion which results from moderation."

## INSURGENTS.

The insurgents under Walter, a tyler, of Deptford, in a reign when luxuries and vices abounded, when the maxims of government were only nominally squared by the rules of equity, demanded of the king, "That they, their lands, possessions, and posterity might be free, and that there ought to be no slaves nor servitude in England." The attempt failed, as have others, in repeated instances, emanating from that many-headed monster, the mob. It was the first, however, in favour of those members of the community that were Serfs, then a considerable body, whose interests were not united in a common cause with the barons and free men.

## DANIEL DAMER.

Men of genuine and exalted goodness have frequently deviated from the precision, and in some instances, spurned at the rules of true propriety. Shall I say, with a laudable and manly spirit? *Oh! pue non!* When a fire broke out at his lodgings in Bedford-street, Mr. D. retired with the utmost composure, with a picture of Milton (whom he adored) in his hand, leaving all his valuables to be consumed by the flames. As an Englishman, Mr. D.'s loyalty was perfectly consistent with independence, and his efforts were studiously directed to the propagation of Whig principles. As an *aroma* of sweet-scented loyalty, he generously gave away from £400 to £800 per annum, to the friends of liberty in distress. His charity, as is well known, extended also to colleges and universities.

## BURKE.

being asked for a motto to a publication, in which the subject of discussion was the Isle of Man, jocosely replied :

"The proper study of mankind is man."

On the unfinished BUST of BRUTUS,  
at FLORENCE: MICHAEL ANGELO,  
Sculptor.

*Brutum effinxisset sculptor, sed mente recurat,  
Multa viri virtus, sistit et obtupuit.*

The distich contains a very ingenious and animated remark, the meaning of which may be thus pointed out, "The sculptor would fain have given his testimony in favour of that great personage Brutus, have left a lasting impression of his vigorous and honourable physiognomy, but the peculiar character of his virtue, hushed, silenced the artist's feelings, and barred his effectual action."

## GEORGE I.

believed in the prediction of a French prophetess, that he should not survive his wife a year. Soon after her death, he took leave of the prince and princess, his successors, with tears in his eyes, telling them he should never see them more. I, for my part, am inclined to think his belief was sincere, and that he acted upon it as such. He was then indeed on the point of setting out for Germany, whence it appears that he returned not, as at the end of a few weeks he died. Some say he hated both—whatever of supposition there may be in this, it sounds to reason that he should be honest and just enough to say of his son, afterwards George II.: "*Il est fougueux, mais il a de l'honneur.*" He is very hot and fastidious, but he has a great feeling and sense of honour.

## LORD BATEMAN,

an amiable old nobleman, who resides on his estate in Herefordshire. When knowledge fails, accomplishments decay, and mental vigour dies,—charity may shine through life. This worthy peer had a guinea's worth of silver laid on his breakfast table, every morning, to divide among the poor.

ORIGINAL LETTER of WASHINGTON,  
addressed to SIDY MOHAMMED, Em-  
peror of Morocco.

*Great and Magnanimous Friend,*

Since the date of the letter, which the late congress, by their president, addressed to your Imperial Majesty, the United States of America have thought proper to change their government, and to institute a new one, agreeable to the constitution, of which I have the honour of herewith enclosing a copy. The time necessarily employed in this arduous task, and the derangements occasioned by so great, though

peaceable a revolution, will apologize and account for your Majesty's not having received those regular advices and marks of attention from the United States, which the friendship and magnanimity of your conduct towards them, afforded reason to expect.

The United States, having unanimously appointed me to the supreme executive authority in the nation; your Majesty's letter, of the 17th August, 1738, which by reason of the dissolution of the late government, remained unanswered, has been delivered to me; I have also received the letters which your Imperial Majesty has been so kind as to write in favour of the United States, to the Bashaws of Tunis and Tripoli, and I present to you the sincere acknowledgments and thanks of the United States, for this important mark of your friendship for them.

We greatly regret that the hostile disposition of those regencies towards this nation, who have never injured them, is not to be removed on terms in our power to comply with. Within our territories there are no mines, either of gold or silver, and this young nation, just recovering from the waste and desolation of a long war, have not, as yet had time to acquire riches by agriculture and commerce. But our soil is bountiful, and our people industrious; and we have reason to flatter ourselves that we shall gradually become useful to our friends.

The encouragement which your Majesty has been pleased, generously, to give to our commerce with your dominions; the punctuality with which you have caused the treaty with us to be observed, and the just and generous measures taken, in the case of Captain Proctor, make a deep impression on the United States, and confirm their respect for, and attachment to your Imperial Majesty.

It gives me pleasure to have this opportunity of assuring your Majesty that while I remain at the head of this nation, I shall not cease to promote every measure that may conduce to the friendship and harmony which so happily subsist between your empire and them, and shall esteem myself happy on every occasion, of convincing your

Majesty of the high sense (which in common with the whole nation) I entertain of the magnanimity, wisdom and benevolence of your Majesty.

In the course of the approaching winter, the National Legislature, (which is called by the former name of Congress) will assemble, and I shall take care that nothing be omitted that may be necessary to cause the correspondence between our countries to be maintained and conducted in a manner agreeable to your Majesty, and satisfactory to all the parties concerned in it.

May the Almighty bless your Imperial Majesty, our great and magnanimous friend, with his constant guidance and protection.

Written at the City of New-York, the first day of December, 1789.

(Signed) G. WASHINGTON.

ARTHUR MURPHY.

I walked to town with Mr. Murphy, on the fast day, Nov. 29, 1798. He lived in Queen's Buildings, Knightsbridge. We had useful discourse on a variety of matters, as he could combine instruction with elegant entertainment. It appeared that he had been always averse to the principle of the American war, and though he had an employment under government, as commissioner of bankrupts, as the friend of political morality and of common sense, he could blame the madness of the existing ministers. As a writer he had no little claims to attention, and he wished well to his country, but in his literary labours, never attempted any thing, in the way of party.

DUNG

should not be applied to wheat crops, as it makes the land foul, and it has long been observed by myself and others, that though there may be a great burden of straw, there will be but little wheat. Dung is most beneficial, and at times, may be absolutely necessary to potatoes, turnips and the artificial grasses, making wheat the last crop in the course.—See Scott's Poem on Farming.

GILBERT WAKEFIELD. (1800).

Of this gentleman, who occupies such a space in the department of classical criticism, report testifies that he can never sleep out of his own house, and

that from the time he goes to his brother's at Richinond, until his return, he never sleeps.

It is also a remarkable trait in the character of so benevolent a man, that he attended all public executions, so as to be noticed as a constant attendant by the persons officially engaged in these exaggerations of justice. He described it as a study of human nature !

#### SUPERSTITION.

At Wavertree, near Liverpool, is a well which during many ages has borne, and still bears, the following monkish inscription :

Qui non dat quod habet,  
Dæmon infra ridet.

The language is not very courtly, and joined with the sentiment, imports that every wise man will readily give something—who does not, let him be devoted to destruction.

Alms were formerly solicited here—and the *devil below* served all the purposes of a loaded pistol, to the ignorant traveller, who was thereby intimidated out of his money.

George II. had implicit faith in the German notion of vampyres. This is affirmed, with the dry precision of historical truth, by Horace Walpole.

#### ANDREW MARVEL.

By a singular variety of fortune, he was the secret adviser of Prince Rupert, nephew of Charles I. and the favourite tutor of Mr. Dutton, nephew to Oliver Cromwell, to the father of whom, he also acted as Latin secretary, under Milton. He was afterwards one of the protectors of Milton.

#### A CONQUEROR

is thus defined by Fenelon : “ *Un Conquerant est un homme, &c.* A conqueror is a man whom God, in the dispensation of his Providence, lets loose upon mankind as a formidable and inexorable despoiler, inflicting a dreadful punishment on a devoted country, and making as many slaves as there are free men.” May I not be permitted to add : “ Disfiguring the works of man, frequently profaning the name and violating the altars of the great God ! ”

#### GENERAL MOREAU,

Prior to the French revolution, had applied for a sub-lieutenancy of Dragoons, but was refused, as not being of noble birth. Only a small portion of

sagacity is to be found in this ancient hauteur ; we discover a more solid foundation capable of sustaining military operations, in the practical schools of proficiency, established by the policy of the revolution. Introduced to a military life, on that general scale, Moreau was soon elected commander of a battalion of National Guards. Then devoting himself to the various occupations of his profession, his whole attention directed to a single object, we behold him rising through all the gradations of service, till we find him by the brilliancy of personal talents, exalted to supreme command. His skill in the direction of military energies was early shewn, and it is unnecessary to dilate upon it.

#### “ RICH SPENCER.”

Among the citizens of London, it has not in any period of its history produced one who possessed more public spirit, wealth, and patriotism, than Sir John Spencer, who was lord mayor in 1594. This princely citizen is said to have died possessed of £800,000, acquired in the pursuits of commerce. In a curious pamphlet printed in 1651, there is the following singular anecdote respecting “ Rich Spencer,” for so Sir John was usually called.

“ In Queen Elizabeth's days, a pirate of Dunkirk laid a plot with twelve of his mates, to carry away Sir John Spencer ; which if he had done, £50,000 would not have redeemed him. He came over the seas in a shallop, with 12 musketeers, and in the night came into Barking Creek, and left the shallop in the custody of six of his men, and with the other six came as far as Islington, and there hid themselves in ditches, near the path in which Sir John came to his house ; but by the providence of God, Sir John, upon some extraordinary occasion, was forced to stay in London that night, otherwise they had taken him away ; and they, fearing they should be discovered, in the night time came to their shallop, and so came safe to Dunkirk again.”

Sir John Spencer left an only daughter, who was carried off from Canonbury House [Sir John's residence] in a baker's basket, by William Lord Compton, who married her. From this union the Earls of Northampton are lineally descended.

## Paragraphs.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES—LITERARY NEWS—REMARKABLE INCIDENTS, &c.

### MR. COUTTS, THE BANKER.

Died, on Sunday, Feb. 26, 1822, at his house in Stratton-street, Piccadilly, aged 87, *Thomas Coutts*, esq. the oldest and most opulent banker in London. Mr. Coutts was a native of Scotland, where his father acted as a banker in Edinburgh, and placed his eldest son John as his agent in London, who began the great concern, of which the subject of this article was at the head. A few years after John took his younger brother Thomas into partnership, and the house has continued to rise gradually to its present state of opulence. This house enjoyed a peculiar advantage, for there was not then a banker west of Temple-bar, the house of Drummond commencing about the same time. The affairs of banking in London was begun by the goldsmiths, who having places of safety for their own valuable articles, persons were induced to send their notes, cash, &c. to them for safety, and to draw as they wanted. The house of Coutts was never in that business. Mr. Thomas Coutts married a Mrs. Starkey, who, it seems, was his brother's servant, and this event was a temporary cause of shyness between them; which however soon vanished. By this lady he had three daughters, the eldest married to Col. North, eldest son of the minister, Lord North, who died Earl of Guilford; the second is the widow of the late Marquis of Bute, and the youngest is the wife of Sir Francis Burdett. On the death of his brother, Mr. C. became the head of the house, and succeeded to his fortune, which enabled him to give to each of his daughters £30,000 on the day of marriage. Mr. Coutts, altho' the very soul of the banking house, found time to take his three daughters on an excursion to Italy, at the time Mr. Burdett, eldest brother of Sir Francis, and Lord Montacute were on their travels. It was said, that the two travellers were to have married two of Mr. Coutts's daughters; but the tragical death of those two gentlemen at the falls of Schaffhausen put an end to these prospects, and one of the daughters has since been happily joined in wedlock to the surviving brother of Mr. Burdett. Mr. Coutts was for many years in habits of intimacy with Mr. Garriek, Mr. Smith, and other celebrated theatrical characters; and by frequenting the Green Room he became intimate with the amiable Miss Mellon, to whom he afterwards was attached. His first favour bestowed on this lady is said to have been a present of ten thousand pounds. The possession of such a sum of money enabled her to live in a manner so far beyond what her salary as a performer would allow, that her friends gave out that she had gained a prize of ten thousand in the lottery. She afterwards purchased property at Cheltenham and the es-

tate she has long enjoyed at Highgate. Whether any thing more than platonic love existed between them, cannot be determined, but the scandalous *Chronicles* began to whisper, and Mr. Coutts is said to have introduced Miss Mellon to his family as his natural daughter. In three days after his first wife died, he led Miss Mellon to the altar, whose benevolent and generous conduct, as Mrs. Coutts, is well known. Many years ago Mr. Coutts purchased the house at the corner of Stratton-street, which, when his eldest daughter, Lady Guilford, lost her husband, he much enlarged, so that she lived some time under the same roof with him. On his second marriage he began to exhibit the highest style of living; his present Majesty and the princes of the blood often visiting him. As a man of business Mr. Coutts was indefatigable, and at the age of eighty he conducted the chief correspondence of the concern himself. He had three gentlemen concerned with him, Sir Edmund Antrobus, Sir Coutts Trotter and Mr. Majoribanks; but he still would be the active man, and used to go to the banking house every morning at 9, and there employ himself until the business of the day was over. By an arrangement he made some time before his death, he left his share of the banking house to Mrs. Coutts, to whom he also left all his property, which it is said amounts to upwards of 700,000*l.* exclusive of a very large fortune which had been before settled upon her. This distribution of his property to the exclusion of his children has, of course, been much canvassed, and many reports have prevailed which it is not our business to record. The lady is said by some to consider herself merely as a trustee with sole powers, while others relate that she has made offers of contingent advantages to the daughters, which they have judged it not proper to accept. From our knowledge however, of her liberal character, we are persuaded that if a reaction of feeling does not take place, the results will be satisfactory and honourable to all parties. Be it as it may, the rise of an actress, the daughter of the post-master of Cheltenham to be the most wealthy female of her time, is a social phenomenon.

### NEW WORKS

*Life, Fashion, and Feeling*: a Tale; by Mary Anne Hedge, 3 vols.

*Constance*: a Tale; by Isabel Hill.

*The Flatterer*; or, *False Friendship*: a Tale; by M. A. Hedge.

*Original Tales of My Landlord*; exemplifying the Force of Experience, &c.; by W. Gardner, with engravings on wood.

*The Wizard Priest, and the Witch*: a Romance; by Quintin Poynt, esq. 3 vols.

*The Village Coquette*; by the author of *Such is the World*, 3 vols.



Illustrations of Shakspeare, are at this time in course of publication, from pictures painted expressly, by ROBERT SMIRKE, Esq. R. A. and engraved in the finest style by the most eminent historical engravers.

*A Voyage of Discovery into the South Sea and Beering's Straits, for the purpose of finding out a North-East Passage, undertaken in the Years 1815, 16, 17, and 18, in the ship Ruric, under the command of Otto Von Kotzebue. In 3 vols. 8vo. illustrated with numerous Plates and Maps.*

This voyage was undertaken under the immediate patronage and at the sole expense of Count Romanzoff. The vessel destined for the purpose was the Ruric, of 180 tons burthen only, which enabled it, from its small draft of water, to approach more in-shore, and observe the coast more minutely than a larger vessel would have done. It contained, notwithstanding, every thing that was desirable for the purposes of health and comfort; for of all the crew, including two naturalists, a physician, and a painter, only one died, tho' the voyage lasted 3 years.

In the South Sea Captain Kotzebue had the pleasure of raising a monument to the fame of the promoter of his expedition, and also to the memory of his two brave countrymen Kutusoff and Suwarroff, naming after Count Romanzoff a beautiful island which he discovered in lat 14. 57. 20. south, lon. 140. 20. 30 west, and two groups of islands, which he discovered not far from the Penrhyn islands, after the military heroes. Of the inhabitants of some of these newly discovered islands, a most captivating picture is given, particularly of those of Radack, one of the chain of coral islands, the navigation of which is so dangerous, that it is to be hoped this consideration, added to its affording nothing of value to tempt the cupidity of Europeans, may long keep them in their present innocence and simplicity, untinged by the vices incurred with the artificial wants by which attempts at what is called civilization are always accompanied. The inhabitants of Radack seem to resemble, in integrity and benevolence, the natives of the Pelaw islands; their manners are strictly modest; their forms are slender and symmetrical; their dances extremely graceful: indeed to sing, to dance, to crown themselves with flowers, and sport upon the waves, seem the sole occupations of life with these happy islanders. From the island of Aur, the little society of the Ruric gained an interesting and valuable addition in the person of Kadu, a native of the island of Ulle, belonging to the Carolinas. This man, along with three of his companions, after drifting about the sea for eighteen months in consequence of a storm which drove them out of their course, had been rescued from the most miserable prospect of the most linger-

ing death, by the inhabitants of Aur, on whose shores they were cast, 1500 English miles west of the place whence they had originally set out. There is something very affecting in the history of this man; in his struggles between his gratitude to the people among whom he had found so kind a home, and his yearnings to return to his native country, which he thought he might accomplish, by means of Capt. Kotzebue, as he knew that vessels like his, and manned with white men, occasionally visited Ulle. His parting scene with the generous chief and the other inhabitants of Aur, is affectingly described by Capt. Kotzebue. All on board were grieved at his determination to remain among his old associates, which he could not impart to them without the utmost emotion, and many struggles with himself. Capt. Kotzebue parted with him with great reluctance, and with a degree of sorrow, which was the highest tribute possible to Kadu's virtues. The narrative increases in interest, in proportion as he draws nearer to the goal of his hopes. The dangerous voyage of Beering's Straits he was obliged to make with only one officer on board to relieve him in his arduous duty of keeping watch, as well as of commanding the vessel; being obliged to leave his second lieutenant at Kamtschatka on account of his health. On the morning of June 20th, 1815, they descried Beering's island, the high rocks of which, covered with snow, afford only an ungenial prospect to mariners. Thick fogs for the next seven days most vexatiously obscured the coast which they were so anxious to explore; but on the 27th they were enabled to land on an island called by the inhabitants Tschibocki. These people, who were very filthy in their dress and appearance, did not appear to have seen any Europeans before, but notwithstanding this they were inclined to welcome them very kindly; they embraced Captain Kotzebue one after the other, rubbed their noses hard against his, and ended their caresses by spitting in their hands, and rubbing them several times over his face. They then brought forth a wooden trough of whale blubber, which they seemed to esteem, and insisted on his partaking of it with them, after which one who appeared the chief ordered a dance. Accordingly, one of them stepped forwards and made the most comical motions with his whole body, without stirring from his place, making the most hideous grimaces; the others sang a song, consisting of only two notes, sometimes louder, sometimes lower, and the time was beat on a tambourine. If our space admitted of it, we could multiply extracts of great interest to our readers.

#### NASTURTIUM.

The blossoms have been observed to emit electric sparks towards evening, which was first noticed by the daughter of the illustrious Linnaeus, who could not credit the account until he had seen the phenomenon. It is seen most distinctly with the eye partly closed.

# ERUPTION OF CARBONIZED WOOD AT NEW MADRID.

During the earthquake which destroyed New Madrid on the 6th January 1812, and which was felt two hundred miles around, Mr. Bringier happened to be passing in its neighbourhood when the principal shock took place. The violence of the earthquake having destroyed the earthy strata impending over the subterraneous cavities existing probably in an extensive bed of wood, highly carbonized, occasioned the whole superior mass to settle. This mass pressing upon the water, which had filled the lower cavities, forced it out, and blew up the earth with loud explosions. It rushed out in all directions, bringing with it an enormous quantity of carbonized wood, reduced mostly into dust, which was ejected to the height of from 10 to 15 feet and fell in a black shower, mixed with the sand which its rapid motion had forced along: at the same time the roaring and whistling produced by the impetuosity of the air escaping from its confinement, seemed to increase the horrible disorder of the trees, which every where encumbered each other, being blown up, cracking and splitting, and falling by thousands at a time. In the mean time the surface was sinking, and a black liquid was rising up to the belly of Mr. Bringier's horse, which stood motionless, struck with panic and terror. These occurrences occupied nearly two minutes. The trees kept falling here and there, and the whole surface of the country remained covered with holes, which, to compare small things with great, resembled so many craters of volcanoes, surrounded with a ring of carbonized wood and sand, which rose to the height of about seven feet. The depth of several of these holes, when measured some time after, did not exceed 20 feet, but the quicksand had washed into them. Mr. Bringier noticed a tendency to carbonization in all the vegetable substances that had been soaking in the ponds produced by these eruptions.

## INSTINCT OF THE HONEY-EATER BIRD.

Capt. Kotzebue mentions the following circumstance respecting these birds. "The Hottentots, who have a very quick sight, try to observe a bee flying home with its honey, and pursue it: but they often would not succeed in following the bee, were they not assisted by the honey-eater birds, which perceive the intention of the men. The bird now pursues the bee, and gives the Hottentots, who pursue both, a signal by a whistle where the honeycomb is, and when they have taken out the honey, they throw some to the bird as a reward for his service."

## SEA-SNAKE OF THE ALEUTIANS, NORWEGIANS, AND THE HEBRIDES.

Pontoppidan describes a monstrous sea-snake said to appear occasionally on the coast of Norway: and relations of a similar description are to be met with in the writings of other authors. Very lately, in the year 1808, the remains of a remarkable animal, answering in some degree to the description of Pontoppidan, was cast ashore

on one of the Orkney Islands, and has been described by Dr. Barclay in the first volume of the Memoirs of the Wernerian Natural History Society. In the Memoirs of the same Society, there is an interesting notice by the Rev. Mr. Maclean of Small Isles, of an animal supposed to be of this tribe, which was observed near the island of Eigg, one of the Hebrides; and in the second volume of Kotzebue's late Voyage we have the following notice of a sea-monster, said to resemble a serpent: "M. Krinkoff's description of a sea-animal that pursued him at Beerling's Island, where he had gone for the purpose of hunting, is very remarkable; several Aleutians affirm they have often seen this animal. It is of the shape of the red serpent, and is immensely long; the head resembles that of a sea-lion, and two disproportionately large eyes give it a frightful appearance. It was fortunate for us," said Krinkoff, "that we were so near the land, or else the monster might have destroyed us; it stretched its head far above the water, looked about for its prey, and vanished. The head soon appeared again, and that considerably nearer; we rowed with all our might, and were very happy to have reached the shore in safety. If a sea-serpent has been really seen on the coast of North America, it may have been one of this frightful species."

## SHAKSPEARE.

The following is copied from an Irish newspaper:—"There is a portrait of Shakspeare in the possession of a gentleman of Dublin, which contains an inscription indicating that it was presented by our immortal bard himself to Ann Hathaway: and Major W. Stewart, of Lisburn, has favoured the Belfast paper with the following copy of an original letter also sent to this young lady by Shakspeare when he was 27, and she 19 years of age; she afterwards became his wife:—

### "TO ANNA HATHAWAYE.

"Deereste Anna,—As thou haste alwaye founde mee toemye worde moste trewe, soe thou shalt see I have stryctly kept mye promyse,—I pray you perfume thys mye poor locke with thy balmy kisses, forre thenne indeede shalle kynges themselves bow and pay homage toe it. I do assure thee no rude hand hath the knottidde itte, thye Willy's alone hath done the worke. Neytherre the gyldede bawble that envyrnonnes the head of Majestie, noe norre honourres most mightee, would give mee halfe the joy, as didde thyse, my little worke for thee. The feelinge thatte didde neereste approche untoe itte, was that which commethe nyghteste untoe God, meeke and gentle Charytye, forre thatte virtue, O! Anna, doe I love, doe I cheryshe thee inne mye hearte; forre thou art as a talle cederre stretchynge forthe its branches, and succourynge the mallere plants frome nyppynge winterre orr the boysterouse windes.—Farewelle, toe-morrowe bye tymes I will see thee; tille thenne adieu. Sweet love, thynne everre,

"WM. SHAKSPEARE."

# SPIRIT

OF THE

## ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

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BOSTON, JUNE 15, 1822.

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### RAYMOND THE ROMANTIC, AND HIS FIVE WISHES.

(European Magazine.)

**T**HAT delightful old pastoral writer, Izaak Walton, the Virgil of Anglers, has recorded it of St. Jerome that he formed three grand wishes; namely "to have seen Christ in the flesh,—to have heard St. Paul preach,—and to have beheld Rome in her glory." My own desires were never sufficiently magnificent to match with these splendid conceptions, but still they possessed enough of singularity, to be in perfect consonance with my title of Raymond the Romantic. They were then, five in number, and of the following character. To descend to the bottom of the Sea in a Diving Bell: to ascend into the Air in a Balloon: to go down into the Earth, in one of the deepest Mines: to pass into the Crater of a Burning Mountain: and to behold an Apparition! He who hath seen these, thought I, may boast of having seen somewhat; little imagining that it would ever be my fate to look upon them all, and still less that I should have to record the sight of them. Fifty years since, when my hair was black and my locks crisp, my form strong and handsome, and my heart as fearless as it was ardent, I was ever on the search for romantic adventures, in which any degree of danger was never worth consideration, provided it were counter-balanced with adventures sufficiently wild, heroic, and out of the common course of daring enterprize. It is not

to be doubted, that in these expeditions I was frequently involved in the most imminent hazards: which however little they affected me at the time, never failed, in the moments of cool reflection, to make my very soul shudder even at the remembrance of the past danger. After ascending the rugged and perpendicular face of a rock with old Rosensköld, of Rona's Hill, in the Zetland Islands, I have lain the livelong night, bathed in perspiration, at the thoughts of what, when it existed in all its terrors, did not even awaken alarm. After rushing out to a wreck, when the waves frequently enveloped me in a glassy green shroud, and sometimes threw me back three feet for every one that I swam forward; when I have pierced down even to the hold of the sinking vessel, the very danger suspended both fear and feeling, but in a subsequent moment of rest, I have felt all the horrors of my former situation, and have passed hours in a terror of mind, that was worse than drowning. In like manner, did all my romantic adventures, and all the most awful tales to which I have listened with such delight, haunt me when they concluded; like spirits of a former age appearing to the men of the present. In many of my wild achievements, my early friend George Harvey was my most fearless companion; a similarity of disposition had united us, until the

more serious employment of life, which breaks hearts, dissolves friendships, deadens the affections, destroys love, and entirely changes the whole soul, by its separations, called him to the Northern Regions, in the Fire-Drake of Lerwick, and detained me an inhabitant of the Zetland Isles. It will not be wondered at, as there was so strong a bond of unity between George Harvey and myself, that we jointly vowed at parting, not only to keep faith and friendship inviolate, to gaze on the heavenly bodies at the same hours, and exchanged charmed tokens to keep the

magician Time from altering the heart; but also that we made each other a solemn promise that if either died, the survivor should, if possible, visit the body of the deceased, who, if permitted, should return that melancholy act of affection to his friend. This awful engagement, which might have been the cause of the gratification of one of my extraordinary wishes, was in fact, the procurer of satisfaction in another instance; and the circumstances connected with the fulfilment of this promise form the ground work of my first story.

### THE DIVING-BELL.

O Lord ! methought what pain it was to drown !

*Shakspeare.*

THE Fire-Drake of Lerwick, was one of those vessels, which daring men have launched at almost every period of the History of English Navigation, to venture towards the Black Rock and Four whirlpools of the Arctic regions, and the discovery of a North-West Passage. After a long and fatiguing voyage, in which death and privations had reduced the crew to half its original number, and had changed the rest to shadows of what they once were; in the middle of December, 17 --, the Fire-Drake was seen from the point of Lambaness, making sail for our Islands. The three latter months of the year in Zetland are uncertain in their weather, and frequently in direct opposition to the approaches of vessels from any quarter towards the land. Violent but changeable gales, torrents of rain, and storms of snow, are opposed to the skill of the mariner; although it be supported by the thought, that he is steering his bark homewards. As the vessel neared with a gentle gale from the North-West, for the Island of Unst, the wind suddenly shifted to the Westward, and blew with such fury, that though the sails were rapidly reefed, the Fire-Drake was carried along through the rushing waters with the same velocity that a feather or a falling leaf is swept over a plain in Autumn. The sea began to heave and swell its bosom as if preparing for a coming storm, every wave rolling up a larger sheet of foam than the preceding, and the ocean

changing its colour from a verdant green to a dark brown hue. Besides the swiftness with which the Fire-Drake was, as it were, swept through the waters, she no longer kept her course in a continuous straight line, but was carried up one side of the wave, and down the other, with a rush and a plunge, that to those who have felt them, are as if they would cause the very life to leap out of their bosoms. Under the influence of the encreasing gale, the ship scudded round the North-East point of Unst in a Westerly direction, towards North-Maven; where was my abode, and which, when the storm commenced, I was about to quit, in order to cross the Mainland to Lerwick to welcome my friend, on his return. But George Harvey I was destined never more to see in the flesh, unless that sight which I afterwards had of him could be deemed such.—As it was, I rushed to the shore, which is about five miles from North-Maven, with most of the townspeople, regardless of the storm which raged piteously; but alas! all was in vain! the breakers ran too high to allow of our putting off to the assistance of the Fire-Drake, and we could only line the beach, and watch her destruction. The vessel was now drifted towards the vast holm or rock, known by the name of the Maiden Skerry. As this is a tall mural pile of granite which stands in the ocean, only about 150 feet from the precipitous ridge that forms the head of North

Maven, Swaen Styman, the most expert and daring navigator throughout the Islands, and myself, attempted to launch a small boat to the aid of the vessel; but this was unsuccessful, the boat was quickly swamped, and the prodigious force of the waves tossed us with violence upon the shore. I remained insensible for some time, and was awakened to recollection, only by the cry of horror which arose from my companions, when the Fire-Drake first struck upon the Maiden-Skerry. Life returned rapidly enough to allow me to be a spectator of her second and succeeding concussion; and I saw at every time, some fresh part of the good ship give way with a dreadful crash, and some more of her gallant ill-fated crew swept off into the deep. At length, when the splitting timbers no longer bore any resemblance to a ship, I saw Harvey rush forward to the highest part of them; it was but for a moment, he looked steadily upon me and beckoned, then raised his arms and eyes upwards, the planks were washed from under him, and he fell into the ocean upon his face, as if he had been embracing the waters. In my first emotions of distress, I hastened forward with the intent of precipitating myself after him; but I was withheld from perpetrating this rash action by old Martin Skelder, who cried out, "Why what the Fiend ails the stripling? An't it enough to lose the good skiff, and a whole shallop full of brave hearts against the Maiden Skerry, but you must be rushing in too, as if ye were crowding to a whale-hunt." The violence of my grief still continuing, I was forced from the beach by several of my comrades, but the noise of the storm, the striking of the Fire-Drake against the rock, and above all, the appearance and actions of my friend Harvey, were still present to my imagination.—Throughout the night that followed, every hour, whether sleeping or waking, his form seemed before me; still beckoning as if to claim my promise, and then again falling with extended arms into the deep. I know not if at the period when I really beheld him he spoke to me, but his actions strongly reminded me of the summons which

Samuel's spirit delivered to Saul,—  
 "To-morrow, thou and thy sons shall be with me;" and I was powerfully impressed with the conviction, that in a short time, I too should be passed into immateriality, and the land of spirits; although it now seemed as if it were impossible for me to keep my melancholy promise, of looking upon my friend's body, I felt assured that he would speedily redeem his pledge by appearing to me: indeed, his presence seemed already with me, and I could scarcely divest myself of the idea, that I had beheld him with my bodily sight. He was in every place that I visited, and I saw and heard in all things

———"His hovering shade,  
 His groan in every sound."

With all this, however, there was not a single trace of fear; although I felt a great degree of distress, chiefly because it seemed impossible that I should be enabled to look upon my friend's corse, covered as it was by the blue waters, stretched upon the rugged rocks and dank sea-weed, and bedded in the undiscovered deeps.

Those who have never passed a night of sorrow, cannot appreciate the "joy that cometh in the morning."—After having spent my almost sleepless hours in tears and in heart-sickening grief, the appearance of the next day, which formed a most beautiful contrast to the preceding one, gave me somewhat of a feeling of consolation, if not of hope; and I rose from my bed unrefreshed by repose, yet certainly with assuaged sorrow and calmer spirits.—The morning now presented one of those rare and splendid instances of fine, bright, and open weather, which sometimes enlightens the gloom of a Zetland winter. The atmosphere was clear, and even before the sun rose, his beautiful ruddy light was spread far around to the Eastern Sea, over the Island of Unst. Upon his rising, which at that season was about half past nine, his beams glanced brightly upon the verdant and leaping waves, and the snow which had fallen upon the preceding day. The sea was now as calm and shining as a rich pasture field, and its general tint was broken into a thousand other lighter and darker shades

of green, blue, and purple. All the scenery that I could behold from my own apartment, was so calm, fair, smiling, and inviting, that with a lightened but a yet sorrowful heart, I walked forth. It was early upon the same morning, that the Sea-Gull frigate, Captain Cutwater, arrived at Zetland, from the Northern Islands of Scotland, where he had been conducting some experiments with Dr. Halley's Diving-Bell, in order to ascertain its use for the Royal Navy; and he had now continued his course to North-Maven, to extend his observations round our Island. As a better knowledge of the coast, and the various depths of the sea round them, could be gained from the inhabitants of Zetland, than from any other source, several of those inhabiting our village were sent for on board the frigate; and I determining within my own mind how to act, accompanied them. The Sea-Gull had anchored about half a cable's length from the Maiden Skerry, where the tragedy of the former day had taken place; and which is a lofty rock, or holm as it is called in Zetland, with perpendicular mural sides; while on its top, the black-backed gull lives alone and unmolested, for the boldest cragsman has never yet gained its summit. Our first discourse with Captain Cutwater, was on the late wreck, pieces of which were floating near the rock, while others had drifted on the beach of North-Maven.

"They went down," said Martin Skelder, "even as ye have seen the Imber goose fly downward and plunge under water for his prey; while the storm raged with such fury, that our staunchest sea-boat was swamped when we would have put off to them. But they were fated men! they scaped the icebergs and the snow wreaths of Spitzbergen, to split on their own rocks, and to be drowned in their own seas."

"What!" replied the Captain, "and were you unable to learn any particulars of their voyage?"

"Ay, Log-book, Journal, Master, Crew, and Cargo, all lie in the green Seas! They hailed their port, but they never landed; and how they fared, whether they brought home a clear ship or a full one, whether the voyage had

been foul or fair, why I reckon that's what we shan't know, till it's not worth the knowing."

"And where did the Fire-Drake strike, and go down?" asked Cutwater.

"Why here," said Swaen Rosen-sköld, "between the big and the Maiden-Skerry, that huge upright holm yonder."

"Well then, here," returned the Captain, "we'll send down the Diving-Bell, we may find some of their papers and stowage yet,—so moor the ship astern my lads, splice a sprit to the mainmast, reeve the running braces, and hang on the Diving-Bell."

While these orders were being carried into effect, I drew the Captain aside, and told him all my previous friendship with Harvey, our mutual vows, his actions at the moment he was sinking, and my own distressed thoughts; and finally, I conjured him by every feeling of humanity, to permit me to descend in the Diving-Bell, in search of the body of my friend. The Captain at first listened to me with politeness, then with interest, then, as my vanity interpreted it, with admiration; but when I came to my request, all these feelings appeared united, while he denied me in a manner friendly and compassionate, but which seemed somewhat blended with wonder at my presumption.

"Young man," said he, "I admire your heart and honour, and your bravery, but they carry you too far; do you know what you ask? Why the bravest divers have many trials in shallow water with these bells, before they go into the deep; and besides, they require long experience with their mechanism and management."

"It seems to me," replied I, "that the principal experience which they require, is a determined heart, and a steady head; both of which, unless I be greatly mistaken, I have often proved in climbing all the most fearful cliffs of Zetland; as Sumburgh-head, and Fitful-head, and the Holm of Noss, and Herman-ness, and Rona's-hill, as many others can tell."

"Still," rejoined Cutwater, "I cannot conscientiously permit you to encounter so hazardous an enterprize as that of descending in a Diving-Bell."

"Then," I answered, "you expose me to a much worse fate; for not only should I be continually haunted by the angry spirit of my companion for having broken my vow, but I should become the derision of all Zetland for cowardice. Reflect then; judge of my bold heart by your own; and believe me when I say, that if I descend not by your Diving-Bell, I will take that method of going to the bottom of the sea, with which nature has furnished me: Rona's-hill,—and a leap forwards."

The Captain smiled at this, and it is probable that after all I should not have obtained his consent, if, on relating the question to my companions, they had not unanimously declared that I was bound to keep my vow; "although," added Old Skelder, "the stripling Raymond should, with my will, have dived like the old Sea-Kings of Hialtland, with a stone to sink him, and a stout heart to bear him up: but the heroes of Scandinavia are lost."

Notwithstanding the seeming apathy with which my Zetland companions abandoned me to the depths of the sea, still they were not without some species of emotion, when I entered the Bell.—Rosensköld seized me by the hand, and said with a tremulous voice, "Farewell, my brave Raymond, remember that contempt of danger, and faith in friendship, are the proudest honours of a Hethlander; go perform thy vow to thy drowned comrade, and if thou should'st die beneath the waves, why I'll—There, there,—go my boy,—they may call thee Raymond the Romantic that will, but I say thou should be called Hacho the Heroical."

Similar were the parting greetings of old Skelder; but when I came to the Captain he could only look on me in a kind of sad and speechless admiration, which very much resembled that of Admiral Rodrigo, in Joanna Baillie's fine tragedy of *Constantine Palæologus*," where he thus speaks to the Hungarian Othoric.

\* Oh! for a galley mann'd with such as thou art,  
Therewith to face a hundred armed ships  
Creatured with meaner life!  
Yet thou must die, brave heart! yet thou must die."

By this time the preparations for the descent of the Diving-Bell were com-

pleted, and I entered and placed myself on the seat within its cone. The plan of Dr. Halley's Bell may be seen in almost any scientific authority; but it may not be irrelevant to say a few words descriptive of its construction. It consisted then, of a wooden truncated cone; the larger end of which hung downwards open, while the upper one was closed. It was sunk by a coating of lead, and in the top were some small windows of strong but clear glass; near which was a passage to let out the heated air. A short distance from the bottom, there hung a stage or seat, and with the bell were sent down two barrels lined with lead, to supply me with air. Before entering into the Bell, the Diver, who was on board the frigate, and who bore the ominous name of Seagrave, gave me several important instructions, and clothed me in a species of goat-skin armour, proper for quitting the machine, and searching about the bottom of the sea for the body of my friend. This consisted of a leaden head piece with glass sights and a flexile tube connected with the reservoirs of air. And now behold me placed within the Bell, to which a considerable additional quantity of cordage and leathern air-tube were attached, in consequence of the great depth of the seas about the Northern Islands of Scotland; and as soon as I was seated, I heard the Captain give the word to raise the Diving-Bell from the deck. "Farewell my young friend," cried he, "you're bound on a short but a hazardous voyage; sixty fathom at the least,—well, well, such an action does honour to both of ye,—and if I were as young myself, I don't know—But come lads, stand to your tackle, and heave away."

As he spake I felt the machine in motion, and it was not without some degree of tremulous feeling that I found myself launched into the air, which was soon to be exchanged for the ocean deeps. While the sailors of the frigate were employed in working the tackle to which the Diving-Bell was attached, they chaunted a sort of rude chorus to regulate their motions, which for a time I could distinctly hear, and which harmonized with my situation and feelings

better than the finest composition could have done. As every circumstance attending my descent is firmly fixed in my remembrance, I have also retained the recollection of their song, which was as follows:—

CHORUS OF THE SEA-GULL MARINERS.

“Down to the Sea,—down to the Sea,  
Down to the Sea, we go my hearts!  
Mariners we,—mariners be,  
As free as the winds that blow, my hearts.  
Over the Sea,—over the Sea,  
Over the Sea we soar, my boys;  
And the wonders that we, look on at Sea,  
Were never yet known upon shore, my boys.  
Under the Sea, under the Sea,—under the Sea,  
Under the Sea there is gold, my hearts;  
But the riches that lie, in the caves of the sea,  
A mortal shall never hold, my hearts.”

The strain grew fainter and fainter, as the Bell descended through the green fluid that surrounded me; and I now began to experience that variety and intensity of feeling, which I have so often seen described by divers. The first sensation was a painful pressure upon my ears, as if a body of considerable power and magnitude had been endeavouring to enter my brain through those apertures. After awhile, their cavities became expanded, and the pain was relieved; but as the Bell sank, it was frequently again renewed, and as often exchanged for ease. I had scarcely descended above three or four fathoms, when I felt the amazing weight of the Ocean, pressing upon, and girding round my head, like an iron crown rivetted fast to the scull; the force of which was so very tremendous, that it was with difficulty that my senses were preserved. This painful feeling was then exchanged for a species of restless agitation and excitement, which might not entirely be the effect of my situation and extraordinary voyage, but might partly arise from some recollection of the imminent danger in which I was placed. A kind of languor, which increased almost to fainting, now overcame me; the blood left my face, and my limbs grew cold; and indeed, although I was well supplied with air, by a continual exchange of the barrels from above, life seemed upon the point of departing. In the course of my voyage, I frequently looked out upon the waters, which of themselves pre-

sented nothing but a clear green fluid; but frequently there came rushing by the Bell, fishes of extraordinary forms and magnitude, some of the most beautiful colours and appearance, and others armed with dreadful teeth, stings, and fangs, with scales and eyes of a fiery lustre. I felt a constant dread, which perhaps tended to keep off other fears, that some of them might enter through the lower part of the Diving Bell, and attack me in my strong hold, where escape and opposition would be equally in vain. Occasionally I passed some marine production, between a fish and a plant, which spread out into branches filled with innumerable mouths, and every part in quick and never-ceasing motion. Now and then methought I heard a noise like music in the deeps; but the continual rushing, roaring, and washing of the current against the sides of the Bell, prevented any thing like a distinct hearing; only from this I am convinced, that the Ocean is not a silent world. Sometimes the waters would seem deserted and vacant; and then again there would rush by such shoals of living beings pursuing each other either in sport or anger, that their course was too rapid for the eye to discern their forms. Once or twice, indeed, I thought there appeared somewhat like a human figure covered with scales of a silvery green, but the image was too swiftly gone for me to speak with certainty; added to which, the optical illusion occasioned by the waters might have deceived. At length, at the depth of seventy fathoms, the Bell rested on the basin of the Sea; and it may be imagined only what were my feelings at that moment. I was more than four hundred feet below the Ocean! in a frail machine of wood, depending upon a few ropes! and in a world which seems to be the principal abode of the most terrific monsters! I cannot, however, even at this distant period, trust my recollection with the maddening subject; and therefore I hasten forward with my tale. The bed of the deeps is in itself a fair and beautiful sand, on which are placed rocks which seem to glow with a metallic lustre of various colours, on which is to be seen many a fair living



tree of silvery whiteness, in constant motion, while shells of all kinds and hues are scattered over them. The view is indeed a landscape, the most wild and magical than can be imagined; and although there really want the artificial erections of man, yet are the rocks shivered and hollowed out, into the forms of temples, domes, pinnacles, minarets, and palaces; upon which there is a continual change of light, produced by the continual movement of the Sea. When I arrived at this place, the painful sensations which I had experienced in my voyage had left me; I could breathe freely, and upon viewing the beautiful objects around me, I began to think that the Ocean World was indeed as delightful as the poets and water-spirits had described it to be. But after emerging from the Bell, I saw many a sight that filled me with terror. The rocks were interspersed with the half-devoured corpses of those lost in the late wreck, on which the fishes were still feeding; while thousands of whitening bones and skeletons lay scattered about, some resting on the out-stretched arms of the Giant Polypus which had fed on them, and others in the dreadful opening made by the shell of the enormous Clamp-fish. The packages, jewels, gold, anchors, and fragments of wrecks, which appeared strewn about, were innumerable; but my respiration now becoming difficult, from the agitation produced by so terrible yet sublime a spectacle, I turned from it to search for the body of my friend. After a long, dangerous, and almost hopeless examination, I discovered it in a cave some distance from the Diving Bell, still dressed as when I last saw him, but blue, swollen, and livid. I raised the body in my arms, and taking one hand, drew from it a seal-ring with an aquamarine stone, which well preserves the memory of my friend's death, and my own hazards in obtaining of it; and since I first put it on, neither force nor any other methods will draw it off. When I had done this, I looked the corpse steadily in the face, still holding it by the right hand, said, "George Harvey, the pledge of Raymond Mortlake is redeemed:" when to my sur-

prise, yet not to my terror, the eyes opened and gazed fervently upon me, while a smile played around the mouth, and the hand returned my pressure. At this moment I discovered that a Sea Monster, consisting of a huge misshapen mass of scaly flesh, somewhat resembling a man, had fastened his long teeth on the body of my friend. I caught up a large piece of wreck that lay near me, and with one blow laid the monster level and howling; whilst I hastened to secure a burial for the corpse, by dropping it into one of the many springs which gush from the bottom of the sea; whose strength is such, as to terrify all the inhabitants of the deep. This was scarcely effected, with a very brief farewell, when the monster having recovered, returned and fixed his tusks on my right arm. With a rapidity of motion that I have often since wondered and shuddered at, I regained the Bell, and with my terrible companion entered it, and gave the signal to be drawn up. Whether it were loss of blood from the deep wound given me by this Water-Fiend, or the effect of rising, I know not, but my senses seemed to be leaving me, and my head to be going upwards away from my body. I soon became senseless, and recovered not, until I found myself in a hammock on board the Sea-gull. It was then that I learned, that my extraordinary stay had greatly alarmed them; and that their terror was wonderfully increased upon drawing up the Bell, and finding my aquatic comrade, who leaped again into the sea over the vessel's side, the moment he escaped from the Bell; so that they could scarcely discern his form. A long and dangerous illness, the effect of my wound and voyage, followed; and when I recovered, my first care was to visit the Church of Lerwick, at once to offer up thanks for my own preservation, and to erect a stone to the memory of Harvey. The marks of the Sea-Monster's teeth yet remain upon my arm, though the wound is healed: and, like the impression which this adventure has made upon my memory,—they will never be effaced!

(English Magazines, April)

## LIFE OF JAMES MACKCOULL, ALIAS MOFFAT.\*

“**JOHN ANDERSON** my Joe,” this is a big book about a thief; but, however, as we gave the public last week the life of a Saint, to wit, John Dagley, it is but fair that we should this week balance the account with the life of a Sinner. Yet we must confess that we are not quite so fond of the subject as the author seems to have been; and shall accordingly abbreviate where he has expanded, and content ourselves with repeating only once the facts which he has thought proper to state in various shapes at least three or four times. This, we take it, is the way to form good-sized octavos; especially when ‘illustrated with notes, anecdotes, and a portrait,’ with an appendix of the thief-taker’s journal of his pursuit, &c. !

In the olden times when beggars perished, neither comets nor biographers were seen; but now we are as likely to have a stately volume on the demise of a vagabond, as if the heavens had blazed forth a prince’s death. Of this order is the Memoir of James Mackcoull, which its compiler has sent into the world with as much formality as if it had been a history of the universe.

‘Many striking circumstances and daring robberies, in which this remarkable character was engaged (says the preface) have been altogether omitted, as either bordering on indecency, or having a tendency to mislead by exam-

ple. Nothing has been admitted which can in any way be deemed offensive to the feelings of the most delicate.

‘The moral which the life of this daring and successful plunderer inculcates, is striking and impressive. He was reared in vice—and being deprived of a religious education in his youth, wandered through life, as it were, at random. To the protecting influence of religion he was a stranger—his ideas of right and wrong were founded in error—and his whole thoughts and meditations were incessantly bent on the ruin and destruction of his neighbour.’

This is the age of theory and philosophy from the Stock Exchange financiers and agricultural projectors of the House of Commons, to the biographers of felons who write about a *burglar’s ideas of right and wrong being founded in error*; as if villainy were merely a moral mistake, and murder a misconception in principle ! !

‘The parish of St. Sepulchre, London, had the honour of the hero’s birth in 1763. His father was a marshal’s man, and his mother a most abandoned woman: Of three sons, Ben, the youngest, was hanged for robbing Mr. Fleming in Drury Lane; John, the eldest,† was frequently tried for his life, and, like James, most egregiously deserved the gallows: and the only sister of these worthies was a notorious thief and prostitute. Mother and daughter fre-

\* Memoir of the Life and Trial of James Mackcoull, or Moffat, who died in Edinburgh Gaol, Dec. 1820; containing a full account of his trial, for robbing the Bank at Glasgow of £20,000. Edinburgh, 1822. 8vo. pp. 316.

† This rogue was an author too; and in 1810 published a work called ‘The Abuses of Justice.’ In this he declares that he had relinquished all criminal pursuits, and complains, that notwithstanding all his protestations, his conduct continued to be watched by, or, in his own words, that “he was still an object of aversion to the Bow Street officers,” who not only doubted his reformation, but annoyed him on all occasions, when and where they suspected he was playing the truant. In short, when he attempted to enter the theatres, or any other place of public amusement, where, in a crowd, one’s hand may accidentally be thrust into another’s pocket, he was sure to be hailed by the Bow Street patrols, in a most familiar manner, and forced to retrace his steps. Conscious, however, as he would have it appear, of the rectitude of his conduct, and determined not to be excluded from his old *favourite haunts*, he, on one occasion, actually addressed the following note to the magistrates of the public office, Bow Street:—

“Gentlemen,—I beg leave to inform you, that I am, with my wife, gone to the theatre, Covent Garden. I take this step in order to prevent any ill-founded, malicious construction. Trusting that I am within the pale of safety, and that my conduct will ever insure me the protection of the magistracy, I remain, Gentlemen, with all due respect,

“Your most obedient, very humble Servant,

“JOHN MACKCOULL.”

quently met in the same house of correction, and enjoyed the felicity of maternal and filial sympathy while groaning under the wholesome discipline of the same whip. Such were the hopeful family of the Mackcoulls ; and such the parentage and fraternity of a personage whose Memoir is now before us in a more imposing shape than has been aspired to by Wild, or Barrington, or Vaux, or Haggart. At an early age, the author tells us, he was looked upon as a common thief and pickpocket ; and having, in concert with Drake and Williams, committed some extensive depredations on the *drag lay*,† he found it necessary to leave his father's house.—‘We could here recount a number of singular daring thefts committed by Mackcoull and his accomplices, in a manner peculiar to themselves ; but as it would, consequently, be necessary to go into particulars, and to describe minutely the manner in which these depredations were effected, we shall forbear the recital, from a conviction that our doing so would have a very bad tendency ; for as we cannot calculate on the readers our little work may have, neither can we calculate the mischief that may ensue from unveiling to the depraved, the dissolute, and the idle, the deep-laid schemes and stratagems, of a daring, dexterous, and successful depredator.’

This sort of cant pervades the volume ; and we are at a loss to conceive why such a publication was thought of at all, if the compiler was actuated by such sentiments. Every one of the statements must have had a tendency, if so considered ; and if a different view could not be taken of the subject, there is no excuse for the writer on his own showing. But the misery, the everlasting anxiety and fears, and the ultimate punishment of guilt, offer as forcible an incitement to virtue as the example and reward of the just and good.

‘Most of our readers will remember that a man by the name of Begbie was murdered in Edinburgh in Nov. 1806, for it made a great sensation at the time, and has often been agitated since, in consequence of the murderer's never

having been discovered. There seems great reason for believing that James Mackcoull was that murderer. It was his policy always after committing any heinous offence, to abscond, and give out that he had gone to the West Indies. This he did in the winter of 1806, and in December was a resident in Dublin. ‘Here (says the narration) he assumed the name of *Captain Moffat*—frequented the principal gaming-houses ; dressed well ;—and, instead of being suspected of any thing improper, was looked upon, for a long time, as a better kind of man. In the spring of 1807 he was joined by two strangers, the one of which he called *Mr. Wyndham*, and the other *the Doctor*. The first of these I believe to have been Harry French, not only from the description of his person, but from his having often amused the company (in a coffee-room they frequented) with an account of the islands in the Pacific Ocean, as French had made one or more voyages to that quarter of the globe ; while *the Doctor*, I have reason to suspect, was a music engraver from Tottenham-court Road, London, whose etching needle, like the dagger of Hudibras, was applied to many purposes. During their stay in Dublin, they occasionally left town rather in a mysterious way, and were observed on their return to be full of money. Several robberies were then committed in the neighbourhood of Dublin, and I have no doubt Mackcoull was trying his luck at *low tabby* (footpad robbery) with his two friends, who were excellent hands at a *dash*, especially French. In the autumn of 1807, however, Mackcoull was detected in picking a gentleman's pocket, in the pit of the theatre, of a bag, containing 96 guineas in gold, for which he was committed to a jail in that city, called Newgate, and of which he would, in all probability, have been convicted, but the prosecutor having died before the sessions commenced, *Captain Moffat* was of course discharged. On getting out of prison, he found it necessary to leave Dublin, for two reasons : first, because the affair had made a great noise ; and, secondly, because Mr. Ad-

† Cutting trunks or portmanteaux from coaches or carts.

kins, of Bow Street, having occasion to be in that city, identified the *soi-disant* Captain as the noted Jem Mackcoul of London. He returned to Edinburgh Oct. 1807; and, deviating from his former line of conduct, he frequented several gaming-tables and coffee-houses as *Mr. Moffat*.

He resumed his furtive vocation, and employed himself chiefly in picking pockets at the theatres: this he carried to such an excess, that the public began to be alarmed; some left their watches and pocket-books behind them when they went to the theatre, and those who kept any money in their pockets were on the watch to preserve it. Mackcoul, at this time, had recourse to a singular expedient to facilitate his nefarious practices. 'Having, probably in the course of his business, remarked how very disagreeable it is to come into contact with a *bad breath* in a crowd, and how natural it is for a person thus assailed to turn his head away, he determined to try the experiment by *artificial means*. And, before going to the theatre, he has often been observed to cut down one or two onions in very small pieces, and wrap them up in a piece of leather, which he said he made use of for a stomach complaint! but which he threw into his mouth when he fixed upon a subject to be robbed; and getting up with him in the crowd, and breathing up in his face, was sure of making him turn away his head, until he stole either his pocket-book, watch or money.' Detected in one of these exploits, he found it necessary, after a nine months' detention in prison, to quit the Scottish for the English capital.

He sometime after returned to Scotland to execute his grand robbery on the bank at Glasgow, in which his accomplices were Harry French and the notorious Hufey White, whose escape from the Hulks was achieved that he might assist in the enterprise. It is curious to trace these scoundrels in their dark operations. At Glasgow, having first ascertained the locks and sent patterns, they received a box by the mail from London, with the skeleton keys, and other implements necessary for their purpose; but as these did not answer, Mackcoul journeyed to town,

and had the keys made according to a wooden model, under his own superintendence. The plot was most cunningly constructed, and, their plans being complete, they discharged their lodgings, where they had been 3 months, without fraud, and removed to some concealment, whence they issued to commit the robbery. They got £20,000, and instantly posted off for London; where our hero deceived his two associates to the amount of about £4,000.

The intricacies in which these rogues involved themselves are not worth tracing. White was apprehended; and about £12,000 of the money being restored, no prosecution followed, and he was only sent back to the Hulks on his former sentence; and French was, for a like reason, transported to Botany Bay. Mackcoul having secured about £8,000, and given out that he had sailed for the West Indies, lived in concealment till 1812; changing the large notes, at much loss, thro' agents of his own stamp, or perhaps personally in the north. He was then apprehended, and sent in irons to Scotland, to satisfy the Bank for its loss in paper.

At Glasgow he baffled the magistrates and the laws; and became so confident of never being detected, that he had actually the hardihood to institute a civil suit against the Bank for the amount of a bill taken from his person when committed, and purchased with their own notes which he had stolen. This extraordinary suit lasted a long time (several years), and cost all the parties much money; indeed so sublimely uncertain, as well as so finely tedious, is the law of Scotland,—so like the law of England in putting the rascal and the honest man on the same footing, as long as they have the means of paying fees,—it is clear but for the strenuous and fortunate exertions in developing the whole chain of this iniquity, Mr. Mackcoul, the plaintiff, would not only have forced the Bank to refund, but have obtained heavy damages for injurious treatment!!! It happened that he was defeated; and, being defeated in consequence of a decisive proof of the robbery, he was tried and condemned; but died in the jail of Edinburgh in utter wretchedness, raving and abandoned.

## PRESENT CONDITION OF THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDERS.\*

**T**HIS is a work abounding in original and curious matter concerning the Highlands. A great deal of interest has always been felt in every thing relating to that romantic country and to the manners of the people by whom it is inhabited; but there has been a very great want of authentic information concerning them. Indeed, excepting their conduct as soldiers, and when removed from their native country, there has hitherto been little opportunity of our becoming acquainted with the character of the highlanders. Living in a remote and rugged country—separated by their language and their habits from their lowland neighbours—abandoned by the government of the country, which delegated its authority to the chiefs of the various tribes, there was not much to attract the attention of their neighbours to the state of this people, till the events of 1715 and 1745 made them terrible to the House of Hanover, and drew down upon them the vengeance of the British Parliament. We have heard daily of the oppressions and wrongs done to the people of Ireland, till we have forgotten the prescriptions and penal statutes against the highlanders—and have forgotten too, that though these were of a severity unparalleled by any of those so loudly complained of in the case of Ireland—they provoked no outrages against the government—no assassinations—no wild sallies of revenge. Thus, at least, if we were then ignorant of the peculiar virtues of the highlanders, their patient, but manly submission to those penalties which the wisdom of the legislature had imposed upon them, shewed that they were not a turbulent or ferocious people.

When this truth became apparent to the government, the more vexatious and oppressive part of those penalties—the proscription of their dress and language—was generously removed. Since that time the highlanders have well and nobly borne their share in fighting the battles of the country.

Still there has been, as we have remarked, a great deficiency of authentic accounts as to the domestic habits of this ancient race. To Sir Walter Scott we owe nearly all that has been made known, probably even the admirable essay published some years ago in the *Quarterly Review*, on the subject of the Culloden Papers, which embodies so much of the information previously published respecting the Highlands.

The work now before us will give infinite gratification to all those who received pleasure from that essay. The singular anecdotes which it contains, will go a great way to fill up the masterly outline there drawn. The truth is, that so much nonsense has for a long time been written concerning the highlanders, and the character of that people has been so much injured by the vulgar and clumsy panegyrics of stupid scribblers, that we consider a work like this, written by a gentleman so well qualified to do justice to the task, and for the express purpose of stating authentic facts, instead of sporting any new or fanciful system, valuable not only to that country to which the author is an honour, but to every man of sense and education.

The work is divided into two parts. The first relates to the state of the country at various periods of its annals, and the manners of the people: the second part contains the history of the various highland regiments; and occupies (as might be expected from the laudable partiality of a gallant officer to his own profession,) considerably more than half the work:—but in every part of it we find (what alone is valuable in such a work) a profusion of facts and anecdotes. We hasten therefore to lay some of these before our readers.

“The King (George the Second) having never seen a highland soldier, expressed a desire to see one. Three privates, remarkable for their figure and good looks, were fixed upon and sent to London a short time before the regiment

\* Sketches of the Character, Manners, and present Condition of the Scottish Highlanders, with an Account of the Military Services of the Highland Regiments. By Col. David Stewart. 2 vols, 8vo. Edinburgh, 1822.

marched. These were Gregor M'Gregor, commonly called the beautiful; John Campbell, son of Duncan Campbell, of the family of Duneaves, Perthshire; and John Grant from Strathsprey, of the family of Ballindalloch. Grant fell sick and died at Aberfeldy. The others "were presented by their Lieutenant-Colonel, Sir Robert Munro, to the King, and performed the broadsword exercise, and that of the Lochaber axe, or lance, before his Majesty, the Duke of Cumberland, Marshal Wade, and a number of general officers assembled for the purpose, in the Great Gallery at St. James's. They displayed so much dexterity and skill in the management of their weapons, as to give perfect satisfaction to his Majesty. Each got a gratuity of one guinea, which *they gave to the porter at the palace gate as they passed out.*" They thought that the King had mistaken their character and condition in their own country. Such was, in general, the character of the men who originally composed the Black Watch. This feeling of self-estimation inspired a high spirit and sense of honour in the regiment which continued to form its character and conduct, long after the description of men who originally composed it was totally changed.—

"In those times of strife and trouble, instances might be given of fidelity and unbroken faith that would fill a volume. The following will show that this honourable feeling was common amongst the lowest and most ignorant. In the years 1746 and 1747, some of the gentlemen *"who had been out"* in the rebellion, were occasionally concealed in a deep woody den near my grandfather's house. A poor half-witted creature, brought up about the house, was, along with many others, intrusted with the secret of their concealment, and employed in supplying them with necessaries. It was supposed that when the troops came round on their usual searches, they could not imagine that he could be intrusted with so important a secret, and consequently no questions would be asked. One day two ladies, friends to the gentlemen, wished to visit them in their cave, and asked Jamie Forbes to show them the way.

Seeing that they came from the house, and judging from their manner that they were friends, he did not object to their request, and walked away before them. When they had proceeded a short way, one of the ladies offered him five shillings. The instant he saw the money, he put his hands behind his back, and seemed to lose all recollection. "He did not know what they wanted;—he never saw the gentlemen, and knew nothing of them," and turning away, walked in quite a contrary direction. When questioned afterwards why he ran away from the ladies, he answered, that when they had offered him such a sum, (five shillings was of some value seventy years ago, and would have bought two sheep in the highlands,) he suspected that they had no good intention, and that their fine clothes and fair words were meant to entrap the gentlemen."

In the following anecdote, there is, we think, something peculiarity affecting. It shows the strength of that principle of clanship by which these people were bound to each other; which nourished in the minds of the poorest the honourable pride of ancient birth, and made each man consider himself, in all the circumstances of life, the representative and guardian of the rights and honours of his ancestors and brethren.

"Alexander Macleod, from the isle of Skye, was some years ago seized with a fatal illness in Glenorchy, where he died. When he found his end approaching, he earnestly requested that he might be buried in the burying-ground of the principal family in the district, as he was descended from one as ancient, warlike, and honourable; and that he would not die in peace if he thought his family would be dishonoured in his person by being buried in a mean and improper manner. Although his first request could not be complied with, he was buried in a corner of the church-yard, where his grave is preserved in its original state by the venerable pastor of Glenorchy."

We may trace the same feeling in the following instance:—

"The attachment and friendship of

kindred, families, and clans, were confirmed by many ties. It has been a uniform practice in the families of the Campbells of Melford, Duntroon, and Dunstaffnage, that, when the head of either family died, the chief mourners should be two other lairds, one of whom supported the head to the grave, while the other walked before the corpse. In this manner friendship took the place of the nearest consanguinity ; for even the oldest sons of the deceased were not permitted to interfere with this arrangement. The first progenitors of these families were three sons of the family of Argyle, who took this method of preserving the friendship, and securing the support of their posterity to one another."

The superstitions of the highlanders are very extraordinary. We must not omit the following remarkable instance of the second sight which occurred in the family of the gallant author, and is one of the many instances which makes it impossible to doubt the strength of that wonderful delusion :—

"Late in an autumnal evening, in the year 1773, the son of a neighbouring gentleman came to my father's house. He and my mother were from home, but several friends were in the house. The young gentleman spoke but little, and seemed in deep thought. Soon after he arrived, he enquired for a boy of the family, then about three years of age. When shown into the nursery, the nurse was trying on a pair of new shoes, and complaining that they did not fit. "They will fit him before he has occasion for them," said the young gentleman. This called forth the chidings of the nurse for predicting evil to the child who was stout and healthy. When he returned to the party he had left in the setting-room, who had heard his observation on the shoes, they cautioned him to take care that the nurse did not derange his new talent of the second sight with some ironical congratulations on his pretended acquirement. This brought on an explanation, when he told them, that as he approached the end of a wooden bridge thrown across a stream a short distance from the house, he was astonished to see a

crowd of people passing the bridge. Coming nearer, he observed a person carrying a small coffin, followed by about twenty gentlemen, all of his acquaintance, his own father and mine being of the number, with a concourse of the country people. He did not attempt to join, but saw them turn off to the right in the direction of the churchyard, which they entered. He then proceeded on his intended visit, much impressed from what he had seen with a feeling of awe ; and believing it to have been a representation of the death and funeral of a child of the family. In this apprehension he was more confirmed, as he knew my father was at Blair, and that he had left his own father at home an hour before. The whole received confirmation in his mind by the sudden death of the boy the following night, and the consequent funeral, which was exactly like that before represented to his imagination. This gentleman was not a professed seer. This was his first and his last vision ; and, as he told me, it was sufficient. No reasoning or argument could convince him that the appearance was an illusion. When a man of education and general knowledge of the world, as this gentleman was, became so bewildered in his imaginations, and that even so late as the year 1773, it cannot be matter of surprise that the poetical enthusiasm of the highlanders, in their days of romance and chivalry, should have predisposed them to credit wonders which so deeply interested them."

The following are strong instances of that simplicity and nice sense of honour which we believe to be characteristic of this people :—

"In the common transactions of the people, written obligations were seldom required, and although bargains were frequently conducted in the most private manner, there were few instances of a failure in, or denial of their engagements. A gentleman of the name of Stewart agreed to lend a considerable sum of money to a neighbour. When they had met, and the money was already counted down on the table, the borrower offered a receipt. As soon as the lender (grandfather to the late Mr. Stewart of Balachulish) heard

this, he immediately collected the money, saying, that a man who could not trust his own word without a bond, should not be trusted by him, and should have none of his money, which he put up in his purse and returned home.\* An inhabitant of the same district kept a retail shop for nearly fifty years, and supplied the whole district, then full of people, with all their little merchandize. He neither gave nor asked any receipts. At Martinmas of each year, he collected the amount of his sales, which was always to aday. In one of his annual rounds, a customer happened to be from home, consequently he returned unpaid; but before he was out of bed the following morning, he was awakened by a call from his customer, who came to pay his account. After the business was

settled, his neighbour said, "You are now paid; I would not for my best cow that I should sleep while you wanted money after your term of payment, and that I should be the last in the country in your debt." Unfortunately, new regulations, new views of highland statistics, and the novel practice of letting land to the highest bidder, regardless of the fidelity and punctual payment of old occupiers have made a melancholy change."

It grieves us to hear of the change to which Colonel Stewart here alludes. Throughout the whole the work there is a strain of very affecting lamentation over the perishing characteristics of this noble people. To what causes are these changes to be attributed? That is an interesting question, but one on which we cannot at present enter.

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#### WALPOLE'S SECRET MEMOIRS.†

**T**HIS work, of which high expectations have been excited for a long time, appeared on Saturday last. Whether it will fully gratify or disappoint the public we will not pretend to decide; but we may safely say that it is a very curious addition to the class of letters to which it belongs, and one likely to be read with great interest, though that interest be founded as much on its objectionable morality as on its intelligence, point, and historical value; for it is a shocking thing both in principle and in practice to encourage that system of posthumous assassination of which these volumes furnish so atrocious an example. It is revolting to human nature to have the dead of half a century recalled from their tombs, like spirits under the sorceries of some vile enchanter, and held up to grinning scorn or infamy. The base cowardice of such conduct is only equalled by its injustice. The ashes of men cannot protect their memories; and the

slanderer is alike secure from contradiction and recrimination, however falsely he may have maligned character. The premeditated cruelty of writing these Memoirs, and consigning them to a future generation, blackening as they do the past age, is not to be contemplated without feelings of indignation, if not of absolute horror.

It is stated in a preface that the MSS. were placed by the late Lord Orford in a chest, sealed, and directed by his will to be opened when Lord Waldegrave attained the age of twenty-five. That period having transpired, and ten years over, the box was opened, and found to contain many volumes, including the one now printed. The preface goes on to palliate the guilt of the writer; and tries to disarm, *a priori*, the censure which must have been anticipated upon a production so injurious to the fame of almost every eminent person introduced into its pages, whose reputations are stabbed as mercilessly by the refined butcher of characters, as the bodies of his victims are mangled by a savage. "No man is now alive (it says) whose character or conduct is the subject of praise or censure in these

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\* When their money agreements or other negotiations were to be concluded and confirmed, the contracting parties went out by themselves to the open air, and looking upwards, called heaven to witness their engagements, at the same time each party repeating the promise of payment, and, by way of seal, putting a mark on some remarkable stone, or other natural object, which had been noticed by those ancestors whose memory they so much respected and loved.

† Memoirs of the last Ten Years of the Reign of George the Second. By Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford. From the original MS. London, 1822.



Memoires." If they were, they could answer for themselves, and repel calumnies heaped safely upon their unconscious dust; but there are none but children and descendants to regret with bitterness, because they are not in a condition to refute these grievous inflictions upon their best feelings as they affect those dearer to them than life itself, their beloved benefactors and venerated parents.

Confining our present extracts to the year 1751, the details of which occupy 206 pages of the first volume, we shall select as many of the sketches of character, and as many of the amusing anecdotes, as our limits permit, and insert them without attempting to chain them together by the narrative. In the first division, the death of Frederic Prince of Wales is by far the most striking event.

One of Prince Frederick's compositions is given in the Appendix :

#### THE CHARMS OF SYLVIA.

*By the Prince of Wales on the Princess.*

'Tis not the liquid brightness of those eyes,

• That swim with pleasure and delight,

Nor those heavenly arches which arise

O'er each of them to shade their light.

'Tis not that hair which plays with ev'ry wind,

And loves to wanton round thy face :

Now straying round the forehead, now behind

Retiring with insidious grace.

'Tis not that lovely range of teeth so white,

As new-shorn sheep equal and fair ;

Nor e'en that smile, the heart's delight,

With which no smile could e'er compare ;

'Tis not that chin so round, that neck so fine,

Those breasts that swell to meet my love,

That easy sloping waist, that form divine,

Nor aught below, nor aught above.

'Tis not the living colours over each

By nature's finest pencil wrought,

To shame the full-blown rose, and blooming peach,

And mock the happy painter's thought :

No—'tis that gentleness of mind, that love

So kindly answering my desire ;

That grace with which you look, and speak, and move,

That thus has set my soul on fire.

The elegy on the death of Prince Frederick is also noted in the Appendix.

It was probably the effusion of some Jacobite royalist. That faction could not forgive the Duke of Cumberland his excesses, or successes, in Scotland; and they indulged in frequent, unfeeling, and scurrilous personalities on every branch of the reigning family.

#### ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF FREDERICK, PRINCE OF WALES.

Here lies Fred,

Who was alive and is dead,

Had it been his father,

I had much rather :

Had it been his brother,

Still better than another ;

Had it been his sister,

No one would have missed her ;

Had it been the whole generation,

Still better for the nation ;

But since 'tis only Fred,

Who was alive and is dead,—

There's no more to be said.

Many of the anecdotes scattered over the epitome of Parliamentary debates, and the history of political intrigues, are piquant and entertaining :

Mr. Crowle was reprimanded on his knees for protracting the Westminster Scrutiny—

--- As he rose from the ground,\* he wiped his knees, and said, "it was the dirtiest house he had ever been in."

Soon after Mr. Winnington deserted the Tories, and had made a strong speech on the other side, Sir John Cotton was abusing him to Sir Robert Walpole, and said, "that young dog promised that he would always stand by us." Sir Robert replied, "I advise my young men never to use *always*." "Yet," said Cotton, stammering, "you yourself are very apt to make use of *always*."

Mr. Townshend had quitted the army at the end of the last year, had connected himself with the prince, and took all opportunities of opposing any of the Duke's measures, and ridiculing him, and drawing caricatures of him and his court, which he did with much humour. A bon-mot of his was much repeated; soon after he had quitted the army, he was met at a review on the parade by Colonel Fitzwilliam, one of the duke's military spies, who said to him, "How came you, Mr. Townshend, to do us this honour?—but I suppose you only come as a spectator!" Mr. Townshend replied, "and why may not one come hither as a *Spectator*, Sir, as well as a *Tattler*?"

#### Speaking of Lord Chesterfield—

Nothing was cried up but his integrity, though he would have laughed at any man who really had any confidence in his morality: and how little he repented his negotiations at Avignon, would appear, if a story told of him is authentic (which I do not vouch,) that being at Dublin in the height of the rebellion, a zealous bishop came to him one morning before he was out of bed, and told him he had great grounds to believe the Jacobites were going

\* Crowle was a noted punster. Once on a circuit with Page, a person asked him if the judge was not just behind? He replied, "I don't know; but I am sure he never was *just* before."

to rise. The lord lieutenant coolly looked at his watch, and replied, "I fancy they are, my lord, for it is nine o'clock."

When the Duke of Cumberland was defeated at the battle of Laffelt,

It is said, that after the loss of that day, an English captive telling a French officer, that they had been very near taking the Duke prisoner, the Frenchman replied, "We took care of that; he does us more service at the head of your army." - - - -

A mortification of a slighter sort followed soon after the Regency Bill, that shewed the Duke in what light he had appeared at his brother's court. Prince George making him a visit, asked to see his apartment, where there are few ornaments but arms. The Duke is neither curious nor magnificent. To amuse the boy, he took down a sword and drew it. The young prince turned pale and trembled, and thought his uncle was going to murder him. The duke was extremely shocked, and complained to the princess of the impressions that had been instilled into the child against him.

George II. is painted as remarkably fond of money.

Soon after his first arrival in England, Mrs. \*\*\*\* one of the bedchamber women, with whom he was in love, seeing him count his money over very often, said to him, "Sir, I can bear it no longer; if you count your money once more, I will leave the room."

The Queen of Denmark in her last moments

- - - wrote a moving letter to the King, the Duke, and her sisters to take leave of them. This letter, and the similitude of her's and her mother's death, struck the King in the sharpest manner, and made him break out in warm expressions of passion and tenderness. He said, "This has been a fatal year to my family! I lost my eldest son—but I am glad of it;—then the Prince of Orange died, and left every thing in confusion. Poor little Edward has been cut open (for an imposthume in his side,) and now the Queen of Denmark is gone! I know I did not love my children when they were young; I hated to have them running into my room; but now I love them as well as most fathers."

The Sketches of Characters are numerous and bitterly caustic. For example, Lord Bute.

The prince's court, composed of the refuse of every party, was divided into twenty small ones. Lord Egmont at the head of one, Nugent of another, consisting of himself and two more, Lady Middlesex and

Doddington of a third, the chief ornament of which was the Earl of Bute, a Scotchman, who, having no estate, had passed his youth in studying mathematics and mechanics in his own little island, then simple in the hedges about Twickenham, and at five and thirty had fallen in love with his own figure, which he produced at masquerades in becoming dresses, and in plays which he acted in private companies with a set of his own relations. He became a personal favourite of the prince, and was so lucky just now as to give up a pension to be one of the lords of his bedchamber.

*Bishop Secker.*—March 10th. The king would not go to chapel, because Secker, Bishop of Oxford, was to preach before him. The ministers did not insist upon his hearing the sermon, as they had lately upon his making him dean of St. Paul's. Character and popularity do not always depend upon the circumstances that ought to compose either. This bishop, who had been bred a presbyterian and man-midwife, which sect and profession he had dropt for a season, while he was president of a very thinking club,\* had been converted by Bishop Talbot, whose relation he married, and his faith settled in a prebend of Durham: from thence he was transplanted at the recommendation of Dr. Bland, by the queen, and advanced by her [who had no aversion to a medley of religions, which she always compounded into a scheme of heresy of her own,] to the living of St. James's, vacant by the death of her favourite Arian, Dr. Clarke, and afterwards to the bishoprics of Bristol and Oxford. It is incredible, how popular he grew in his parish, and how much some of his former qualifications contributed to heighten his present doctrines. His discourses from the pulpit, which, by a fashion that he introduced, were a kind of moral essays, were as clear from quotations of Scripture, as when he presided in a less Christian society; but what they wanted of Gospel, was made up by a tone of fanaticism that he still retained. He had made a match between a daughter of the late Duke of Kent and a Dr. Gregory, whose talents would have been extremely thrown away in any priesthood, where celibacy was one of the injunctions. He had been presented with a noble service of plate for a marriage between the heiress of the same Duke of Kent and the chancellor's son, and was now forced upon the king by the gratitude of the same minister, though he had long been in disgrace for having laid his plan for Canterbury in the interest he had cultivated at the prince's court. But even the church had its renegades in politics, and the king was obliged to fling open his asylum to all kind of deserters; content with not speaking to

\* Here is my evidence. Mr. Robyns said he had known him an atheist, and had advised him against talking so openly in coffee houses. Mr. Stevens, a mathematician, who lives much in the house with Earl Powlett, says Secker made him an atheist at Leyden, where the club was established.

them at his levee, or listening to them in the pulpit !

Lord Chief Justice Willes was designed for chancellor. He had been raised by Sir Robert Walpole, though always browbeaten by haughty Yorke, and hated by the Pelhams, for that very attachment to their own patron. As Willes's nature was more open, he returned their aversion with little reserve. He was not wont to disguise any of his passions. That for gaming was notorious, for women unbounded. There was a remarkable story current of a grave person's coming to reprove the scandal he gave, and to tell him that the world talked of one of his maid servants being with child. Willes said, "What is that to me?" The monitor answered, "Oh ! but they say it is by your lordship." "And what is that to you?" He had great quickness of wit, and a merit that would atone for many foibles, his severity to, and discouragement of that pest of society, attorneys : hence his court was desecrated by them ; and all the business they could transport, carried into the chancery, where Yorke's filial piety would not refuse an asylum to his father's profession.

Edward Vernon, a silly noisy admiral, who, towards the beginning of the war with Spain, was rash enough to engage to take Porto Bello with six ships only, and rash enough to accomplish his engagement,

which made him so popular, that, notwithstanding his failing soon afterwards in an attempt upon Carthagena, and after that, more blameably upon Cuba, he was chosen into parliament for several places, had his head painted on every sign, and his birthday kept twice in one year. Yet as his courage was much greater than his sense, his reputation was much greater than his courage : one should have thought that the lightness of his head would have buoyed up his heart in any extremity ! He had withdrawn himself but very awkwardly from two or three private quarrels, and lost his public character with still greater infamy ; for being out of humour with the Admiralty, he published a series of letters and instructions from that board in the very heat of the rebellion, by which he betrayed our spies and intelligence to the French, and was removed from all command with ignominy. He raised great wealth by the war, and by his economy, and was at last chosen one of the directors of the new herring fisheries, which occasioned the following epigram :

Long in the senate had brave Vernon rail'd,  
And all mankind with bitter tongue assail'd ;  
Sick of his noise, we wearied Heav'n with  
prayer,

In his own element to place the tar :  
The gods at length have yielded to our wish,  
And bade him rule o'er Billingsgate and fish.

## THE RENEGADE. A ROMANCE.

[In some of our Numbers we inserted an abstract of the romance of *The Solitaire* (The Recluse) by the Vicomte d'Arlincourt. The same author has recently published another romance, entitled *Le Renegat*, (The Renegade,) which has already gone through several editions, and promises to be no less popular than its precursor. The story, which is not quite so interesting as that of the Recluse, is, upon the whole, somewhat irregular and disconnected ; but in the condensed form in which we now present it to our readers, this fault will be found to be in a great measure removed. We subjoin the commencement of the epitome of the Renegade, which will be concluded in one or two of our forthcoming Numbers.]

THE last beams of the setting sun had disappeared from the mountains of Cevennes, when suddenly the sound of the horn was heard before the walls of the ancient fortress of Luteve : the drawbridge of the feudal manor was lowered ; the massive entrance gate was thrown open ; and, in the armory of the gothic edifice, a French knight solicited the honour of a moment's conversation with the beautiful Ezilda, princess of Cevennes, the daughter of the castellan Theobert. The stranger was

a messenger from the French camp, and he had just arrived from Béziers, which was then besieged by the Saracens.—He raised his visor. The dejection painted on his countenance proved him to be the bearer of evil tidings. The servants of Ezilda, amidst surprise and alarm, recognise Ostalrie, one of the valiant warriors of Charles Martel, a chief who was formerly crowned with glory, but whom Fortune now seemed to abandon.\*

The children of Ismael, aided by the

\* Charles Martel, Maire du Palais, the son of Pepin Heristal and Alpaide, defeated Rainfroi, Maire du Palais to Chilperic II. and placed himself at the head of the government of France in the year 718. He ruled under the names of various kings, until the death of Thierry, in the year 737, when he reigned alone, under the title of Duke of France.

Africans, had for a considerable period held ancient Iberia in subjection, and all Europe was now threatened with the detested yoke of the Saracens. The plains of Gallia Narbonensis, a part of Aquitaine, and the shores of the Mediterranean beyond Narbonne, were covered with ferocious hordes of Moors and Arabs. The Mussulman standard floated on the conquered citadels, and the Christian temples, converted into mosques, were no longer perfumed with the incense of the faithful.

Charles Martel, the conqueror of the Germans, the Scandinavians and the Frisians, on his return from the banks of the Weser, seemed for a time to have lost the indefatigable ardour which rendered him the admiration of his age.—Every day was marked by some new victory of the Saracens, and the French hero, who continued inactive at Lutezia, shewed no inclination to march to the deliverance of the Septimania.†

Thierry III. one of the last princes of the first race, was numbered with the dead, and a short time after his decease, Clodomir, the young heir to the throne, was assassinated, during the absence of Charles Martel, by Geoffroi, Count of Paris. The murderer was punished, but the throne still remained vacant. Various shadows of royalty had by turns assumed the crown under the dominion of the Maire du Palais; but, unheeded by their people, they had rapidly passed from the slavish throne to the royal tomb. The conqueror at length conceived himself to be sufficiently powerful to dispense with presenting a mock sceptre to legitimate power. Charles Martel dared not yet assume either the crown or the title of monarch; but he exercised supreme authority, and his brow was encircled with laurels. He believed his dominion to be firmly established in France: vain supposition!—The families devoted to the legitimate race of kings, impatiently submitted to the yoke of the ambitious Maire. The French chiefs refused to obey the orders of Charles Martel, and summoned their people to arms. The social edifice was tottering on every side, and the Saracens, availing themselves of these fatal dissensions,

eagerly pursued their triumphant career. Only a few more victories were necessary to convert the whole territory of Gaul into a Mussulman province.

The Princess of Cevennes, with a small escort of guards, now entered the armory of the castle of Luteve. Beneath the gothic columns of the feudal hall, her slender form rose with graceful dignity, like the palm-tree of Delos at the foot of the promontory of Latona. Her hair, as black as the sable of Siberia, was gathered up with a gold pin, after the manner of the women of Thessaly, partly forming a crown of ebony on the top of her head, and partly descending on her shoulders in clusters of ringlets. Her floating tunic, confined with a girdle of precious stones, was fashioned like that of the priestesses of Gaul; it was edged with silver fringe, and its violet colour contrasted beautifully with the brilliant whiteness of her arms, which seemed to have been rounded by the chisel of Michael Angelo. When her long eyelashes shaded the alabaster of her cheeks, Ezilda, melancholy as the moon, would have presented to the sons of Greece the image of Ariadne abandoned and weeping on the shores of Crete; but when her fine eyes were raised towards Heaven, enthusiasm was the expression of her countenance; her sublime soul became, as it were, manifest to the observer, and seemed amidst rays of light to soar to the regions of glory.

The Princess broke silence. “Knight (she said) what tidings do you bring me?” “Lady (replied Ostalrie) the citadel of Beziers, the last rampart of Gallia Narbonensis, yesterday fell into the power of the invincible chief of the Saracens, the implacable Agobar.—Alas! the voice of fame, which formerly celebrated the victories of France, now proclaims only her disasters.”—“And where is Charles Martel? (enquired the daughter of Theobert,) why does not he himself combat at the head of his defenders? Where is the soldier whom France has proclaimed her hero? Ostalrie, your chief in the camp, is the sovereign of France; but arrayed in the purple robes of state, he is simply

† An ancient name of Gallia Narbonensis which was also called Braccata.

Charles Martel." "And does the Princess of Cevennes (resumed Ostalrie) join the enemies of the man who alone can save France and christianity from the hated yoke of the Mussulman?"—"Why (exclaimed Ezilda) has that man usurped the throne of the legitimate descendants of Clovis?"—"Princess, he has not usurped it, (replied Ostalrie,) King Thierry is no more, and Clodomir, his only son, perished by the hand of assassins. The race of the Merovingians is extinct."—"No, (said Ezilda) among the princes whom the Maire du Palais has banished from the court, there are several descendants of the conqueror of Tolbiac, though Charles feigns ignorance of their existence.—But, knight, may I be made acquainted with your message?"—"The defenders of Beziers (replied Ostalrie) have all perished. Agobar, like the king of carnage, fought, followed by a black banner, the signal by which his savage hordes were commanded to spare neither age nor sex. The fatal flag of the exterminator now waves over an immense tomb—and that tomb is Beziers. Some parties of French troops repulsed on every side, have fled to Cevennes.—In a few hours they will be before the walls of this formidable castle, which they intreat you to surrender to them, and which they swear to defend to the last drop of their blood. The ferocious Agobar pursues them, and if this fortress be closed against them they must perish amidst the mountains of Cevennes. Lady, I await your answer."—"It shall be that of a Frenchwoman (replied the Princess); Ezilda is not the friend of Charles, but she is the enemy of the Saracens. To-morrow, at break of day, I will quit Luteve, and at the monastery of St. Aemberge I will offer up prayers for the deliverance of Gaul." With these words she withdrew from the armory, and preparing for her departure, she gave orders for opening the gates of Luteve to the warriors of Charles Martel.

The Princess of Cevennes, who was born at court, had lost her mother at an early age. Destined to be the bride of Clodomir, the heir of Thierry III. she had received from her father an education worthy of her exalted station.—

She had just attained her tenth year, when at the foot of the altar in the chapel of Luteve, she was betrothed to the heir of the French crown. Two bridal rings, exactly similar, and bearing the names of Ezilda and Clodomir, were exchanged between the bride and bridegroom. The nuptial benediction was only wanting to complete the august ceremony.

But Thierry died; a usurper gained possession of the throne; and Theobert retired with his daughter to Cevennes. The Lord of Luteve, who had devoted his life to the service of his king, survived but a few years. In his solitude he had, by wise instruction, elevated his daughter's mind above adversity; and while the person of Ezilda was endowed with all the graces of her sex, her heart manifested the courage of a hero, combined with the enthusiasm and faith of the primitive Christians. Still, however, unable to forget the exalted fortune which once awaited her, the princess, on renouncing the world, at the death of her father, resolved never to become the bride of any mortal, since she had been destined to be the consort of the King of France.

It was night, and the alarm resounded from the belfrey of the high tower of Luteve. The prolonged peal roused the inhabitants of the fort. The daughter of Theobert hastily ascended to the watch-tower of the citadel. Distant cries, echoing from the caverns of the adjacent mountains, were heard at Luteve, like the first howl of the approaching storm. Clouds of smoke and flame seemed to rise from the line of the horizon. The heights of Cevennes were covered with mountaineers. Women, children and old men, driven from their homes and pursued by the savage invaders, hurried from hill to hill, and amidst cries of terror, repeated the name of Agobar! Along the winding path leading to the drawbridge, the French battalions were already advancing. Disorder pervaded their ranks, and they mingled their shouts of terror with those of the fugitive mountaineers, until the air resounded with the name of Agobar! Ostalrie and his followers had crossed the draw-

bridge, and the princess assembled round her the leaders of the disordered force : " To you (she said) I surrender this fortress. Occupied by the brave opposers of the infidel, it will be impregnable. Here the name of Agobar loses its infernal power. The Christian standard waves from the towers of this citadel ; may it remain there fixed and invincible !"

In pursuance of the plan she had laid down, the princess took leave of the assembled warriors, and attended by a small escort, quitted the domain of her ancestors, and took the road to St. Amalberge. Mounted on her palfrey, and absorbed in melancholy reflections, she turned to take a last look at the castle of Luteve. Torches were seen moving rapidly to and fro on the platforms of the citadel, a tumultuous agitation seemed to prevail among the soldiery. The alarm bell resounded in the air, and Ezilda no longer doubted that the Saracens had attacked the fortress. After journeying for several hours, the princess arrived on the bank of a torrent, the waters of which flowed rapidly between a double colonnade of basaltes. At the extremity of a narrow and almost inaccessible pass, the road widened, and opened on a desert plain surrounded by steep precipices. The princess crossed the plain and entered a thick forest of fir and chesnut trees. By the feeble light of the first beam of morning she suddenly perceived a white figure flitting amidst the thick foliage. The phantom entered a rustic habitation, of which a colossal tree formed the principal support.— "*There is the Prophet of the Black mountain !*" exclaimed the attendants of the princess ; and Ezilda, uttering an exclamation of joy, alighted from her palfrey, and hastened to the hut of the hermit.

The Old man of the Black mountain had for many years been the oracle of Cevennes. He wore a robe of white woollen stuff, confined round the waist by a leather girdle ornamented with crosses, circles and various astronomical figures. Endowed with a melodious voice, he recorded the events of past days in songs, which he accompanied by the tones of his harp. He

was a disciple of Esculapius, and being acquainted with the virtue of plants, he sometimes performed miraculous cures. Initiated in some of the secrets of nature, he was by some regarded as a necromancer and by others as an astrologer. His real name was Goudair, but the common people had given him the surname of the *Prophet of the Black mountain*.

The Princess of Cevennes had from her infancy been accustomed to hear the harp of the bard resound in her father's castle, and she entertained the sincerest regard for Goudair. A few days previous to the taking of Beziers, the old man had by martial hymns, summoned the French to arms, and he foretold the disasters which would ensue if they did not all rise against the Saracens. Being arrested by a horde of Mussulmans, and conducted to the presence of Agobar, he had disappeared from the country ; the people of Cevennes supposed him to be dead, and the daughter of Theobert had wept for the loss of her venerable friend.— " Goudair ! (said Ezilda,) do I again behold you ! By what miracle have you escaped from the satellites of Agobar ? You are his enemy ; you were his captive, and—" " And I still live," interrupted the old man, with a smile. " This is indeed extraordinary (resumed the Princess,) for the Moor is no less remarkable for his cruelty than for his odious blasphemy. It is said that he cannot without a transport of rage hear the name of the Almighty pronounced. He is described as a monster—" " Yes, Agobar is indeed a monster (replied Goudair ;) for the deformity of his mind can only be equalled by the beauty of his person."—" The beauty of his person !" repeated the astonished Princess. " At first sight, it is true, (continued Goudair,) the gloomy and ferocious expression of his countenance is in the highest degree repulsive ; but his features present the most admirable regularity. His large eyes, surmounted by gracefully arched eye-brows, are of an indefinite colour, which the observer is incapable of seizing. When Agobar is roused to anger, they appear to be of a bluish grey, and they dart forth a kind of demoniac fire ; but in

his calmer moments, his eye is of celestial blue, and his whole countenance exhibits sublime perfection. His smile has in it something enchanting and seductive, and yet it never fails to excite a sensation of uneasiness, for it is at once that of an angel and a demon.—His figure is tall, like the poplar of the valley; and his motions are no less impetuous than the mountain wind.—Such, noble Princess is a feeble portrait of the *Renegade*!”—“The Renegade, (exclaimed the daughter of Theobert;) he is not then a Mussulman?” “Agobar was born a Christian,” replied Goudair.—“And how did you discover this secret?” eagerly enquired the Princess. “I will inform you,” (said the aged Bard, and he thus continued:)—On being arrested by the Mussulman troops, I was conducted to the presence of Agobar. The haughty chief, seated beneath a royal canopy, was dictating orders to the vile slaves who surrounded him. Bard of Gaul, said he, your countrymen boast of the power of your songs and the melody of your voice:—approach. I wish to hear those strains which are so highly extolled. As he uttered these words, I turned, and with horror beheld, among the Mussulmans composing his court, several French chiefs, who had become traitors to their Prince, their country, and their God. I lost sight of the danger by which I was surrounded. I took my harp, and, in a transport of indignation, vehemently expressed my horror of the crimes of the *Renegade*.—Agobar, burning with rage, rose from his royal chair, and drawing his sword, was on the point of terminating my life, when a young Saracen rushed between us and impeded the murderous stroke. My deliverer was the young warrior Alaor, who, with no art but the magic of innocence, with no eloquence but the graces of youth, was the only one among the Mussulmans who could presume to oppose the design of the ferocious chief. Take him away, exclaimed Agobar, whose first transport of fury was now exhausted. The satellites of the tyrant immediately conducted me to one of the vaulted dungeons of the Palace. When left to myself, I began to reflect on the extra-

ordinary scene which I had just witnessed. The history of Agobar was partly disclosed to me. The conqueror was a son of France! I had attained the knowledge of one of his secrets. Agobar was a *renegade*! The door of my prison suddenly opened, and Alaor appeared before me. Imprudent Goudair, he said, if you have any wish to recover your liberty, tell me truly all that you know of Agobar.—That he is not what he seems to be, that the hero of Spain is a son of Gaul; and that the Mussulman is a *Renegade*! From whom did you learn this, from a Saracen or a Frenchman?—The information was revealed to me by no mortal. Then you read the book of fate? Prophet of the mountain, do you know the real name of Agobar, his birth-place, and the events of his life?—No, those secrets are not revealed to me.—May I believe you?—I swear.—Old man, exclaimed Alaor, you are free; return to your countrymen, and tell that Agobar can be merciful as well as victorious.—With these words he unfastened my chains, and that very day I returned to the forest of Cevennes.”

The daughter of Theobert listened attentively to the story of Goudair.—The terrible image of the Renegade so absorbed her mind, that long after the bard had closed his recital she still preserved profound silence. Meanwhile day was rapidly advancing, and Ezilda, shaking off her gloomy reverie, in her turn related to Goudair the events which had forced her to quit Luteve; then sorrowfully taking leave of her old friend, she continued her journey. At length the roof of the Abbey, and the spire of the chapel of St. Amalberge presented themselves to the travellers, and the Princess speedily reached the gates of the cloister, where she hoped to find peace, but where, alas! all the horrors of war awaited her. A party of French knights who had escaped from the massacre of Beziers, being pursued by the Saracens, had implored the pious Nuns of Amalberge to grant them an asylum. Wounded, and exhausted with fatigue, they lay stretched on couches which had been hastily prepared for them, while the Nuns were engaged in staunching their bleeding wounds.

Among the unfortunate Knights was Leodat, Prince of Avernes, a renowned Paladin. The daughter of Theobert, who was received with transport at the Monastery, approached the noble warrior. The Prince raised his head towards her, and the Princess of Cevennes, in all the lustre of her beauty, presented herself to his astonished gaze. Overpowered by the charms of the Princess, Leodat was vainly attempting to collect himself—when the inmates of the Monastery were alarmed by cries of terror. The gates of the Abbey and the chapel were closed with a loud crash. The pious retreat was discovered by some hordes of the Mussulman warriors. The clang of arms and the tramping of horses echoed through the venerable edifice. The assailants, in furious accents, threatened the Christian temple. The cloister was surrounded. The holy sisters threw themselves in despair at the foot of the altar. The tumult continued to augment, and the terrible name of Agobar resounded through the sanctuary.

The Mussulman troops imperiously demanded that the French warriors assembled at the Monastery, and particularly the Prince of Avernes, should be immediately delivered up to them—but no answer was given to this demand. The daughter of Theobert, like a being superior to the agitations of human nature, alone retained her self-possession amidst her trembling companions. She raised her hands to Heaven, and in an energetic voice,—“My sisters, (she said) beneath the roof of this holy edifice we are this day destined either for triumph or martyrdom. Whatever be our fate, let us meet it with courage and humility.—Daughters of Heaven! array yourselves in your richest garments; put on your finest veils. Let us appear to the infidels surrounded by all the pomp of our holy solemnities; let our sacred images open the triumphal march; chaunt the hymn of glory; throw open the temple as though it were the entrance to immortality, the gate of eternity!” Every soul was inspired with enthusiasm. The orders of the Princess were promptly obeyed, and the Nuns prepared to follow her. Ezilda

detached from one of the columns of the sanctuary a banner of cloth of gold, surmounted by the sacred sign of redemption, and the retinue advanced at slow paces towards the gate of the temple.

Meanwhile the furious Renegade dictated his commands to his savage followers. Profound silence having been the only answer returned to the summons of his Janissaries, a troop was sent forward to force the gates of the Convent, when a general massacre would doubtless be ordered. But what was the spectacle that presented itself to the eyes of Agobar—he suddenly directed his troops to fall back, and reining in his superb Arabian courser, he remained for some moments motionless. The doors of the Abbey turned on their massive hinges, and from the extremity of the temple, amidst a cloud of incense and perfumes, the angelic legion advanced. But what incomparable being led the holy troop—the Renegade uttered an exclamation of surprise. Beneath the portico of the temple Ezilda stopped. Her tunic of azure blue was sprigged with silver lilies; and a girdle of diamonds encircled her slender waist: a few ringlets of her long black hair descended on her neck of alabaster, and her forehead was crowned by a garland of white roses. The Princess composedly surveyed the savage horde, which was collected at the foot of the steps of the temple.—Her eye sought the Renegade. He was distinguished among the Mussulmans by no remarkable dress, by no particular decoration. Yet how could she mistake him? The description given by Goudair was still present to her imagination. “Agobar, (she said) hear me!”—The eyes of the satellites by whom the chief was surrounded, were anxiously awaiting some word or gesture for the denouement of the drama. But Agobar remained fixed in admiration. The voice of Ezilda had, like the effect of enchantment, thrilled through his very soul. His features had not lost their accustomed ferocity; but a kind of savage solemnity was expressed in his noble countenance. “Agobar, (continued the Princess) the wounded knights who have sought



refuge in this temple, are under the safeguard of Heaven. It is only by massacring the pious virgins by whom they are surrounded, that you can gain access to them. Innocence and religion, the two strongest barriers that Heaven can raise between man and iniquity, now separate you from the unfortunate warriors. O Chief of the Saracens, before you lies a wide career of sin!—pause ere it be too late!—” An expression of rage clouded the brow of Agobar, and one of the Janissaries, watching the angry glance of his offended chief, drew his cimeter, and darted towards Ezilda; but Agobar rushed before the assassin, and striking him with his sabre, he fell senseless on ground.—“The temple is saved! (exclaimed Ezilda.) Agobar, receive the thanks of the Nuns of Amalberge. My heart will be for ever grateful to you, and the recollection of your mercy will never be effaced from my mind. My sisters, chaunt the Hosanna.” With these words the holy procession vanished like the enchantment of a dream.

Prostrate before the altar, the hospitable sisters anxiously awaited their destiny. The Mussulmans and their chief had suffered them to re-enter the Monastery without opposition. The Renegade, as if riveted to the earth, preserved a dead silence. But on rousing from his reverie, what might be his resolution?—What dreadful mandate might be pronounced by the man of terror?—Suddenly a loud tumult alarmed the sisters of St. Amalberge. Without the Abbey the prancing of coursers was heard mingled with the confused accents of the soldiery, who were again forming their ranks. The noise diminished—it soon entirely subsided, and profound tranquillity ensued. The Saracens had withdrawn, and the Monastery was saved.\*

Nearly twelve hours had elapsed since the attack on St. Amalberge, when an old man presented himself at the gate of the cloister. It was Goudair. On being admitted, the bard addressed himself to the daughter of The-

obert. “Princess (said he) your life is in danger. You and the nuns of St. Amalberge must quit the convent without delay. The Saracens have rendered themselves masters of the province.”—“Is Luteve in the power of the conqueror?” exclaimed Ezilda.—“Luteve still resists, (replied Goudair) but without reinforcements it cannot long oppose the enemy. The army of Charles Martel is now marching to the aid of Gallia Narbonensis. His first line have already advanced within a short distance of the northern side of the Monastery. Thither direct your course. Some of the troops of Leodat, who escaped from the disaster of Beziers, have assembled in the neighbouring forest, and have formed a battalion near the cavern called the *miraculous grotto*. Thither convey their wounded chief and the knights who owe their lives to your hospitable care.”—Then turning to Ezilda,—“To-morrow, Princess, (said he, in a low tone of voice) I wish to speak with you in private. Meet me to-morrow at the *miraculous grotto*.”

The nuns made every preparation for their speedy departure. On litters borne by the villagers of the neighbouring country, the wounded knights were silently conveyed from the Abbey. Favoured by night, the mournful retinue reached its destination without interruption. The Prince of Avernes, following the directions of Goudair, found his companions in arms assembled in the forest. The soldiers with transport rallied around their chief, and Leodat, taking a northerly direction, continued his course. The nuns of Alamberge soon reached the cavern to which Goudair had directed them. This gloomy retreat, the terror of the vulgar, was, according to tradition, inhabited by powers hostile to man.—For many years no human foot had pressed the heath, that grew before its entrance; and from the extraordinary events of which the cavern was said to have been the scene, it was named the *miraculous grotto*.

Continued in our next.

\* The author mentions in a note, that during the war in the peninsula, he himself witnessed a scene exactly similar to that here described. The cloister was in Catalonia; the wounded men were French officers; the assailants a party of guerillas; the nuns Spaniards; and the heroine a woman of French origin.

# Travels

IN

GREECE, TURKEY, AND THE HOLY LAND IN 1818.

BY COUNT FORBIN.

**I** HAD formed, in my early youth, a resolution to visit the remote countries of the East. To effect this, I had to contend against a variety of obstacles; but an opportunity was at length afforded me of realizing the most ardent of my wishes, and my departure was decided on. The plan I had conceived was so hazardous and difficult of execution that I did not dare to communicate my ideas to those in whose judgment I might have confided. The suggestions of prudence—the arguments of reason and friendship—would have deprived me of the courage requisite to defend the reveries of my boyish days.

As it would have been imprudent to embark in so arduous an enterprize at a later season, I hastened my departure by all the means in my power. When, as the time drew near, the inconveniences I should have to encounter presented themselves to my imagination still more forcibly, and with a greater semblance of truth, I resolved, notwithstanding, to confide my destiny to chance, without varying my plan. Amid my distracted thoughts, however, such was the ascendancy of the vow I had made, I often lamented inwardly my own determination, in the same way as one would complain of an unjust and peremptory command.

I crossed France with all rapidity, but was detained for some days at Marseilles on account of the *Cleopatra* frigate not being fully equipped. The King, by whose permission I had engaged in my travels, and who patronized their execution, vouchsafed to allow me a passage in this frigate, one of the Levant squadron.

Mr. Huyot, a skilful architect, whose talents and amiable qualities have acquired to him a general esteem, fell in to my views, and became my associate. M. Prevost, whose beautiful panoramas are so celebrated, and his nephew M. Cochereau, a very promising young artist, who had exhibited in the Saloon

of the Fine Arts a painting which has been greatly admired, were to embark with us. It was agreed that we should rendezvous at Marseilles, where the Abbe Forbin—Janson, my cousin, was to join. It was there that, after having taken the best advice, I came to the painful determination to sell my paternal estate, the spot where I was born, and which holds the tombs of my ancestors. It is a large château on the banks of the Durance, surrounded by aged trees. There once dwelt those who were so dear to me; and there the remembrance of my mother's virtues was engraven in every breast. Dire necessity led me to make this sacrifice, with which I cannot help reproaching myself as a fault.

[On the 21st of August 1817, Count Forbin, set sail from France, and arrived at the Piræus, the port of Athens, on the 6th September. Having taken up his residence with the French consul, he examined the Ruins, and noted the most remarkable of the manners and customs of the modern Greeks.]

We were present at the dance of the derviches in the tower of the winds. It is probable that this solar monument was likewise an hydraulic clock; and an opinion is entertained that its erection was superintended by Andronicus Cyrrhestes. The derviches have taken possession of it. We found them whirling about in a paroxysm of religious fervour, but few examples of which occur. The arrival of a holy Mussulman, who was just returned from Mecca, and had brought with him a few drops of holy water from the well of Zemzem, wrought their devotion to the highest pitch of phrenzy. At the commencement the performance of their songs and dances was slow and solemn: this was to be considered as a kind of prelude; but they soon became animated to such a degree, as to utter the most horrible shrieks. Old men, presenting the finest forms, were to be seen rolling on

the ground, and tearing their garments : they were carried out of the temple in a state of intoxication and degradation difficult to describe.

I met with several well informed Greeks who support with painful indignation the yoke imposed on them. On this head I had an opportunity to be fully satisfied on the day when the Bey of Caristo, in the Negropont, made his entry into Athens. Several guns fired from the Acropolis announced his approach. Having taken our station beneath the peristyle of the temple of Theseus, we enjoyed, with a great part of the population of Athens, a spectacle which, to us at least, had the charm of novelty. The motley group forming the retinue of the Bey, consisted of Albanians on foot, janissaries, and spahis on horseback. The Turks of distinction, followed by their domestics, pranced around him, while the rabble of a mussulman militia, shouted, waved their flags, and discharged their muskets. The Bey, mounted on an African charger, and disguised by an immense turban, surveyed, with looks of insolent disdain, the city on which he was come to levy tribute.

The Greeks who surrounded me were pensive and sullen. In their physiognomy, which never wants expression, embarrassment was depicted; and generous tears bedewed the marble monuments, the ancient trophies of the power of Athens.

In the same way as the Jews expect the Messiah, so do the Greeks look forward to independence; liberty would, however, alight in vain on these shores, once her noblest domain. This nation would no longer comprehend her divine language, which would be confined exclusively to ignorant caloyers.

Athens has still her twelve archons, and Rome still elects a senator. This mockery of the past is most afflicting to the Greeks, because they have to bend the neck to the cimeter, which marks the lowest degree of humiliation.

The twelve archons, however, assemble occasionally : they present their very humble remonstrances to the vavode who heaps injuries on them, to the mufti who vents on them his maledic-

tions, and to the cadi whose protection they have often to purchase at a dear rate. Sixty Albanians, commanded by a boulouk bâchy, make all Attica tremble.

The climate of Athens is delightful; but the pure air, the resplendent light, and the vivifying heat it enjoys, have ceased to shed their benign influence on the Greeks. They no longer inspire them with sublime ideas and beautiful imagery; nor do the chefs-d'œuvre of art spring up, as heretofore, in this fostering soil. Languor prevails throughout; and those who were erst born to glory, are now, alas! the children of suffering and sorrow.

I was present at an Athenian wedding. The parties were of an ordinary condition: Spiro, the son of Kthina, espoused the daughter of Georgi, belonging to the parish of Panagia Ulassaro. The young bride was agreeable, but disfigured by a profusion of gilt patches, and by the deep red and blue with which her cheeks were bedaubed. She was so encumbered with a load of garments that she could scarcely walk, and required the help of several young women, when she made her circuits round the large tapers placed in the centre of the apartments. The three Papas (Greek Priests) sung with a nasal twang; and every quarter of an hour the bride and bridegroom were led to an alcove, where they were seated, surrounded by their nearest relatives. Among the more opulent Greeks this ceremony usually lasts for a considerable time.

Having again embarked on board the brig le Léopard, we sailed on the 23d of September, at eight o'clock in the evening. We were detained for a considerable time, by calms and contrary winds, in front of the temple of Sunium: this spot, the residence of Plato when he demonstrated the immortality of the soul, was gilt by the rays of the rising sun. On the promontory, incessantly beaten by the waves, these noble ruins are still standing, like a religious pharos, or the eternal monument of a divine inspiration.

We afterwards steered for Psyra and Tenedos, following the line of the coast

of Troy : a strong breeze from the south-west afforded us a rapid passage through the strait of the Dardanelles, and the sea of Marmora. The banks of the strait are covered with villages and country seats of so cheering an aspect, that one would scarcely suspect despotism to have taken up her abode in these rich valleys. This was, however, brought to my full conviction, as soon as the vessel approached sufficiently near to the coast, to enable me to distinguish the traits of the inhabitants : I then found, on looking around me, either the expression of power, or that of servitude.

On the morning of the 28th of September we anchored off the point of Concap, beneath the walls of the Seraglio. It was a fine day, and I was dazzled by the view of Constantinople. The sea was covered with caïques skimming on the surface of the water : the sun illumined the domes of the mosques, and the sharp gilt pillars of the minarets : the burnt column rose majestically amid the groups of trees which enveloped these light and sumptuous edifices. Behind this line, on the opposite bank, we could descry a city, half concealed by the cypresses of the gardens of the Seraglio.

Constantinople appears to me to have been originally built with no other view than to gratify the sight : fearing that the illusion should pass off too soon, much anxiety is displayed by the moderns to imprint on the memory the fantastic shew of new ornaments.

The sea was almost entirely hidden by vessels : the boisterous sailor, come from afar, while he handled the cordage, made diligent enquiries about the plague, the chief object of his solicitude ; and not far from him a party of grave mussulmans, seated in a kiosk projecting into the sea, smoked with complacency the pipe filled with perfumes, and seemed to regret that the pleasure they received from their coffee cost them the trouble of drinking it.

We landed at the port, and proceeded thence to the palace of the French Ambassador at Pera, not a little terrified at what we heard of the ravages of the plague. Notwithstanding they had diminished latterly, they were still very

formidable. You are cautioned not to touch any one ; but it is impossible to walk in the narrow and slippery streets of Constantinople, without coming in contact with the end of a shawl, or with a loose robe or caftan.

The Marquis de Riviere, Ambassador of France at the Sublime Port, was at this time at Tharapia, on the Bosphorus, the summer residence of the French Embassy : it required several hours to reach this delightful spot ; but time never appeared to me so short. My curiosity was excited by all that I saw : the banks were lined with charming palaces, which seemed to me to be merely temporary, and to be erected with a view to a festival. I witnessed the departure of the gilt, long, and narrow barks, the traces of which the eye could scarcely follow, as they moved swiftly along the stream. A mussulman, sitting crossed-legged on a carpet of Iran, at the extremity of the caïque, smiled at the vigorous efforts of the rowers, gently stroking his beard : his oblique and disdainful looks were cast occasionally on other boats which dared to contend in swiftness with his own.

On leaving Constantinople the strait narrows : meadows and gardens follow in succession, until they reach the sea, into which the brooks that water them flow, after a flexuous course beneath lovely trees. Such are the limpid waters of Asia, of the vale of Caracoula, and of the groves of Buyucderé !

I met with a very friendly reception from the Marquis, as well as from his lady. I was no stranger to his noble qualities : but I discovered in him daily the most exalted virtues, combined with a truly captivating frankness of manners.—Another Ambassador, the Russian, M. de Stroganoff, maintains all the dignity of his state at Buyucderé, which he inhabits throughout the year.

The plague had a little time before found its way into the corps diplomatique, and had been fatal to the son of the Austrian Internuncio. The family, in despair, withdrew to the distance of two leagues from Constantinople. Having been abandoned by their domestics, they had there to encounter every privation ; but such was their dread of the formidable scourge which

had brought this affliction on them, that not any persuasive could prevail on them to return, until after the lapse of two months, during which they were condemned to a lonely solitude, without one companion to distract their grief.

On the smallest symptom being manifested, on the slightest complaint, every one flees the object of the attack. He falls: his heart receives a deadly blow from the cruelly insulated state in which he finds himself, before the delirium of the fever makes him insensible to the horror of his position. His parched lips are tremblingly glued to the jug of water which affrighted pity had placed at a distance from him; but the thirst which consumes him is not to be quenched. It often happens that the convulsive dreams of the individual attacked by the plague are realized: the quarter he inhabits is consumed by fire. The destructive scourge reaches the house which the other inmates have deserted. The flames spread to the bed of sickness; and the poor helpless wretch finds an end of his terrible agonies in a gulf of fire.

A conflagration is the only right of petition the Turks enjoy: it makes known to the government the prevailing discontents of the people of Constantinople; and has of late years been employed by the janissaries in the most frequent and deplorable manner.

In this extraordinary city I saw palaces of a most elegant structure, magic fountains, dirty and narrow streets, hideous hovels, and fine trees. I visited the Sandal-bezestan, and the Culchilar-bezestan, where the furs are sold. Wherever I passed, the Turk bowed, the Jew made me an obsequious bow, the Greek smiled on me, the Armenian tried to cheat me, the dogs followed me, and the pigeons alighted confidently on my shoulder: lastly, while some were in the agonies of death, others were dancing around me. I had a glimpse of the most celebrated mosques, with their courts and their marble porticoes supported by a forest of columns, and refreshed by jets of water. A few mysterious monuments, the remains of the city of Constantine, either blackened, or reddened by fires, are concealed in painted houses, barri-

cadoed, and frequently half burnt. The figures, the costumes, the usages, present throughout the most picturesque and most varied spectacle. It is Tyre, it is Bagdad, it is the great market of the East.

Sultan Mahmoud, followed by an immense retinue, has to pass through this motley assemblage on his way to prayers on Fridays: I saw him, mounted on a white horse, with trappings of a tissue of gold and pearls, and the harness richly ornamented with diamonds. He appeared to be under thirty years of age. His complexion is pale, but his features are noble and regular: his large black eyes were busily engaged in surveying his subjects, who received this expression of his regard with the profoundest silence. He proceeded on, until shouts of joy announced at length his entrance into the mosque of Ayoub, and the forehead of each faithful Osmanli still touched the dust. Such, in a few words, is the habitual scene presented by Stamboul, the well protected, and well-beloved of the Prophet.

During the autumnal season I met the greater part of this population in the plains, constituting the most charming spot on the Asiatic shore: they were come out to breathe a pure air, in full freedom, and seemed to have a high relish for the charms of elysian promenades. Whole families, the men on horseback, and the women shut up in a vehicle named arabat, were to be seen climbing to the summits of the Tocat, above the valley of the Grand-Seignor.

These heights were gaily decked in pelisses; while the ruins of the Genoese château were concealed by lofty trees: from the roofs, overspread with ivy, bubbling springs gushed, to refresh the parties seated around. Groups of young and beautiful Armenian girls formed graceful dances; and the tranquillity of the scene was only interrupted by the hollow sound of the waves of the sea of Marmora, which broke in rude foam against the shoals of the Cyanean isles, and the rocks of Fanariki.

I was often struck, during my residence in the Levant, with the contrast between the noble physiognomy and apparent dignity of the men, and the

degradation of their character. We are disposed to feel a certain respect for individuals of a tranquil, and sometimes majestic figure, until we have suffered from their cupidity and perfidy. To this remark, there are, it is true, many exceptions; but, beguiled by a stature above the ordinary proportions, a solemn demeanour, and a venerable beard, where I expected to find the patriarchal virtues, I had oftentimes to experience the depravity of the vilest servitude.

It is difficult to explain the duration of the Ottoman empire, and more especially the existence of the Turks in Europe, on a close inspection of the want of discipline of the subsidiary troops, the deranged state of the finances, the ruinous condition of the fortresses, and, lastly, the independence of the Pachas of Albania, the Morea, Egypt, and Damascus. The title alone of Calif still supports the Sultan on the most tottering throne of Europe.

The most formidable neighbour of the Turkish Empire, by allowing it to subsist in Europe, is freed from the embarrassment of forming establishments elsewhere, amid the perplexities it experiences in founding institutions at home. Hallowed predictions, and the results of the late European war, place beyond every doubt the credit Russia enjoys at Constantinople. She there possesses the advantages of power, without having to dread the effect of a jealousy which such a conquest as European Turkey would necessarily inspire.

Almost the whole of the Greek merchants, more especially those belonging to the most flourishing islands, such as Idra, Spezzia, and Ysara, navigate under the Russian flag. Its influence is established throughout, and its protection as much sought after, and as anxiously desired, by the Christians of the respective rites at Saint-Jean-d'Acre, Jerusalem, and Cairo, as it is at Constantinople.

During my stay at Constantinople the kiosques of the Seraglio were fresh gilt, and additions made to the buildings. It was never before, I was told, occupied by more captivating beauties, nor were they ever more numerous. The Sultan has two sons: his mother,

whom he had recently lost, had in her life time a great ascendancy over him. The city of Athens formed a part of her numerous domains; and her protection served, in a certain degree, as a substitute for that of Minerva over the city of Cecrops.

I quitted Constantinople on the 15th of October, and embarked for Smyrna on board the brig *le Lezard*. A few hours after our departure, a sudden and violent gust of wind came on: the topsails were reefed—and, after lying-to for some time, the brig at length was brought to anchor on the coast of Asia, at Rodosto. The dread of the plague prevented any one from landing, a circumstance by which I was not a little mortified. A fresh breeze enabled us afterwards to reach Nagara, where an officer landed to present the Firman at the castle of the Dardanelles.

Notwithstanding a severe squall, which had like to have driven the brig on the rocks of Carabournou, we succeeded in entering the port of Smyrna on the morning of Sunday, the 20th of October.

I found my old companion, Mr. Huyot, in a very enfeebled state, but recovering from the effects of an accident. He had resided two months at the convent of the missions, where the reverend fathers had watched over him with the most tender solicitude. The tranquillity which the monks enjoy, is a proof among many others which might be adduced of the toleration of the Turks of Smyrna. The Catholic church is very capacious and richly ornamented; the doors are constantly open; and the true believers, resident in the bazars, hear without indignation the psalmodies of the Christians. Interments, preceded by a cross, oftentimes fall in with the obsequies of a Mussulman; the baptisms and marriages of the Greeks and Latins have to encounter the train of a circumcision; and the gilt cope of the priest comes in peaceable contact, in the street, with the beniche of an Osmanli, or the veil of a Turkish lady.

The spirit of commerce which prevails in the city of Smyrna, thus softens down asperities, and brings together men of every sect and persuasion. This

great factory presents unceasingly a mixture of European manners and oriental customs : lovely females, tastefully dressed in the French style, are to be seen, passing with nimble steps, through a long file of camels belonging to a caravan of Seyde, or Damascus.

Greek ladies, seated at their windows, engage in a lively conversation with the passengers beneath, while others amuse themselves with dancing in groups in returning from the baths, or repair in parties to the delightful plains of Bournabat—all feel the influence of a fine climate, that of smiling and voluptuous Ionia.

I should have devoted a much greater portion of my time to the study of this celebrated part of Asia, if I had not been constrained to seize the opportunity the departure of *le Léopard* for Syria afforded me : I should have ascended the course of the Meander, and have visited Magnesia, Sardes, and Samos. The season was, however, too far advanced to enable me to undertake this ; and I embarked for Palestine on the 29th of October.

After having got under way at four in the morning, with a gentle breeze from the north-east, the brig had to work to windward the whole of the day, and found considerable difficulty in doubling cape Carbournou. On the 31st, at seven in the morning, we were abreast of the island of Scio : the city, which appeared to me to be of considerable extent, is surrounded by country-houses. Pleasant villages are interspersed in the valleys, which are in a high state of cultivation : the rocks which encompass them resemble, in colour and form, the mountains in the environs of Toulon. The inhabitants of Scio are remarkable for the amenity of their manners. They owe to the cultivation of the *Lentiscus*, the shrub which yields the gum mastich, several privileges which make them not a little proud ; and, among these, that of wearing, like the Osmanlis, the white turban, is not the least in their estimation. I made a drawing of the islands of Spalmadori, and opposite to Scio, of the city of Tchesma in Asia Minor. This strand, which witnessed the defeat of the galleys of Antiochus, one hun-

dred and ninety one years before the Christian era, saw likewise, in 1770, the entire destruction of the Turkish fleet by the Russians : several of the Ottoman ships were burned ; and the flames which lighted the massacre of a great part of the crews, favoured the escape of the remainder. From this dreadful blow—from this terrible catastrophe, the Turkish marine has never recovered.

The winter evenings are very dreary on shipboard, and in boisterous weather inspire an invincible sadness. I vainly interrogated myself why I had quitted my country, my friends, and calm repose, when the waves covered the vessel's deck, when the moon was concealed by black clouds, across which the lightnings gleamed, and when the fatigued and disheartened crew ceased to hear the captain's voice. The best reasons then appear either frivolous or absurd. Constant sufferings and dangers to which we appear to be fruitlessly exposed, are not, however, entirely lost on us : great and profound impressions give a new stimulus to the mind, and exalt it to the pitch of the noblest meditations. It is perhaps on the deck of a vessel beaten by the storm that the world is best judged, and its grandeurs and miseries most truly appreciated. What a destiny is that of the navigator ! He sets out on his voyage full of life and hope : suddenly exposed to the horrors of shipwreck, he has still to struggle against his destiny, to form an estimate of the danger, to calculate the duration of his own agonies, and, lastly, to have recourse to expedients which may lead to his inevitable destruction.

On the morning of the sixth of November land was seen from the mast-head. A general anxiety was displayed, to catch, through a thick haze, the glimpse of a mountain, the form of which each drew, according to his own fancy, in a different way. Mount Carmel was at length descried, having for its base an uneven strand : this was the bay of Caïfa.

The brig came to anchor opposite the small village of Caïfa, at the foot of Mount Carmel. We had to cross the bay, in a boat, to land at Saint-Jeand'Acre. The sea was still rough, with

high surges, so that we had great difficulty in reaching the small port.\*

The high walls of the pier have fallen down in an irregular manner; but a part of the breastworks, surmounted by battlements, are still standing. We entered by a breach to avoid the surf which covered the mole, the work of the crusaders, with its foam.

Saint-Jean-d'Acre, the ancient Ptolemais, is surrounded by high walls and deep moats: the new fortifications now form a double enclosure, terraced and flanked by bastions. It is also defended by the old ramparts thrown up by the Christians, and by the recent works of European engineers: its form is that of a semi-circle, having the sea in front. The waves break on the towers with which the sea is lined.

In this city, a mixture of gothic ruins and modern constructions is every where to be seen: here, a church in an entirely ruinous state meets the view; there monasteries, a palace, and hospital, alike abandoned; still further, a new, rich, and elegant mosque; minarets, the bases of which rise from amid heaps of rubbish; and, lastly, the seraglio, the gardens of which, laid out in terraces, separate the ramparts. Sycamores, orange-trees, and the finest palms, nod their heads gracefully over this motley assemblage; and this view alone softens the sadness and disgust which a residence at Saint-Jean-d'Acre inspires.

The streets are narrow and filthy; the houses built of free-stone, low, huddled, with flat roofs, and small doors, resemble prisons. The terraces of the different habitations communicate with each other by clumsy arcades.

The European consuls reside in the *kans*,† which are large square buildings, having in the centre a court, and

which, in times of difficulty, become fortresses. In the interior, the ascent to the upper apartments is by steep and narrow staircases, which scarcely afford a passage to a single person; three flights of wide corridors, opened in arcades, face the court, in the centre of which is a fountain. There it was that I was greeted by the hospitality of M. Pillavoine, the consul of France in Syria: he found some difficulty in providing me with a corner in which I could be lodged with any degree of comfort.

Eight or ten thousand Turks, Arabs, Jews, and Christians, are to be seen parading the streets of Saint-Jean-d'Acre, and the infected bazars, with an aspect at once savage and sombre. The senses each in its turn, are disagreeably affected by the most hideous deformities: beings, who seem to have risen from their graves, crawl about half naked, wrapped up in large blankets of a dirty white, striped with black, and the head muffled in rags which serve as a turban. At each step, at the side of the victims of ophthalmia, are to be seen the victims of Gezzar Pacha,‡ either blind, or wretches without a nose, and without ears. This assemblage of men, sluggish, miserable, and disgusting, may be constantly seen lying in the sun beneath the walls of the gardens of the seraglio. Soliman Pacha, who inhabits this palace, seldom stirs abroad to show himself to the public: this successor of Gezzar, deaf to the cries of an unfortunate population, spends his life in myrtle groves, beneath the shade of plantains, watered by deep and limpid brooks.

The conduct of affairs is entirely abandoned by him to a Jew, named Haïm Farhi. This man, who was the intendant of Gezzar Pacha, preserved

\* The name of Syria bestowed by the Greeks on the country where I landed, is probably derived from that of Assyria, a celebrated empire of Asia, the limits of which were extended to this coast at the time the Assyrians of Nineveh made this part of Syria a province of their empire.

Syria, at that epoch, did not comprehend either Phenicia or Palestine. It is named by the Arabs *Barr-el-Châm*, or the country to the left; for it is in this way they distinguish all the space comprehended in the area from Alexandretta to the Euphrates, and from Gaza to the Desert, taking the Mediterranean as the base of this area.

Damascus, the reputed capital of Syria, is by them called *el-Châm*. Mecca therefore becomes the centre between the *Yémen*, or the country to the right, and *Barr-el-Châm*, or the country to the left.

† Likewise known by the name of *akets*.

‡ *El-Gezzar*, the butcher.



the confidence of his master by submitting implicitly to his whimsical caprices. The tyrant doubled his wages, and heaped benefits on him, on the very day when he had his nose mutilated in so cruel a manner, that this sarraf§ has ever since been horribly disfigured. Haïm, who is supple and adroit, has hoarded together incalculable treasures. The present pacha of Saint-Jean-d'Acre owes to the intrigues of this Jew the advantage of having been chosen the successor of Gezzar : when the latter was on his death bed, this puppet was brought forward, and placed foremost in the rank of those who paid to him their dissembled homages and respects. Soliman and Haïm Farhi are engaged in an exclusive and despotic commerce : they are the sole proprietors of the immense grounds which surround Saint-Jean-d'Acre and Nazareth. The extortions, the oppressions, and the tyranny of the details of this odious government, inspire the most profound contempt for those who submit to it.

Haïm Farhi is the chief of the Hebreus of Syria. He has a sumptuous palace at Damascus, but received me in a small house, where he was surrounded by his family, and a great number of slaves. I was admitted on the following day to the Pacha's audience. Soliman is about sixty years of age : he was born in Georgia ; and his fine figure recommended him to Gezzar, whose slave he was. By that depraved character Soliman was appointed Pacha of Seyde, the ancient Sidon ; but the ungrateful favourite conspired against his patron, was detected and exiled. He wandered for a long time among the Bedouin Arabs ; but, being at length wearied of this life of independence, threw himself at the feet of his master. For some minutes, with the cimeter drawn to sever the head from the body of the proscribed fugitive, Gezzar hesitated ; but at length pardoned him, and gave him back his pachalik.

I found Soliman squatted at one extremity of a sofa embroidered with gold, his officers and mamelouks being all assembled on the occasion : they

were silent and attentive, with their hands laid across their breast, and scarcely dared to smile at the jests of a buffoon who was, it would seem, a great court favourite. The Pacha seated me at his side, and smoked while he paid a particular attention to my side-arm, and every part of my uniform. He politely granted what I asked of him through the medium of the drogoman. Coffee was served up in gold cups set round with diamonds, with which the pipe and poignard of Soliman were covered. He put but few questions to me ; but insisted that I should inspect the new fortifications of Saint-Jean-d'Acre, and his Arabian breed of horses, which seemed to interest him most particularly. To his kindness, and to the terror he inspires, I was indebted for the perfect tranquillity and facility with which I was enabled to delineate the most remarkable spots. The curiosity we excited in passing through the bezestans, was not productive of the slightest affront, or the smallest menace. Wherever my curiosity led me, I stopped to make sketches, and, among them, that of Saint-Jean-d'Acre, at the very spot where this city was unsuccessfully cannonaded by the French troops under General Buonaparte. With the help of the English, Gezzar Pacha sustained a vigorous and well directed fire, and the most desperate assaults : the capture of Saint-Jean-d'Acre was to be the signal to sixty thousand Druses to join the French troops ; and it is probable that this would have decided the fate of the Turkish empire.

The foreign consuls feel the necessity of affording each other a mutual aid against such a government, and live together accordingly on the most amicable terms. M. Catafago, a rich Greek merchant, the consul of Russia, received me in a saloon furnished in the Turkish style : his wife and children seated on a very low and wide divan, or ottoman, were dressed in the Turkish costume, with fillets, ornamented with sequins, bound round the head. They wore velvet robes embroidered with gold : and their hair, in tresses, and perfumed, hung on the shoulders.

Two of the young ladies were pretty, but listless, and motionless as statues, insomuch that at first sight one would scarcely have suspected them to be animated beings.

M. Malagamba, the English consul, resides in the same kan with M. Pillavoine and the missionaries, who have a small church in this vast edifice, gradually falling into decay.

The officers of the Dalmatian and Bosniac militia gave me pressing invitations to take coffee with them at their quarters, when I made my sketches on the ramparts : several of them accompanied me in my rural excursions, and offered me their horses. The Pacha's first black eunuch, a young Ethiopian admirably skilled in all the military exercises, afforded me the spectacle of the djeryd, in the vast plain which surrounds the remains of the French redoubt. His Arabian horses, of the breed of Guelfé, were selected from the haras of Solyman, whose confident and particular favourite he was.

His admiration, his astonishment, on seeing a sketch, set all comparison at defiance. He enquired of me, through an interpreter, whether the secrets of my art did not go the length of enabling me to divine what was passing in the interior of the edifices, the external form of which he could trace on the paper. It was not without some difficulty that I quieted his apprehensions on this head ; but still cannot help fancying that he was not fully convinced of my innocence.

On the 12th of November I quitted Saint-Jean-d'Acre with a pretty numerous caravan, which was joined by several officers belonging to the brig. At this time the Abbe Janson left us, to visit Mount Libanon, and the religious establishments of Sidon and Damascus. After having traversed Caïfa, and passed beneath Mount Carmel, we came to a sandy beach, and to a range of barren hills stretching along the sea shore, from which they are distant about a league. The ruins of an extensive city, and those of the last fortress built by the crusaders, rise above tufts of mastics and carob trees. Athmatha displays her long deserted towers ; her port choked with sand ; her ramparts,

once the noble refuge of the Christians of Palestine ; and her gardens, now become impassable morasses which breathe an infected air.

We were overtaken by the night near the most wretched hamlet in Syria : the kan of Tantoura was occupied by a caravan which had arrived before ours, and we were forced to take up our lodgings in small huts, the habitual residence of toads, and of hungry insects, whose bites molested us to such a degree, that we sallied forth and kindled a large fire. Around it the Arabs danced and sung during the remainder of the night ; but their festivity did not dispel the gloomy recollections of Tantoura, which I still retain.

As I was particularly anxious to visit Cesarea, we set out before day-light. This city, the position of which is similar to that of Athmatha, is entirely deserted ; but its ramparts, port, and monuments, are so well preserved as to excite an inexpressible surprise. The streets and squares still remain ; and if the gates which belonged to its lofty and formidable walls, were to be re-built, Cesarea might still be inhabited and defended. A calamitous event appears to have been fatal to, or to have put to flight, its numerous population within these few years, perhaps even within a few months. The walls of the church are blackened with the smoke of the incense of the Christians ; and the pulpit, which resounded with the eloquent discourses of the courageous and enlightened bishops, is still entire. The tombs are open, and the bones heaped around them are sole testimonies of the past residence of man in this appalling solitude. The silence which prevails at Cesarea, is alone interrupted by the regular and monotonous noise of the sea : the waves seem indignant at having to encounter useless obstacles, and to obey those who are now no more ; they break furiously, and cover with foam the jetty and quays of the port. Their reiterated efforts have shaken the enormous masses of granite ; the tower of the pharos is dilapidated ; and the stair-case and partitions of the château thrown open to the birds of prey who there take up their abode.

To be continued.

# Original Poetry.

## POETIC SKETCHES.

"Glad meetings, tender partings, which upstay  
The drooping mind of absence."

"May never was the month of love,  
For May is full of flowers ;  
'Tis rather April, wet by kind,  
For love is full of showers."

THE palms flung down their shadow, and the air  
Was rich with breathings of the citron bloom ;  
All the so radiant children of the south,  
The gold and silver jessamines, the rose  
In crimson glory there were gathered—sounds  
Of music too from waterfalls, the hymn  
By bees sung to the sweet flowers as they fed ;  
The earth seemed in its infancy, the sky,  
The fair blue sky, was glowing as the hopes  
Of childish happiness ; it was a land  
Of blossoming and sunshine.—One is here,  
To whom the earth is colourless, the heaven  
Clouded and cold ; his heart is far away :  
The palms have not to him the majesty  
Of his own land's green oaks, the roses here  
Are not so sweet as those wild ones that grow  
In his own valley : he would rather have  
One pale blue violet than all the buds  
That Indian suns have kist ; his heart is full  
Of gentle recollections, and those thoughts  
Which can but hold communion with themselves,  
The heart's best dreaming. When the wanderer  
Calls up those tender memories which are  
So precious to absence, those dear links  
That distance cannot sunder—come there not  
Such visionings, young Evelin, o'er thy soul ?  
The dwelling of thy childhood, the dark hill  
Above thy native valley, down whose side,  
Like a swift arrow, shot the flaming stream,  
The music of the lark, which every morn  
Waked thy light slumber, and a fairy shape,  
Whose starry eyes are far too bright for tears,  
Tho' tears are in them, and whose coral lip  
Wears still its spring-day smile ! Altho' " Farewell,"  
That saddest of sad sounds, is lingering there,  
Are not these present to thee ? . . . Evelin was  
A soldier, and he left his home with all  
The high romance of youth. Beloved, and well  
His heart repaid that love ; but there were clouds,  
Low worldly clouds, upon affection's star :  
He sought to clear them—what was toil, that led  
To fame, to fortune, and Elizabeth !—  
--- There's music in that bow'r, where the wild rose  
Has clung about the ash,—such pining tones  
As the winds waken : there a harp is breathing,  
And o'er it leans its mistress, as she lived  
Upon those melancholy sounds : her head  
Is bent, as if in pain, upon those strings,  
And the gold shadows of her long hair veil  
The white hand which almost unconsciously  
In melody is wandering ; that fair hand  
Is not more snowy than the cheek it presses ;  
That cheek does tell the history of the heart—  
Tells, that across the bright May hours of youth  
Bleak clouds have past, and left behind a trace

Bordering on sadness, but withal so sweet  
You scarce might call it sorrow ; and that smile  
But speaks of patient mild endurance, soft  
And kind and gentle thoughts, which well become  
A breaking heart, whose throbs will soon be still  
In the so lonely but so quiet grave.  
Yes, she was dying ! tho' so young, so fair,  
Her days were number'd : and if e'er her cheek  
Wore the rich colour it once had, 'twas but  
The sad and lovely herald of decay,  
The death rose, that but blossoms on the tomb.  
Her's was a heart which, when it once had loved,  
Could but ill brook the many trembling fears  
That absent love must know :—her fate was like  
A star, o'er which the clouds steal one by one,  
Scarce seen, scarce noticed, still the sweet light's  
gone. . . . .

--- She is within his arms, and they have met,  
Evelin and his Elizabeth ! a flush  
Of beautiful delight is on her face ;  
He clasped her silently, and his dark eye  
Is filled with tears. Ah, tears like these are worth  
A life of smiles,—at length he gently said  
" Elizabeth, my own love !"—it was heaven  
To think that she again could hear him breathe  
That dear, dear name, she answered not, but lay  
Upon his bosom motionless. He looked  
On her sweet face—'twas fixed and pale in death !

L. E. L.

## POETIC SKETCHES.

### SKETCH II.

" Oh, Power of love ! so fearful, yet so fair !  
Life of our life on earth, yet kin to care !"

. . .

It lay mid trees, a little quiet nest  
Like to the stock dove's, and the honeysuckle  
Spread o'er the cottage roof, while the red rose  
Grew round the casement, where the thick-leaved  
vine

Wove a luxuriant curtain, with a wreath,  
A bridal wreath of silver jessamine ;—  
A soft turf lay before the door, o'erhung  
With a huge walnut-tree's green canopy,  
Encircled round with flowers ; and, like a queen  
Of the young roses, stood a bright-cheeked Girl,  
With smile of Summer and with lips of Spring,  
A shape of air, and footsteps of the wind,  
She looked all hope and gladness : but her eyes,  
Her deep blue eyes, which seemed as they did owe  
Their tints to the first violet April brings,  
Had yet sad meanings in them ! 'twas not grief,  
But as a presage of some ill to come.—  
She stood upon the turf, while round her flew  
Her bright-hued pigeons, feeding from her hand ;  
And still she threw fresh flowers upon the cage,  
Where two white doves were cooing ; and then ran  
Light as the rose leaves falling, to her Sire,  
To greet him, and to give a kind Good morrow.—  
A blossom full of promise is Life's Joy,  
That never comes to fruit ; hope for a time  
Suns the young floweret in its glad some light,  
And it looks flourishing—a little while

'Tis past, we knew not whither, but 'tis gone—  
 Some canker has consumed it, or some blight  
 Has nipt it unawares, some worm has preyed  
 Upon its life, or else some unkind blast  
 Has torn it from the stem; and those who loved,  
 Who fondly cultured it, are left to weep  
 Over the ruins of their cherished flower.—  
 I passed by that sweet cottage; it was changed;  
 The rose trees were all dead, the unpruned vine  
 Was trailing on the ground, the thick-grown weeds  
 Gave signs of desolation; one poor dove  
 Sat by a broken casement, while her wail  
 Was echo'd mournfully from the lone roof—  
 Love. Oh fond Love! betraying, beautiful,  
 How can we trust the hope of life to thee?  
 Is it not building on the sands? Fair girl,—  
 It was the darkness of thy destiny!  
 She loved one all unworthy of her love.  
 Alas, that still devoted confidence  
 Should lead but unto ruin! He beguil'd  
 Her steps from home and happiness; and when  
 She trusted but to him, his heart no more  
 Answered the beat of her's—then he could leave  
 The fond deceived one lone and desolate!  
 She turned her to her Father whom she left,  
 And knelt, and pray'd forgiveness: he might not  
 Look on her pale cheek, thin and wasted form,  
 And not weep o'er her kind and pardoning tears.  
 Her heart was broken—and familiar scenes  
 Of happier days and childhood brought no charm  
 To one whose hope was past away—She died.

L. E. L.

## TO L. E. L.

*On his or her\* Poetic Sketches in the Literary  
 Gazette.*

To me there's more of Minstrel stealth  
 In thy brief overflowings  
 Of fancy—more of 't hought's best wealth,—  
 And Feeling's sweetest glowings;—  
 Than I can find in many a tome,  
 O'er which, from page to page, I roam.

Such gentle music may pass by  
 The cold, or careless hearer:—  
 To me its witching melody  
 Is, from its softness, dearer:  
 Its gushing forth, its dying fall,  
 Surpass the notes of Nourmahal.

I know not who, or what thou art;  
 Nor do I seek to know thee,  
 While 'Thou, performing thus thy part,  
 Such banquets canst bestow me.  
 Then be, as long as thou shalt list,  
 My viewless, nameless Melodist.

BERNARD BARTON.

THE PRISONERS OF MOUNT ST.  
MICHAEL.

*Mount St. Michael, in Normandy, is surrounded by a quicksand, and bears upon its summit an abbey within a fortress; which is still a secret state-prison.*

Linger, brief winter-sun, awhile,  
 On the lonely peak of St. Michael's pile!  
 For never where Bourbon's gardens smile  
 Have happier slaves or wiser met;—  
 These sands that circle our prison-tower,  
 Are they falser than those the courtier treads?  
 Yon thicker where wolves and handits cower,—  
 Is it darker than those his treason spreads?  
 If Fame and Fortune are in our debt,  
 The world will reckon,—let us forget.

Why should we fight with the angry wave,  
 When soon it will waft us safe to shore?  
 Our ship from the rock we could not save,  
 But we feel the blow of that rock no more:  
 We are still the same gay gallant crew  
 That joyous fellowship held on board,  
 When the blandest breezes of summer blew,  
 And the riches of hope were with us stored—  
 Let them who scattered the precious freight  
 The wreck remember,—but we'll forget.

Is this a prison?—'tis but a home  
 Where Fate has lodged us without a care:  
 The wretch who toils for a gilded dome,  
 Will sleep less sweetly and safely there.  
 Shall we deplore the dreary void,  
 And see the last of Life's roses fall?  
 They are not lost that have been enjoy'd;—  
 We know we have gather'd and worn them all.  
 Life's evening dew may one rose-leaf wet,  
 Then let us the coming night forget.

Or let us like Persia's proudest kings  
 Welcome this dark eve of the year?—  
 It is the last,—and of earthly things  
 Ever the last should be most dear.  
 There is no sadness in the thought  
 That our last hour is arriving here;  
 For of all the blisses our souls have caught,  
 The latest moment was always near;  
 And to know the loveliest sun would set,  
 Made us its spots and its clouds forget.

Oh! when we look on the friends that live,  
 And think how early their light may close,  
 Shall we not every shade forgive,  
 And bless the sunshine that round them glows!  
 It is the last,—for though days return,  
 The touch of that glow will return no more;  
 We may new joys from new moments learn,  
 But never the same we have felt before:—  
 We may tread on the spot where first we met,  
 But shall we not wish we could forget?

\* We have pleasure in saying that the sweet poems under this signature are by a lady, yet in her teens! The admiration with which they have been so generally read, could not delight their fair author more than it has those who in the *Literary Gazette* cherished her infant genius.—Ed.

Lovely Garonne!—in the deep blue sky,  
 When the moon bends down as if fond of earth,  
 I shape, while her snow-white clouds roll by,  
 The hills of the land that gave me birth :  
 And her floating light is like the joy  
 That over my youth's sweet stillness spread,—  
 The meek pure love of a mother's eye  
 On hours of loneliness brighter shed :  
 Only that soft light lingers yet,  
 While all in the thankless world forget.

V.

### THE POET'S LOT.

"The Exceptions prove the Truth of the Rule."  
*Old Proverb.*

Askest Thou what it is to be  
 A Poet?—I will tell thee what ;  
 And candidly unfold to Thee  
 His weary lot.  
 It is to sacrifice each good  
 That Fortune's favour'd minions share ;  
 And, in unheeded solitude,  
 Her frowns to bear.  
 It is to nourish hopes that cheat ;  
 Which, when he felt them first beat high,  
 Appear'd so humble, blameless, sweet,  
 They could not die.  
 It is to feel foreboding fears ;  
 Then—think them half unfounded too,—  
 And last, with pangs too deep for tears,  
 To own them true !

It is to cherish in the heart  
 Feelings the warmest, kindest, best ;  
 To wish their essence to impart  
 To every breast :—  
 And then, awaking from such dreams,  
 With anguish not to be controll'd,  
 To find that hearts which warmest seem,  
 Are icy cold !  
 'Tis, like the Pelican, to feed  
 Others from his warm breast!—but O !  
 Unlike that Bird—the Bard may bleed,  
 And wake no glow.

It is to pamper vicious taste,  
 By spurning Virtue's strict control ;  
 Then be with Fame, and Riches grac'd,  
 And damn his soul !

Or, while his humbler verse defends  
 Her cause,—her loveliness portrays ;  
 To win from her apparent Friends  
 Cold, cautious Praise.

It is a thorny path to tread,  
 By care, by sorrow over-cast ;  
 With but one thought its balm to shed,  
 "This cannot last !"

For soon that thorny path is trod ;  
 From Man he has no more to crave :—  
 Grant him Thy Mercy—Gracious God !  
 Thou Earth—a Grave !

[The two following beautiful pieces are taken from a little work just published for Children, entitled, "Poems for Youth, by a Family Circle, in 2 parts." Just received by MUNROE & FRANCIS, from London.]

### THE WINTER FLOWER.

THERE was a pale and shrinking flower,  
 Which blossom'd in a wintry hour,  
 When every bud of brighter bloom,  
 Had met with an autumnal doom :  
 It burst beneath a freezing sky,  
 Open'd, to wither and to die ;  
 All faintly bright, and dimly fair,  
 It courted the inclement air ;  
 And pour'd a dying fragrance round,  
 Then shed its frail leaves on the ground.

Even so, I saw misfortune's child,  
 Amid a blast as bleak and wild,  
 Tender as that forsaken flower,  
 And shivering in a stormy hour ;  
 No parent on whose faithful breast,  
 The little head might lie at rest,  
 With none to wipe the infant tear,  
 Give the carcase, and call it dear ;  
 Without a single hand to save  
 Its victim from a timeless grave.  
 I saw it bloom, I saw it fade,  
 And weeping gave my childish aid ;  
 In vain—its ruddy cheek grew pale,  
 It could not bear the wintry gale ;  
 It faded—each succeeding day  
 Carried some lingering hope away,  
 Till low it laid its little head,  
 And like that wan flower perished.  
 Yet tho' I shed the frequent tear  
 Over its young and timeless bier,

With gentler grief I now deplore,  
 For all its infant woes are o'er,  
 And 'neath this soft and grassy mound,  
 While summer flowrets spring around,  
 Peace shall her silent vigil keep,  
 And guard the infant's quiet sleep,  
 Till rais'd to bloom a fadeless flower  
 Within heaven's calm and blissful bower.

### THE MARINER OF LIFE.

WHEN the young mariner of life  
 First launches on its stormy sea,  
 Amid that hurricane of strife,  
 O God ! his refuge is in Thee.  
 His eager spirits fear no shock,  
 First rushing on those untried seas,  
 He does not see the fatal rock,  
 Which stands to wreck his future peace.  
 But when by swift winds borne along,  
 It bursts upon his troubled view,  
 In Thee, alone, he then is strong,  
 'Tis then he finds Thy promise true.  
 Secure in trust—secure in faith,  
 Temptation shall assail in vain,  
 And christian courage, strong as death,  
 The glorious warfare shall maintain.  
 In vain shall passion's billows rage,  
 A tempest in the struggling soul ;  
 Thy word that tempest can assuage,  
 The spirit owns Thy blest control.

O Father! spread thy guardian arm,  
 Around the guileless breast of youth,  
 With life's first generous feeling warm,  
 Oh! stamp it with Thy heavenly truth.

That when these trying scenes depart,  
 Unspotted he may turn to Thee,  
 And innocent in lips and heart,  
 Adore Thee thro' Eternity.

## Paragraphs.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES—REMARKABLE INCIDENTS, &c.

INCIDENT DURING THE NORTH-AMERICAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

**W**HAT shall I say of you, harmless natives of the island of Nantucket, whose mild and beneficent creed had instructed you to shun individual strife, and to shudder at the calamities of a warfare in which you were never actively engaged? Would that I could have softened efficaciously those which beset you, at a time when the only offering I could make you, was to console you, and to share your griefs! We were sailing up Delaware Bay, when a vessel was descried a-head, making towards us as if we had been "friends." When within reach of gunshot, she obeyed the signal and lowered her sails. She was boarded; but scarcely had the officer, with his boat's crew, taken possession, when the frigate struck on the Brandywine shoal. The utmost consternation prevailed on board; the water was started from the butts of the upper tier; other means were resorted to, to lighten her and lessen her draught, to the end that, by backing the sails, she might free the shoal; it was even proposed to throw overboard the guns. In this extremity, the boat's crew had been sent back to the frigate, where their presence was required, the officer remaining on board the prize, the Raven schooner of Nantucket. It should here be observed, that the inhabitants of that island belonged exclusively to the society of Friends more commonly called Quakers. Jenkins, the master, raised the officer in his arms, and held him up as if he had been an infant:—"Friend," said he, "I have only to throw thee overboard, and return to Philadelphia; but I will go on board the frigate, and act the part of a friend, by using my best endeavours to free her of her peril." His offer was cheerfully accepted; and, by his help and intelligence,

that was done which might not otherwise have been accomplished; the frigate once more floated in deep water.

Friend Jenkins was a man of athletic make; but mild and gentle in his deportment. The feats of strength he displayed on board of the frigate, entitled him to a place in the foremost rank of those whose surprising muscular powers have acquired them celebrity. Coffin, the mate, possessed a vigorous mind, and of the two, was the most interesting. Without money in his pocket, he had landed at Boston, in his early youth, and penetrating into the interior, had spent several years among the Indian tribes of both Americas, studying their manners and conforming himself to their usages. He had visited the greater portion of these tribes; and his details respecting them, and what he had seen besides, were a constant fund of entertainment to us, while he was pining inwardly with grief. It is related of the original Harlequin of the French scene, that, having become hypocondriacal, he consulted a physician, not of his acquaintance, who recommended to him to repair to the theatre, and see *Carolan*. "I am," said he, "the *Carolan* by whom all Paris is amused, and who am myself consuming with melancholy." Thus it was with friend Coffin, who still wore an air of tranquil content, while he stifled his sorrows in the efforts he made to contribute to our amusement. Estranged from the comforts and conveniences of a civilized state, by the erratic life he had led among savage hordes, custom had made him as hardy as a Bedouin-Arab; his bed was a sack filled with straw, in which, laid on the planks, he buried himself to the chin.

The small island of Nantucket, lying in the vicinity of Rhode-Island, is too barren to grow corn; its peaceful and industrious inhabitants are there-

fore obliged to procure elsewhere the prime necessary of life, by bartering against it the produce of their coasts. The schooner had taken to Philadelphia a cargo of dried fish, and was returning with a lading of flour. So little did friend Jenkins, in his simplicity, suspect that we should detain him, on learning his errand, and the necessities of his fellow-islanders, by which it had been prompted, that he had persuaded himself that he had merely to relate the artless tale, to be allowed to proceed. He did not dilate on the particular service he had rendered us, however he might be sensible that, but for him, our best accommodation might have been sought within the narrow limits of our boats. "The flour," he said, "can be conveniently stowed in the frigate; let it be taken out, and permit me and my crew to return to Nantucket, with a paper addressed to the vessels of your nation we may chance to fall in with in our way. The schooner is old and crazy; she will not tempt them, and will fetch but little at New York; while the advantage, for which we shall ever be thankful, will to us be great." A humane feeling, not to speak of gratitude for a benefit received, might have yielded to this suggestion; a portion, at least, of the cargo might have been generously added to the boon; and the schooner might have been reckoned among the worthless craft directed to be scuttled or burnt; but the barbarous usage of war ordered it otherwise. She had sailed from an island, the inhabitants of which professed, it is true, to be in amity with all mankind, but whose position brought them into a more strict relation with those who were hostile to us; she had carried a supply to an enemy's port, and was to be delivered over to the court of Vice-Admiralty on our arrival at New-York. Our stay there was short; but, on our return from the next cruize, we anxiously hastened on shore, to inquire after our "friends," and the captive crew. Men of Nantucket! honest Quakers! it was in vain that you assembled daily on the beach, to watch the approach of your companions, with the promised succour. And you, wives, children,

and relatives of the long expected "friends!" it was in vain that you mingled with the throng, while as yet a gleam of illusive hope bursts on you, and you did not forbode the extent of the calamity that was to befall you. Never were you to return to the well beloved, and to press them to your bosoms!—all—yes, all!—were swept off by the contagious fever which then raged in the jail of New York.

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R. BURNS.

To such a length has the mania for the relics of Burns been carried in the neighbourhood of Ayr, that, since the venerable rafters of Alloway Kirk have been metamorphosed into chairs and snuff-boxes, some sacrilegious enthusiasts have actually laid violent hands on the tombstone of the poet's father, which is disappearing by piecemeal.

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EASY AND ENTERTAINING PHILOSOPHICAL EXPERIMENTS.

Partial flashes of lightning, *Aurora Borealis*, &c. are to be beautifully exhibited, by taking in a spoon about a drachm of the powder or seeds of *hydropodium*, and throwing it against a candle, all other light being excluded. Powder resin is equally fit for the purpose, but from its adhesive quality sticks to the hand or any thing on which it may fall. A very entertaining sort of coruscation of light is obtained by the use of phosphorised lime. When a small quantity (20 or 30 grains) is thrown into a glass of water, bubbles of gas are successively extracted from it, which, rising to the surface of the water, are inflamed on coming in contact with the air of the atmosphere, producing a flash of bright light. And as a succession of such bubbles is produced, during a considerable time, a repetition of such flashes will be seen.

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A letter from the Hague relates the following instance of animal sagacity, hardly a degree behind the famous story of the Dog of Montargis:—An individual driving his cabriolet in the environs of that city, having approached a lonely farm-house, was arrested by the piercing cries of a child. He hastily alighted, and sought to discover their cause; when a little girl about three years of age, bathed in tears, and accompanied by a dog, presented herself before him. No other living creature could be seen in the house: the stranger called, but no answer was returned; and after a vain search, he took the helpless infant along with him, and drove to the nearest tavern, followed by the dog. Entering the common room, he observed two ill-looking characters in a corner together, one of whom, not aware of committing himself with a stranger, said to his fellow, "That,

I believe, is the cursed dog which gave us so much trouble yesterday." The moment the animal heard his voice, he sprang at the speaker, and fastened upon him so firmly that nothing could relax his hold. This extraordinary circumstance roused the suspicions of the child's protector, and he had the men arrested. Providence was in the act, for they confessed the murder of the poor girl's father and mother, and of their servant; sparing only the infant, as being too young to detect their villany.

#### THE SHOWS OF LONDON.

Near our great friend, the French Giant, reside, and see company at a shilling per visitor, (cheaper than one often pays for going into better society where cards are played) a Botocudo Savage, with his Wife and Child. They are from the interior of Brazil, and not the most agreeable or exalting specimens of human nature that could be exhibited; though the head of the family is stated in his invitation handbill to be "a Chieftain." The lady's name is rather a romantic one, Tono Maria, and her charms are reputed to have been so irresistible in her native land, that she made conquest of no fewer than three Chieftains in succession, her present lord, Jochina, being her third husband. That she was a woman of gallantry is also very evident; for of cuts which are inflicted by the natives instead of damages for crim. con. she bears the scars of nearly a hundred—the laws restraining the offence to a hundred and four repetitions upon pain of death for the next excess.\* Thus it seems that Tono Maria has freely exercised the privileges of her sex; and stared death in the face like a Botocudo Cleopatra, "all for love, or the world well lost." She is not however much pleased if any spectator notices too minutely the cicatrices which cover her arms and body. She is now about forty years of age, it is not easy to conceive any thing in the shape of woman more disgusting than this Venus of South America. Laziness and nastiness are her striking characteristics: and to see her eat is a very emetic spectacle. Among the graces of the tribe, it is the custom when a female marries, to extract her two front bottom teeth; should she wed again, the mouth thus improved, is reckoned still beautiful enough for the match; but a third bridegroom exacts the compliment of a third tooth pulled from the side of the jaw. It does not appear that the absence of the teeth is esteemed a charm; they are removed to make room for a more delightful ornament, videlicet, a piece of wood like a bung, and fully four inches in circumference. This plug is inserted in-

to the lady's under-lip, in an incision as wide as her mouth, cut across her chin in a horizontal line. Its upper surface accordingly forms an extension of the mouth, and protrudes the lip to the lovely distance of two inches from the teeth, or rather from the chasm where they were. We should like to read a Botocudo love-song: it must have some original ideas on the essential ingredient of kisses, where not only lip meets lip, (not with soft pressure) but platter meets platter in thrilling union! When this ornament is removed, the countenance is ludicrous with its two mouths. Tono Maria was so condescending as to permit us to take it out, and also the similar wooden circles from her ears, one being of the size of the bottom of a quart pot, the other somewhat less. The orifice in the greater case is quite extraordinary; the best notion we can give of it is, by mentioning that we put an arm through the ear as easily as the wire of a gold ring, and that the first looked very comely by way of setting. As the subjects are quite closely connected, our transition back again to the mouth needs no periphrase. The style of eating is abominable. Mastication is performed in the coarsest manner; and Tono's tremendous tongue rolling round all its confines, and licking the lip-platter, is a disgusting sight. The latter is much facilitated by the gap in front whence the teeth-stakes have been drawn out. These people are said to be of a Cannibal tribe: we witnessed their dining on rabbits stewed in fat, and after cleaning the bones in a canine fashion, the fair (copper) Maria lapped up the grease with gusto, to the utter dismay of a lovely Englishwoman, whose curiosity had withstood every other exhibition, but whose stomach was not proof against this. Indeed had our minds not been diverted by speculation on the extraordinary contrast between these two creatures of the same sex and species, we really think that we could not have had bowels for the scene. When in a contented condition of repletion, Tono lolls back in a fashionable posture, stretches out her feet, fixes her eyes very listlessly on whoever are there, and seems to enjoy a most philosophical luxury. The eyes, we may here mention, are obliquely placed, like those of the Chinese; and fine dark, expressive organs. Jochina, after meals, is rather more lively; he will carry the child about, laugh, look about his money, and sing. He is generally better tempered than his partner, and speaks, besides his native dialect, a barbarous sort of Portuguese. He is aware (as we understand) of his freedom in England, and consequently that he is his own master. At night (taking out his wooden ear and mouth-pieces, which

\* By their laws the "adulteress is suffered, during the lives of two husbands, to be guilty one hundred and four times; if once more nothing can save her,—they rip up her belly, and she is put to death, with the consent of her husband, who is always present while she is taking her trial. She must also forfeit her life for the first offence of the kind, if detected, and if she were married to a third husband."



are smaller than the woman's) he is competent to go to market, and purchase such victuals as he wishes for his Cuisine. He is represented to be quite sensible of the value of money, and careful of the receipts of the exhibition. His singing is, for elegance, on a par with his partner's eating; dissonant, loud, and utterly the reverse of musical: it is a mere exertion of lungs, accompanied by savage expression and fierce and angry gestures.

Both parents are much attached to the child, whose petulance is never reprov'd; as one of his progenitors is sure to espouse his cause against the other in the event of any rupture. They have some notions of Christianity, and remember imperfectly a few of the tenets enforced at their baptism by the Portuguese priests. The man is about thirty years of age, and stoutly made though short in person. The chief physiological feature is the obliquity of the position of the eyes, as already mentioned; another is the want of beard. The eyelashes are eradicated with great dexterity, and Tono seems to feel a wonderful itch to pull this imperfection from the lids of any one to whom she takes a liking. Her twitch is so quick, that she accomplishes the operation without giving pain beyond a moment.

As a variety in nature, these Beings, displeasing as they are, are worth a visit; and he whose gallantry thought little of our own fair Countrywomen before, will probably leave the show "clean an altered man," and for life after pay the homage due to the loveliest works of creation, enhanced in value by so wonderful a contrast.

#### THE LEECH OF CEYLON.

This animal is seldom more than half an inch in length, and is nearly semitransparent. It is very active, and is said occasionally to spring. Its powers of contraction and extension are very great. It is like a fine cord when fully extended, and its point is so sharp, that it easily makes its way through very small openings. It is supposed to have an acute sense of smell, for no sooner does a person stop where leeches abound, than they appear to crowd eagerly to the spot from all quarters. "Those who have had no experience of these animals," says Dr. Davy, "of their immense numbers in their favourite haunts,—of their activity, keen appetite, and love of blood, can have no idea of the kind and extent of annoyance they are to travellers in the interior, of which they may be truly said to be the plague. In rainy weather it is almost shocking to see the legs of men on a long march, thickly beset with them, gorged with blood, and the blood trickling down in streams. In attempting to keep them off, they crowd to the attack, and fasten on quicker than they can be removed. I do not exaggerate when I say that I have occasionally seen at least fifty on a person at a time. Their bites are apt to fester, and become sores, and frequently degenerate into extensive ulcers, which,

in too many instances, have occasioned the loss of limb, and even of life."

#### ORIGIN OF BOURSES OR EXCHANGES.

Two centuries ago, the commerce of Antwerp was superior to that of any state in Europe, two thousand five hundred merchant vessels arriving in its port annually. It is recorded, that the value of the merchandize imported in 1550, amounted to one hundred and thirty-three millions of gold; and one of its merchants lent the Emperor, Charles V., a million of money, and at an entertainment which he gave to him, burnt the bond in a fire of cinnamon.

Since that time, when the United Provinces threw off the yoke of the Spanish government, having got possession of the entrance of the Scheldt, they built forts on the sides, and sunk obstructions in the Channel, to prevent a free navigation; in consequence of which, the commerce of Antwerp was ruined, and grass now grows before the warehouses of those who were once the greatest merchants in the world.

When Antwerp was in the zenith of its prosperity, and possessing an immense commerce, the inhabitants built their celebrated Bourse or Exchange, the noblest in Europe at the time, for the daily resort of merchants of all nations. Upon the front of the edifice was the following inscription in Latin: "The Senate and People of Antwerp erected this Structure for the accommodation of Merchants of all nations and languages, and for an ornament to their City, in the year 1531."

The original name of Bourse, given to such edifices in several cities of Europe, is thus stated by Guicciardini. There was, it seems, before this time, a square commodiously situated in the middle of the city of Bruges, in which stood a large building that had been erected by the noble family of La Bourse, whose coat of arms on its walls, was three purses. The merchants of Bruges made this old house the place of their daily assemblies; and, when afterwards they went to the fairs of Antwerp and Mons, they called the places they found there for the assembling of the merchants, by the name of La Bourse, or the Bourse; which name was generally adopted, except in England, for similar edifices.

An extraordinary murder was lately committed at Petersburg. The servant of a family on going into the kitchen found a basket containing an infant, together with a letter and purse of 200 roubles. The letter escaped her notice, and, tempted by the money, the inhuman wretch resolved to destroy the child. She threw it into the large stove used in that country, where the poor innocent was speedily consumed: the money was secreted, and every thing likely to lead to suspicion put away, by the time that the family, which had been abroad, returned home. The master, however, a humane and respectable man, by accident found the letter which informed him of the

deposit, and stated that he should receive 200 roubles every quarter while the infant, whom circumstances forced its parents to conceal, lived under his charge. He called up the servant, who at first denied all knowledge of the fact; but being closely questioned, at last confessed her crime, to the enormity of which the ashes from the stove bore horrible testimony. She was committed to prison, and has probably ere now paid her forfeited life to the laws.

#### RAISING A CAPITAL.

About fifty years back, two young fellows, brothers, went to Jamaica; they were by trade blacksmiths. Finding, soon after their arrival, that they could do nothing without a little money to begin with, but that with £60 or £70 they might be able to realize a fortune, they hit upon the following novel and ingenious expedient. One of them stripped the other naked, shaved him close, and blackened him from head to foot. This ceremony being performed, he took him to one of the negro dealers, who was so pleased with the appearance of the young fellow, that he advanced £80 currency upon the bill of sale; and prided himself much upon the purchase, supposing him the finest negro on the island. The same evening, this manufactured negro made his escape to his brother, washed himself clean, and resumed his former appearance. Rewards were then in vain offered in handbills, pursuit was eluded, and discovery, by care and precaution, rendered impracticable. The brothers with the money commenced business, and actually returned to England, not many years since, with a fortune of £20,000. Previous, however, to their departure from the island, they waited upon the gentleman from whom they had received the money, and recalling the circumstance of the negro to his recollection, paid him both principal and interest.

#### CAPTAIN MANBY'S APPARATUS FOR PRESERVING LIVES.

It is our painful duty to record the loss of the Hon. Company's ship, the *Thames*, Captain Haviside, bound to Bencoolen and China, with a general cargo of great value. The *Thames* was nearly a new ship of 1400 tons burthen; and had been only one voyage before. The *Thames* left the Downs on Wednesday last, with fine weather, which continued till Saturday, when she weathered Beachy Head, the wind then blowing a brisk gale. As night approached the gale increased; and, the wind still setting from the south-west, strong apprehensions were entertained that the ship would be driven upon a lee-shore. At length, about twelve o'clock, the ship struck on a rock very near the Head; but she floated from thence, and drifted round near to the town of Eastbourne, between the Round-house and the Martello Tower, where she again struck, and got quite ashore. This was soon after two o'clock on Sunday morning; and from that hour until half-past nine the ship continued to beat with tremendous violence against

the shore, and every succeeding wave was expected to shiver her to pieces. In a short time the beach was covered with people, all anxious to assist in the preservation of the crew, but unfortunately without the power of doing so at that time. Not long after the ship struck, her main-mast went by the board, carrying with it four of the crew; and in the course of the night the fore and mizen masts followed, and seven more of the crew were washed overboard. The only boat which could be found large enough to attempt to launch in this tremendous surf was brought to the spot, and a midshipman of the preventive service, and six seamen, volunteered their services to attempt to reach the ship. Several successive attempts were made to launch her; but she was each time swamped, and her little crew washed ashore. Still, however, undismayed, they made another attempt, and succeeded in getting almost without the breakers when a sea took her starboard bow, and upset her.—The six seamen reached the shore; but we lament to state, the gallant young officer, who had risked his life for the chance of rendering assistance to his fellow-men in distress, fell a victim to his courage and humanity—and the ship's company, as well as those on shore, saw him struggling with the waves until his strength was exhausted, and he sunk beneath them. Capt. Manby's apparatus for the preservation of lives, which at Eastbourne is kept under the command of Mr. Hamilton, the Collector of Customs for the port, was at length brought into action; and a rope being thrown on board the ship and made fast, the whole remaining of the ship's company, together with Major and Mrs. M'Innis, and her female servant (passengers) were got safe on shore, but without a single thing except the clothes which they had on their backs.

#### NAVAL PIETY.

The captain of a Greek vessel and his crew, a few years ago, astonished the inhabitants of Marseilles, by carrying the cargo of their small vessel, consisting of rice, to the market place, and distributing it gratis to the poor.

It may easily be supposed, that their customers increased rapidly, when the circumstances were made known; and several other cargoes might have been speedily disposed of on the same terms. This act of charity and munificence on the part of these humble, but worthy individuals, while it does them great honour, exhibits in a striking manner the influence of the Christian religion.

These poor men were caught in a dreadful storm in the Mediterranean, and having betaken themselves to prayer, according to the forms of the Greek church, they made a vow to give their cargo to the poor, if Providence should be pleased to spare their lives, for the sake of their wives and families. The storm abated, and they gained Marseilles in safety, where they rigidly performed their vow.

# SPIRIT

OF THE

## ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

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BOSTON, JULY 1, 1822.

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(London Time's Telescope for July 1822.)

### July.

#### TO THE SUN.

Hail, genial Orb! whose rays prolific spread  
O'er the wide bosom of creative earth;  
Whose fervid influence gilds the mountain's head,  
And warms the seeds of nature into birth.  
To thee the Persian offers up his vows,  
Efficient means which make his bosom glow,  
Whose pow'r expands his leaves, and fills his boughs,  
And makes the blossoms of his orchard grow.  
Brightened by thee, his long espaliers shoot,  
His melons swell beneath thy vertic ray;  
His vineyards spread, and, prodigal of fruit,  
Oppose their blushes to the ripening day,  
Happy to trace of Heav'n th' unerring laws,  
Confess th' effect, and glorify the cause.

Valdarno.

**M**OST persons, perhaps, receive a greater pleasure from *fine weather* than from any other sensual enjoyment of life. In spite of the auxiliary bottle, or any artificial heat, we are not apt to droop under a gloomy sky, and taste no luxury like a blue firmament, and sunshine. 'I have often, in a splenetic fit,' observes an amiable writer, 'wished myself a *dormouse* during the winter; and I never see one of those snug animals wrapt up close in his fur, and compactly happy in himself, but I contemplate him with envy beneath the dignity of a philosopher. If the art of flying were brought to perfection, the use I should make of it would be to attend the sun round the world, and pursue the spring through every sign of the zodiac. This love of warmth makes my heart glad at the return of *Summer*. How delightful is

the face of nature at this season, when the earth puts forth her plants and flowers, clothed with green, diversified with ten thousand various dyes! how pleasant is it to exhale such fresh and charming odours, as fill every living creature with delight!

'To meet the sun upon the upland lawn,' to watch his majestic rising from the gilded east, to contemplate the *rosy-fingered morning*, opening the day upon man, to view the prismatic colours reflected in the drops of dew, to brush that dew with early foot from the shrub and floweret in our heathful walk,—to behold the glories of the *setting sun*, or the silvery moonbeam playing on the surface of the quiescent lake—to admire the *expanded rose-bud*, and to watch the progress of nature in its spring, are amongst the loveliest and sublimest enjoyments, and are unknown in the busy haunts of vicious and populous cities. The country, retirement, health, order, sobriety, and morality, can alone furnish them. But by those, and those only, whose minds are fitted to receive the impressions communicated to them by the grandest objects in nature, can *all* the beauties of a rising or a setting sun be truly felt and enjoyed. In a neglected, but beautiful little work, entitled '*Clio; or an Essay on Taste*,' attributed to a relative of Archbishop Usher, we have this charming pas-

sage on the attractions of the rising sun. 'You have arisen early at times' (says the author) 'in the *summer season*, to take the advantage of the cool of the morning to ride abroad. Let us suppose you have mistaken an hour or two, and just got out a few minutes before the rising of the sun. You see the fields and woods that lay the night before in obscurity, attiring themselves in beauty and verdure; you see a profusion of brilliants shining in the dew; you see the stream gradually admitting the light into its pure bosom; and you hear the birds, who are awakened by a rapture that comes upon them from the morning. If the eastern sky be clear, you see it glow with the promise of a flame that has not yet appeared; and if it be overcast with clouds, you see those clouds stained by a bright red, bordered with gold or silver, that by the changes appear volatile and ready to vanish. How various and beautiful are those appearances, which are not the sun, but the distant effects of it, over different objects!' And, Bishop *Jeremy Taylor* who, unlike the '*Christian Observers*' of the day, did not disdain to 'look through Nature up to Nature's God,' finely remarks, in describing a sun-rise:—'As when the sun approaches towards the gates of the morning, he first opens a little eye of heaven, and sends away the spirits of darkness; gives light to the cock, and calls up the lark to matins; and by and by, gilds the fringes of a cloud, and peeps over the eastern hills, thrusting out his golden horns \* \* \*; and still (while a man tells the story) the sun gets up higher till he shows a fair face and a full light.'—(*Holy Dying*.)

To all who are warmly engaged in the pursuits of the world, 'rural sights, and sounds and smells,'—and, indeed, all the pleasures of innocence and simplicity, are perfectly insipid. The odour of flowers, the purling of streams, the song and plumage of birds, the sportive innocence of the lamb, the fidelity of the dog, are incapable of attracting, for one moment, the notice of him whose conscience is uneasy and passions unsubdued. Invite him to a morning walk through a neighbouring wood, and he begs to be

excused; for he loves his pillow, and can see no charms in trees. Endeavour to allure him on a vernal evening, when, after a shower, every leaf breathes fragrance and freshness, to saunter with you in the garden; and he pleads an engagement at whist or at the bottle. Bid him listen to the thrush, the blackbird, the nightingale, the woodlark, and he interrupts you by asking the price of stocks, and inquiring whether the West India fleet is arrived. As you walk over meadows enamelled with cowslips and daisies, he takes no other notice, but inquires who is the *owner*, how much the land lets for an acre, or what hay and oxen sold for at the last market.

As a preservative of innocence, and as the means of a most agreeable pastime, the love of birds, flowers, plants, trees, gardens, animals, when it appears in boys, as indeed it usually does, should be encouraged, and in a subordinate degree cultivated. Farewell innocence, when such things cease to be capable of affording pleasure! The heart gradually becomes hardened and corrupted, when its objects are changed to those of a worldly, a sordid, and a sensual nature.

Man may, indeed, be amused in the days of health and vigour with the common pursuits of ordinary life, those of avarice and ambition; but they have too much agitation in them for the feeble powers of old age. Amusements are then required which are gentle, yet healthy; capable of engaging the thoughts, yet requiring no painful or continued exertion. Happy he who has acquired and preserved to that age a taste for simple pleasures. A fine day, a beautiful garden, a flowery field, are to him enjoyments similar in species and degree to the bliss of Elysium.

NATURE never did betray  
The heart that lov'd her; 'tis her privilege  
Through all the years of this our life, to lead  
From joy to joy; for she can so inform  
The mind that is within us, so impress  
With quietness and beauty, and so feed  
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,  
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,  
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb  
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold  
Is full of blessings.

WORDSWORTH.

In consequence of the excessive heat usual in this month, an evaporation takes place from the surface of the earth and waters, and large clouds are formed, which pour down their watery stores, and deluge the country with floods, frequently laying the full-grown corn.

A *rainy day in the country*, must, undoubtedly, be a day of great suffering to those who have no mental resources; and quite insupportable to the votaries of the beau monde, who cannot exist without their *diurnal whirl* of frivolities. See an excellent sketch in the *Hermit in London*, vol. ii, p. 123.

The preparation for a *rainy day in town* is certainly not the pleasantest thing in the world, especially for those who have neither health nor imagination to make their own sunshine. The comparative silence in the streets, which is made dull by our knowing the cause of it,—the window-panes drenched and ever-streaming, like so many helpless cheeks,—the darkened rooms,—and, at this season of the year, the having left off fires;—all fall like a chill shade upon the spirits. But we know not how much pleasantry can be made out of unpleasantness, till we bestir ourselves. The exercise of our bodies will make us bear the weather better, even mentally; and the exercise of our minds will enable us to bear it with patient bodies indoors, if we cannot go out. Above all, some people seem to think that they cannot have a fire made in a chill day, because it is summer-time,—a notion which, under the guise of being seasonable, is quite the reverse, and one against which we protest. A fire is a thing to warm us when cold; not to go out because the month begins with J. Besides, the sound of it helps to dissipate that of the rain. It is justly called a companion. It looks glad in our faces; it talks to us; it is vivified at our touch; it vivifies in return; it puts life, and warmth, and comfort in the room. A good fellow is bound to see that he leaves this substitute for his company when he goes out, especially to a lady; whose solitary work-table in a chill room on such a day is a very

melancholy refuge. We exhort her, if she can afford it, to take a book and a footstool, and sit by a good fire. We know of few baulks more complete than coming down of a chill morning to breakfast, turning one's chair as usual to the fire-side, planting one's feet on the fender and one's eyes on a book, and suddenly discovering that there is no fire in the grate.

In this uncertain month, the 'birds of fashion' are frequently surprised by a passing shower, and the beauty of their *plumage* is somewhat injured by a sudden storm; this, however, is of little import, as *trade* is benefited, and the industrious shopkeeper obtains more orders for silks, sarsnets, and feathers. To civic *belles*, however, who take their *Sunday* promenade in the parks to exhibit their pretty persons and handsome dresses, a shower of rain is indeed a misfortune almost irreparable.

Towards the close of this month the flower-garden exhibits symptoms of decay; and Time, who thins the ranks of all animated beings, does not spare those of the ornamented and highly fascinating Flora:—

The garlands fade that Spring solately wove,  
Each simple flower which she had nursed  
in dew;

*Anemonies*, that spangled every grove,  
The *primrose* wan, and *harebell* mildly  
blue.

No more shall *violets* linger in the dell,  
Or purple *orchis* variegated the plain,  
Till Spring again shall call forth every bell,  
And dress with humid hands her wreaths  
again.—

Ah! poor Humanity! so frail, so fair,  
Are the fond visions of thy early day,  
Till tyrant Passion, and corrosive Care,  
Bid all thy airy colours fade away!  
Another May new buds and flowers shall  
bring;

Ah! why has *happiness*—no second  
Spring!  
C. SMITH.

The beautiful *rose*, however, the glory of the garden, still continues to spread its 'blushing honours' *thick* before us.

#### THE ROSE.

As late each flow'r that sweetest blows,  
I plucked the garden's pride!  
Within the petals of a rose  
A sleeping love I spied.

Around his brows a beaming wreath  
Of many a lucid hue;  
All purple glowed his cheek beneath,  
Inebriate with dew.

I softly seized th' unguarded power,  
 'Nor scared his balmy rest;  
 And placed him, caged within the flow'r,  
 On spotless SARAH'S breast.

But when, unweeting of the guile,  
 Awoke the pris'ner sweet,  
 He struggled to escape awhile,  
 And stamped his fairy feet.

Ah ! soon the soul-entrancing sight  
 Subdued th' impatient boy !  
 He gazed, he thrilled, with deep delight,  
 Then clapped his wings for joy.

'And O,' he cried—'of magic kind,  
 What charms this throne endear !  
 Some other love let Venus find—  
 I'll fix my empire here.'

COLERIDGE.

The damask rose produces white and red flowers on the same tree, and has been celebrated in English history, as the emblems of the Houses of York and Lancaster. When those families contended for the crown, the *white* rose distinguished the partizans of the house of York ; the *red*, the party of Lancaster : and in an old author we have this beautiful Epigram on a White Rose being presented to a Lancastrian Lady :—

If this fair rose offend thy sight,  
 It in thy bosom wear ;  
 'Twill blush to find itself less white,  
 And turn *Lancastrian* there.

The 'busy bee' still pursues his ceaseless task of collecting his varied sweets to form the honey for his destroyer *man*, who in a month or two, will close the labours of this industrious insect by the suffocating fumes of brimstone.

Child of patient industry,  
 Little active busy bee,  
 Thou art out at early morn,  
 Just as the opening flowers are born,  
 Among the green and grassy meads  
 Where the cowslips hang their heads ;  
 Or by hedge-rows, while the dew  
 Glitters on the harebell blue.

Then on eager wing art flown,  
 To thymy hillocks on the down ;  
 Or to revel on the broom ;  
 Or suck the clover's crimson bloom ;  
 Murmuring still, thou busy bee,  
 Thy little ode to industry !

Mr. White, the naturalist, of Selborne, relates a curious anecdote of an idiot boy who was a determined enemy to bees. They were his food, his amusement, his sole object. In the winter he dozed away his time in his

father's house, by the fire-side, in a torpid state, seldom leaving the chimney-corner : but in summer he was all alert and in quest of his game. Hive-bees, humble-bees, and wasps, were his prey, wherever he found them. He had no apprehension from their stings ; but would seize them with naked hands, and at once disarm them of their weapons, and suck their bodies for the sake of their honey-bags. Sometimes he would fill his bosom between his shirt and skin with these animals ; and sometimes he endeavoured to confine them in bottles. He was very injurious to men that kept bees ; for he would glide into their bee-gardens, and sitting down before the stools, would rap with his fingers, and so take the bees as they came out. He has even been known to overturn the hives for the sake of the honey, of which he was passionately fond. Where metheglin was making, he would linger round the tubs and vessels, begging, a draught of what he called bee-wine. This lad was lean and sallow, and of a cadaverous complexion ; and, except in his favourite pursuit, in which he was wonderfully adroit, discovered no manner of understanding.

It is now the weather for *bathing*, a refreshment too little taken in this country, either summer or winter. We say in winter, because with very little care in placing it near a cistern, and having a leathern pipe for it, a bath may be easily filled once or twice a week with warm water ; and it is a vulgar error that the warm bath relaxes. An excess, either warm or cold, will relax ; and so will any other excess ; but the sole effect of the warm bath moderately taken is, that it throws off the bad humours of the body by opening and clearing the pores. As to summer bathing, a father may soon teach his children to swim, and thus perhaps might be the means of saving their lives some day or other, as well as health. Ladies also, though they cannot bathe in the open air as they do in some of the West Indian islands and other countries, by means of natural basins among the rocks, might oftener, we think, make a substitute for it at home in tepid baths. The most

beautiful aspects under which Venus has been painted or sculptured, has been connected with bathing ; and indeed there is perhaps no one thing that so equally contributes to the three graces of health, beauty, and good temper ; —to health, in putting the body into

its best state ; to beauty, in clearing and tinting the skin ; and to good temper, in rescuing the spirits from the irritability occasioned by those formidable personages ‘the nerves,’ which nothing else allays in so quick and entire a manner.

## Travels

IN GREECE, TURKEY, AND THE HOLY LAND.

*Continued.*

**C**ESAREA, named by the Arabs Quaysâryeh, has still to boast of a great number of superb columns, several of which are entire, and in fine preservation ; others were, in the middle ages, employed in the construction of the mole. The base of this edifice, which projected a considerable length into the sea, was formed of the richest materials. Near its ruins are to be seen blocks of rose colour granite, of the proportion of eight feet, having Latin inscriptions on them, which are, however, by the abrasion of the stone, become too illegible to be deciphered. In proportion as we protracted our stay, the sea became more boisterous, inso-much that we were thoroughly wetted by the minute particles of the divided spray : I was thus constrained notwithstanding my curiosity, to quit the port of noble but dejected Cesarea.

For the space of two leagues we had still to follow the track of a rugged and desolate strand : we then quitted the sea shore to cross the barren plains which lie in front of Humcalad. Disgusted by the smallness and dirtiness of the kan, the caravan drew up in close order beneath a sycamore, near an abundant well : young females, not devoid of beauty, brought thither, with majestic steps, Rachel's pitcher. The cheykh-el-beled,\* a venerable old man, presented to us a kid, oaten cakes, and fuel. Our supper was not long in preparing, for we were both oppressed with hunger and in much need of repose.

After this frugal repast, and a refreshing sleep, we proceeded on our route to Jaffa, where we arrived on the 15th of

November. In keeping along the sea-shore, the traveller's feet sinks into a sand, the dazzling whiteness of which fatigues the sight, and it is not until his near approach to the city that he suddenly finds enormous fig-trees, fountains, orange-trees, and tombs.

Jaffa, the ancient Joppa, named by the Arabs Yafa, has recently been enlarged, embellished and fortified, by Mehemet Aga, the governor of whom I shall have occasion to speak hereafter : he was absent, having very recently set out for Nabalos, the ancient Sichem, to quell an insurrection.

The port of Jaffa is small, and dangerous during nine months of the year. I alighted at the convent of the Fathers, the reverend missionaries of the Holy Land. These monks received us with a degree of coolness, for which they afterwards made amends by an excess of kindness. Their house is very poor ; few alms are collected ; the pilgrimages are difficult of accomplishment ; and the lot of the Christians in Syria is more deplorable than ever. They come, with trembling steps, to hear the mass in a small, vaulted, subterraneous, and obscure chapel, which brings to mind the worship of the primitive Christians in the catacombs. Subject to unceasing persecutions, these poor creatures repair hither, to forget at the foot of the altar, their sacrifices, and the profound misery in which they are plunged.

On my return from Jerusalem, I shall have some observations to offer on Jaffa. We set out for Rama at three in the afternoon ; and this place I

\* The commandant of the village, he is usually selected from among the old men.

reached at night followed by an interpreter. The horse on which I was mounted was so high mettled, that I was obliged to leave my fellow-travellers behind. We were recommended to the superior of the convent at Rama, a Spaniard, naturally blunt, of a large stature, and possessed of a Stentorian voice. This good monk did not appear to me to be resigned to the martyrdom with which these poor ecclesiastics are constantly menaced. The Convent of Rama is spacious, vaulted, and has the air of a fortress: my chamber, which was very neat and clean, and the best that could be provided, was on a terrace surrounded by palm-trees.

To reach Jerusalem, the traveller has to cross, for the extent of two or three miles, plains tolerably well cultivated, those of the ancient Arimathea and Lydda. The rising sun illumined our route, and we reached the hills of Latroun. "This," said the Drogoman to me, "is the birth place of Barabbas, the murderer and thief: those who look down into this well for a considerable time are sure to see the figure of this man of blood."

We next entered deep valleys, the vegetation gradually becoming weaker and more scanty, until it ceased altogether. From these valleys to Jerusalem, the soil is broken, reddish, and ungrateful; while, in the distance, the only objects which meet the view are immense mounds of ruins, the beds of dried-up torrents, and winding roads, covered with flints. Decayed cisterns, at the bottom of which is a greenish water; steep and naked mountains in the contour:—such agreeably to the lament of Jeremiah, is the terebinthine vale which prepares the mind for the strong and terrible impression made on it by the sight of Jerusalem.

The sun was about to set, when, from the summit of a mountain, in passing along a flinty road, separated by two walls from fields which were also covered with flints, I perceived at length long ramparts, towers and vast edifices, surrounded by a barren soil, and blackened points of rock which

seemed to have felt the lightning's stroke: this was Jerusalem. A few Chapels, fallen in ruins, were here and there to be seen, with Mount Sion, and, in the back ground, the naked chain of the Mountains of Arabia Deserta. Appalled and seized with an involuntary terror, we saluted the Holy City, the first sight of which has as powerful an effect on the senses, as the existence and dispersion of the Jewish nation can produce on the mind.

The Gate of Bethlehem or Ephraim, by which our caravan made its entry, is not far distant from the Convent of the Reverend Fathers, Missionaries of the Holy Land, by whose exemplary display of charity our reception was marked. They inhabit an immense house, the gate of which, while it is constantly open to pilgrims, and to all who suffer, is as constantly exposed to the insults of the Mussulmans: it is low and decayed, with iron fastenings. Having entered it, a vaulted passage terminates in an inner court, provided with dark and winding staircases, which leads to several cloisters, and to the Church. It is there that these courageous monks lead a secluded life, having to struggle daily against the persecution of the Turks, the hatred of the Greeks, and a fond yearning for their native homes. Although belonging to so many different nations I heard them blend their voices in sweet accordance, with that of the native inhabitants of Israel. A Monk, whose skill in the arts had once acquired him celebrity in Europe, played on the organ; and incense smoked in the sanctuary, where the words of the God of Horeb and of Sinai still resounded.

I shall not attempt to describe Jerusalem after the great writer by whose brilliant and animated pen it has been so admirably delineated. It is difficult to see Palestine under any other aspect beside that of M. de Châteaubriand, and impossible to speak of it after him: he has carried in all the harvest of the land of Canaan. Notwithstanding the malediction with which this land is struck, his crop has been abundant: he has exhausted the fields of



Zabulon and Magedo, and the plains of Pharan. It would be useless, at the same time that it would betray a want of skill, to endeavour to glean after his footsteps.

I pity the traveller who, amid these noble ruins, is solely influenced by the doubts that perplex him, and the mazes in which he is plunged. I envy, on the other hand, the happiness of the man who has seen this singular land with a lively and confident faith. But whatever the religious opinions may be, intellectual torpor alone can resist the sensation of surprise and respect Jerusalem inspires.

Around this city all is mute and silent : the last exclamation of the Son of God seems to have been the latest sound repeated by the echoes of Siloé and Gehennon. From the summits of Abarim, of Phasga, and Achor, desolated nature presents herself to the view, like a witness still struck with terror by the scene which has just passed. The imagination portrays the sanguinary wars of the Crusaders, like those aerial combats which forebode great disasters to the children of the earth.

On the day of my arrival, I saw the whole of the Hebrew population of Jerusalem collected in the valley of Jehosaphat : the Motsallam\* had sold the Jews the permission to celebrate there the festival of the tombs. On seeing these captives seated in silence on the tomb-stones of their ancestors, one might have said that the clamour of the last trumpet was heard, that generations were crowding to the banks of the Cedron, and that the words of joy and of tribulation had already burst from the cloud.

The quarter of the Jews was what attracted my earliest attention. Eight or nine thousand of the children of the masters of Jerusalem still inhabit this capital of the past. A narrow, craggy space, covered with filth, which can scarcely be called a street, divides the houses of this quarter, which are falling in ruins. Pale and sickly beings with a strongly marked physiognomy, there engage in warm disputes about a few medins.\* Having descended, by a flight

of broken steps, into cellars, the falling roofs of which were propped by pillars once sculptured and gilt, I learned with surprise that this was the great synagogue : children in tatters there learned from an old blind man the history of this city, where their ancestors adored the God of Israel and of Judah, beneath marble porticoes, and roofs supported by the cedars of Libanon. They counted over again the miracles of him whom they also expected, of him who had guided the footsteps of their ancestors in the Deserts of Madian, and who so often brought them back triumphantly into this land of Canaan, where were to flow mountains of milk and honey.†

Such are the remains of this nation, whose captivity left on every side such great remembrances, and who raised with their hands, and bathed with the sweat of their brows, the proudest monuments of Memphis and of Rome.

On the same day I paid a visit to Abdil-Kerym, the Agamotsallam, Governor of Jerusalem : this city is dependent on the Pachalik of Damascus, from which it is distant four stations, or days' journey. He is a native of Constantinople, and enjoyed a certain portion of favour at the Court of Selim : on the death of the latter, however, he fell into complete disgrace, and was banished to Jerusalem, over which as governor, he now exercises a mild sway. His manners are polished : he entertained us with pipes and coffee, after having in token of submission and respect, approached to his forehead the firman of the Grand-Seignior. I next presented to him the persons who accompanied me, and the letters addressed to him. The drogoman of the convent of the Holy Sepulchre was our interpreter. I insisted on being allowed to take views of the city and adjoining territory. Abdil-Kerym, after a long explanation respecting the object and the means, at length granted me this favour. He cheerfully offered me an escort for my journey to the Dead Sea, which I was desirous to undertake after my visit to Bethlehem.

Abdil-Kerym had at his side a lovely infant on whom I lavished my ca-

\* Governor.

† A small Turkish coin.

† Exodus.

resses ; and having made presents to the janissaries, and distributed money among the slaves, we parted extremely well satisfied with each other.

We had to cross the valley of Repphaïm to reach Bethlehem (in Arabic, Beyt el-lahm.) This name by which is denoted *the house of bread*,\* is said to have been bestowed on it by Abraham : it was likewise called *Ephrata* (the fruitful) to distinguish it from another Bethlehem belonging to the tribe of Zabulon. Here it was that David tended his flocks. Abesan, Booz, and Ruth were Bethlehemites. The primitive Christians built a small chapel containing the stable in which our Saviour was born ; and in its place, the Emperor Hadrian erected the altar of Adonis, which was thrown down by the order of St. Helen, and on the ruins of which she built a spacious church, the form and architecture of which resemble those of the church of Saint Paul, without the walls of Rome. Forty-eight columns of Egyptian red marble support a wooden fabric said to be of cedar : the mosaics and paintings with which the walls are ornamented bear all the characteristics of the barbarism of the middle ages ; but are in a better taste than the carvings of the capitals and bases of the columns. The Armenians are in possession of this temple.

The monks, in full procession, led me to the subterraneous church : they there pointed out to me the spot where the magi stopped, and the one where our Saviour was born : all the chapels are incrustated with marble, jasper, and thin plates of gilt bronze : they are lighted by numberless gold and silver lamps.

The convent is spacious, and enclosed by high walls : it has a strong resemblance to a fortress. The principal gate is very low and narrow, to guard against the Arabs making their way within on horseback, and in large bodies. There was a dreadful tumult at the time of my arrival : a contribution of ten thousand piastres had just been levied on the population of Bethlehem, exclusively composed of Christians. Cries and threats were to be

heard on every side ; but the good monks who are accustomed to these storms, did not on that account forbear the honours of their modest refectory which was spread out to us with all the display of the charitable and hospitable spirit I met with in other convents of Palestine.

The inhabitants of Bethlehem cultivated a part of the coasts of Rama—of those coasts which heard the loud and pathetic plaints of Rachel. Of this resource they have since been deprived, and are now reduced to the necessity of making rosaries, wooden crosses inlaid with mother of pearl, and imitations of the crib : these are all consecrated at the Holy Sepulchre, sold to pilgrims, and their produce paid to the Turks. The features of the daughters of Bethlehem are in general regular and their forms graceful : over the face a veil is thrown but without concealing it ; and their arms are naked, and frequently of the finest form that can be imagined. We found them very affable and courteous. I visited several families ; and on my departure, these good people accompanied me offering up their prayers to heaven for my safety.

The houses of Bethlehem, which are low and square, like those of Jerusalem, are covered with a terrace, or with a small dome : almost all the flights of stairs are without side. On leaving the city, the view of the right commands the mountains of Hebron, where they still point out to you the tomb of Abraham, and the valley of Mambré, where the ashes of Caleb repose. Still further are seen the mountains of Ergaddi, the hills of Odollam, the pointed rock which overlooks the cavern where David concealed himself to shun the fury of Saul, Massada, the vestiges of the fort of Herod, Bethulia, and the summits of Sennacherib.

I was scarcely returned to Jerusalem, when I busied myself with the necessary preparations for my journey to the Dead Sea : the dread that the tranquillity of this country, at all times so precarious, might be disturbed, led me to hasten my departure for Jericho. Abdil-Kerym gave me, as an escort, four of the bravest and most determin-

\* It also signifies *the house of flesh*.

ed horsemen of his guard, with a Christian drogoman who spoke bad Italian, and an Arab chief named Mehemet. I was also provided with a mamelouk, named Hâggy Soliman who had been presented to me by the Pacha of Acre. Soliman was the gentlest and most charitable of men; and I should have been quite satisfied with him, if his zeal had not led him occasionally to overact his part, in driving away those who interrupted me in making my sketches. My servant followed me; the aga sent me excellent horses; and we were all well armed.

At an early hour of the morning our caravan left Jerusalem by the gate of Setty-Mariam, and having crossed the torrent of Sedron, took the direction of Jericho, by the route of Bethany. It would have been difficult for me, if I had lost the tablets of my memory, to determine, by the temperature of the air, and the aspect of the fields, the precise epoch of this journey: throughout all Judea, a few showers of rain are what alone indicate the winter season; the autumn does not bring her fruits; in the spring not a flower is seen to blow; and, nevertheless, the summer heats consume the Haceldama, and dry up the source of the Siloé. It would seem that there are not any seasons in this unhappy country.

At Bethania the grotto in which Lazarus was buried is shewn to you. In his resurrection, painted by Rembrandt, that great master has so completely divined the spot where the scene passed, that one would almost be led to suspect him of having consulted the port-folio of a traveller.

Having entered a narrow valley, we followed the bed of a torrent, which, after several windings, leads to mount Adomim: this is a reddish and argillaceous hill, uncultivated, like the ground we had hitherto trodden, and having on its summit the ruins of a monastery, or, perhaps, of a kan. Adomim in Hebrew signifies *of blood*. After having halted for half an hour, we entered ravines almost impassable, which appeared to be the effects of a

recent convulsion of nature. While mountains, which could not be more aptly compared than to the solfatara of Naples, were to be seen furrowed by fire, and marked with the stains of sulphur. After having descended into frightful abysses, we were obliged to climb up sharp rocks, to procure a sight of the plain of Jericho, which we shortly after reached.

Jericho,\* named by the Arabs Ryhad, is at present nothing more than an assemblage of huts built of earth and reeds, covered over with a species of dried fern. Where its celebrated walls once stood, fagots of briars and thistles now scarcely suffice to defend the flocks against the frequent attacks of wild beasts. The aga, to whom I had a letter from the governor of Jerusalem, inhabits a square tower in so ruinous a condition, that I found considerable difficulty in ascending to the apartment in which he was lodged. He was sick; and, judging without doubt of my credit, by the orders he received, begged of me to intercede with the motsallam to procure him an employment at Jerusalem. This chief of the spahis selected for my night's lodging the most convenient place he could find; for I could not endure the filth and bad smells of the habitation in which our caravan was assembled. My people took their stations around a large fire in the open air, and devoured a kid killed in our presence, a part of which was, however, consumed by the cinders. Wrapped in my mantle, and stretched on the earth, I slept soundly, notwithstanding this bad supper, and the interruptions of my guests; the *notables* of Jericho had thought proper to pay a visit to the Turks belonging to my escort; and the conversation that ensued was long and clamorous. We were stirring before day-break: the sun arose behind the mountains of Arabia Deserta; their form was lost in a silvery, changeable vapour, shadowed with the richest tints, and the most beautiful colours. How much I regretted that I could not paint this fugitive and marvellous effect!

\* In Hebrew Jericho signifies the moon.

Jericho is situated in a plain. On the right appears the Dead Sea, partly concealed by the promontory of Segor. The Jordan is seen in the distance on the left, between hillocks covered with briars. Behind me were the mountains I had just passed, and the disorder and solitude of which made so lively an impression on me.

The women of Jericho are dressed in a blue chemise, fastened by a girdle; their head is covered by a veil. Their legs and feet are naked, as likewise their arms, which are ornamented with bracelets of silver, pewter, or glass. They are for the greater part tall and slender; but their forms are usually shrunken; and among the youngest may be noticed a constant struggle between beauty and wretchedness.

The aga of Jericho added to our escort a few of his people. We crossed a sandy plain, on which were to be seen, at distant intervals, a few prickly shrubs, and a few plants breathing the most delicate perfume. Several authors think that the crown of thorns of Jesus Christ was formed of a branch of the *rhamnus*, a shrub named by the Arabs *alausesgi*, and which is found in great abundance near the Jordan: several volumes have been written either to attack or defend the supposition. Its banks are frequently covered by locusts;\* the Arabs cook them with great care, and find their flavour excellent; but I was not tempted to taste this dish. Where, alas! are the gardens which once covered these banks! Jericho is left without flowers, and without harvests. *Sicut plantatio rosæ in Jericho.* Achor calls aloud for her refreshing streams; Asason-thamar bewails her forests of palms: a powerful hand has plucked up by the roots her beautiful vines. *Botrus cypri dilectus meus mihi, in vineis Engaddi.*

We drew up in a regular line of march, a few of our men forming the advance-guard. The aga had received notice that a band of Bedouin Arabs† had been seen on the preceding eve-

ning, and were to pitch their tents for the night on the opposite bank of the Jordan. Lances were perceived behind a rising ground, and horsemen fleeing in several directions: we set off at full speed in pursuit of them. A Bedouin was unhorsed, and fell among the reeds, just as he was plunging into the Jordan; he was overtaken by our mamelouks; the cimeters were drawn; and he would have perished if I had not asked his life, which Soliman found some difficulty in granting me. This Arab was so terrified, that it was a long time before he could find the power of utterance. He had come, with his companions, from the land of Hebron, to avenge the death of one of their cheyks, who had been killed three days before by the Bethlemites. My spahis would not yield to my earnest entreaties to restore him to his mare, which neighed, and seemed conscious of her master's captivity; while his prayers and tears irritated them afresh.

A second time I had to rescue this poor Arab from their hands: he plunged into the Jordan, gained the opposite bank and disappeared.

The banks of the sacred river, called by the Arabs el-Charia, are lofty, and covered with trees: its water is yellowish, turbid, and of some depth; its breadth is about one-fourth less than that of the Seine.‡ I made an exact drawing of the Jordan at the part where an islet, concealed by the trees and reeds, stops the current, occasions a reflux, and agitates a surface which in every other part is smooth and tranquil. Charmed with the soft murmurs of the water, to which our ears had been unaccustomed, we joyfully plunged into the stream.

I discharged all the duties of the traveller, made my ablutions, and brought away with me a flask of the holy water we had found so much pleasure in drinking. Our horses experienced some difficulty in crossing the sandy plain which leads to the Dead Sea: my janissaries and Arabs sung, and discharged their pistols; Sol-

\* Of two species: *Aphros* and *anos*.

† *Arab*, solitude; *bedauoy*, man of the desert, derived from *bid*, an uninhabited land.

‡ It may be estimated at about eighty feet. The Jordan in this part has a depth of from twelve to fifteen feet.

iman Aga, the chief of the escort, mounted on a superb Arabian horse, was the most dexterous ; and I followed the example of my guides. We sometimes paced silently plunged in reveries, the subject of each of which was no doubt different ; and at others, giving the reins to our horses, galloped over these sandy plains, breathing perfumes, and enjoying our independence. In this way I reached the banks of the Dead Sea or lake Asphaltites.

It is said that this sea, or lake, is twenty leagues in length, and about ten leagues in breadth at the widest part. It is named by the Arabs Bahar Loth. They formerly tendered their services to travellers, to conduct them to a pillar coated with bitumen, which they showed as the pillar of salt ; but it is impossible at present to penetrate so far without danger, the Bedouins in the vicinity, being in a state of constant warfare with travellers. For the greater part of its extent the Dead sea stretches north and south. On the western bank were situated the five cities of Sodom, Gomorrho, Adama, Seboyn, and Segor. The Jews are persuaded that at the coming of the Messiah, these cities, now covered with the waves, will re-appear with all their splendour. *Et soror tua Sodoma et filiae ejus revertentur ad antiquitatem suam.*

The general review of the Dead Sea, and of the mountains which surround it, made by me, was taken from the summit of a heap of shapeless ruins, said to be those of Gomorrho. They are opposite to mount Nebo, where Moses died, and at the foot of which he was buried. In searching on the sea shore the vestiges of these guilty cities, it was my good fortune to meet with the remains of walls, those of a tower, and several columns. The water of the Dead Sea is troubled, pungent and bitter. It throws up on its banks pieces of petrified wood, and porous stones in a calcined state. In speaking of it, which they do with the most religious respect, many mysterious things concerning it are related by the Arabs.

A layer of a glutinous, saline, and corrosive substance covers the ruins, as well as the shore of lake Asphaltites.

The vegetation which anciently followed the banks of the Jordan, from lake Tiberiades, has given place, near the Dead Sea, to small tufts of zaggoon and other shrubs, from which a precious balm is extracted.

We afterwards followed, by the mountains, the route leading to the monastery of Saint-Sabas. I had never before met with any sight so dismal and sombre as that of the deep valleys which are suddenly shut in by a high mountain, perfectly white, and easily to be mistaken, at the decline of day, for an enormous spectre whose office is to defend the passage : the clefts and caverns represent his traits, and the ravines supply the folds of his frightful robe. Mountains of ashes, cones mutilated and thrown down, broken rocks of a capricious and fantastic form :—such were the objects which met my view for the extent of several leagues, until I came to a more elevated point. This afforded me another sight of the Dead Sea, just as the sun was setting over Arabia Deserta, behind the mountains of Edom.

*Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bosrah ?*

*I will tread them in mine anger, and trample them in my fury ; and their blood shall be sprinkled upon my garments, and i will stain all my raiment. (ISAIAH.)*

From this elevation the Dead Sea appeared like a table of lapis lazuli, the golden margin of which was formed by the surrounding mountains.

Still further, the piled rocks resembled, now a fortified city, the walls and buildings of which menaced the starry firmament ; and now an amphitheatre having for its spectators and performers kites and vultures ; while eagles soared majestically in the air, over their proud domain.

The monastery of Saint Lebas is built in the angle of a rock, on an eminence four hundred feet above the dried torrent of the Cédron. I have never seen so frightful a solitude as this : the cells of the monks are excavated in a rock a hundred feet above the torrent, in places which appear to be inaccessible. Pigeons and thou-

sands of hermits formerly inhabited this auspicious and desolate valley : over the abyss the turtle-doves still take their lonely flight. The space inclosing the immense monastery, near which not a tree, nor a plant, nor even the smallest rivulet, is to be seen, is defended by large square towers. Two low narrow gates, covered with bands of iron and enormous nails, were inhumanly closed against us : the Greek monks, who thought the hour unseasonable, and were without doubt likewise terrified by the number of men composing our caravan, as well as by the impatience with which our solicitations were accompanied, refused us admission into the monastery. They spoke to us from the top of the ramparts, concealing themselves behind the battlements : the negociation lasted for an hour ; but neither the most importunate supplications, nor the strongest menaces were of any avail. A jar filled with water, which had been long and anxiously expected, was lowered from the summit of a tower forty-eight feet in height. There the caloyers keep watch by night and by day, in constant dread of the Arabs, who frequently come in whole tribes to assail them. The latter take possession of all the avenues, until they make themselves sure of a contribution by a treaty.

Our horses, exhausted by fatigue, were not in a state to proceed any further : the night was dark ; but still we were constrained to reach Jerusalem. Our Arab led us across places in a manner inaccessible, at the momentary risk of rolling down a precipice. I closed my eyes and abandoned myself to the prudent management of my horse, who sometimes slid along steep declivities, and at others stopped short, turned back, or stepped aside with surprising intelligence. The thunder howled tremendously over head ; and it was not until two in the morning that a vivid flash of lightning afforded us a sight of Jerusalem. Another, of still greater intensity, shed its inauspicious ray over the valley of Jehosaphat, the Mount of Olives, and the tomb of Ezechias : had it not been for

the incessant cries of our guides, the caravan would certainly have lost its way ; for never was darkness more intense.

After having, by a laborious ascent, reached *Báb el-Naby Daoud*, the gate of David, we discharged our blunderbusses and pistols, which at length awakened the guard, and we entered Jerusalem.

On the following day I visited the church of the Holy Sepulchre, from which the convent of the Holy Land is distant about four hundred paces only. The streets of Jerusalem are crooked and badly paved ; and the houses which are for the greater part built of free-stone, are indebted for a scanty portion of light to a small door and one or two windows provided with wooden lattices. In a few paltry shops, olives, fruits brought from Damascus, rice, corn, and a scanty supply of dried leguminous plants, are sold : while a group of Arabs, dying with hunger, eagerly survey these stores, the Turkish dealer smokes his pipe with indifference, as if utterly regardless of his profits.

The convent of the reverend fathers, missionaries of the Holy Land, being situated in the most elevated part of the city, I had to descend, by a flight of steep steps, into the decayed vaults of *Souq el-Nassâra*, to reach the site of the Holy Sepulchre. The façade of this monument is a mixture of the mosque and gothic stiles of architecture : a square tower, deprived of its steeples, and levelled to the height of the church, has been thus mutilated since the epoch when the Turks regained possession of Jerusalem. The exact drawing made by me of this place will perhaps help the reader to form an idea of it. It was on a festival ; the doors were thrown open ; and pilgrims thronged either to enter or pass out. Turks, in the interim, squatted on a divan, mercilessly exacted the entrance-tribute : the ear was deafened by importunate cries, and blows were struck ; while the crowd mingled with the processions as they crossed each other : the ensemble produced a tumultuous and afflicting spectacle.

*To be continued.*

## DREAM-CHILDREN ; A REVERIE.

**C**HILDREN love to listen to stories about their elders, when *they* were children ; to stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditionary great-uncle, or grandame, whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the other evening to hear about their great-grandmother Field, who lived in a great house in Norfolk (a hundred times bigger than that in which they and Papa lived) which had been the scene—so at least it was generally believed in that part of the country—of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with from the ballad of the Children in the Wood. Certain it is that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in wood upon the chimney-piece of the great hall, the whole story down to the Robin Red-breasts, till a foolish rich person pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon it. Here Alice put out one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called upbraiding. Then I went on to say, how religious and how good their great-grandmother Field was, how beloved and respected by every body. And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry too, of the neighbourhood for many miles round, to show their respect for her memory, because she had been such a good and religious woman ; so good indeed that she knew all the Psalter by heart, ay, and a great part of the Testament besides. Here little Alice spread her hands. Then I told what a tall, upright, graceful person their great-grandmother Field once was ; and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancer—here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till, upon my looking grave, it desisted—the best dancer, I was saying, in the county, till a cruel disease, called a cancer, came, and bowed her down with pain ; but it could never bend her good spirits, or make them stoop, but

they were still upright, because she was so good and religious. Then I told how she was used to sleep by herself in a lone chamber of the great lone house : and how she believed that an apparition of two infants was to be seen at midnight gliding up and down the great staircase near where she slept, but she said “those innocents would do her no harm ;” and how frightened I used to be, though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, because I was never half so good or religious as she—and yet I never saw the infants. Here John expanded all his eyebrows, and tried to look courageous. Then I told how good she was to all her grand-children, having us to the great house in the holidays, where I in particular used to spend many hours by myself, in gazing upon the old busts of the Twelve Cæsars, that had been Emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again, or I to be turned into marble with them ; how I never could be tired with roaming about that huge mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their worn-out hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken pannels, with the gilding almost rubbed out—sometimes in the spacious old fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me—and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then,—and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries, and the fir apples, which were good for nothing but to look at—or in lying about upon the fresh grass, with all the fine garden smells around me—or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening too along with the oranges and the limes in that grateful warmth—or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in the fish pond, at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway

down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent friskings, —I had more pleasure in these busy-idle diversions, than in all the sweet flavours of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such like common baits of children. Here John slyly deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes, which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant. Then in somewhat a more heightened tone, I told how, though their great-grand-mother Field loved all her grand-children, yet in an especial manner she might be said to love their uncle, John L——, because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us : and, instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it carry him half over the county in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any out—and yet he loved the old great house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries—and how their uncle grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of every body, but of their great-grandmother Field most especially ; and how he used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame-footed boy—for he was a good bit older than me—many a mile when I could not walk for pain ;—and how in after life he became lame-footed too, and I did not always (I fear) make allowances enough for him when he was impatient, and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame-footed ; and how when he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is betwixt life and death ; and how I bore his death as I thought pretty well at first, but afterwards it haunted and haunted me ; and though

I did not cry or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and knew not till then how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness, and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again, to be quarrelling with him (for we quarrelled sometimes), rather than not have him again, and was as uneasy without him, as he their poor uncle must have been when the doctor took off his limb. Here the children fell a crying, and asked if their little mourning which they had on was not for uncle John, and they looked up, and prayed me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother. Then I told how, for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W—n ; and, as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty, and denial meant in maidens—when suddenly, turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of re-presentment, that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me or whose that bright hair was,—and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding, till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech ; “ We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartrum father. We are nothing ; less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before we have existence, and a name”——and immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor arm-chair, where I had fallen asleep,—but John L. (or James Elia) was gone for ever.



## THE RENEGADE. A ROMANCE.

Continued.

THE sun had not yet risen, when suddenly, at the extremity of the cavern, a ray of light glimmered between the clefts of the rock. An enormous piece of stone, forming a kind of door supported by imperceptible hinges, slowly moved, and an old man, like a necromancer of tradition, holding a lighted lamp in his hand, advanced toward the Princess. The trembling sisters uttered a shriek of terror; but Ezilda, approaching the apparition, recognized the prophet of the Black Mountain. "Time is precious, (exclaimed Goudair) fear nothing, and follow me." The old man was immediately obeyed. By a secret passage he conducted the Princess and the nuns of Amalberge to an adjoining cavern, and the turning stone was immediately closed behind them. "Remain here, (said Goudair, setting down his lamp on a heap of calcareous stones.) You are now in safety. No enemy can molest you. There are three roads before you: that on the right leads to the cataract and cannot be passed without danger. That on the left leads to a castle occupied by the Saracens; and that in the middle, which penetrates to the centre of the earth, is perfectly inaccessible." With these words, he lighted a few of the lamps with which the nuns were provided, and withdrew from the miraculous grotto.

Composed and undismayed, the Princess conversed with her companions. She pointed out to them the wonders of their subterraneous palace, and called their attention to the sublime horrors of the volcanic eruptions of past ages. As the breath of terror is contagious, and infects all within its reach, so courage is an electric flame which vivifies all that it approaches. Inspired by the Princess, the nuns speedily recovered their tranquillity and the day was concluded in prayer.

Four and twenty hours had elapsed, and Goudair had not yet returned. Perhaps, thought Ezilda, the old man has been captured by the infidels. What then might be the fate of the unfortu-

nate captives?—Deprived of nourishment, oppressed by the insalubrity of the air, their strength gradually failed, and they sunk into profound sleep. The Princess, wholly occupied with the fate of her companions, was incapable of enjoying repose. "The middle passage, (said she, turning to look at the three subterraneous alleys,) that which Goudair supposes to be inaccessible, may perhaps be the path of safety. "Holy sisters, rest in peace—may Heaven inspire and guide me!" and taking one of the lamps which Goudair had left burning, she proceeded to explore the unknown tract. For a considerable distance the path continued to descend; but the Princess at length arrived at a kind of staircase, which turning to the left, changed the direction of her course. At every step the road became more and more dangerous, and was intersected by detached masses of rock; on every side the horrors of death appeared multiplied in a thousand various forms. The Princess advanced with hasty steps. The rolling of the torrent, which in the miraculous grotto resounded like thunder, now produced only a gentle murmur. A few traces of vegetation, which were perceptible between the masses of stone, a few pale and languid plants seemed to indicate that the gloomy recess was occasionally visited by light and air. She advanced: a refreshing breeze, like the breath of life, penetrated the abode of death. The Princess at length approached the mouth of the cavern, and issuing from the abyss of ruin, arrayed in white and veiled, she appeared like a spirit of the grave, like a fantastic creation of darkness and chaos.

While Ezilda rapturously inhaled the pure and refreshing atmosphere, she cast a glance of astonishment around her. She found herself transported into a delicious garden, in the centre of which appeared a grove of myrtle and orange trees. On every side statues of marble were interspersed among the foliage. A limpid fountain rose from a basin of the finest granite;

and odoriferous flowers bloomed in vases of rare porphyry. The Princess, who fancied herself wandering on fairy land, perceived at the extremity of an alley of trees, a colonade magnificently illuminated. It was a building of oriental architecture attached to a spacious edifice. Ezilda approached the pavilion, the interior of which was decorated with rich draperies and wreaths of flowers. Within the Moorish temple\* a young female of exquisite beauty was seated on cushions of azure fringed with gold. Her countenance was melancholy and dejected, and her fine eyes were suffused with tears. The Odalisk was alone, and her fingers running over the strings of a lute drew forth plaintive strains of melody.

Ezilda uttered an exclamation of surprise. Pale, attired in white, and no less mysterious than beautiful, she presented herself to the eyes of the Odalisk, who dazzled by the charms of her unknown visitor, and half bewildered by sorrow, imagined that she beheld before her the beloved of the great prophet descended from the immortal palace of the houris. Throwing herself on her knees before Ezilda, "White rose of Sidrah, (she exclaimed) sovereign virgin of the river of life! have my tears at length moved thy pity? Hast thou come to restore me to hope?"—Alas! unhappy lady, (replied Ezilda) I am but a feeble mortal like yourself, and have no power to relieve your sorrow."—The Odalisk recovered her senses, and looking steadfastly at the Princess—"Unknown mortal, (she exclaimed) what brings you hither?—whom do you seek here?—do you know the lord of this palace?"—I know him not, (replied Ezilda) . . . he is perhaps Agobar."—"Stop, (interrupted the Odalisk) pronounce not his name. Incomparable beauty, do you know him?—have you seen him?"—"The Mussulman chief (replied Ezilda,) is a stranger to me. I have seen him only once."—"Once, (exclaimed the beautiful Arab) a moment is sufficient to render him beloved for ever. His first glance decided the fate of my existence . . . But your countenance bespeaks benevolence and

sensibility, (continued the Odalisk,) you inspire me with confidence. Sit down, and I will unfold to you the sorrows of the ill-fated Zarela. The Princess, deeply moved, complied with her request, and the Odalisk spoke as follows:—

"I am the daughter of the King of Hadramut, and I was born on the fertile shore of the gulf of Arabia. I advanced in life, surrounded by all the luxuries of the East—I enjoyed in anticipation the prospect of future happiness and glory; but, alas, how vain were my dreams of felicity! A sanguinary war broke out between my father and the King of the Troglodites. The cruel Meroé, followed by an army which he had raised on the banks of the Astapus, crossed the gulf which separated our states from his. He entered our territories in triumph, and my defenceless family, captured by the conqueror, were reduced to slavery.

"A Pirate of Nubia had furnished vessels for conveying the troops of Meroé across the gulf; and I was included among the presents which the grateful conqueror tendered to him. For several weeks a violent fever deprived me of my reason. On recovering, I found that I had crossed the sea, and had been landed in Gaul, whither the savage Ethiopian had transported his slaves. I learned, that being destined for the seraglio of some Saracen Emir or grandee of Iberia, I was as soon as my health should be sufficiently restored, to be presented to the celebrated hero, the redoubtable conqueror Agobar.

"I prayed for death, but my prayers were unavailing. By degrees my strength was restored, and I was accounted the most beautiful of all the captives of the Bazaar. Every day I heard my companions extol the achievements of the immortal Agobar; all hoped for the happiness of being chosen by the hero. At length the triumphant chief entered the province in which the pirate of Nubia had fixed his temporary abode; and at the invitation of the Ethiopian, he visited the Bazaar. The daughter of a line of kings was

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\* At the period here alluded to, the Moors had at various times invaded Gallia Narbonensis, where they had erected splendid palaces.

now a miserable slave. At this terrible thought, a torrent of tears suffused my cheeks; and when conducted to the presence of the hero, a cloud of darkness seemed to overwhelm me, and I was on the point of sinking to the earth. The cruel African, tearing aside the veil that concealed my features, appeared irritated by my grief; but the heart of Agobar was moved. His last words to the mercenary pirate still resound in my ears:—‘Two thousand sequins!—they are your’s.’ Then turning to me—‘Fair slave, (he said) you are free.’—‘Free!’ I repeated with amazement, and for the first time I ventured to raise my eyes to the Saracen chief. I trembled; his calm aspect deeply interested me. The beauty of his countenance equalled the dignity of his deportment. In a transport of gratitude, admiration, and I may add of love, I threw myself at the feet of my deliverer. I endeavoured to express my sentiments. But my soul was painted in my looks; and he could not mistake the transports of a rising passion. His countenance became clouded with anger, and in a harsh tone he exclaimed, ‘Young Arab, you have now no master; but if your heart be grateful, never again appear before me.’

“I remained mute and petrified. Agobar withdrew. He said I was free; but alas! my real captivity was now only beginning. I was the slave of tyrannic love; and from that fatal moment peace has been a stranger to my bosom. Far from availing myself of my freedom to return to my native home, I followed the footsteps of the conqueror. On several occasions I ventured to appear in his presence, and I was continually repulsed with contempt or anger. At length, braving all his threats, I gained access to this castle, which is at present the residence of the conqueror. ‘Agobar (I exclaimed) in mercy unsheath your cimeter, and deprive me of life. Without Agobar, what is the world—what is even heaven to Zarela! Despise my charms, disdain my love; but at least, if you refuse to rid me of a wretched life, let me, as the slave of your slaves, accompany you in your career of glory, so that amidst the throng that surrounds

you, I may sometimes raise my eyes to gaze on you.’ But how vain were my entreaties! Agobar called his guards; and addressing himself to Franguestin, the leader of his Janissaries—‘This slave is yours, (he said :) to-morrow you may convey her to your harem. She is fair; receive her as the gift of your chief.’

“Can there be a more wretched lot than that which I am doomed to suffer? (pursued the Odalisk.) Franguestin sets out this night on a warlike expedition; I am in his power, and to-morrow—But no, there shall be no to-morrow for Zarela—and this poison——” “Hold! (exclaimed Ezilda, as the wretched captive was about to raise the poisoned draught to her lips)—you shall not die—you shall not be the slave of Franguestin. Where is Agobar?”—“This pavilion, (replied the astonished Zarela) adjoins the castle which he now inhabits. That door opens to the gallery leading to his apartments.—But, stranger, what is your purpose?” “Fear not, (said Ezilda) Heaven will protect me; and on my return we will together fly this hated spot.” In spite of the remonstrances of Zarela who was unable to guess her extraordinary design, the Princess opened the door, and proceeded along a narrow passage feebly lighted, which led to the apartments of Agobar.

While the fair Arab was engaged in recounting the history of her love and her misfortunes, the daughter of Theobert, recollecting the pious sisters of St. Amalberge, whom she had left behind her in the cavern, suddenly formed the design of once more appealing to the warrior in behalf of her companions. The gallery communicating with the apartments of the Mussulman chief, was crossed by several gloomy corridors, and was terminated by a heavy curtain which opened to the chamber of Agobar. The Princess had reached the extremity of the gallery and was about to draw aside the curtain—but she suddenly paused. Behind the tapestry, at a few paces from her, two Mussulmans were conversing together in a loud tone of voice, as follows:—“Two hours after sunrise Agobar will be no more.”—“And who will strike

the blow?"—"The chief of the conspirators—Nalrassan himself. Take these papers which contain the plan of the conspiracy, and deliver them to the female slave of Nalrassan."—"When will the slave appear?"—"Immediately. Having delivered the papers, join me in the lower gallery without loss of time. Remember the watchwords—*Confidence, hope, and secrecy.*"—This conversation darted across the mind of Ezilda, like a ray of light. A black conspiracy was revealed to her, and the boldest resolution was formed by the heroine.

One of the Mussulmans had withdrawn; the other still continued at his post. The Princess raised the tapestry which concealed him.—"Janissary, (said she) I come from Nalrassan—give me the papers."—"The soldier instantly delivered them."—"Go, (pursued the Princess) and join the conspirators without delay: *Confidence, hope and secrecy.*" The Saracen bowed and withdrew, and Ezilda entered the apartment of Agobar.

On a sofa of the richest brocade, surmounted by Oriental draperies and a crown of gold, the warrior appeared reclining in gentle slumber. A dream of happiness doubtless charmed his senses, for a smile played on his lips, and the most perfect serenity beamed in his countenance. The odious turbans of the sons of Allah no longer encircled his head; his thick curled hair shaded his noble brow. Ezilda dared not venture to approach the hero's couch. A vague thought, an inexplicable charm, entranced her faculties. As she gazed on the man of wonder, a mingled feeling of hatred and tenderness took possession of her soul: "There, (thought she) is the ferocious enemy of the Christians, the impious blasphemer, the rejected of Heaven—the Renegade!"

At this moment Agobar suddenly moved. He raised his eyes, and perceiving the Princess, for a moment imagined himself still under the influence of a dream.—"Charming vision, (he exclaimed) what art thou?"—the sonorous voice of the Renegade operated as a new enchantment on Ezilda. She heard, but she was incapable of replying. On recovering herself, the Prin-

cess broke silence:—"Agobar, (said she, presenting to him the plan of the conspirators) a dreadful danger awaits you—peruse these papers."—"Who art thou mysterious beauty?" exclaimed the Chief of the Mussulmans.—"I am, (replied the Princess) a Frenchwoman, a Christian, and your enemy."—"My enemy! (repeated Agobar) why then do you come to warn me of approaching danger?"—"Heaven has ordained it so," said Ezilda.—"Heaven!" exclaimed the Renegade, with an ironical smile, and a sudden gloom pervaded his countenance.—"In a few hours, (pursued the Princess) the poniard of Nalrassan will pierce your heart."—"The poniard of Nalrassan!" repeated Agobar; and as he hastily perused the writing of the perfidious Janissary, rage and disdain were by turns depicted in his countenance.—"Alaor, dear Alaor! my faithful friend! where art thou?" he exclaimed; and opening a secret door, he hastily left the apartment.

While he was issuing orders to his devoted guards for the arrest of the conspirators, Ezilda observed near the couch of Agobar a brilliant sword. It was not a Mussulman's blade, it was of French workmanship; and the characters engraved on the hilt, and the diamonds which adorned it, all proved it to be a royal sword. The Princess took up the weapon, and gazing on it with surprise, she beheld the royal arms of France, set round with precious stones; and the august name of Thierri III. glittering in characters of gold. Agobar returned.—"Pardon me, fair stranger, (he said) if I seem rude and ferocious. Alas! in the spring of my life, adversity like a devouring flame preying on my heart, has dried up the pure springs of benevolence and humanity: but moderation and kindness occasionally show themselves, like unfortunate exiles, secretly revisiting the paternal roof."—"I come (said Ezilda) to implore your generosity. The nuns of Amalberge, whom you saved from the fury of the infidels, are now doomed to perish in an inaccessible cavern. Deign to rescue them from death. Send an escort of chosen troops to conduct the holy sisters to the French

camp.”—“Your request is granted (said the Renegade)—Where are the nuns of St. Amalberge?”—“In the miraculous grotto,” replied the Princess.—“Enough. At sunrise the captives shall be liberated.—But tell me, Lady, (continued Agobar) who revealed to you the plot of Nalrassan?”—“What you would call *chance*, (answered the Princess) but what I will call *providence*.”—“And do you know whom you have saved?”—“A Renegade,” answered Ezilda.—“A Renegade! (repeated Agobar, in a transport of rage)—yes indeed, a Renegade. And do you, in the wildness of your enthusiasm, hope to convert him? Know that I hate your religion, your God, your people, your country! Earth, Heaven, man, life—I abhor all!”—“Agobar, (replied the Princess, in a tone of serenity and sweetness) the first of the disciples, the chief of the Apostles, thrice denied his God, yet he was saved. You have imitated his faults, why not imitate his repentance?”—With these words, Ezilda raised the tapestry, and gliding along the dark gallery, speedily quitted the Renegade.

Refreshed by a few hours’ slumber, the sisters of St. Amalberge awoke. Goudair had returned; and perceiving the absence of Ezilda, he became alarmed for her safety. At length a distant light was seen glimmering in the gloomy alley leading to the castle occupied by the Saracens. “It is the Princess!” exclaimed Goudair, and the old bard hastened to meet her. Ezilda was followed by a young female richly habited and covered with jewels. After her interview with Agobar, the Princess had, without interruption, regained Zarela’s pavilion, and having, by her pious eloquence, turned the thoughts of the young Arab to her God, she inspired her with courage; and Zarela resolved to follow the sisters of St. Amalberge, and to retire, at least for a time, to a French monastery.

But the hour was approaching in which the promised escort was to arrive at the miraculous grotto. Goudair reminded Ezilda of the conversation he wished to hold with her; and withdrawing her from her companions, he warned her of the danger she would

incur at the camp of Charles Martel, who well knew the enmity which her ancestors had ever borne to the *Maires du Palais*, the usurpers of the sovereign power; and that the betrothed bride of Clodomir was entirely devoted to the legitimate dynasty. “Remain, (he exclaims) on this spot where a brilliant career is open to you. The inhabitants of Cevennes with horror see the Mussulmans invading their mountains. To enable them to shake off the hated yoke, they only want a leader.—Shew yourself, and——”—“How! exclaimed Ezilda) a weak woman!”—“There is no weakness in this world, (interrupted Goudair) except in those who abandon Heaven. A woman lost the world, and a virgin redeemed it! Ezilda, like another Deborah, may guide the people of God!”—The Princess stood for some moments lost in amazement. At length recovering herself—“Whither shall I proceed? (said she) Where shall I assemble my countrymen?”—“In our forests, among our rocks, (replied Goudair) protected by the inaccessible ramparts that nature here presents to us.”—At this moment a confused noise was heard without the grotto. The promised escort had arrived. The warrior who commanded the Mussulman troops, had alighted from his courser. He lowered his cimeter, and bending on one knee, humbly awaited the orders of the Princess. Ezilda recognized Alaor, and to his loyalty recommended the holy sisters of Amalberge.

“Lady, (said Goudair, addressing Ezilda) anticipating your noble resolution, I ventured to assure my unfortunate countrymen that their Princess would deliver them from the yoke of the conqueror; and they this evening expect you on the mountain of Carenal, not far from this cavern.”—“What do I hear, (exclaimed Ezilda) are our mountaineers already assembled?”—“They are dismayed at the very name of Agobar, (replied the bard) and they dare not openly raise the standard of rebellion. Many have even renounced the God of their fathers, and bound their brows with the odious turban; but remorse pursues them, and to expiate their crime they are ready to die like heroes.”—“I will follow you,” said Ezilda.

To be continued.

## SHIP OF WAR GETTING UNDER WEIGH.

(Blackwood's Mag.)

Then stick to't, my hearts, and be jolly, boys,  
 At the mercy of Fortune we go ;  
 We're in for't—then d—n me, what folly, boys,  
 To be down-hearted, you know !

THE first thing that saluted the ears of our hero in the morning, was the hollow boom of the Admiral's gun, which was almost immediately followed by the boatswain's piping, *all hands, a-hoy !*—then *Belay, belay !* and finally, *Up all hammocks, hoy !*—This command, as usual, opened the throats of all the midshipmen and other petty officers, who, severally running about the decks, exerted the strength of their lungs in bawling, in the roughest voice they could assume, 'D'ye hear there, sleepers ! up all hammocks !—Rouse up, men, turn out ! Out or down, lads, out or down !—A-hoy you fellow there, no rigging on deck !—come, jump ! or down you come ! Hilloah, matey ! who have we got here ?—Oh ! a sick man is it ? come this way a parcel of you, and remove this man of straw into midships out of the way. D—d lousy behaviour, indeed, to get sick now we're going to sea—shamming Abraham, I believe. Lash up there, lash up !—Move your fingers there, Master What-d'yecallum, a little smarter if you please ! Bear a hand, my lads, on deck with your hammocks, and get them stowed.—Come, cheerily my hearties, quick, quick !' These vociferations, accompanied now and then with a shake of not the most gentle description, had an excellent effect in putting the drowsy god to flight, and enforcing a prompt obedience to the order ; so that a very few minutes saw the lower deck cleared, and the hammocks all safe in the nettings.

This piece of intelligence was no sooner reported on deck, than the boatswain made the air ring again with, *All hands unmoor ship, hoy !* an order which was received with a shout of applause.—'Up there, gunners ! down there, tierers ! Pass round the messenger, my lads ! Carpenters, ship your bars !—Stopper the best bower forward, there !—Man the capstan !' were now

the orders of the first Lieutenant, echoed lustily by the before-mentioned gentlemen, with voices of all the variations of the gamut, from the squeaking counter tenor, to the deep-toned hardest bass. 'Are you stoppered there, forward ?' demanded the first Lieutenant.—'All ready, sir,' replied the boatswain.—'Unbit the cable, then.'—'Ay, ay sir,' was the answer.—'In the tier there ?'—'Sir.'—'Are you all ready, below there ?'—'In a moment, sir,' replied the Master, from the main hatchway, 'we're clearing away as fast as we can.'—'Bear a hand then, Stow-well ; for we're all waiting you, and the day wears apace.'—'Ay, ay, sir,' cried the Master ; 'I'll sing out the moment I'm ready.'—'Look about you smartly then,' replied the Lieutenant, smiling, 'for I care not how soon you begin your song.'—Then, coming aft to the capstan, he said, 'Now my lads, I expect to see you walk away with her with life and spirit. Not in the dead-and-alive way, mind me, you have been lately accustomed to see on board of a guard ship, but smart and bravely like the station you belong to. Come, serjeant, where's the fifer ?—Oh, ay, I see the fellow. Come this way, my lad ; stick your body up there, on the back of that carronade, and let's have something lively from you.'—'All ready in the tier, sir,' bawled the Master.—'Very well,' said the Lieutenant ;—'look out there, forward !—Go round—play up fifer,' and away they marched to the favourite air of the fleet, *Shove her up !* amid the cries of, 'Well behaved, my lads,—that's it, stick to her,—keep it up, fifer !—Surge, there, surge !—Pay down, my hearties, pay down !—Are you all asleep in the tier there ?—Cheerily, my hearts, and away she goes !—In the tier there, light out the small bower, will you ?' &c. &c., until the anchor was right under, which, after a few cheering and despe-

rate rallies, gave way, and was speedily at the bows. While a few of the fore-castle men were employed in lashing and securing the best bower for sea, the capstan was rapidly bringing in the loose cable of the small bower, so that in a very short time it was also right under foot. The first Lieutenant now busied himself in sending aloft the top gallant yards, reeving the royal and other fanciful rigging, then hoisted Blue Peter and fired a gun as before. The capstan bars having by this time been unshipped, and the messenger tockled up, he now ordered the decks to be cleared, and the captains of the tops to examine and see that all their running rigging was in a state fit for working, all which being duly performed, he ordered the signal-man to keep a sharp eye on the harbour for the Captain, and the breakfast to be piped.

All hands were busied in regaling themselves with their *skillogalee*,—a vile imitation of our Scottish porridge—when the boatswain's pipe announced the arrival of Captain Switchem; who, after seeing how matters stood, with an economy truly commendable, immediately descended to his cabin, to throw aside his holiday clothes and gewgaws—which, however stylish and becoming they may look on shore, are altogether unnecessary on ship-board, gala days excepted. His servant soon afterwards making his appearance, on his way to his master's cook, was interrogated repeatedly from the mess tables with the eager question of '*What's the news?*' and although the endearing appellations of, '*I say, my lad—my dear boy—my hearty—shipmate—old ship, &c. &c.*', were carefully prefixed to the demand, yet seemed he to think himself a person of too much importance even to deign a syllable of reply, or to regard his various interrogators with any other looks than those of the most cutting contempt, as he slowly and gravely paced forward to the galley. This ill-judged behaviour had the speedy effect of putting compliment to flight; and, on his return, such volleys of abuse saluted him from all quarters, that he was glad to quicken his pace, and seek shelter in his master's cabin. Nor was this his only pun-

ishment; for he had the mortification, not a minute afterwards, to be compelled to answer this important question, and to answer it moreover before those very people whom he had affected so much to despise. In his former hurry he had apparently either forgot something or had received some fresh orders to deliver to the cook; for the uproar his behaviour had excited was barely subsided, when he again made his appearance bending his course the same way as at first, but with a good deal of more activity. Unfortunately for his self-elevated importance, which was destined from that hour to be completely kicked from its stilts, he was met midway in his journey by the gunner, whom the noise had drawn from his cabin, and who, quite unceremoniously, laying hold of the lappel of his jacket, brought him to a full halt, with the old question, rubbed down to a familiar, "I say you, Master What's-your-name, bear a hand and tell us what's the news?" Such a question from an anchor button was not to be eluded; he therefore, making a merit of necessity, threw his ready carcase into one of its most finished congees, and, with a face all over smiles, readily replied, "Really, my good, sweet sir, my news is very trifling—vastly trifling indeed—Captain Switchem and I have been so hurried of late."—From this flowery commencement, however, he was suddenly warned to forbear, by observing in the gunner's countenance something of a squall beginning to be apparent, which he dreaded might be yet more obstreperous than the one he had already endured; making, therefore, a sudden eddy in his speech, he more modestly resumed, "But it can't be shore news a gemmen of your rank wants—certainly not. Excuse me, sir, but I've been in such a flurry all this morning, I certainly presumed—I crave pardon, I meant—I, I, understood you to say, as how you wished I to say, as to when we should sail."

'To be sure I did, Master Consequence,' growled the Gunner, highly displeased; 'you don't suppose I would ask *you* for any other news?'

"Certainly not, my dear Mr. Fireball—to be sure not," cried the still

smiling lackey, with a face reddening between shame and rage, at the power which thus rudely and publicly insulted him. "Well, sir, I heard Captain Switchem say to the pilot, in the Dock Yard there, just before he and I came off—You knows, says he, just when they parted, says he, 'Bear a hand, Master Tackabout,' says he, 'for I am quite impatient to be off,' says the Captain. Well, sir, the pilot he answered the Captain directly, and, says he, 'I shall merely take a morsel of breakfast, and be with you ere you know what you're about. Just get you all ready,' says the pilot, 'for I'll board you in an hour at farthest, and by that time it will be nearly flood;' and so, sir, with that Captain Switchem seemed satisfied, so the gig shoved off, sir—and, I believe, that's all, sir. But, my stars, the Captain will be so cross, and out of patience at my terrible absence! and me all his things to brush and put away!—I assure you, sir, I heard no more, sir;" and with another congee, more stylish than the first, away tripped the grinning domestic, followed by the eyes of the gunner, whose hard-featured, weather-beaten countenance, betokened something between good-humour and contempt.

'Hilloah, master,' cried his mate, with his large mouth stretched from ear to ear in the form of a grin, 'wan't you saying we would need a spare monkey's tail for the after carronade?'

'I was so, Jack,' replied the gunner, turning away; 'but don't you think a cat's one might serve the turn as well?'

'Nothing better, master,' rejoined the half-choked mate, 'provided you serve it out with a whacking doze of broomstick.'

The arrival of the pilot put an end to this merry conversation, as the boatswain immediately piped *All hands ahoy*, who had hardly time to scamper on deck, when the first Lieutenant bawled his speaking-trumpet the command to *loose sails*, which made the top-men spring to the rigging with redoubled alacrity. Our hero, in this out-set of business, found himself in no small dilemma, between a willingness to be useful, and an ignorance of all duty; he was, therefore, with a mot-

ley herd of landsmen and marines, alternately the follower of the boatswain's mate and the serjeant, who, bustling about the deck before them, put the necessary ropes in their hands.

'Fore-top there—main-top there!' bawled the first Lieutenant. 'Are you ready aloft?' which being answered in the affirmative, he immediately sung out, '*Let fall! sheet home!*' and away scampered the deck-bands, helter-skelter, with the sheets, until the blocks smacked together. 'Belay, belay, men!' cried the officer. 'Man the capstan! Jump cheerily, my lads. Look out there, forward! Down there, tierers! Are you ready below?'—'All ready, sir.'—'Yo, ho! where the devil has all our hands got to? Fore-top there! main-top there! Come down here, all of you! Master Ettercap and Master Pinafore, kick every soul of them out of the tops—a parcel of skulking lubbers!'—'Ay, ay, sir,' cried the young gentlemen; and the capstan was speedily crowded. 'Look out there, forward!' again bawled the first Lieutenant; 'Come, my lads, pluck up a spirit, and off she goes—play up sifer;' and round went the capstan to a good smart step, the men beating excellent time on the hollow sounding deck with their feet, amid the accumulated vociferations of officers of all ranks, who, with their potent command in presence, vied with each other in the notes of alternate encouragement and ridicule. The anchor was no sooner run up to the cat-head and fished, than the first Lieutenant gave, '*Man the jib and top-sail halliards—Hoist away.*' The yards ascended, and the jib ran up its stay gaily; top-gallant sails, royals, and sky-scrapers followed; and the Tottumfog thus gradually unfolding her white bosom to the breeze, was speedily under way, walking, like one of our far-famed Prince's Street toasts, steadily through the fleet, in all the glory of new canvass, fresh paint, moderate wind, and fair weather.

She was now pretty well through the fleet, when the Captain called out, 'Mr. Fireball—where is Mr. Fireball? Hark ye, youngster, jump and tell the gunner I want him directly!' The



midshipman ran, and the gunner in an instant stood before his commander. 'Mr. Fireball,' cried the Captain, from the top of the round-house, 'I hope you are all ready, for you see we are very near the proper distance.'—'All ready, sir,' answered the gunner, 'I have only to unship the ports and run the guns out, which I can do in a trice.' 'Take a number of hands, then, and do so directly,' said the Captain; 'you know the sooner it is done the better—since we may all expect to be busy again by and bye.—Zounds! pilot, is not the wind chopping about?'—'Yes, sir,' answered the pilot, surveying the compass; 'It has come round fully two points just now, and begins to blow fresh. In my opinion, sir, I think you had better douse your courses and small-sails—take a pull of the fore and main braces, and get a hand in the chains.'

'You hear what the pilot says, Mr. Fyke?' cried the Captain.

'Ay, ay, sir,' answered the first Lieutenant, raising his speaking trumpet, and springing forward. 'Man the fore and main clew-garnets—let go tacks and sheets—clew up!' And up went the courses to the yards, where they hung like drapery.

'Fore and main-tops there,' cried the first Lieutenant. 'Sir!' bellowed the tops.

"In royals and top-gallant-sails!" which, while executing, was next followed with a command for the captains of the tops 'to send a hand each aft to the chains.'—'Ay, ay, sir,' answered both captains, leaning over the top-sails.

'I'm all ready now, sir,' cried the gunner, advancing to the Captain.

'Ah! very good, Mr. Fireball,' replied the Captain, looking astern with his glass. 'Stand by then, and be on the alert, for I will give you the word directly; and hark ye, old boy, mind you commence with your lee guns, and measure your time well: I think that always the best plan, for it makes your weather ones tell a thousand times better.'

The gunner assenting, went forward.

'By the mark seven!' sung the men in the chains.—'Steady,' cried the pilot

to the quarter-master. 'And steady it is,' replied the man at the wheel.

'By the deep six!' sung the leadsmen again.

'Luff, boy, luff,' cried the pilot; and 'Luff it is, sir,' was the response.

'By the half-mark five!' again sung the leadsmen.

'Steady she goes, my lad—nothing off,' said the pilot, with the usual reply.

'By the deep four!' continued the leadsmen; and the pilot immediately cried to the Captain, 'Bout ship, if you please, sir,—luff a little, my dear boy, luff a very little!'

While this conversation was going on, the most perfect silence had been maintained—all hands being on the alert, and ready for duty. The first Lieutenant, therefore, once more raising his speaking-trumpet, now sung out—'*Helm alee!*' and the boatswain's pipe gave the usual trill, which was instantly followed by, '*Square the main-top-sail-yard—forecastle there—shift over the jib, and haul aft the jib-sheet—man the fore and main braces—haul off all!*' These orders were all executed in far less time than they can possibly be enumerated, and round went the Tottumfog on another tack.

She was running athwart the narrow channel of the Swin, with her broadside to the fleet, when the Captain gave the word 'Fire!' which was instantly obeyed, and all hands were immediately enveloped in the smoke of the salute, which the wind as speedily carried off to the Admiral. This piece of ceremony was immediately returned by the Admiral's ship, after one or two more tacks, the pilot declared his duty at an end; and after partaking of a slight refreshment, and receiving the necessary documents of the faithful discharge of his official duty, he wished Captain Switchem and all his officers a favourable cruise, jumped into his own boat, and took his leave; while the Tottumfog stood steadily to sea; and while also many a one on board, as the shore sunk in the horizon, said, with a certain poet yet alive—

"My native land, good night!"

## THE PAGE FAITHFUL TO DEATH.

**T**HE times of feudal power were very different from the present. There were then more violence and more generosity : life was less secure, and it was more richly illustrated ; female honour was more often violated, and it was more devotedly defended : desperate wrongs were committed through greed, and desperate enter-

prises were undertaken in magnanimous disinterestedness :—the lights of the picture were brighter, and its shades were darker than now : the world had then bolder features ; it wore a sterner and more imposing aspect, and the poets found themselves in their element amidst daily events.

Then shone not the sun of the age of gold,  
 Gladdening the rivers that calmly rolled ;  
 While love had no fear, and beauty no sigh,  
 And the wish and joy forever were nigh ;  
 When the mind free from care, as the hands from toil,  
 Lay shrunk and still, as the snake in its coil.  
 —'Twas the hurricane cloud, and the lightening gleam,  
 Darkening and kindling the torrent's stream ;  
 And the howl of the woods when the wind is high ;  
 And the terror of the birds at the eagle's cry ;  
 And the groan of the heart, by misery stricken ;  
 And the spring of the soul when dangers thicken ;  
 And the strength of passion when rigour denies ;  
 And the constancy which suffering tries ;  
 And lady's love, which to speak is fate ;  
 And a glance of the eye telling deadly hate ;  
 Then pride and power, and woe, and alarm,  
 Hung o'er the earth like a thunder storm,  
 Grand to behold though with peril fraught,  
 And rousing zeal, and summoning thought.

From these wild times do we take our story ; which is one of an affectionate heart, broken by love, gratitude and fidelity. These, indeed, are enough to break any heart that seeks to oppose them to the events of life : they 'give the malice of fortune too great a purchase over human nature—a purchase which no mortal strength can withstand.

Lewis, Duke of Liegnitz, was in his youth fond of travel ; and his desire being earnest to visit strange countries and become acquainted with foreign nations, no sooner was he his own master than he hastened to set forth. In the progress of his journies he touched at every part of Europe, and even went so far as the torrid Asia. This young nobleman was attacked,—whether through fatigue, heat, or contagion,—by a violent illness, which seized him at the tomb of Mahomet—that being a curiosity he had long coveted to see. During the violence of his malady he was faithfully and affectionately attended by Charles of Chila, his

chamberlain ; who, though an aged man, never failed, either in the night watch, or the day's duty. He was ever by his master's bed side, and soon had the happiness to see him recover from the effects of the struggle between death and life. But the true-hearted servant drew his own death from his lord's safety : he was smitten with the same disease, and received from the Duke attentions almost as assiduous and anxious as those he had bestowed : but they had not the same fortunate result. The Chamberlain died ; but before the breath left his body, he commended earnestly to his master's protection, his grandson, a tender boy, then far distant at school, whose father fell at the blockade of Cottbus, by the side of the Duke of Sagen ; and whose mother did not survive her husband more than half a year. The Duke bound himself to the dying man, by a solemn oath, to provide for the now destitute child—exclaiming “so may God grant my last hour to be as serene as thine !” “He is the last branch of

our race," uttered the Chamberlain, feebly, his voice being almost extinguished by death: "receive him from me as a solemn legacy: he is virtuous and affectionate, and will exercise towards you, and your family, the fidelity that has ever distinguished his ancestors." A few moments afterwards the Duke had to weep the loss of his most zealous friend, and devoted follower.

Duke Lewis, being smitten with melancholy, hastened back to Europe, for his travels no longer seemed to relish of pleasure. He made his entry on the domain amidst the rejoicings of his vassals,—and if the pride of rank and power swelled in his breast, as he heard their shouts, and saw their antic manifestations of delight, he felt the warmth of kindness towards these, his dependents, accompanying the swelling of his spirit—for sojourning amongst strangers and encountering hazards, had humanized his disposition; and long absence had hindered him from waxing, by usage, callous to the wretchedness and wrongs of his inferiors,—as the best natures of that time too commonly were.

Nor did he forget his promise to the dying Chamberlain: one of his courtiers was soon dispatched to fetch to his palace the young Chila, whom he

appointed to be one of his pages—Henry the grandson of Charles of Chila, was now seventeen; his shape tall and slender; his face fine and manly; his mind richly accomplished, and his manners trained to elegance by the graceful exercises of chivalry. He played on the lute, and accompanied its soft tones with a melodious voice. He became his master's favourite; the ornament of the ducal court; the most gallant of his princely retinue, when his lord pursued the wolf or the bear, or gave tournaments, at which the knights might distinguish themselves amongst their companions, and touch the hearts of their mistresses by gratifying their female pride.

It was about the Easter of the year 1412, that a messenger presented himself from the Emperor Sigismund, inviting Duke Lewis to repair to the imperial court; the sovereign having in view to bestow a signal mark of his favour on the Prince, his vassal. And precious indeed was the boon!—no less than the hand of the Emperor's niece, the princess Etha of Hungary, a beauty then shining in all the splendour of youthful charms. The minstrels used to sing in her praise the following ballad, which, in consequence, became fashionable at court.

Fair Etha's love will be hard to win  
By prince, lord, duke, or knight;  
For high is her soul, and royal her kin,  
And oh her beauty is bright!  
Yet surely her woman's heart doth beat—  
At least so tell her eyes—  
When warm and blushing, and smiling sweet,  
She gives the tournament prize.  
And who would not dare to break a lance,  
When Etha holds the meed?  
And who, to receive her tender glance,  
Would think it much to bleed?  
Yet Etha's love will be hard to win  
By prince, lord, duke, or knight;  
For high is her soul, and royal her kin,  
And oh her beauty is bright!  
Full many a youth, of proud degree,  
Her peerlessness proclaims;  
The mirror of grace and courtesy,  
She shines 'mongst high-born dames.  
Fair Etha's love will be hard to win  
By prince, lord, duke, or knight;  
For high is her soul, and royal her kin,  
And oh her beauty is bright!

Brilliant were the festivities at the marriage : but Henry, the Duke's Page, was more stricken with the charms of his new mistress, than by the grandeur of the imperial court. The lady soon behaved towards the graceful youth with that affectionate familiarity of which her lord set the example ;—and in so doing she gave a proof of the goodness of her disposition, and of her devotion to her husband :—but was it not the Page's misfortune to be so distinguished ?—Too surely it was ; for there grew up in his heart a violent passion, which he bitterly wept over in secret, and blushed for in public, dreading its discovery as the signal of his ignominy and utter ruin. Yet, in the midst of this agony of remorse, the hopelessness of his love was a torrent felt by him above all the rest ; and this he owned to himself and deplored, for thus he knew that the crime would be more tolerable to him if it were not bootless—a knowledge that made him accuse himself of ingratitude and treachery toward his excellent master. And, thus torn and worked upon in spirit, the consternation of the poor youth shewed itself visibly in his altered appearance, so that none could fail to perceive how heavy a load of secret grief was borne by this once gay and happy, now most miserable, Page.

The Duke and the Duchess were both incessant in their importunities to be told the cause of their favourite's melancholy. "Dost thou covet the well-trained falcon, which thou knowest so well to fly? Is it the swift charger, that bore thee so gallantly in the last tournament, that thou wouldst be master of?" To these kind inquiries, prompted by anxious affection, Henry gave no answer, but he seemed confounded and held his peace. "Have I lost thy confidence then?" said the Duke : "what hast thou to complain of in my friendship for thee? Have I not always shewn myself thy friend, rather than thy lord?"—"Ah, my dear, my gracious master," then exclaimed Henry—for he could hold no longer—"take my life—I have lived too long—but never while I live can I forget what I owe to your Grace : I am grateful, indeed I am—but miserable,

very miserable. Oh my lord, do not press me for the cause of my grief—but rather drive me from your presence ; recall your favours—yet leave me your compassion—I have much need of it."

The Duke was astonished at this, which he thought little short of frenzy ; and, consulting with his Duchess, they agreed to watch the young man narrowly, lest mischief might come of his strange infatuation.

One fine evening of the spring, the Page went out on the rampart of the castle,—and believing himself to be unobserved, he sat down beneath a lofty pine, while to his lute he sung the following stanzas :—

#### SONG.

Ye pines that wave on high,  
While echo wakes alone !  
To your deep shades I fly,  
To loose my bosom's groan.  
'Tis love consumes my peace ;  
Yet though it tears this breast,  
I would not it should cease,  
Nor would I it were blest.  
Ah no ! ah no ! ah no !

(*Echo*)—Ah no !

A sigh, a tear deny,  
Should I my passion speak !  
But when I silent die,  
Let gentle sorrow break  
From forth thy lips so pure,  
Dear mistress of my soul—  
For love will not endure  
That duty should controul.  
Ah no ! ah no ! ah no !

(*Echo*)—Ah no !

So sung the Page, accompanying the words very mournfully with his lute. Just as he had finished, and while he yet listened to the echo of the sad syllable which was a negative to all his happiness, he thought he heard light footsteps approaching ; and, turning round tremblingly, to his great surprise and alarm, he perceived the Duke and the Duchess standing close by him. Attracted by the mournful air, the princely couple had soon discovered who the musician was, and were pleased to think that their servant should continue to have pleasure in one at least of his former accomplishments—the practice of all the others having been laid aside by him since his unhappy alteration. Marking the words of the song, however, the Duke mused

over them; yet forbore to question his Page on the subject, recollecting how much disturbance had before been caused in his mind by inquiries of this nature. The noble lady uttered some gentle words to Henry, commending his voice, yet chiding his turn for solitude, and complaining that he should thus fly from friends to whose pleasures he might administer—while he gratified their kindness by his presence. “Are you, then, too proud to accept our praises?” said she with one of her sweetest smiles, that no mortal could regard without feeling his heart stirred within him—so exquisitely was goodness of soul there mingled with a free gaiety, the consciousness and pride of beauty, and a deep, native, passionate tenderness. Her’s was a smile in which all that is rich in woman’s nature was concentrated; and it burst forth, like a sudden ray of sunshine, to kindle up ecstasy, and smite high

and low with admiration. And it was thus she now smiled upon the Page,—only the common fascination of her expression was heightened by a touch of sorrowful sympathy, which hung floatingly in her eyes;—to Henry’s conception, it was as if the regard of divinity made itself visible in the brightness of the sky, giving a meaning of beneficence to its sparkling beauty. He could not bear the effect of this look: it shook him to the very depths of his nature: it brought the music he had just been playing, the song he had just been singing, back upon him, like an overpowering wave, dashing his energies to the earth. He hastily muttered some words of thanks, which ran together into one choaking sob,—and rushed from the presence of his noble protectors, to lock himself into his little chamber in the turret, where, during the whole night, he gave passionate utterance to his intolerable affliction.

#### LAMENT.

The hollows of yon mountains tempt mine eye,  
That seeks in vain to rest on what is near;  
I follow with my soul the birds that fly,  
But they are strong of wing, and disappear:  
I gaze upon the moon—but it is clear,  
And mocks the darkness of my misery.

I listen to the forest’s voice: it swells  
When the wind comes to wrestle with the pines;  
But this of nature’s strength and grandeur tells,  
And I am weak, and sick—my soul declines:  
How fair on Heaven’s face yon planet shines!  
While my life dims; its lustre grief dispels.

Why are the glory and the beauty now,—  
I saw upon the earth,—thus fled away?  
The spirit’s transport that lit up my brow  
When forth I sallied, in the face of day,  
Shining in arms, or clad for gallant play,—  
Why doth it droop, even as a broken bough?

’Tis past! the dream, the foolish dream is past!  
I waken to the night,—dark, cold, and lone:  
Suddenly waken’d, my poor heart, aghast,  
Would fain the black reality disown:  
The ray, that on my early fortunes shone,  
Hath wither’d then—as falling lightnings blast.

No sooner were the Duke and the Duchess left alone together, than the former said,—“the cause of this youth’s melancholy, I think, I have at last divined. He loves your cousin Agnes, who accompanied you here from the court of Sigismund:—her rank makes him deem his passion hopeless, and hence his sorrow.”

“Agnes would not be severe to him, I dare say,” replied the Duchess:—“if it be love that is the cause of your Page’s melancholy, then must we compliment his modesty at the expense of his penetration,—for he knows not the extent of his own power of pleasing, and the general regard in which he is held, if he allow himself to doubt of a

favourable return to his passion on the part of any lady of our court, who can in honour receive & reward his affection."

"Do you, then, sound your cousin on this matter," rejoined the Duke; "for my conjecture is right, as time will doubtless show."

The fair Agnes owned to her friend and mistress, what she had before confessed to her own heart,—that the beautiful youth was not to her an indifferent object; and she added, that, for some time past, she had suspected it was even as the Duchess surmised. It appeared to her, that she was regarded with inclination by the Duke's Page—though as yet he had not said a syllable of his passion—for she had observed, that his eyes were ever directed to the balcony where she usually sat with the Duchess,—and once he had been seen to press eagerly to his lips a handkerchief which she had just dropt from her hand, after taking it from the neck of her royal relation.

With this news delighted, and eager to declare them, the Duchess hastened to her husband; who forthwith ordered that his court should take a journey of pleasure to the baths of Warmbrunn, that were even then much celebrated; contriving at the same time, that the two lovers (as they were esteemed) should be left behind, thus giving them good opportunity of coming to an explanation. The Duchess, as she went to her palfrey, conducted by the ever-assiduous Henry, whispered in his ear: "Be of good heart, wait with patience till we return, and then you shall be happy." The Page was thunderstruck: her words thrilled thro' him: he could scarcely stand; and the gracious lady, seeing his extreme agitation, turned towards him her eyes, that beamed with infinite kindness, and reached him her hand to kiss. He fell on his knees, as he received the unlooked-for boon,—and when he returned to his chamber, after the Duchess's departure, he was almost convulsed by the force and variety of his feelings. Did he understand her aright? His duty to his lord,—could he forget it? Gratitude! Honour! Love! all these considerations worked in his mind with the fury of a volcano.

A message from his master and mistress gave him soon occasion to join them at the Baths. "Well, you have now recovered your gaiety, my distrustful Page," exclaimed the Duke with an arch smile, as he approached. The youth looked with consternation at the speaker:—"the gentle Agnes was not obdurate, I dare say—Approach, then, and thank your fair advocate here: the Duchess I mean: she it was did a good office for you with her lovely cousin!"

Henry felt despair circling his heart, and freezing it, with each word of this address. His resolution was instantly taken; and this enabled him to preserve his calmness. His cheek was pale, but it changed not: his eye remained steady, as he made a commonplace reply,—and the Duke and the Duchess congratulated themselves on the restoration of the Page's tranquillity.

The 18th of May was the birth-day of the Duchess: on that morning the rich cavalcade set off for the Castle of Kynast, meaning to celebrate the joyful festival by chivalrous sports. Henry rode by his mistress's carriage, on a beautiful horse, which she had given to him that day twelvemonth. Every one remarked the paleness of his countenance; but an unusual fire sparked in his eyes, and altogether he seemed to exult, rather than, as of late, to mourn. There was general satisfaction expressed at the happy change. The Page's steed seemed determined to show his master to the greatest possible advantage. He went snorting with courage; sometimes playing disdainfully with the earth, which he struck with short bounds; then rearing as if in fury; then springing forward as if maddened by restraint,—yet all the while proud of his rider's sway, and never for one instant escaping, or seeming to escape from the secret invisible power of his flexible practised hand. All eyes were fixed on the gallant youth, and above all those of the Duchess,—who that day seemed to herself to feel an interest in him of a more remarkable nature than what she had ever before experienced,—and which created something like an agitation in her heart for which she could not account. His pale face, his beaming eyes, rivetted her attention.

She could not take her looks from them; and once she uttered a short hasty cry of alarm, as the spirited charger appeared; to expose his rider to peril. The Page, on these occasions, bowed gracefully but seriously towards his mistress; and altogether he seemed like one who had suddenly acquired new and high privileges,—which he was incapable to abuse, but proud of possessing.

A sumptuous banquet was given to the Knights and retainers on the great lawn before the Castle; and, after this, Etha took her seat beneath a splendid canopy to witness the games. They were many and various, of an athletic kind: and in these the Page distinguished himself, as he was wont;—few could compete with him in agility or courage. The last trial of both now only remained: it had been ordered by the masters of the festival, that, to conclude the day's exercises, a prize of a golden chain should be awarded to him, who should dare to climb the warder's lofty tower—overlooking the precipice on which the Castle stood—by the projecting stones of the external wall—a difficult and perilous task, which it was thought few would attempt, and perhaps none perform. The conditions were, that the successful person (if any succeeded) when standing on the extreme parapet, should receive a goblet, filled with wine, from the warder's hand: that, thus elevated in the eyes of all, he should pronounce the name of his mistress; drink her health in the contents of the cup, and then, descending, receive the chain he had won, from the hands of the Duchess herself.

Many young cavaliers made the attempt,—but soon relinquished it. The danger and fatigue were too great. At last the trumpets announced that Henry of Chila was about to essay the enterprise. He was observed to look earnestly at the Duchess as he advanced to the foot of the rock. He was soon seen ascending; and, while the crowd held their breaths, under the influence of admiration and horror mingled, the adventurous youth gained the summit,—and stood erect and firm on the fearful height. The warder held out to him the bowl filled with wine; a shout

from below greeted his triumph; the utmost silence then prevailed, for all burned with curiosity to hear pronounced the name of her who had gained the heart of Henry of Chila. “He is about to utter the name of Agnes,” said the Duchess to one of her Ladies—and as she said this, she sighed. “He has done a dangerous feat for her,” she added.—Henry raised the cup in his right hand; the sun was setting,—its rays flashed upon him horizontally, kindling the fair locks that streamed about his face, disordered by the exercise of climbing. He stood like a divine messenger, about to communicate the will of heaven to mortals. The silence grew more fixed and deep. Not a breath was suffered to escape.

“*I drink,*” exclaimed he, with a loud voice,—“*to my Mistress, to her whom I love—to Etha, Duchess of Leignitz—wife of my most esteemed and honoured Muster, the Duke—whom I have ever served with fidelity—and to whom in the moment of death I declare my gratitude.*”

A piercing shriek was uttered by the Duchess, as she turned away her head—for too well she foresaw what was about to happen. The Duke sprung forward, exclaiming “*in the name of God! Hold!*” A loud cry of *Jesu Maria* was the next instant set up by the whole multitude,—and the body of the unfortunate Page lay mangled and lifeless on the stones beneath the Castle-wall!

Deep sobs, and stifled screams were heard to come from under the canopy; and a sad agitation and hurried moments prevailed there amongst the attendants. The Abbot of Lambus advanced towards the corpse, crossing his hands over his breast, and exclaiming in a trembling voice, “*TO HIS POOR SOUL MAY GOD HAVE MERCY!*” —“*To his poor soul may God have mercy,*” was solemnly ejaculated by the crowd with one voice; and the echoes in the mountains around were thrice heard to repeat the word “*mercy.*” The Duke ordered the remains of his Page to be collected for burial in the Ducal vault at Leignitz; and masses were celebrated at Warnbrunn for the soul of the departed.

## THE WALPOLE MANUSCRIPTS.

Continued.

## ADMIRAL BYNG'S TRIAL AND TRAGICAL FATE.

**B**UT to observe chronological order, we must return to 1756, in which year began that tragedy which is an indelible stain upon its actors—we mean the murder of Admiral Byng, of which Walpole gives most interesting details. For ourselves, we call it a murder, not simply because it does appear that no crime meriting death was committed, but because it is evident that the life of the unfortunate officer was never considered in any other light than as affecting place and party purposes. The question was not of guilt or innocence in the individual, but of faction and ambitious views in his ultimate judges. If he is shot, shall we be absolved? if he is not executed as a 'scape-goat, shall we be able to remain in power? seem to be the only questions which these wretches asked of their bosoms. Thank God! such a thing could not happen in Britain now: we have our national follies, and our national vices too, but nothing so atrocious as the catastrophe of Admiral Byng could be, were it (which is incredible) wished to be, acted. Walpole says,—

‘From Portsmouth, Byng, strictly guarded, at once to secure him from the mob and inflame their resentment, was transferred to Greenwich. His behaviour continued so cheerfully firm and unconcerned, that those who thought most moderately of his conduct, thought full as moderately of his understanding. Yet, if *he* could be allowed a judge, Lord Anson had, in the year 1755, given the strongest testimonial in Byng's favour, recommending him particularly for an essential service, as one whose head and heart would always answer.

Addresses poured in against Byng, for the loss of Minorca, to which Fowke's conduct had so much conduced.

But the strongest (says our authority) and most dictatorial was that presented from the City of London; to which the trembling ministers persuad-

ed the King to pledge his royal word that he would save no delinquent from justice. A promise that, being dictated by men secure of the parliament, plainly indicated on what class of criminals punishment was not designed to be inflicted. The Duke of Newcastle, indeed, could with more propriety than the rest engage the the King in a promise, seemingly indefinite, he, who with a volubility of timorous folly, when a deputation of the city had made representations to him against the admiral, blurted out, “Oh! indeed he shall be tried immediately, he shall be hanged directly.”

As the day approached for the execution of the admiral, symptoms of an extraordinary nature discovered themselves. Lord Hardwicke had forgot to make the clergy declare murder innocent, as the lawyers had been induced to find law in what no man else could find sense. Lord Anson himself, in midnight fits of weakness and wine, held forth at Arthur's on his anxiety to to have Mr. Byng spared; and even went so far as to break forth abruptly to Lord Halifax, the admiral's relation by marriage, “Good Good! my lord, what shall we do to save poor Mr. Byng?” The earl replied, “My lord, if you really mean it, no man can do so much towards it as yourself.” Keppel, a friend of Anson, and one of the judges, grew restless with remorse. Lest these aches of conscience should be contagious, the King was plied with antidotes. Papers were posted up with paltry rhymes, saying,

“Hang Byng,

Or take care of your King.”

Anonymous letters were sent to terrify him if he was pardoned; and, what could not be charged too on mob-libellists, he was threatened, that unless Mr. Byng was shot, the city would refuse to raise the money for Hanover.’

We have no hesitation in saying that we utterly discredit these libels on humanity; but as our ideas of Walpole's veracity will be adduced on other points, we shall hold them in abeyance



now, to conclude his account of the fate of Byng, after the debate in the Lords on that question, when the Members of the Court Martial (somehow or other) retracted their position in his favour, and left the victim to his sad lot.

Walpole continues—

‘The affair having concluded in this extraordinary manner, the friends of Mr. Byng could no longer expect any mercy. If he could be brought to the verge of death after such a sentence and such a recommendation from his judges; if the remorse of those judges could only interpose; undoubtedly their retracting all distress of conscience, and upholding their sentence in a firmer manner than when they first pronounced it, could neither give the King a new handle to pardon, nor any hopes to the admiral’s well wishers.

The 14th of March was appointed for execution. Yet one more unexpected event seemed to promise another interruption. The city of London had all along assumed that unamiable deportment of a free government, inconsiderate clamour for punishment. But as a mob is always the first engine of severity, so it is generally the foremost, often the sole body that melts and feels compassion when it is too late. Their favourite spectacle is a brave sufferer. This time they anticipated tenderness. On the 9th, at eleven at night, four Tory aldermen went to Dickinson, the lord mayor, to desire he would summon a common council, intending to promote a petition to the King to spare the admiral. The motion was imputed to Mr. Pitt. The magistrate, as unfeelingly formal as if he had been the first magistrate in the kingdom, replied, it was too late; he would be at home till noon of the next day. On the morrow they sent to him not to dismiss his officers—but he heard no more, though they continued squabbling among them-

selves till two in the morning. Thus the last chance was lost. Had the first midnight emotion been seized, it might have spread happily—at least the King could not have pleaded his promise of severity pledged to the city. I hesitate even to mention what I will not explain, as I cannot prove my suspicion: but I was eye-witness to a secret and particular conference between Dickinson and another man, who, I have but too much reason to think, had a black commission.

The fatal morning arrived, but was by no means met by the admiral with reluctance. The whole tenor of his behaviour had been cheerful, steady, dignified, and sensible. While he felt like a victim, he acted like a hero. Indeed he was the only man whom his enemies had had no power to bend to their purposes. He always received with indignation any proposal from his friends of practising an escape; an advantage he scorned to lend to clamour.

Of his fate he talked with indifference; and neither shunned to hear the requisite dispositions, nor affected parade in them. For the last fortnight he constantly declared that he would not suffer a handkerchief over his face, that it might be seen whether he betrayed the least symptom of fear; and when the minute arrived, adhered to his purpose. He took an easy leave of his friends, detained the officers not a moment, went directly to the deck, and placed himself in a chair with neither ceremony nor lightness. Some of the more humane officers represented to him, that his face being uncovered, might throw reluctance into the executioners; and besought him to suffer a handkerchief. He replied with the same unconcern, “If it will frighten *them*, let it be done: they would not frighten *me*.” His eyes were bound; they shot, and he fell at once.\*

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\* The following extracts from our author’s correspondence in MS. corroborates the account given in the text, and as it contains some further particulars, may be acceptable to the reader.

March 17, 1757,—“Admiral Byng’s tragedy was completed on Monday—a perfect tragedy—for there were variety of incidents, villainy, murder, and a hero. His sufferings, persecutions, aspersions, disturbances, nay, the revolutions of his fate, had not in the least unhooked his mind; his whole behaviour was natural and firm. A few days before, one of his friends standing by him, said, “Which of us is tallest?” He replied, “Why this

It has often been remarked, that whoever dies in public, dies well. Perhaps those, who, trembling most, maintain a dignity in their fate, are the bravest: resolution on reflection is real courage. It is less condemnable, than a melancholy vain-glory, when some men are ostentatious at their death.—But surely a man who can adjust the circumstances of his execution beforehand; who can say, “Thus I will do, and thus;” who can sustain the determined part, and throws in no unnecessary pomp, that man does not fear—can it be probable he ever did fear? I

say nothing of Mr. Byng’s duels; cowards have ventured life for reputation: I say nothing of his having been a warm persecutor of Admiral Matthews: cowards, like other guilty persons, are often severe against failings, which they hope to conceal in themselves, by condemning in others: it was the uniformity of Mr. Byng’s behaviour from the outset of his persecution to his catastrophe, from whence I conclude that he was aspersed as unjustly, as I am sure that he was devoted maliciously, and put to death contrary to all equity and precedent.\*”

### OBSERVATIONS ON VOCAL MUSIC.

BY DR. KITCHENER.

THE worthy Author of the present volume is one of the greatest benefactors to suffering humanity of which the present age can boast; for whilst the utmost results that mortal genius has hitherto been able to accomplish have been confined to the gratification of one, or at least two, of the *Senses*, Doctor Kitchener has contrived to minister to the delight of the whole five. The sight, touch, taste, smell, and hearing, of the present generation, have all been laid under incalculable obligations to the multifarious erudition of this illustrious “Secretary for the Home Department,” this Purveyor General of all sorts of food, aerial and substantial, to the innumerable family of the Senses.

In a word, the charter of our nature does not appear to have furnished us with the means of enjoying a single gratification, either solid or intellectual, to the improvement of which Dr. Kitchener’s *Precepts*, (peptic, gastronomic, olfactory, or musical,) will not be found in some degree to conduce. Are you short-sighted? He will forthwith hand you the third edition of his *Practical Observations on Telescopes, Opera Glasses, and Spectacles*. Does your *Taste* need any refinement? He will educate your palate, by reading you a gastronomic lecture from the fourth edition of his *Cook’s Oracle*; or lead you to *scent*, in all the luxuriousness of imagination, the delicious fumes of the

ceremony? I know what it means; let the man come and measure me for my coffin.” He said, that being acquitted of cowardice, and being persuaded on the coolest reflection, that he had acted for the best, and should act so again, he was not unwilling to suffer. He desired to be shot on the quarter-deck, not where common malefactors are:—came out at twelve—sat down in a chair, for he would not kneel, and refused to have his face covered, that his countenance might show whether he feared death; but being told that it might frighten his executioners, he submitted; gave the signal at once; received one shot through the head, another through the heart, and fell.”

† Many years after that tragedy was acted, I received a most authentic and shocking confirmation of the justice of my suspicions. October 21, 1783, being with her Royal Highness Princess Amelie at her villa at Gunnersbury, among many interesting anecdotes which I have set down in another place, she told me, that while admiral Byng’s affair was depending, the Duchess of Newcastle sent Lady Sophia Egerton to her the Princess, to beg her to be for the execution of Admiral Byng. They thought, added the Princess, that unless he was put to death, Lord Anson could not be at the head of the Admiralty. Indeed, continued the Princess, I was already for it, the officers would never have fought, if he had not been executed. I replied, that I thought his death most unjust, and the sentence a most absurd contradiction.

Lady Sophia Egerton was wife of a clergyman, afterwards Bishop of Durham. What a complication of horrors! women employed on a job of blood!

thousand and one savoury dishes he has taught us (with such exquisite science and ingenuity) to prepare. Finally, should the planet of discord sway in the ascendant with you, he can immediately still the stormy passions of your soul, by breathing forth strains of power

"To sooth the savage breast,  
To soften rocks, and bend the knotted oak."

In short, he will breathe into your "dull ear," in the twinkling of a gnat's eye, half a hundred *English Melodies*, from the original scores, and early printed copies—in his own library!

*Apropos of the Doctor's Observations on Vocal Music.*

This is a very pleasant and unassuming little volume, and contains directions not only likely to be useful to professional persons, but also to amateurs. The emphasis of music has long been neglected. Thus, in some of our much celebrated songs, we have the finest part of the melody dwelling upon some insignificant preposition or conjunction of the least possible importance in the line. All these are deservedly deprecated in the volume before us. This subject has, however, been discussed at large, both by Sheridan and Walker.

The advice to professional singers is here repeated from a former work of Dr. Kitchener's. The remarks are valuable; but we cannot approve of these eternal quotations from his own books. It is unworthy a man capable, as our author is, of saying something fresh and smart whenever occasion may require.

Dr. Kitchener is averse to the modern style of embellishing songs. He prefers, and with good reason, the omission of the fantastical *apogiatura*.

"The *chef-d'œuvre* of difficulty (says he,) is a plain English Ballad, which is, 'when unadorned, adorned the most;' and indeed will hardly admit of any ornament beyond an *apogiatura*: this style of song is less understood than any; and though apparently, from its simplicity, very easy—yet to warble a ballad with graceful expression, requires quite as much real judgment, and attentive consideration of every note and every syllable, as it does to

execute the most difficult *Bravura*—the former is an appeal to the heart—the latter merely plays about the ear, and seldom excites any sensation beyond.

"Who would not rather hear Miss Stephens sing an old ballad than any bravura?—although her beautiful voice is equally calculated to give every effect to the most florid song.

"The general admiration pretended to be given to Italian music is a despicable piece of affectation—yet vanity prevails so much over the very sense of pleasure, that the Italian Opera is more frequented by people of rank than any other public diversion, who, to avoid the imputation of want of taste, submit to some hours of painful attendance on it every week, and talk of it in raptures which their hearts never felt.

"Dr. Burney says, 'an elegant and graceful melody, exquisitely sung by a fine voice, is sure to engage attention, and to create delight, without instrumental assistance. In a solo, performed by a great master, *the less the accompaniment is heard the better*. Hence it should seem as if the harmony of accumulated vocal parts, or the tumult of instrumental, was no more than succedaneum to a mellifluous voice, or single instrument of the first class.'

"Pathos, or expression, says Dr. Beattie, 'is the chief excellence of music. Without this, it may amuse the ear, it may give a little exercise to the mind of the hearer, it may for a moment withdraw our attention from the anxieties of life, it may shew the performer's dexterity, the skill of the composer, and the merit of the instruments, and in all or any of these ways it may afford a slight pleasure, but without engaging the affections it can never yield that permanent, useful, and heartfelt satisfaction—which legislatures, civil, military, and ecclesiastical, have expected from it.'

"The finest compositions frequently fail of producing half the impression they are capable of making on the mind, from being sung with an injudicious emphasis, or a false accent—which is *very easily caught, and is extremely difficult to cure*.

"To guard against this frequent fault, a singer must endeavour to find a judicious friend, who can and will set him right when he misses the poetical accent; which is the sin that doth most easily beset an ear of high musical susceptibility.

"*Tosi* very judiciously says, 'The correction of friends that have knowledge instructs very much; but still greater advantage may be gained from the ill-natured critics; for the more intent they are to discover defects, the greater benefit may be received from them, and without any obligation.'

"He should be provided with different sets of graces and cadences, &c. for each air, so that when *encored* he may not continually repeat the same like a barrel organ:—to avoid this most effectually, if he is ambitious of attaining the highest rank in his profession, he should be provided with at least two or three musical admirers; defects not observed by one, another may easily correct for you.

"A most accomplished and agreeable songstress, who was universally allowed to sing with more good taste and good sense than any of her contemporaries, assured one of my friends that she owed the uniform excellence of her performance to an honest old German violoncello player, who had discrimination to hear when she deviated from her usual pure style (which first-rate artists sometimes do), and candour and kindness enough to tell her his real opinion. Before she sung she rehearsed before her old friend, and begged him to point out every thing he thought might be mended, which he commonly did in these words, 'Pray,

madame, do dat passage ofer akain, and ting [think] all de dime you zing.'

"Jonathan Battishill, who had considerable practice as a singing-master, used to say he had quite as much trouble in unlearning his pupils what they did wrong, as teaching them how to do right. The following anecdote I was favoured with by a pupil of his: Battishill, who was an excellent mimic, after he had given him a few lessons, and endeavoured to correct some habits of his pupil which he did not like, addressed him thus: 'Are you a good-tempered fellow? will you forgive me if I take you off? I know of no other way of shewing you the absurd tricks you play, than by imitating them.' The gentleman who related the above (*verbatim*) to me, assured me, that he believed that Battishill 'taught him more by this pleasantry than he should have learned from half a year's lecturing.'

"Even the strains of our sublime Handel, and our Orpheus Britannicus, Purcell, however delightful to the ear, produce little effect on the mind when sung as they commonly are—

'Lêt the bright seraphims in burning row  
Their loud uplifted angel trumpets blow.'

without altering the harmony or melody; but by accenting the poetry,

'Lêt the brig'ht seraphims in būrning rōw,  
Their lōud uplifted angel trumpets blow'

the expression of this noble song, to those who think as well as hear, will be infinitely improved. 'He shall feed his flock,' and 'He wās despised,' are examples of equally false emphasis. 'Fairēst Isle,' is one of Purcell's extraordinary mistakes."

## THE PERCY ANECDOTES.

NO. 20—27.

### LOVE OF COUNTRY.

**P**ATRIOTISM, or the love of country, is so general, that no spot, even were it a desert, but is remembered with pleasure, provided it is our own. The Cretans called it by a name which indicated a mother's love for her children. The Ethiopian imagines that God made his sands and deserts, while

angels only were employed in forming the rest of the globe. The Arabian tribe of Ouadelin conceive that the sun, moon, and stars, rise only for them. The Maltese, insulated on a rock, distinguish their island by the appellation of "The Flower of the World;" and the Caribbees esteem their country a Paradise, and themselves alone men.

The Abbé de Lille relates of an Indian, who, amid the splendour of Paris, beholding a banana tree in the Jardin des Plantes, bathed it with his tears, and for a moment seemed to be transported to his own land. And when an European advised some American Indians to emigrate to another district, "What," said they, "shall we say to the bones of our fathers! arise, and follow us to a foreign country."

Bosman relates, that the negroes of the gold coast of Africa are so desirous of being buried in their own country, that if a man die at some distance from it, and his friends are not able to take his entire body to his native spot, they cut off his head, one arm, and one leg; cleanse them, boil them, and then carry them to the desired spot, where they inter them with great solemnity. And the Javanese have such an affection for the place of their nativity, that no advantages can induce the agricultural tribes, in particular, to quit the tombs of their fathers.

The Norwegians, proud of their barren summits, inscribe upon their rix dollars, "spirit, loyalty, valour, and whatever is honourable, let the world learn among the rocks of Norway."

#### THE STATES GENERAL OF FORMER TIMES.

When Philip the Third, King of Spain, sent his ambassador to treat with the states of Holland about their independence, he was shown into an anti-chamber, where he waited to see the members of the states pass by. He staid for some time, and seeing none but a parcel of plain dressed men with bundles in their hands (which, as many came from distant provinces, contained their linen and provisions,) he turned to his interpreter, and asked him when the states would come? The man replied, that those were the members whom he saw go by. The envoy, on this, wrote to the commanders-in-chief of the Spanish army to advise the king, his master, to make peace as soon as possible. In his letter was this remarkable passage: "I expected to have seen in the states a splendid appearance; but instead of that, I saw only a parcel of plain dressed men, with sensible faces, who came into council

with their provisions in their hands. Their parsimony will ruin the king, my master, in the course of the war, if it be continued, for there is no contending with people, whose nobles can live upon a shilling a day, and will do every thing for the service of the country." The king, struck with this account, agreed to treat with them as an independent state, and to put an end to the war.

#### VASCO DE GAMA.

The discovery of India, to which such great advances had been made by Prince Henry of Portugal, was, thirty-four years after his death, accomplished through the heroic intrepidity of the illustrious Vasco de Gama.

The voyage of Gama has been called merely a coasting one, and therefore much less dangerous and heroical than that of Columbus or Magellan. But this, it is presumed, is an opinion hastily taken up, and founded on ignorance. Columbus and Magellan undertook to navigate unknown oceans, and so did Gama, who stood out to sea for upwards of three months tempestuous weather, in order to double the Cape of Good Hope, hitherto deemed impassable. The tempests which afflicted Columbus and Magellan, are described by their different historians as far less tremendous than those which attacked Gama. The poet of the Seasons, in depicting a tempest at sea, selects that encountered by Gama, as an example of all that is most terrific in this conflict of elements.

"With such mad seas, the daring Gama fought,  
For many a day, and many a dreadful night;  
Incessant labouring round the stormy Cape,  
By bold ambition led."

From every circumstance, it is evident that Gama had determined not to return unless he discovered India.—Nothing less than such a resolution to perish, or attain his point, could have led him on. It was this resolution which inspired him, when, on the general mutiny of his crew, he put the chief conspirators and all the pilots in irons; while he himself, with his faithful brother, Coello, and a few others, stood night and day to the helm, until they doubled the Cape, and beheld the road to India before them. It was this

which made him still persevere, when he fell into the strong current of Ethiopia, that drove him for a time he knew not whither, How different the conduct of Columbus! When steering southward in search of a continent, he met great currents, which he imagined were the rising of the sea, towards the canopy of heaven; which, for aught he knew, say the authors of the Universal History, he might touch towards the South; he therefore turned his course, and steered to the west; from which, after all, he returned without being certain whether the land he discovered at the mouth of the Oroonoko, was an island or a continent.

#### A GREEK ADVENTURE.

The only Greek ship that ever touched at an American port, arrived there in 1811; she was called the Jerusalem, and had a cargo of wines; in entering the port of Boston, she ran aground, and sustained so much damage, that it took some months to repair her. The captain, having in vain endeavoured to sell his cargo, proceeded to the Havana, where he was not more successful. He then returned to Boston, and having become involved in law suits with artful and designing men, his ship was seized, his cargo sold at one half of the value, and himself reduced to such distress, that he was obliged to beg for subsistence, until a subscription was opened to defray the expense of his return to his own country. All his crew died in prison.

#### ANGLO-INDIAN MERCHANT.

At Hyderabad, in the East-Indies, there resides a famous English merchant, who holds a singular sort of darbar every morning, at which you may see shroffs and merchants, officers and nobles, coming to beg, borrow, lend, or transact business; all which is done according to the native customs. These Mr. P. observes in every thing connected with his establishment; even when alone, to the sitting on the floor to a dinner served in their fashion; reading the Arabian Nights with his Moorish wives; presiding at nautches, and listening with pleasure to the musical sounds of the native tom-tom.

He is a man of uncommon talent

and great information; very popular, both with the natives and the British, for his liberality, ready and obliging politeness, and unbounded hospitality to all. The choice of an eastern mode of life is with him not altogether unnatural. He was born of a native mother, a female of Delhi, of good descent. He was sent to England when a boy for education; returned early to this country, and long commanded a large body of horse in the Deccan, under native chiefs.

#### FRENCH REFUGEES.

No event, either in ancient or modern times, ever created so many exiles as the French revolution; notwithstanding the difficulty which often occurred of escaping from the merciless fangs of the guillotine, by which so many thousands were immolated in the sacred name of liberty. The following numerical estimate of the emigration from France, between the 14th of July, 1789, and the 6th of November, 1790, was published at Paris, by order of the Directory. The total number was 124,000, including

- 9000 Women of the nobility.
- 16,920 Noblemen.
- 28,000 Priests.
- 404 Belonging to the parliament.
- 8492 Nobles in the military line.
- 9933 Landed proprietors.
- 2867 Lawyers.
- 230 Bankers.
- 7801 Merchants.
- 324 Attorneys (*notaires*).
- 528 Physicians.
- 540 Surgeons.
- 3268 Farmers.
- 2000 Nobles in the naval service.
- 22,729 Artisans.
- 2800 Servants.
- 3000 Wives of artisans.
- 3033 Children of both sexes.
- 4428 Nuns (*religieuses*).

England, notwithstanding the long-cherished national enmity, was the first, last, and best asylum of the French emigrants, who were not only received and treated with the utmost individual hospitality, but had also the most munificent support from the British government; a support which was never for a moment withheld, from the commencement of the revolution, until after

the restoration of the Bourbons. The following sums granted, during a period of eight years only, by parliament, for the relief the suffering clergy and laity of France, are a proud monument of national liberality.

In 1795 . . .	£136,959
1796 . . .	269,440
1797 . . .	379,000
1798 . . .	12,627
1799 . . .	233,574
1800 . . .	302,798
1801 . . .	277,772
1802 . . .	173,535

It appears from the registers of the alien office, that on the 28th of February, 1800, the number of French emigrants residing in Great Britain, was 9774. Of these, 5621 were clergy, and 4153 laity, including 530 domestic servants.

“GEORGE BARNWELL.”

Lillo's tragedy of “George Barnwell,” which is a great favourite at the country theatres, and usually performed once during the holidays, every season, at Covent Garden and Drury Lane, was so popular when first produced at the latter theatre, that it was performed twenty nights in succession to crowded houses; and Caroline, Queen to George the Second, sent to the theatre for the manuscript, in order that she might peruse it.

This tragedy has generally been considered as an useful admonition to youth; and on one occasion at least, is said to have been the means of rescuing a young man from perdition. This was during the Christmas holidays, in 1752, when Mr. Ross played George Barnwell, and Mrs. Pritchard, Millwood. A few nights afterwards, Dr. Barrowby, the physician to St. Bartholomew's Hospital was sent for by a young gentleman in Great St. Helen's, who was apprenticed to a very eminent merchant. He found him very ill, and, as he suspected, of a complaint beyond the reach of medicine. The nurse told him, that he sighed at times so very heavily, that she was sure something lay heavy on his mind.—The doctor requested to be alone with the patient, when after much solicitation, he prevailed on the youth to unbosom himself. He said he was the

second son of a gentleman of fortune in Hertfordshire; that he had formed an improper acquaintance with a female, which had caused him to embezzle and expend money belonging to his employer, to the amount of £200. Two nights before the doctor saw him, he had seen Mr. Ross and Mrs. Pritchard play in *George Barnwell*, and was so forcibly struck with the coincidence between his own case and that of Barnwell, that he had not enjoyed a moment's peace since, and wished to die, that he might avoid the shame which he saw hanging over him. The doctor offered to intercede with the father of the young man for the money, and assured him that if he failed in getting it by that means, that he would furnish it himself. The father, who had been sent for, soon arrived. The doctor took him into a private room, and after explaining the whole case of the son's illness, entreated him to save the honour of his family, and the life of his son. The father instantly went to his banker for the money, while the doctor returned to his patient, and informed him that every thing would be arranged to his satisfaction, as his father would soon return with peace and forgiveness, and never mention or even think of the subject again.

The youth, relieved from the load with which his mind was oppressed, soon recovered, and afterwards became a very eminent merchant. Mr. Ross, the performer who had been so instrumental in saving this young man, and who relates the circumstance, says, he never knew either the gentleman or his name, but that for nine or ten years afterwards he always received on his benefit a sealed note, inclosing ten guineas, with these words:—“A tribute of gratitude from one who was highly obliged, and saved from ruin, by seeing Mr. Ross's performance of *Barnwell*.”

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SIR,—You lately inserted in the *Literary Gazette* the declaration of war issued by a Turkish Sultan against the Emperor of Germany; as a counterpart to it, I send you the following.

Before the expedition of the Turks against the island of Candia, in 1645,

the Sultan Ibrahim addressed to all the Pachas and Beys of his empire the following Firman, which is distinguished from others by the lofty titles of the author, and by its poetical conclusion.

"Sultan Ibrahim, Son of the Most Mighty Emperor that ever reigned; Cousin of the Almighty G—; King of the Turks in Greece, in Samaria, Damascus, Phrygia, in Great and Little Egypt, Alexandria, Armenia and Arabia; King of the Kings of the whole world; who dwells in the holy capital of Paradise; Lord of all Asia, Africa, and Armenia, and of the greatest part of Europe; Prince of Jericho, Guardian of the grave of the Prophet of God, and of his works; the great Light of the world from the rising to the setting of the sun; Lord of the Lords, and Prince of the Princes of this world; the Terror and Destruction of the Christians, the hope of the Osmands and the Circumcised; the incomparable Treasure, the Holy and Venerable."—[He was perhaps the most debauched prince that ever sat on a throne. The rape of the Mufti's daughter, whom he sent back to her father with ignominy a few days afterwards, cost him his throne and life, in 1649.]

"The Sultan Amurat of immortal memory, Grand Signior of the Turks, Our predecessor and beloved brother, had long formed the plan to take from the Christians the little island of Malta, and to destroy their galleys; but when he was on the point of executing he died, and left it to Us to accomplish; We therefore intend now to begin; especially as the Christian galleys, regardless of Our fury, have taken the ship which had on board Our Sultana Zafine and the Kislal Aga, which last fell in the battle with the infidels. We therefore enjoin and command all our Pachas and Beys to come with their ships to Constantinople to join Our Imperial fleet, for We are resolved that this year shall be the terror, not only of all Christendom, but of the whole world, and that by the great number of Our ships and galleys, and by the dreadful roar of Our cannon, the sun, the moon, and the stars shall tremble, the fish shall hide themselves in the

profoundest depths of the ocean, the beasts of the earth shall quake, and the trees of the forest be rooted up, to shew Christendom, by this vast power, how We revenge the loss of our Sultana and Our Kislal Aga—Given in Our city," &c.

#### LEARNED APOTHECARY.

In an Act of Parliament made in 1815, entitled "An Act for the better regulating the practice of Apothecaries," there is a very salutary clause, which enacts, "that from and after the first day of August, 1815, it shall not be lawful for any person (except persons already in practice as such) to practice as an apothecary in any part of England or Wales, unless he or they shall have been examined by the Court of Examiners of the Apothecaries Company, and shall have received a certificate as such."

The first conviction under this Act took place at the Staffordshire Lent Assizes of 1819, before Sir William Garrow, when the Apothecaries Company brought an action against a man of the name of Warburton, for having practised as an apothecary without being duly qualified. The defendant it appeared was the son of a man, who in the early part of his life had been a gardener, but afterwards set up as a cow leech. The facts were stated by Mr. Dauncey for the prosecution, and supported by evidence.

Mr. Jervis, for the defence, called the father of the defendant, Arnold Warburton, to prove that he had practised as an apothecary before the passing of the Act.

*Cross-examined by Mr. Dauncey.*

*Mr. Dauncey.* Mr. Warburton, have you always been a surgeon?

Witness appealed to the Judge whether this was a *proper answer*.

*The Judge.* I have not heard any answer. Mr. Dauncey has put a question.

*Witness.* Must I answer it?

*Judge.* Yes: why do you object?

*Witness.* I don't think it a *proper answer*.

*Judge.* I presume you mean question, and I differ from you in opinion.

The witness not answering, Mr. Dauncey repeated—Have you always been a surgeon?



*Witness.* I am a *surgent*.

*Dauncey.* Can you spell the word you have mentioned?

*Witness.* My lord, is that a fair answer?

*Judge.* I think it a fair question.

*Witness.* "S y u r g u n t."

*Mr. Dauncey.* I am unfortunately hard of hearing; have the goodness to repeat what you have said, sir.

*Witness.* "S u r g e n d."

*Mr. Dauncey.* S—, what did you say next to S, sir?

*Witness.* "S y u r g u n d."

*Mr. Dauncey.* Very well, sir, I am perfectly satisfied.

*Judge.* As I take down the word *sur*—, please to favour me with it once more.

*Witness.* "S u r g u n t."

*Judge.* How, sir?

*Witness.* "S e r g u n d."

*Judge.* Very well.

*Mr. Dauncey.* Sir, have you always been what you say? that word, I mean, which you have just spelt? (A long pause.)

*Mr. Dauncey.* I am afraid, sir, you do not often take so much time to study the cases which come before you, as you do to answer my question.—"I do not, sir." "Well, sir, will you please to answer it?" (A long pause, but no reply.—) "Well, what were you originally, *Doctor Warburton*?"

*Witness.* "S y u r g e n d." "When you first took to business, what was that business? Were you a gardener, *Dr. Warburton*?"—"S u r g e n t."—"I do not ask you to spell that word again; but before you were of that profession, what were you?"—"S e r g u n t."

*Mr. Dauncey.* My lord, I fear I have thrown a *spell* over this poor man, which I fear he cannot get rid of.

*Judge.* Attend, witness; you are now to answer the questions put to you. You need not spell that word any more.

*Mr. Dauncey.* When was you a gardener?

*Witness.* I never was. The witness then stated, that he never employed himself in gardening; he first was a farmer,—his father was a farmer. He (witness) ceased to be a farmer fifteen or sixteen years ago; he ceased because he had then learnt that business

which he now is. "Who did you learn it of?"—"Is that a proper question, my lord?" "I see no objection to it."—"Then I will answer it; I learnt of *Dr. Hulme*, my brother-in-law; he practised the same as the *Whitworth Doctors*, & they were regular physicians.

*Mr. Dauncey.* Where did they take their degrees?

*Witness.* I don't believe they ever took a degree.—"Then were they regular physicians?"—"No! I believe they were not, they were only doctors."—"Only doctors! were they doctors in law, physic, or divinity?"—"They doctored cows, and other things, and humans as well!" "Doubtless, *as well*: and you, I doubt not, have doctored brute animals *as well* as human creatures?"—"I have."

*Judge to Witness.* "Did you ever make up any medicine by the prescription of a physician?"—"I never did." "Do you understand the characters they use for ounces, scruples, and drachms?" "I do not." "Then you cannot make up their prescriptions from reading them?"—"I cannot, but I can make up as good medicines in my way, as they can in theirs." "What proportion does an ounce bear to a pound?"—[A pause]—"There are 16 ounces to the pound, but we do not go by any regular weight, we mix ours by the hand." "Do you bleed?"—"Yes." "With a fleam or with a lancet?"—"With a lancet." "Do you bleed from the vein or from the artery?"—"From the vein." "There is an artery somewhere about the temples, what is the name of that artery?"—"I do not pretend to have so much learning as some have." "Can you tell me the name of that artery?"—"I do not know which you mean." "Suppose, then, I was to direct you to bleed my servant or my horse (which God forbid) in a vein, say for instance in the jugular vein, where should you bleed him?"—"In the neck, to be sure."

*Judge.* I would take every thing as favourably for the young man as I properly can; but here we have ignorance greater perhaps than ever appeared in a court before, as the only medium of education which this defendant can possibly have received in his profession.

Several other witnesses were examined for the defence.

*Baron Garrow*, in summing up, observed, that this was a question of considerable consequence to the defendant in the cause, on whose future prospects it must have considerable influence; and it was of the last importance to the public. The learned Judge commented strongly on the ignorance of the defendant's father, a man more ignorant than they had ever before heard examined in any court. Was this man qualified for professing any science, particularly one in which the health and even the lives of the public were involved? Yet through such an impure medium alone had the defendant received his knowledge of the profession. There was not the least proof of the defendant having for a single minute been in a situation to receive instruction from any one really acting as an apothecary. If the jury thought that the defendant had acted *as an apothecary* before the time mentioned in the Act, they would find a verdict for him; but otherwise, they would find for the plaintiffs in one penalty. The jury almost instantly returned a verdict for the plaintiffs.

#### THE FIRST MAN STEALER.

John de Castilla has the infamy of standing first on the list of those whose villanies have disgraced the spirit of commerce, and afforded the loudest complaints against the progress of navigation. Having made a voyage to the Canaries in 1447, he was dissatisfied with the value of the cargo he procured; and by way of indemnification, ungratefully seized twenty of the natives of Gomera, who had assisted him, and brought them as slaves to Portugal. Prince Henry, however resented this outrage; and after giving the captives some valuable presents of clothes, restored them to freedom and their native country.

#### A REAL BEGGAR'S OPERA.

At the suburb Opera House at Vienna, called *Schauspielhause*, Mr. Dibdin witnessed a ballet called *Die Berggeist*, and which he describes in his *Bibliographical Tour*. It was performed entirely by children of all ages from three to sixteen, with the excep-

tion of a venerable bearded old gentleman, who was called the genius of the mountain. All the children employed in the ballet (nearly one hundred and twenty in number,) were either beggar children and the offspring of beggars, or of the lowest classes of society, and earned their livelihoods by asking alms. Mr. Horschelt, the author of the drama, conceived the plan of converting these hapless vagabonds into members of some honest and useful calling. An active little match girl, who had solicited alms in a winning and graceful manner, was converted into Columbine. A young lad of a sturdy form became Clown; and a slim youth was made to personate Harlequin; and thus he moulded and formed the different characters of his entertainment, absolutely and exclusively out of the very lowest orders of society.

The effect of this ballet was very striking; and on the conclusion of the piece, the stage was entirely filled with the hundred and twenty juvenile performers, divided into classes, according to size, dress, and talent. After a succession of rapid evolutions, the whole group moved gently to the sound of soft music, while masses of purple-tinted clouds descended around them. Some of them were received into the clouds, which were then lifted up, when they displayed groups of the smallest children upon their very summits, united by wreaths of roses; while the larger children remained below. The entire front of the stage, up to the very top, was occupied by a most extraordinary and imposing sight; and as the clouds carried the whole of the children upwards, the curtain fell, and the piece concluded.

#### LITERARY NEWS.

Travels multiply so fast, and are also so expensive, that it has been determined to compress the really valuable substance of the best Modern Travels in all parts of the World, into a single volume in duodecimo. under the title of the *Universal Traveller*. To add further to the intrinsic interest of the work, it will be enriched with 100 engravings of the principal objects which arrest the attention of travellers, and excite the curiosity of readers.

# SPIRIT

OF THE

## ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

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BOSTON, JULY 15, 1822.

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### Travels

IN GREECE, TURKEY, AND THE HOLY LAND.

*Concluded.*

**T**HE church of the Holy Sepulchre has been described in so exact a manner, that I shall forbear a repetition of what has been so often said respecting it: the plan of the edifice is so irregular, that it requires a considerable time to come at the distribution of the parts. The dome of the circular church in the middle of which the chapel of the Sepulchre is placed, was burned on the twelfth of October, 1807, and was rebuilt six months after, conformably to the plans of a Greek architect of Constantinople, named Coméano Calfa. The Latins ascribe this accident to the Armenians and Greeks, without whose riches, however, the restoration could not have been made. Accordingly, the Greeks find in the rebuilding, a pretext for excluding the Latin Catholics from the Holy Sepulchre.

The cupola, built of stone cemented with stucco, and open like that of the Pantheon at Rome, is supported by six pilasters, each separated by an arcade, which forms a circular gallery, divided between the different communions admitted into this basilick.

The Holy Sepulchre is a low marble altar, seven feet in length, and two and a half in breadth, enclosed in a small square chapel built of marble, lighted by rich and magnificent lamps, and entirely covered by hangings of velvet. A painting within, above the

sacred stone, represents the triumph of Jesus Christ over death. It is impossible not to feel a profound emotion, not to be impressed with a religious awe, on seeing this humble tomb, the possession of which has given rise to more disputes than that of the finest earthly thrones; of this tomb the power of which has survived empires, which has been so often bedewed with tears of repentance and of hope, and from above which the most ardent supplications daily ascend to heaven. In this mysterious tabernacle, before this altar of perfumes, to which our attention has been directed from our earliest infancy, we feel an irresistible influence—an overpowering delight. This is the land promised by the prophets, and guarded by angels, to which the tiara of Constantine, and the brilliant helmet of Tancred did homage. Lastly, it would seem that the regards of the Eternal are more specially fixed on this monument, the sacred pledge of the pardon and redemption of man.

I quitted the chapel, and spent an hour in visiting the different stations, which the Italian monks who accompanied me explained. By several lateral naves, beneath lofty vaults supported by columns of an order of architecture unknown to me, we proceeded, sometimes amid the glare of thousands of lamps, and at others feebly aided by the uncertain light let in by small glaz-

ed windows. "Here," said my conductors, "Christ was scourged ; here," proceeding onward, "his head was invested with the crown of thorns ;" and, still farther, "here lots were drawn for his garments." Having ascended by a flight of steps winding spirally round an enormous pillar, we entered another church, on the pavement of which they imprinted kisses : it was Golgotha. A monk who was still busied in reciting his prayers, pointed to a gate through which the cleft in the rock where our Saviour's cross was fixed was to be seen. "Here," said he "is the place where opprobrium and sorrow aided death to consummate the triumph of sin. Here was committed the crime which dismayed the heavens, scared the sepulchres, and shook the remotest foundations of the earth."

Christians of Coptos, of Yemen, and of Abyssinia, were there prostrated at the side of the pilgrim of Tobolsk, of Novogorod, or of Teflis. In quitting this hallowed spot, I said to myself, alas ! that the sensations which these great remembrances kindle in my soul should be vain, useless, and lost to others ! What has the obscure traveller, sentenced to oblivion, whose passage through life will not leave any earthly trace, to do here ? How is he to speak of Jerusalem, he whose noblest emotions were stifled between the prejudices and the conformities of the old world ? Can he comprehend these mysterious and prophetic monuments, he whose regrets, the sad inheritance of the commerce of men, and the passions of youth, are what alone bind him to the earth ?

But what an unknown and divine language would have been revealed to Dante, to Milton, to Racine, and to Klopstock, if they had come hither to listen, during the still solemnity of the night, to the sorrowful hymns of the

daughters of Jerusalem :—if the golden harps of these immortal bards had accompanied their pathetic strains amid the ruins of the temple of Israel !

Lastly, from the summit of Mount Sion, like the bird whose soaring aspect dares to fix itself stedfastly on the sun, Raphael might have snatched a few additional traits to represent the full majesty of Jehovah.

With respect to the general effect of the interior of this edifice, I may refer those who wish to form an appropriate idea of it, to one of the fine paintings of Rembrandt, more particularly to that of the woman taken in adultery. In treating the subject of the Samaritan, this painter has been so happy, that one would be led to suppose he had spent all his life in Palestine. Poussin painted the people of God listening to his voice in the desert ; and Rembrandt has brought about the resurrection of the Scribes and Pharisees.

In quitting the holy Sepulchre, and following the route of Mount Calvary, pilgrims repair to what is called the palace of Pilate : this is a large fabric, surmounted by a tower, and evidently bears, in its ensemble, and each of its details, the character of saracenic architecture. I was permitted to ascend to a high terrace, where I descried the immense space formerly occupied by the temple of Solomon ; on its site are two mosques.\*

I have observed that this space was immense ; two of its sides are surrounded by buildings supported by arcades. When I made a sketch of it, I had behind me the Pool of Probation ; (*piscina mirabilis*), and on my left, the long walls of Jerusalem shut in the eastern part of the great enclosure. The octagonal temple, placed in the centre, on a platform paved with marble, to which, passing beneath insulated porticos, there is an ascent of a

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\* The Turks are persuaded that Mahomet descended from heaven to bless these mosques ; and that he visited Jerusalem, mounted on his mare, *el-Borâq*, which is no other than an angel with the body of a winged horse, and the face of a woman. The prophet is to return to Jerusalem on the day of the last judgment, accompanied by Jesus Christ, *Rouh Allah*. (The spirit of God.) He will stride over the valley of Jehosaphat, with one of his feet placed on the temple, and the other on the Djebel-Tor. His robe will be formed of the skin of a young camel ; the souls of the just will nestle in it like so many insects ; and as soon as Mahomet perceives, by the weight of his garment, that the souls of all true believers have sheltered themselves beneath his wings, he will take his flight towards the ethereal expanse.

few steps, was perhaps built on the site of the *Sancta Sanctorum* ; its form is, as well as its ornaments in the highly finished and tasteful style of Arabic architecture. The enclosed space at length terminates, being shut in towards the south by another temple, supported by the crenated walls of Jerusalem, which command, as well as the eastern wall, the valley of Jehosaphat.

The mussulmans insult all those not of their own faith, whose indiscreet curiosity has led them to peep narrowly through the porticos of the *Ecce Homo* : they make a boast of having refused Sir Sidney Smith† the favour of visiting these monuments.

I blush at the small effect produced by my feeble sketch, when I bring to my recollection the magical effect of the light on these edifices, so varied in the colour of their ornaments, and so elegant in their details. A plain of turf, overspread with fountains, tombs, and palms, envelops this marble platform : its reverberated light is blended with the lustre of the enamel and gold with which the mosques are covered. To the west, behind the ramparts, and beyond the torrent of Cedron, (*el-buald*,) the mount of olives (*Djebel Tor*), terminates in the hamlet of Siloan : beyond, in a landscape embellished by the illusion of a brilliant and gilt vapour, are to be seen the hills of Bethlehem, the Dead Sea, and the mountains of Arabia.

The present mosques built by Omar, felt the dreadful vengeance of the Crusaders. Saladin to purify the temple from the religious stain, had the pavements and walls washed, when he made himself master of Jerusalem, in 1188. Five hundred camels, it is said scarcely sufficed to bring from Yemen the prodigious quantity of rose water employed in this lustral ceremony.

I walked round the walls of Jerusalem : it is said that this city has a circumference of 4500 paces. The gate of Sion, and the *Sterquilinary* gate (*Porta Sterquilini*) lie to the south, as does likewise that of *Naby Daoud*. The Roman architecture of the gilt gate, *Bâb el-Dahrié*, which has for a long time been filled up with stone,

is apparently of Hadrian's time. The Christians of Syria are persuaded that Jesus Christ made his entry into Jerusalem by this gate, for which they have a great veneration. *Bâb el Sbal*, or *Bâb el-Setty-Mariam*, situated to the east, leads, as well as *Bâb el Dahrie*, to the valley of Jehosaphat. The gate of Damascus, *Bâb el-Amoud*, stationed to the north, is the one the form of which appeared to me the most romantic and most picturesque. Lastly, to the west, is the gate of Ephraim, together with that of Bethlehem, or the well-beloved, *Bâb el Khaiyl*. The walls are high, crenated, and provided with square towers from distance to distance. Godfrey of Bouillon took Jerusalem by assault on the 12th of July 1099, at three in the afternoon, on the side of the gate of Damascus. This is still the part of the ramparts easiest of attack ; Jerusalem would with difficulty hold out a few days against the weakest battery which might be erected above the grotto of Jeremiah.

Jerusalem, in Arabic *el Quods*, (the holy) is situated between two hills, *Aera* and *Moria*. When Hadrian rebuilt this city, Mount Calvary was enclosed within the ramparts. *Golgotha* is a point of the hill of *Moria*, so inconsiderable, that it is entirely locked in the principal nave of the church of the holy Sepulchre. It is thought that Jerusalem still contains twenty-five thousand inhabitants, Arabs, Turks, Jews, and Armenians : not more than two hundred Christian families are to be found in it. The compass of the city would easily contain six times that number of inhabitants ; and, accordingly, great parts of its steep and unpaved streets are without inhabitants : spacious houses, churches, and monasteries, have been entirely abandoned.

I frequently passed over these deserted spots, and had to force my way through thickets, brambles and the stems of the prickly pear. Ivy creeps along the walls, and the aloes grow in security on the terraces, and in the fissures of the steeples. The palm, neglected in the gardens, shoots up to the loftiest of the cornices : its fruit, which no one gathers, becomes the food of the solitary bird. I have fre-

† After the defence of Saint Jean d'Acre.

quently passed several hours seated on the summit of a terrace of a tower, or of a minaret : my soul was dejected at the sight of this terrible desolation.

*"All that pass by clap their hands at thee ; they kiss and wag their head at the daughter of Jerusalem, saying, IS THIS THE CITY THAT MEN CALL THE PERFECTION OF BEAUTY, THE JOY OF THE WHOLE EARTH !"*

*Lamentations of Jeremiah.*

I was present at all the disastrous scenes which, during my stay, passed in this unfortunate city, the constant theatre of the passions of men, and the wrathful vengeance of heaven. How often was the air rent with exclamations of grief ! how often was the blood of its citizens, equally bereft of the means of extinguishing the fire which consumed it, and the fury of its vanquishers, wantonly spilled ! The most terrible scenes were incessantly presented to my view : the flames of the temple ascended into the highest regions of the air, which they kindled : the celestial hosts saw them with a holy terror consume those altars, whence had before issued the vapours of sweet perfumes, the mysterious cloud of the incense of Israel !

I left Jerusalem on the 25th of November, by the gate of Ephraim to visit the Sepulchres of the kings. They are situated two miles from the city, in a quarry thirty feet in depth, square, and divided into two courts by a rock in the form of a wall, which appeared to me to be from 4 to 5 feet in thickness : the entrance into the second court is by a round gate, so low, that it is necessary to stoop exceedingly to pass through it. The four sides of this quarry are hewn perpendicularly : an opening, eight feet in height, and in length about thirty, made in one of them, passes eight feet into the rock. The left side of this artificial cavern has so narrow a door, that the first chamber cannot be entered without creeping : this chamber, which is small, is followed by three others, each of which has an out-jutting, or projecting tablet, on which the embalmed bodies

were laid. The doors by which these sepulchres were shut, were of stone, as were likewise their hinges, which were skilfully wrought. A large serpent, and enormous bats, were what alone I met with in this dismal place. At the entrance of the vault is to be seen an elegant frieze, in the finest taste, sculptured in the rock. History does not throw any light on the date of this monument ; but the sculptures of the pediment may have belonged to the epoch when Herod the Great governed Judea. The Sepulchres of the judges are at some distance from those of the kings. The ruins of several cisterns prove that an attempt was formerly made to cultivate the sterile space by which they are separated : the naked rock is almost every where to be seen, with olives of a feeble growth in its clefts, surrounded by brambles which elbow them, as if angry that their inheritance should be thus usurped.

Jerusalem is the city of tombs ; the valleys of Halcedomia and Jehosaphat are covered with them ; and the living appear to have no other task assigned to them than that of keeping watch over these numberless ashes. The rocks are all excavated to receive bones, and the sides of the mountains incumbered with sepulchral stones : mysterious inscriptions protect from the efforts of of time the memorial of those whose remembrance was so soon effaced in the heart of man. Such are these places of lamentations—these vales of tears—these vast annals of death.

Near several ancient olives the place is shewn to you which was bathed by the sweat of the blood of Jesus Christ,\* where was presented to him the bitter cup of opprobrium and death ; and, proceeding onward, the place where the faithful still fancy they see him carried up to heaven, leaving behind him a brilliant and luminous lustre. Marks of human feet are imprinted in the rock : these the pilgrim regards with a pious confidence : he no sooner applies his forehead, full of care, to this miraculous spot, than all his fatigues and sufferings are forgotten.

\* But one of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side, and forthwith came thereout blood and water.—*John*, chap. 19, v. xxxiv.

The bazars of Jerusalem, in which a few merchants and manufacturers are still to be found, are vaulted and spacious; every thing about them announces that, instead of having been occupied, as they are at present, by timid and needy inmates, these magazines were formerly the residence of those Asiatic merchants who traded in the perfumes of Arabia, in the pearls of the Ganges, and in the tissues of Lahor. Long rows of camels press forward beneath the arch-roofs; the assembled groups make way for them; the leader of the caravan wrapped in his *gilabias*,† and mounted on the favourite dromedary, laying his right hand on his breast, salutes the passers by; the latter answer his salutation; and while they propound questions to him, the dervich bestows his benediction on the traveller who prostrates himself before him.

I paid occasional visits to an old and rich Jew, a native of Constantinople, to whom I had letters of recommendation: he was come to die in the city of David. Raphaël-Baruch Motro spoke the Spanish language with purity; his conversation was lively and engaging; he was a profound observer; and the philosophy he had acquired in the course of his long travels was mild and liberal. I have met with few men who, knowing the world so well as he did, spoke of it with less ill-humour. His house, which he was fitting up with the greatest care, had cost him five hundred purses.‡ At this time, among the papers of a brother of Baruch Motro, who died at Jerusalem, was accidentally found a contract passed between him and two rabbins, which secured to this credulous Jew a commodious place in Abraham's bosom, at the moderate cost of eight hundred purses.

Abou-Souan, the second drogoman of the convent of the Holy Sepulchre, introduced me to his family; his house was small but commodious; and I occasionally called to rest myself after

my long walks. The eldest of the four sisters of Abou-Souan was eighteen years of age; but in Syria a girl is marriageable at twelve: these young females were all of them either agreeable or handsome. The youngest, Angela, who was aged thirteen, had fine eyes, teeth like pearls, and an expressive and timid physiognomy, accustomed to be half concealed by a veil. The Christian females of Jerusalem never go abroad without being wrapped in a black mantle: the most aged and tottering are scrupulous on this head; and it is inconceivable how they can make their way, with such an encumbrance, in streets so narrow and badly paved. It is a favour to find admission to a Christian family, to see the women there with the face uncovered, and to receive from them the coffee, the rose water, and the pipe which they fill with aloes, and which, having lighted, they gracefully present.

Nothing can be more gloomy and dismal than Jerusalem, when the north wind pregnant with showers, whistles through the battlements of the ramparts, is engulfed in the deserted streets, or groans in the cloisters and corridors of the convent. I was lodged in a cold chamber, which received the light from a small grated window: it commanded the view of a garden terminated by the high walls of the city.

The climate of Jerusalem is frequently rigorous during winter: snow sometimes falls; and the cold was somewhat intense when we prepared to leave it.

The second of December was the day fixed for my departure from Jerusalem: I quitted the monks with a secret presentiment of the calamities which were afresh to overtake them. The convoy, drawn up in good order, took the road of the terebinthine vale: the day, which had been at first overcast, became very fine. When we reached the village of Jeremiah, the chief residence of the Arabs of Abou Goch, we found that numerous \**Vaby-*

† A large mantle striped with black and white.

‡ Upwards of six hundred pounds sterling.

\* Tribe, family. The Arabs commonly bestow on the inhabitants of a country the name of "child" of that particular territory; they thus name the Egyptians Oulad Masr; the Syrians Oulad Cham, &c. The fathers commonly add to their own name that of their first born son: they accordingly say *Mohamed Abou Qasem*, Mohamed, the father of Qasem.

leh in almost an entirely ruined state : they offered us, among other refreshments, honey, and sour mare's milk ; and we partook of every thing not to displease our hosts. I was indebted for this kind reception to the friendship of Ibrâhym Abd-el Rahinân, brother of Abou Goch, the chief of this tribe : we had formed an acquaintance at the house of the governor of Jerusalem ; and he insisted on my visiting his establishment in the desert. Ibrâhym occasionally inhabits Keyet-Lef-ta, or the valley of el-Byr.

There is an extreme difference of temperature between the mountains of Judea and the sea-shore : it was winter at Jerusalem and spring at Jaffa. We were delighted at breathing the perfume exhaled by the oranges and lemons which lie before Jaffa, on the road of the ancient Arimathea. These gardens are planted without symmetry and without art ; brooks flow amid rows of trees pressing on each other ; the flowers and fruits with which the branches are loaded, make them yield beneath their weight, and cool themselves in the water as it gently murmurs along ; while beautiful palms rise like so many minarets above this balmy forest. It is impossible to convey an idea of the pleasure the traveller feels when he penetrates into these groves, after having had his eyes fixed throughout the day on a scorching strand, and his ears struck by the shrill and incessant cries of an Arab population, which seems to be always menacing, and always in revolt.

How often in this fine climate, have I regretted the fogs and clouded sky of France ! How often have my eyes been sorrowfully turned towards the west ! When, after having seen in each of the countenances I met the expression of hatred, I returned to the convent of Jaffa, the mild and affectionate benevolence of the European monks comforted my heart, made it expand, and recalled to it its dearest affections.

In my chamber a young swallow was my companion ; it settled every evening on a peg in the ceiling ; and each morning, at sun-rise, I gave my little friend his liberty. It is not im-

probable that he came from France ; and he may have quitted a roof which sheltered the objects of my tender solicitude.

A sudden indisposition on the eve of my departure from Jaffa, was the more distressing to me, because it seemed to be the forerunner of a severe fit of illness. I submitted to a Turkish remedy ; and a mixture of coffee and punch, made very warm, fortunately enabled me to get on horseback, the following morning, although I was not as yet fully assured that I should have sufficient strength to prosecute my journey. In Syria not any medical aid, nor succour of any description, is to be had ; and the sick must submit to the award of nature, either to recover or to die, without the intervention of man.

Having determined to repair to Damietta by crossing Palestine and the Desert, I did not allow myself to be discouraged by various difficulties attendant on such a journey. The whole of the city of Jaffa assisted in the preparations for our departure. Our caravan was very numerous : the streets were encumbered with the camels, the dromedaries, and Mehemet's guard : janissaries ill treated the Arabs, who uttered hideous exclamations ; our affrighted horses sprung and pranced, while, in the interim, the cowls of the good monks, who braved the insults of this multitude, were blended with turbans of so many colours, while they bade us adieu. I succeeded at length in extricating myself from this crowd, a small portion of which was so insolent, and the remainder so destitute and wretched.

The step of the dromedary\* was at first so painful to me, that I thought I should be greatly inconvenienced during a journey of such a length ; but I found in the sequel that the motion was supportable. I contrived to seat myself pretty well on the back of this enormous animal, so tractable, so gentle, and so sure of foot : I found a greater difficulty, however, in accustoming myself to the hideous guttural cries of this poor animal, every time he was forced to lie down, either to enable

\* Surnamed, by the Arabs, *the ship of the desert*.



me to mount on his back, or to alight. —At ten at night, we halted on a plain overspread with heath : while some were busied in collecting dry wood, others kindled a fire near a heap of ashes which indicated that another caravan had recently passed. Thus far, we had to cross immense uncultivated plains : neither palms nor sycamores were to be seen ; and the monotony of this barren waste was alone varied by clayey ravines, and the beds of dried torrents. During the whole of the evening the screams of the jackals were what alone interrupted the solitude ; and during the night our people were obliged to discharge their pistols, to drive away these unpleasant neighbours, who swarmed about the tent. I slept soundly, nevertheless, until four in the morning, when I was awakened by the pious hymn of the camel-drivers. The caravan was composed of nine persons, four of whom were mounted on dromedaries : the baggage, water, and provisions, were carried by five camels. Our Arabs preceded us on foot.

The herds of antelopes are at times so numerous as in a great measure to obscure the horizon. A few hares, the course of which the eye is enabled to follow for nearly a league, and a few tortoises crawling slowly to their retreats : these, and these alone, are the objects which attract the traveller's notice in the Desert. Not the warbling of one bird meets his ear to cheer this landscape, the monotony of which is so awfully striking : the solemn stillness of the scene is alone interrupted by the thunderclap, or by the deaf howlings of the tempest.

We fell in with two caravans only : several Arab women followed the latter on foot, carrying their children on their hips, and a pitcher on their head. Their husbands were naked with the exception of the loins, which were covered with a leathern girdle to which was attached a piece of stuff as small as could be well contrived for the purpose.

The Arab of the Desert is a far superior character to the Arab who dwells in a city : he is hospitable, faithful to his promise, and is sensible of the full

value of his independence. The Bedouin passes without longing through the bazars of Cairo and of rich Damascus : he is not to be seen, under any circumstances, struggling against his destiny. Civilized man expects from life what it can never bestow on him : in his inquietude, he makes the most strenuous efforts to remount the current of a rapid river, which the Bedouin Arab descends with resignation. All those we met with on our route accosted us with the most confident benevolence : with the right hand laid on the breast, they tendered us their pious wishes : *God is great he will protect your journey and ours*, was their usual formula in addressing us. *Alla kerym* and *In châ Allah* terminated the conversation which had commenced by multiplied *salems*, the salutation of peace.

In the evening my people laid out their repast beneath the tent. We were not long in taking it ; for it was our custom to refresh ourselves with sleep, at eight, or nine o'clock at the latest, to be enabled to set out at three in the morning.

The heat which prevailed during the day, was augmented by the powerful action of the reverberation of the sun's rays on the plains of salt : The humidity of the nights produces a sensation of the most piercing cold : these dews were occasionally so abundant, that it became very difficult to kindle a fire : our tent was as wet in the morning as if it had been dipped in water.

After their repast, our Arabs drew up in a circle, and each in his turn told a story : by the physiognomies of those who listened to him, it was easy to judge of the interest of the recital.

One evening they appeared to be more attentive, and to feel a greater emotion, than usual : I wished to know the cause of this, and procured from Abou Doaud, our interpreter, the translation of a tale which must have been much more pathetic from the lips of Ibrâhym el-Arish. "My lord," said the drogoman to me, "I have heard it repeated several times "by a Monk of Jaffa : I am almost certain I can tell it as well as he did."

## THE HISTORY OF ISMAYL AND MARYAM.

IN the continual quarrels which subsisted between the Arabs of the Desert, and the Motsallam of Jerusalem, the people of the latter surprised and made prisoner, near the valley of Be-çâa, a young cheykh who had already distinguished himself by his valorous achievements. He was named Ismayl, the son of Ahmed, the son of Bâhir: his father was chief of the tribe of *Ouahydyeh*, one of the most considerable of Barr el Châm.\* Ismayl defended himself with the courage of the lions he had so often attacked in the sands of Mâan and Karac. Being desperately wounded, it was not without great difficulty that he was transported to Jerusalem, where he was lodged, with his head resting on a column, in the court of the Governor's Palace. The paleness of death overspread his sunburnt visage, without changing the masculine and dignified beauty of his features: his stiff and chilled limbs, however, seemed to announce that he who was the rampart of the Desert, and the terror of Syria, would soon yield up the ghost. But his blood still flowed; and what pity denied, was inspired by a sordid interest. The motsallam, expecting a considerable ransom for the only son of the cheykh of the *Ouahydyeh*, ordered the drogoman of the convent of the Holy Land, who had the reputation of a skilful physician, to be called. "Hakim,"† said he to him, "seeing that thou hast received from heaven the gift of curing men, and that my people see in thee a second Averroès, I will confide to thee this prisoner, if thou thinkest that thou canst save his life: let him be conveyed to thy dwelling. Swear that thou wilt bring this slave into my presence on the twentieth day of the noon of schowal: if thou failest, if he escape thy vigilance, the treason be on thy head. The half of his ransom shall be the reward of this service."

The drogoman bowed his head, ex-

amined the wounds of the young cheykh, and, after laying his hand successively on his breast, on his beard, and on his forehead, said, "My Lord, what thou hast commanded shall be done: deliver up to me this slave, and I will endeavour to restore him to thee worth all the ransom which thy justice has a right to expect."

The expiring youth was conveyed to the house of the drogoman, who was named Youhannâ ebn-Temyn. The fire of charity warmed the heart of this Christian man: he dwelt near the gate of St. Stephen, on the *via dolorosa*,‡ and the garden of his house was formed on the ruins of one of the walls of the *piscina probatica*,§ to the bottom of which it descended.

Maryam, the most beautiful of the daughters of Palestine, heard the sounds of redoubled blows: having discerned the voice of Ebn-Temyn, her father, she opened the door, which was barricaded like those of all the Christians of Jerusalem, and was not a little surprised at seeing him enter with the inanimate body of the young cheykh. "My daughter," said the drogoman, "I bring to thee one in affliction;" and thenceforth compassion was depicted on the celestial countenance of Maryam. "He is of the most formidable chiefs of those Bedouins, the son of Ahmed, the cheykh of the *Ouahydyeh*." . . . "What! so young," said she; "and is it he who made himself so terrible to the Bethlehemites! O my father, let us pardon him: bring to thy remembrance the history of the Samaritan. If thy art could save this unfortunate youth!"—"Haste, run!" replied to her Ebn-Temyn, "bring the balm of zaggoum, and stripes of linen."

With hasty steps she departed. Ismayl was laid on the plain divan of the drogoman. Maryam got ready the folded linen: on her knees, she supported in her arms the drooping head of the youth, and waited impatiently

\* Syria.

† Doctor. Physician.

‡ The road by which our Saviour was led to crucifixion.

§ A pool at Jerusalem where the sheep intended for sacrifice were washed.

the opinion her father was about to form of the state of Ismayl. Alas ! a sigh, perhaps the latest, is ready to escape his lips : the strong throbs which heave the bosom of the young virgin do not rekindle in his bosom the torch of life. Maryam watches the slightest movement, the smallest spark : she sees for the first time a man—a stranger—she contemplates with an ardent pity the closed eyes of the Bedouin, whose long black lids cast their shadow on his wan cheeks. On the breast of Ismayl a deep wound has been inflicted ; Ebn-Temyn thinks it mortal : Maryam shudders, and presses to hers the sad burden she supports. One of her hands holds what has been prepared to quench the blood which flows abundantly on the sash and unfolded turban of the Bedouin. Her tears, which she cannot wipe away, bathe the brow of the young man : this potent balm might have awakened him from the last sleep ; he opens his eyes, and fixing them stedfastly on this ravishing beauty, in the delirium of the fever which consumes him, “Mahomet,” he exclaims, “am I at length in thy divine Paradise !” . . . —“O Virgin, mother of the true God,” cries Maryam, “he is still alive ! blessed be thy name : help this poor infidel, for without thee our endeavours will be vain.”

During the time of his long confinement, Ebn-Temyn and his daughter did not quit the son of Ahmed for an instant. He saw almost unceasingly, by day and by night, the expression of the softest pity embellish the features of Maryam : words of kindness afforded the hope of a better destiny to this ardent youth, whose ignominious bonds galled him more sorely than the sufferings he endured.

In the mean time Ismayl recovered strength, and his heart paid back with interest the debt of his life. His soul was filled with love and gratitude. As soon as he was able to walk Maryam led him beneath the sycamore the branches of which overshadowed the house and garden of Ebn-Temyn : seated side by side, it was her delight to call on him to relate the wars of his tribe, the revenge taken by the *Ouahydyeh* on the perfidious Gezzar, the

particulars of his family, and his pleasures in the Desert. The evening surprised them in the midst of these long and agreeable reveries, from which they were at length roused by the voice of the *mouezzin*, who, from the lofty minaret of the rich mosque of El-Harem, called the mussulmans to prayers.

“Maryam,” said the Arab to her, “thou makest me forget my father, the Prophet, and my tribe. Within these gloomy and high walls which shut out the light of heaven, thy eyes are become the only stars I wish to follow. Either will my bones become light ashes, to be the sport of the wind of *yamyn*, or I will plant for thee the nuptial tent in the desert : my father and mother will leap for joy at thy sight ; all the *Ouahydyeh* will kiss the skirt of the robe of Ebn-Temyn ; and the girls of the *gabyleh* will contend for the honor of washing the dust from thy feet.” Maryam, confused and moved to pity, replied to him that she was a Christian—that every thing in this life separated them. “Death, alas !” she added, with a sad presentiment, “will perhaps be more just.”

In the interim, the pacha of Damascus, covetting the treasures of the *motsallam* of Jerusalem, called him to his divan, and reproached him with his exertions : his head fell by the stroke of the cimeter ; and those eyes, a single glance from which would, the evening before, have terrified all Judea, became dim. A favourite of the pacha was appointed governor of Jerusalem : being desirous to repay the favour his patron had conferred on him by an acceptable present, he levied contributions, as well on the convent of the Holy Sepulchre, as on those of the Armenians and Greeks : twenty of the richest Jews sunk under the merciless blows of the staffs of the *chiaoux*. Grief and consternation prevailed throughout the whole city of Jerusalem. “Listen, son of Ahmed,” said the drogoman to the *cheykh* confided to his care : “bound by a sacred oath towards the last *motsallam*, I have not made any promise to his successor : if thy strength will enable thee, profit by the confusion which prevails in the city ; go out to-morrow at sunset, by the gate

of Naby Daoud; conceal thyself in the grottoes of Haceldama, where the sepulchres will afford thee a sacred asylum; and afterwards direct thy steps with prudence towards the Desert. May the God who sent thee to my house, protect thy flight, and may he bestow on thee, as on those whose blood flow in thy veins, long life." Maryam blushed on hearing these words: the cup, filled with the drink she was about to offer, fell from her hand.

"O my father," said Ismayl, "wherefore is it that thou wouldst have me sever myself from thee, when danger menaces those my heart will never abandon? That cruel man Abdallah, now persecutes the chief men of Jerusalem; but, when this new motsallam shall have sacrificed the dromedaries, his hand will slay the ewes and shear the tender lamb. He will recollect the combat of Tiberiades, when he shall be told that Ismayl is a captive; and not any ransom will be the purchase of my life: *there is blood* between us and the children of our children. Soon will Abdallah demand of thee an account of the slave; and thy mouth, the daughter of truth, what reply will it have to make? Let us rather flee together; or if thou wilt plight thy faith to me, I will proceed towards my father: he will draw near to Pharan with the children of his tribe, gentle as antelopes, and courageous as lions; and I will bring a docile camel, which Maryam will guide without difficulty. Accompanied by her, thou wilt come out to meet us at the entrance of the valley of Gaza, and shouts of joy will welcome thee among the sons of the *Ouahydyeh*. We will await thy coming during the last three days of the moon of sepher; and I will watch unceasingly on the heights of Ebor to discern thine arrival."

"My father," said Maryam, embracing his knees, "the offer of this young man is an inspiration of heaven: yesterday I prostrated myself before the altar of the virgin, and my heart divined all that he has proposed to us. Let us flee from the first blows of these barbarians: the hand of God will afterwards dispel this storm: this powerful God will look down upon his people

with compassion: but I conjure thee, let us depart without loss of time."

Ebn-Temyn, struck by the wisdom of these words, and by his daughter's grief, yielded to her prayer. Every thing having been agreed on, and all the measures taken, Ismayl addressed to them the parting wish. "May you pant after the sight of the camp of Ahmed, the son of Bahir, as the wearied traveller pants after that of the Oasis!" This project, however, was soon disconcerted: the tumult had become such in the streets of Jerusalem, that Ebn-Temyn would not consent to allow his guest to depart: he even obliged him to conceal himself beneath the vaults of the cistern, there to wait a more favourable moment. After this precaution he ascended more tranquilly to Maryam, with whom he was conversing when a party of spahis came to seize him. He had been denounced by a perfidious Greek, and was conducted to the motsallam: his daughter never saw him more.

What little Ebn-Temyn possessed was confiscated. Maryam, in despair, hastened to throw herself at the feet of the superior of the monks of the Holy Land, to conjure him to sue for her father. The monastery was surrounded by soldiers, and the monks menaced. "My daughter," said the most reverend father to Maryam. "Our Lord has inflicted on us a deep wound, and you, of all the victims, are subjected to the severest trials: offer up your griefs to Him who, at this very spot, voluntarily drank of the cup, even unto the dregs: daughter of Jesus Christ, your father is no more."

The wretched girl was ignorant of this deplorable loss: she fell motionless. By the time she had recovered her senses, she was surrounded by several Christian women, who wept, and resisted her being taken before the governor. This man, having been informed of the beauty of Maryam, was desirous to present to the pacha of Damascus a gift sweet as incense, and well worthy his acceptance. The prayers of the monks however, and their money, delayed this measure for a few hours. They were in hopes that they should be enabled to shield the young

Christian from all further inquiries by confiding her to the nuns of Bethlehem; but news was brought in the evening that that city likewise had been delivered up to the fury of the Metoualis. Information was at the same time received, that the convent of Jerusalem, and the church of the Holy Sepulchre were to be forced in the night. From that moment every one betook himself to flight, as the only resource. The women concealed themselves with their children, in the deep caverns containing the tombs of the kings and judges. Courageous Christians scaled the walls, and buried the most precious of the relics in the sands of the grotto of Jeremiah, or in the depths of Siloe.

Dejected, dismayed, without any one to counsel her, and without an asylum, Maryam returned to Ismayl, whom she found worn out with anxious expectation. When he heard of the death of Ebn-Temyn, and witnessed the despair of his daughter, he foamed with rage, and breathed nothing but revenge. "If God," said she to him, "has still left me a little strength, it is that I might engage thee to depart. I have told in confidence every thing to the Father of the convent. Yousef, one of the janissaries to whom the protection of the monks is confided, has been brought over by them, and will facilitate thy flight: he has consented to conceal himself in the ruins of Bethania, where the Arabs of Siloah will furnish him with a camel. It is night; gain the valley of Jehosaphat; thou wilt there find thy guide, who will wait for thee until the ninth hour. May God bless this journey, and may he accompany thy steps! Bring sometimes to thy remembrance Ebn-Temyn and his unfortunate daughter."—"Thou wilt not follow me," said Ismayl, "and thou proposest to me to flee?"—"I am a Christian," replied Maryam, "and am not permitted to be thy wife: but, Ismayl, if thou lovest me, save thy life; be happy in the desert: Maryam will not fail to find a refuge near the tomb of her God." Then, taking courage, she added with a voice half stifled by her tears: "the only grief which I could not support, would be that of forgetting my duties, or of seeing thee lose thy life; all others I shall be

able to resist." "Thou didst not imagine that I would depart," said Ismayl in a sorrowful tone of voice, laying down his weapons and his mantle: "I have not given thee reason to suspect the son of Ahmed of so dastardly an act. Was it thy wish to try me? And what signifies life to me when removed from what I love? What is it that I have just heard? Is it possible that thou canst live far from Ismayl? I remain, and I attest the Prophet that no earthly power shall drag me from thy presence." "Thou remainest," exclaimed Maryam, "and the death with which thou art menaced!" "I despise it," said Ismayl. "And thy father who expecteth thee, and the tribe which impatiently awaiteth thy coming!" "I remain," repeated Ismayl. "Wretch," replied Maryam, "dost thou not know that I cannot survive thee?"—"I will at least be the first to die," said Ismayl. These words emphatically pronounced had all their weight: they decided the fate of Maryam.

"Oh my God! what is to be done?" exclaimed the young girl, falling on her knees. "Ought I to quit this soil sprinkled with the blood of my father? Ought I to suffer Ismayl to perish? Am I then, a poor and desolate orphan to sacrifice him thus? If my father were living, a sacred duty would attach me to him; but, alone in the world, insulated, and without a prop, where is the tie that binds me? A numerous family would have to deplore the loss of Ismayl; and ought I to consent to his death? What matters the fate of Maryam? He will live, and may still be happy. Ismayl! save thy life, and dispose of mine: I depart with thee. Pardon me, O! holy Virgin, pardon me; and, if we are both culpable, punish me alone."

Not a moment was to be lost: directed by the light of the conflagration which consumed the convent of the Armenians, Ismayl and Maryam penetrated with great difficulty through the hedges of aloes which bound the gardens of the environs. They reached the wall which encompasses Jerusalem, and climbed over it with the help of a few Christians, to whom they rendered a like service. They might be seen—they might be heard—the small-

est noise might betray them : Ismayl knew for the first time what fear is. They hastened their steps : Maryam, accustomed to the sedentary life of the females of the East, found it difficult to follow her friend : he carried her in his arms. The minaret of Bethania was at length in sight : now it was that the son of Ahmed persuaded himself that he was master of the destiny of Maryam, who was still engaged in offering up thanks to heaven when they came to the ruins. They hastened to make the signal which had been agreed on ; but it was not answered : all was hushed ; the night was dark ; and the guide and the camel missing. Ismayl repeated the signal ; he searched in vain, for nought was to be seen : the ninth hour was certainly passed.

What was to be done ? How travel over sixty miles of dreary and rugged roads, without help, and without provisions, to have to find at the end of this journey, moving sands scorched by the sun. What obstacles will not love surmount ! Ismayl had not any difficulty in persuading Maryam that they ought to proceed. "I know," said he, "a spring midway between this and the land occupied by my tribe : near the fountain we shall find date-trees the fruit of which will nourish thee. I will carry thee : it will require two days only to accomplish this journey ; and if thy strength should fail thee, I will press thee to my bosom to restore it."

A pure and sacred love inwrapped them in its virginal robe : it tempered the ardour of their souls, where reigned a holy confidence—the tender and religious charm of a first love. Maryam readily believed what Ismayl said to her : they hastened to quit these solitary ruins : it was their wish to take advantage of the coolness of the night, to accomplish a small portion of their journey with less fatigue. Vain hope ! Maryam was already exhausted by fatigue : her tender feet were lacerated by the thorns. Ismayl saw her efforts and her sufferings, and his heart was broken. He took her in his arms, and carried her for a long time ; but he advanced slowly in treading on the sharp flints which his feet buried in the sand.

The rising sun displayed to their view the desert :—an immense plain of sand, reddened by its earliest rays, without a tree and without shelter. But this sight, far from dismaying Ismayl, gave him new courage : to him the Desert was the country and the image of liberty. "O ! Maryam," said he, "be of good cheer : before the end of this day we shall reach the fountain of Engaddi, and to-morrow we shall be with my father. Maryam, somewhat encouraged by these words, tried to conceal her sufferings : she attempted to walk, leaning on Ismayl ; but her paleness soon betrayed her, and she was near fainting when he again took her in his arms. Towards the close of this long journey, the Arab not yet fully recovered from the effect of his wound, also became weak, and still the tops of the palms of Engaddi were scarcely perceptible at the horizon : it appeared impossible to reach them before the hour of darkness should set in ; but Maryam languished : the thirst that consumed her scarcely allowed her to articulate one word. 'Twas for him that she was dying ! This recollection inspired the Bedouin with new courage : he walked, stopped, and walked again. The fear of losing the object of his adoration, diffused over his forehead a cold sweat : trembling, panting for breath, he pressed his treasure against his anxious bosom : yet a few steps, and they will reach the fountain so ardently desired. They reached it at length, both of them ready to sink ; and each, deprived of motion, lay stretched on the sand.

Ismayl rose, however, and dragged his wearied steps to the cistern : he took water in the palms of his hands, and moistened with it the lips of Maryam ; she slowly opened her eyes bedewed with tears, which a feeble smile tried vainly to disguise. Anxious about the condition of Ismayl, all her thoughts were concentrated in him. "Alas !" said the young girl, "without me thou wouldst not have been thus dying, and exhausted with fatigue." She accused herself ; and, while she lamented him she loved, tried to find, even in her sacrifices, the occasion of her own blame.

During the night, and the following day, they reposed beneath the date-trees. When Maryam fell into a broken sleep, Ismayl was at her feet, and watched over her; she then often uttered inarticulate and incoherent words, to which the Arab listened with a mixture of surprise and terror. The soft and bewitching spell of an oriental night seems to bring man into contact with heaven: the harmonies of these mysterious hours accompany alike the plaint of the sufferer, and the hymn of gratitude. Sometimes transient lights flit across the horizon like a fiery chariot, and tinge with a pale and fugitive red the fleecy clouds which hover over the summits of the mountains: these uncertain vapours then resemble the celestial intelligence which defend the children of the earth from the spirit of darkness. The savoury fruit of the date-tree and pure water soon restored the strength of Ismayl; but the daughter of Jerusalem will not recover her's. Under constant apprehensions for the safety of the young cheykh, she was anxious to depart. This third day was less painful than the others: Ismayl carried water and dates with which they might refresh themselves on the route.

They at length fell in with a party of Arab shepherds, who, moved by their sufferings, presented to them the milk of their mare, and bread baked in the ashes. The oldest of them who was united in bonds of friendship with the *Ouahydych* Arabs, undertook to be the guide of these poor fugitives, who directed their steps toward the valley of Harma; the shepherd aided them to climb the summits of Gabar, and to cross the torrent of Soéta, and the dreary waste of Hebron. "My daughter," said he to Maryam, "place thy trust in God: it is he who guided thy steps toward us in the pasturage of Edom. He hath snatched from me, to take unto himself, a beloved daughter, the only prop of my old age: thou bringest her to my remembrance. Grief loveth grief: lean on me, poor broken reed; together we shall resist the tempest." Maryam in the mean time, could scarcely drag her feeble limbs: the fountain of her tears was

dried up. In the evening, the piercing sight of the Arab enabled him to discover several horsemen stationed on a height: he concealed his friends behind a rock, and ran with haste towards these men, whom he perceived to be Arabs. The Bedouins no sooner descried the shepherd, than they descended the hill with the speed of lightning. "O! sons of the desert," exclaimed the old man, "can it be that ye are the children of the noble gabyleh of Ouahydych, the queen of Bosor and of Eblata?" "Yes, yes," exclaimed they all at once. The old man, without replying to them, returned to Ismayl, who confided to him his precious charge, to hasten towards his people, to send tidings to his father, and bring a camel. He returned a few instants after; and, falling on his knees before Maryam, said to her, "My sister take courage, all the tribe awaiteth thee, and I wish to restore unto thee a father."

Maryam was placed on a mare as gentle and swift as a kid: her lover, aided by one of the Arabs, supported her. She fainted several times before she reached the small circular plain of Harma, near unto which the old cheykh came out to meet her, with his wife and daughters. When they drew near to each other, Ismayl exclaimed unto him: "hekyd of the *Ouahydych*, O! my father, here is the angel who hath preserved unto thee thy son! let the new-born camel be killed in honour of her, and present unto her bread and salt." He afterwards related to him the misfortunes of the Christian maiden; and tears overflowed the venerable beard of the son of Bâhir. Alas! death had already taken possession of the heart of Maryam. The young sisters of Ismayl vainly tried to divert her: when it was thought that she was somewhat revived, they led her to the well of Laban: seated beneath the fig tree, the Arab maidens recounted to her their solitudes during the absence of their brother, and all that he told them of the benevolence and good offices of Ebn-Temyn. When they returned to the tent of the women, their mother, who anxiously expected them, spread open her arms to Maryam, call-

ed her her daughter, and treated her as she would have treated a beloved child in affliction ; she sent to Gaza to seek what it was thought might be agreeable or salutary to Maryam. "We are poor and ignorant in the desert," said she to her ; "but our hearts open to friendship, as the pomegranates of Ascalon open to the sun, by which they are coloured and sweetened."

Maryam was deeply moved by these marks of the simple and unfeigned interest taken in her welfare. She loved the young Cheykh ; but her piety, the terrors of another life, so cogent in the breast of a Christian female born at the foot of the sacred mountain of Golgotha—every reflection, in short, conspired to trouble her soul : she unceasingly thought she heard the voice of her father, who called her to his presence. In the mean time she was a prey to fever and want of rest. Ismayl intoxicated with love, saw Maryam descend slowly into the tomb ; enraged at fate, he wandered around the camp, and roared like a young lion wounded by the empoisoned shaft of the hunter. His father went out to seek him. "God is great," said Ahmed to him, "seeing that he has permitted the dove to seek refuge in my tent. Be persuaded, Ismayl, that this is a lucky sign to the *Ouahydyeh* : soothe, therefore, thy breast, more agitated than the waves of the great sea."

The tenderest cares were fruitless. One day, the head of Maryam fell on her breast, the last sigh escaped her pallid lips, and her pure soul took its flight towards the Almighty. All the roots which had supplied nourishment to this feeble plant had been cut off. The death of her father, religious scruples, a first love—every thing conspired to wither this flower which had a little time before been so resplendent in freshness and beauty. Ismayl, denied the relief of tears, continued sullen and pensive amid the lamentations of the females of his family. The old cheykh, dejected and dismayed, presided at the funeral obsequies : he concealed beneath the palms the mortal remains of the Christian Virgin, and had the crucifix which this unfortunate girl had constantly worn next

her heart, placed on her tomb. The words which have been so often employed to express the sharp agonies of man—would these words suffice to delineate the grief of Ismayl, of this child of nature, rebelling against her barbarous decrees ? It was in vain that his father presented to him a little nourishment ; that he spoke to him of the interests of the tribe ; and of the wars with which he was menaced : not a single word could be drawn from his lips. In the mean time the repose of this great family was about to be interrupted by the aga of Gaza ; and the council of the elders had just decided on a general retreat to the Desert of Mephaath, beyond the Black Sea in the country of the Moabites. Each individual belonging to the tribe was engaged in making preparations for departure, when, at the going down of the sun, that planet appeared surrounded by a circle of the colour of blood : the sky, which had suddenly assumed a yellowish hue, gave out a dim and livid light ; the birds, skimming the surface of the earth, fled towards the west ; the soil appeared luminous, while the air was dull and opake : the motionless palm let fall towards the sand its flexible branches, which the slightest wind raises and tosses in air ; all was silent ; fear prevailed around ; and the plaintive moans of the animals announced the approach of the dreadful *semoum*, that pestilential wind, the terror of the desert. Ismayl, smiling at the prospect of this scourge, embraced the tomb of her whom he loved ; his hands dispersed the sand which covered her ; he touched, he pressed to his bosom the sheet, and raised the veil with which the virgin's face was covered. Ismayl contemplated with eager looks the traits which death still respected : Maryam appeared as if smiling on her friend. "Come," she seemed to say to him, "come, O ! my well beloved : quit the land of tribulation for the abode of peace."—"Yes," exclaimed Ismayl, pressing his lips on the icy forehead of Maryam, "receive the chaste kiss of the spouse of the sepulchre : I am about to burst my chains, and we shall be reunited for ever !" The wretched youth waited, with



an impatient joy the death which was to confound his remains with those of the object of his deep sorrows, of his agonizing pangs. In a little time a reddish cloud came from the east : the fury of the storm made a chaos of this tranquil desert : waves of sand came in conflict ; the loftiest of the date-trees were deracinated ; and a few minutes sufficed to heap up a val-

ley. Amid this fearful destruction Ismayl disappeared. Ah ! He towards whom the prayer of the afflicted heart ascends still quicker than the incense of the tabernacles,—He who judges the most secret thoughts of men, without doubt wished to reunite these two noble and pure souls in the region of holy, eternal, and ineffable joys !

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(English Magazines, May.)

“ WALKING STEWART.”

**D**IED in London, April 1822, Mr. Stewart, generally known as the “Walking Stewart.” This most extraordinary man was born in Bond-street, and educated at the Charter-house. In the year 1763, he was sent out a writer to Madras, and was employed as secretary to the Nabob of Arcot, and expended a large sum in giving official entertainments by order of his master. Within two years after his arrival in India, at the age of 18, he determined on leaving his situation in the company’s service, assigning as a reason, that he was resolved to travel, the *amor videndi* being irresistible—that he would see, if he could, the whole world—that he would unlearn all he had learned—that he would become an Automathes, think and act for himself. In pursuance of this resolution, he addressed a letter to the Court of Directors, which, from its juvenile insolence and audacity, is preserved on their records to this day ; in which he tells them he was born ; in nobler pursuits, and higher attainments, than to be a copier of invoices and bills of lading to a company of grocers, haberdashers, and cheesemongers. Within a few weeks after writing this epistle, he took his leave of the presidency, and began his pedestrian life.—Some of his friends lamenting his abrupt departure, and thinking he might be involved in pecuniary difficulties, sent after him, begging him to return, and offering him assistance. He replied to their invitation, that he thanked them, that his resolution was taken, that his finances were small, but adequate to his wants. He

prosecuted his route over Hindostan, and *walked to Delhi*, to Persepolis and other parts of Persia. He visited Abyssinia and Ethiopia. He entered the Carnatic, and became known to the then Nabob, who conceived an esteem for him, which eventually in his latter days became the means of his support, for the Nabob appointed him his private secretary. A few years ago the House of Commons, in order to spare Mr. Stewart’s feelings, granted him 15,000*l.* to liquidate his demands on the Nabob. Quitting the Carnatic, he adopted the mad resolution of walking to Seringapatam, which he effected ; when there, Tippoo, hearing that a European had entered his city, ordered him to be immediately arrested, and directed him to appear before him at his Durbar. He questioned him as to his motive for coming to his kingdom :—he answered, solely a desire to see it. Tippoo told him he must consider himself as his subject, and as such, a military one, and he must be enrolled in his army ; and that as he appeared a gentleman, he would make him, after some tactical instruction, a Captain of Sepoys. He became one, and was engaged in several affairs against the Mahrattas, and was wounded in the right arm. He continued a *detenu* of Tippoo’s several years, until the late Sir James Sibbald, bart. then at Bombay, was appointed by that Presidency to settle the terms of peace with Tippoo. Stewart availed himself of the opportunity of requesting Sir James to use his interest with his Highness, to procure his release. This, with some difficulty, Sir

James Sibbald effected; and Stewart set forward to *walk* to Europe. He crossed the Desert of Arabia and arrived at Marseilles. He *walked* through the whole kingdom of France, through Spain, came to England—left England for America, through every state of which he *walked*, as he did through Ireland and Scotland. On his return from Ireland he was nearly shipwrecked; and at the moment of being so, he begged of some of the crew, if they survived, to take care of the book he had written, and intended to publish, entitled, “Opus Maximum,” a favorite work of his. His mental powers were of a

character unique in the extreme, and perhaps without any approximation of similitude in the thoughts of any human being. He was the Atomical Philosopher; his defence and demonstration of which singular hypothetical doctrine was so ably defined and asserted, that he could almost induce infidelity to become a proselyte.

He passed his last ten years in the neighborhood of Charing Cross and Cockspur-street; to be, as he said, in the “full tide of human existence.” He must have been seen by thousands sitting in St. James’s Park, drinking warm milk.

## RAYMOND THE ROMANTIC, AND HIS FIVE WISHES.

### No. II.

#### THE AIR BALLOON.

Ah! believe me, destroy your balloons!—climb not with your inflammable air beyond the sphere to which God has limited it; burn your journals; annihilate every trace of this rare secret; renounce the project of raising yourselves above the thunder.

*Marquis de Villette.*

**A** DEEP and permanent melancholy, which preyed upon me unceasingly, succeeded to the terrific circumstances and results related in my last adventure; and it seemed as if even Time itself would have but little chance to soften, or to remove the keenness of the impression which they had made upon my mind. It is with our griefs, however, as it is with the approach of spring, and the gradual expansion of the days. We do not step at once from gloominess and desolation to liveliness and beauty, nor from the long nights of wintry darkness to the bright sunny mornings of summer:—No, as an ancient and quaint author remarks, “The lengthening of days is not suddenly perceived till they are grown a pretty deal longer, because the sun, though it be in a circle, yet it seems for a while to go in a right line. For take a segment of a great circle, especially, and you shall seem to doubt whether it be straight or no. But when that the sun is got past that line, then you presently perceive the days are lengthened.” This exactly illustrates the departure of sorrow from the soul; we do not feel

the removal of any part of our affliction until a large portion of it be wept away, ameliorated by time, or borne into oblivion by the gradual recession of grief, which, after it have flowed to a great height, usually ebbs by degrees, and carries all our distresses into the great sea of our former lives. To accelerate this, men usually fly to a vast variety of means, one of the most common of which is travelling into other countries, thus deeming, that they shall leave their sorrows behind them with the scenes where they originally occurred. This, altho’ it be in a great measure a mistaken conceit, I was prevailed upon to try, and accordingly, in the latter part of 1783, I left the Zetland Islands for the Continent, and made Paris the first grand resting-place in my journey. I acceded the more readily to the wishes of my friends, because the discoveries of the French in the science of Aerostation were then become a general subject in conversation; and though I neither expected nor wished that my tour should remove from my mind the remembrances which filled it with a wild abstracted joy, and a destroying but pleasing sorrow, yet did I earnestly desire that it might produce the gratification of another of my romantic wishes; namely, to ascend in an Air-Balloon. My departure was, of course, previous to the setting-in of that dangerous season, which so deforms the climate of

Zetland ; and as the close of the month of September proved much milder than usual, on the 24th I embarked on board the *Mermaid*, which was then commanded by my kind friend Rudolph Feldsparr, and was bound for the coast of France. My former life had been passed entirely in Zetland, and the monotony of its primitive customs had been broken only by our departure for the Haaf, or Deep Sea-Fishing ; and I had never yet set foot upon the shores of another country. My romantic disposition would, it is true, have led me abroad in search of adventures to gratify it ; but at the same time, Zetland was endeared to me by being the Mortlakes' "last and longest resting-place ;" it was sacred because it contained, either in its seas, or beneath its turf, the ashes of all my former ancestors, and dearest relatives of my own time, from Ivar, the first Jarl, or Lord of Mortlake, contemporary with Harold the Fair, early in the tenth century ; down to my own lamented father and mother, Ronovald and Alofa Mortlake. —Zetland, then, was to me, what the cavern in the field of Macphelah was to Jacob : "there they buried Abraham and Sarah his wife ; there they buried Isaac and Rebekah his wife ; and there I buried Leah." When these circumstances are considered, and when it is remembered that the heart is much more susceptible and tender in sorrow than in joy, it will not be surprising that parting from Zetland should seem to me like becoming an outcast from Eden ; and that, on sailing from North-Maven, I remained motionless at the stern of the vessel, even for hours after the island was out of sight, till at length my tears and the night more completely dimmed my vision. While yet in sight of the shore, I, however, did not forget to sing my last adieus to my native land, to the tune of a funeral song first used over the body of Ivar Mortlake.

Whilst I was thus employed, the *Mermaid* had worked her way out of the Bay of North-Maven, and was proceeding in a north-eastern direction round the scattered fragments of rocky territory which form the most easterly

parts of Zetland, and the Islands of Yell and Unst. In this voyage all the beauties of the place were spread before me, and thus all my melancholy feelings were increased, yet I felt a sweet and pensive pleasure, in contemplating each well-remembered spot, and in considering how time or the sea might have changed their features, before I should look upon them again.

Although to an eye which for the first time views the Zetland Isles, there will appear only a rocky uneven coast, broken with bleak and dark mossy hills rising above it, yet to those who know where to direct their attention, there is many a beautiful and romantic piece of scenery to be found, even in the craggy precipices which guard the sea-shore. My own village of North-Maven is one of the few places on the island which presents an agreeable and cultivated appearance seaward : not that it is destitute of that wilder kind of landscape which is so characteristic of islands in general, for there are not many points which are better known for the grandeur and magnificence of their prospects, but it is also interspersed with natural beauties of a more pleasing description. As we sailed from out the harbour of North-Maven in a north-easterly direction, the wonderful combination of wildness and tranquillity so evident on that peninsula became particularly striking. Above our starboard bow were spread out the *Villeins*, or *Plains of Ure*, which are verdant lawns of several miles in extent, situate on the tops of some high and precipitous perforated rocks which stand on the western side of the peninsula. Along the shore, and stretching out to sea, runs a series of magnificent rocks which form lofty arches, and are pierced into deep caverns and subterraneous recesses, or else are divided from top to bottom by the sea into pinnacles, with acutely pointed summits.

—"Cliffs which had been rent asunder ;  
A dreary sea now flows between,  
But neither heat nor frost nor thunder,  
Shall wholly do away, I ween,  
The marks of that which once hath been."

Nor are these the only picturesque ob-

jects to be seen upon the Zetland shore, since it is continually broken by Voes, as they are there called, or wreathed and winding bays, each of which is capable of containing a British Navy. As we sailed out towards the Island of Unst, with the wind blowing freshly in a southern direction, we heard the gale produce the grand and deep intonation of the waves roaring in the caverned rocks behind us. It then seemed to a fanciful and romantic mind, such as my own, like the sublime voluntary of Nature in praise of her Creator, played upon her own most powerful, yet not unmelodious organ. Whilst I was occupied by these sights and reflections, the Mermaid continued to breast the ocean towards Unst, around whose base the waves are ever roaring and dashing, even when the weather is calm at a distance. After passing round the Island, we gained the broad expanse of the North-Sea; and stood out yet farther from Zetland, which soon began to assume the appearance of a shapeless mass of rock covered with a veil of mist, which arose above it, and blended with the sky. The day-light had now passed away; but the interesting appearance which a Zetland night gives to all things, left a reflecting and retired heart, like my own, but little to regret. There was not, it is true, the magical beauty of a summer dark blue twilight, but still there was an unclouded calm serenity in the starry atmosphere, the eye ranged around to where ocean was lost in air, like time melting into eternity, and the indistinct form of my native country looked like a dear friend about to pass the mysterious boundary. The sea-water was smooth and dark, but still broken into an infinity of small waves washing and driving over each other. Solitude was predominant over the scene, save where the sea-gull skimmed along the surface of the deep, occasionally dipping his wing, which sounded like the dash of an oar in the murmuring waters. The character, the silence, and the loneliness of the scene, brought to my recollection the lines of an excellent but neglected poet, who has said, in his *Ode to Solitude*,

—“thine is many a noiseless hour,  
And many a shipless sea, and many a  
trackless plain. \* \* \*  
No shore, no sail in ether's bound.”

Every thing was in harmony with my mind, even the following rude Song of the Pilot, and the continual chace of the waves against the vessel's side,

#### THE PILOT'S SONG.

The stars were shining brightly,  
Their fire was on the sea;  
The waves were leaping lightly,  
The ship danced merrily;  
Brave Valck who steer'd the barque along,  
The Dragon of the Main,  
Thus gave the winds and waves his song,  
Which echo'd it again.  
“Thy keel drives up the ocean foam,  
And leaves our track afar;  
And gallant hearts that love to roam  
Delight in such a car.

Let some be fortune wailing,  
For love let some go weep,  
When I am swiftly sailing,  
My kingdom is the deep.  
And not the eyes I leave behind  
Were e'er so bright to me,  
As when before the rushing wind  
My gallant barque I see.  
Her keel drives up the ocean foam,  
And leaves her track afar;  
And gallant hearts that love to roam  
Delight in such a car.

While coward hearts are sighing  
Beneath some damsel's chain,  
Then I, with streamers flying,  
Rove boldly o'er the main.  
And what though dashing waves be loud,  
And stormy blasts may roar,  
They're gentler than the glances proud  
Of beauty on the shore.  
For still we plough the ocean foam,  
And leave our track afar;  
The gallant heart will love to roam,  
And roam in such a car.”

All was like a dreamless sleep with me after that night, until I arrived in the splendid metropolis of France; and even there my soul was so much excited for the completion of the second great wish of my life, that the science of aerostation alone engaged my attention, and I left the buildings, the literature, the pleasures, and the society of Paris, for the converse of Messieurs Montgolfier, Pilatre de Rozier, Girond de Villette, the Marquis D'Arlandes, and the other celebrated aeronauts of that day. The history of this astonish-

ing science, from the vague and undefined conjectures of Lord Bacon, Bishop Wilkins, and the Jesuit Francis Lana, down to our own successful experiments of Garnerin and Sadler, is well known; but the fever for aerial discovery is now completely past, and the existence of Balloons almost forgotten, when compared with that rage which existed for them at the period of which I am writing.

It is highly probable that modern landscape-gardeners will condemn my taste; but I must acknowledge, that I do love the ancient and grand style of gardening then exhibited at Versailles. It was there, in the walks overshadowed with green leafy trellis-work, leading to labyrinths, open parterres, or splendid terraces adorned with grottos and fountains, it was there that I deemed myself in the rich old pleasure-grounds of the seventeenth century, of which Burghers and Winstanley have left such delightful representations. Such in my mind was the resort of Milton's

"retired Leisure,  
Who in trim gardens takes his pleasure:"

and such in my imagination were War-  
ton's  
"High-arch'd walks, and alleys green,"

Oh! to me it was exquisite to look upon the wide Mall, the embowered walk, the curiously shaped flower knot, the series of terraces, and the long-extended grove, ascending and looking from the distance, and the clear light at the end, like

"a vista to the sky."

While I have life and memory, the exact, and magnificent retreats of Versailles, together with the adventures which I there experienced, will never be forgotten. The interest I took in the then fashionable science of Aerostation, was uncommonly gratifying to my new associates; and although it was not without much difficulty that I prevailed upon them to permit me to ascend alone in a Montgolfier Balloon, yet my ardor at length won their consent; and about July 1784, a small machine was prepared for me, and I was to take my flight from the most private part of the celebrated Gardens already mentioned.

The Balloon in which I rose was of that construction which is known by the name of its inventor, Montgolfier, and in which the air is rarefied within the Balloon itself, by means of a fire that is maintained in a grate beneath. Its form was elliptical, and beneath the bag was hung a small circular stage or car, in the centre of which was the fire-grate, and around which were curtains of silk. The time of my departure had at length arrived, and it was only by the most strenuous solicitation that I was permitted to ascend without a companion; but so strongly was I possessed with the idea, that my aerial voyage would not be less extraordinary, nor perhaps less dangerous, than my marine one had proved, that I firmly rejected all the offers of my friends, and at length, after promising the most minute report of my excursion, I received their reluctant farewells, and entered the Machine alone. A remembrance of former danger and former deliverance, made me, while the cords were being cut, address a few words to Him who had preserved me in the deep waters, to protect and restore me safe from my present undertaking; but even whilst my heart looked upward, the already inflated Machine was set at liberty, and Versailles, Paris, France, almost the world itself, seemed falling into chaos beneath me. As the Balloon rose, the material objects of the earth seemed to descend, and for a moment I could hardly persuade myself but that I beheld

"The wreck of matter and the crash of  
worlds!"

At length, however, the towns and towers which appeared falling upon each other, began to assume a regular and map-like aspect, disposed in concentric circles, of which the city for many miles round it formed the interior, with the river Seine shining like silver. There appeared a bright and undefined belt girding it; beyond that the country, growing darker as it drew to the horizon, lay spread out with masses of dark verdure scattered over it; and bounding all was seen a broad line of light green, or middle tint, which blended with the sky. Hitherto the season of the year and fire in the car had kept

the atmosphere round the Balloon at rather a warm temperature; but after having for some time surveyed the scene below me, on ascending I found the air cold and wintry, and filled with varying currents of wind, which drove me forward with great rapidity, through clouds charged with hail, cold rain, and even snow. The flag, too, which I carried with me in my ascent, no longer flew horizontally or hung downwards, but was drawn in a perpendicular direction, even at the time when I was going rapidly in a straight line. I was now, according to the best calculation I have ever been able to make, either at the time, or since, at the height of about 12,000 feet; the earth, of course, had long been invisible, and there appeared beneath me only an immense ocean of dense, shapeless, and rolling clouds, which appeared to form a barrier between the Balloon and the world that I had left. Every thing around seemed the sport of wind, caprice, and chaos; there was not that beautiful blue sky, nor the golden rays of sun-shine, which we see from below; but the broad expanse presented only that blank cheerless veil of dense white, which overhangs a gloomy day. I would now fain have descended, but the valve by which the air was to be let out had shut itself so tightly, that my utmost force could not open it: added to which, the currents of wind fed the fire of the Balloon, so that it continued rapidly to rise. Notwithstanding the evident danger of my situation, the cold, the excitation of my mind, and the natural consequences of my position in the air, all so much inclined me to sleep, that I imagine at this part of my voyage I must have slumbered; although I saw every thing that followed as vividly as I ever beheld the most lively scenes, and all my other powers were so perfectly exerted, that I yet doubt whether I could have looked upon a dream. It seemed to me then as if I were still in the Balloon, and still ascending at a rapid rate through the air. The Machine now seemed to approach a large, black, and dense cloud, which on entering appeared to cast its shroud all

over me, and for a time to envelope me in darkness. While I was under this veil, I heard the most violent rushing of contending winds, the pouring of rain, and the rolling of thunder; and at the same time the cold was so intense, that it almost suspended life and its powers. I could at that time have thought, that I had entered into the treasures of the snow, and had passed into the storehouse of the hail: that I had gone into the place of the darkness, and had been shewn the habitation of Chaos, where all things were hurled together without form, order, or distinction. After having travelled through this dreadful region with amazing velocity, the clouds seemed to break away from before me, and I discovered a new species of atmosphere; which, although it could not be considered as dark, yet it possessed only that red and lurid kind of light which we see preceding a storm. Every thing was tinted with a deep tawny lustre, which was contrasted with large masses of intense purple clouds that were in continual motion, ever shewing, as they unfolded their banners, gleams of the same fiery radiance behind them. In this new climate, too, there were meteors and comets flashing and gliding through the air with great rapidity: some of them forming in their courses various eccentric curves, and others passing along in an horizontal, or perpendicular direction. The power of the winds in this place was still more tremendous than I had yet experienced it. At one time the Balloon was violently carried upward, and then the contending currents would force it down in a level position, so that it was with the greatest difficulty, by clinging fast to the car, that I could preserve myself from being precipitated into the dense atmosphere of purple clouds which was below me. Then on a sudden it would become stationary, and immediately afterwards whirl round with such velocity, that my senses had nearly departed. Notwithstanding all these dreadful convulsions of the air, and the consequent oscillations of the Balloon, I was yet able to remark, with considerable surprise, that the most vio-

lent currents did not produce any effects on the dark clouds I have already mentioned. They remained perfectly stationary; but as I was carried swiftly towards them, my astonishment was increased to behold, that upon their gilded edges reclined an innumerable multitude of winged figures in various attitudes, either musing or in converse. As the Balloon approached, many of them flew towards me; and I then discovered that their forms were gigantic, yet of the most perfect symmetry, that their wings were formed of deep crimson feathers, and that their fine faces were richly shadowed by black hair hanging in flakes like ravens' plumes, or else standing erect like flames. The countenances of these Spirits were all of one character, though varied in their composition: they were of that pale brown hue which is esteemed so beautiful in man: and their features were cast in the most perfect Grecian model. The eyebrows were lofty, black, and extended, and dark piercing eyes shone powerfully out from beneath them. Upon the mouth, there was somewhat of a sad, yet sarcastic smile, which slightly curved the ends, and gave to the face an air at once grand, imperious, and contemptuous. But what impressed me with more horror at these beautifully awful appearances, was to see that forms so fine should have extended and pointed ears of a swarthy color, rising upon either side the head in the dark locks which crowned it; while beneath was a neck worthy of Apollo himself, had not its strong lines indicated a Spirit that was proud, malevolent, and unbending. When the Angels had reached the Balloon, they formed themselves into an horizontal circle above it; and hanging on their red wings, flew round it, singing in a wild yet not unpleasant tone the following stanzas, which immediately became indelibly impressed on my memory, and on the temptations of which I have often reflected with the blended feelings of horror and of gratitude.

SONG OF THE ANGELS OF AIR.

Thou rovest fair,—through yielding air,  
In Heaven's cerulean tide;  
But we who share,—the pleasures there,  
On wings ethereal glide.

And Oh! 'tis sweet,—and far more fleet  
In fields of light to fly,  
Than 'tis to speed,—on swiftest steed  
That lives beneath the sky.  
Our Angel race,—in boundless space  
Shall roam for ever free;  
Then banish soon,—thine Air-Balloon,  
And thus immortal be.

While this was being sung, my attention was naturally drawn upward, and it was not until its conclusion that I beheld that one of these spirits, whose face, if I may use the expression, was yet more magnificently mournful, was seated before me on the opposite side of the Car; having one hand resting on a golden staff or sceptre, and the other placed on his extended arm. Although the Balloon itself must have been between us, yet the presence of the Spirit pervaded it; and he appeared to me as distinctly as if there had not been any intervening medium. I sat for some time bathed in a cold perspiration, the Angel also remaining motionless with his eyes fixed upon me, till at length I found the courage to address him with,—

"Spirit of the Air, what art thou?"

To which he replied, in a deep, yet not unmusical tone,

"Even what thou sayest, a Spirit of the Air."

The dreaded colloquy being thus begun, I found but little difficulty in saying,—

"What is thy purpose?—if friendly, tell me in what region am I, and how I must descend from hence."

"Listen, mortal!" he replied; "thou art in the Firmament of the North, and in the kingdom and presence of OURANODEMON, the Chief of the Air Angels. My purposes are never friendly to man; yet such is his miserable self-deceit, that I could almost pity him. When thou shalt descend, which thou shalt not do without imminent danger for having penetrated this region, say to thy fellow-mortals, that I command them to cease from their vain, and ignorant attempts to invade my dominions, and that, should they despise my behests, the next who ascends shall be my victim."

"But," returned I, "it is probable that those upon earth will treat my message as a dream; nay, I myself almost doubt its reality."

"Still the same, still the same," answered the Angel; "ever incredulous of truth, whether it be good or evil; man is never content to accept things as they are, he must always weave his own romance of deceit. But thus much is permitted to thee for proof to thy fellow-mortal. Bare thy right arm."

When I had done so, the Angel immediately grasped it, and directly the flesh turned of a scorched appearance, as if a band of heated iron had been affixed to it, although the effect was produced without pain. As soon as I recovered myself, he continued,

"Now begone, thou hast already seen and heard too much for man:—away, and Remember!"—

As he spake, lightnings seemed to flash around him, and he departed in flame! I started forward, and seemed to wake from my stupor, when what was my horror to behold the Balloon in flames, rapidly falling to the earth, over which night had spread herself. The scenes which I had so long left now seemed to rise out of space beneath me. There I saw Paris with her thousand lights, and the Gardens and Parks of Versailles, stretched out beneath the moonlight. It seemed to me scarcely a moment between the dis-

appearance of the Angel and my touching the ground; otherwise the fury with which the flames raged must have previously consumed the Balloon. It fell in a wood a short distance from the city, and caught in the branches of a tree; on which I immediately leaped out, although it was still a considerable height from the ground. I had scarcely quitted the Balloon when it broke from its confinement, soared blazing into the air, and I saw it no more. I spent the whole of that sleepless night in reflection on my voyage, and thankfulness at my deliverance; but it will scarcely be credited, that the following day, my friends, although alarmed at my stay and the dangers which I had undergone, disbelieved my supernatural message, deemed the appearances I had seen a dream, and the mark upon my arm occasioned by the fire which had caught the Balloon whilst I slept. I cannot now decide how this may be; the impression is still existing; but what makes me yet think that all was not visionary, is, that the melancholy fate of Pilatre de Rozier and M. Romaine, who were the next that ascended into the air after me, completely realized the angel's prediction.

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Translated from the German of Schiller.

### THE DIVER.

"WHO's here of noble or vassal blood,  
Of courage to dive beneath this flood?  
I fling therein a golden beaker,  
And now 'tis swallowed up by the breaker,  
Whoever shows me the cup again,  
May have it and keep it for his pain."

So spake King Robert of Sicily,  
From a high cliff overhanging the sea,  
While into the howling Charybdis he flung  
The goblet of gold in his hand that he swung.  
"Who is so bold, I ask again,  
As into the deep to plunge amain?"

The knights and squires, who stood around,  
Heard him, but uttered not a sound;  
Tho' they mark the sinking of the cup,  
No one of them cares to fish it up.  
A third time the king exclaims with a frown,  
"Is no one so brave as to venture down?"

Yet silent as before they stood;  
When a fair page of noble blood  
Steps from among the fault-ring band;  
His girdle and mantle he casts on the strand;  
And all the men and women amaz'd,  
On the lovely youth admiring gaz'd.

And while he walks to the cliff's brow,  
Looking down on the gulf below,  
Charybdis gave back bellowing  
The waters she'd been swallowing;  
As with the noise of distant thunder  
Her foaming womb was rent asunder.

It billows, it hisses, it seethes, and it roars,  
As when water on burning forests showers;  
To heaven the recking surges spray;  
Wave pushes wave in endless fray,  
Exhaustless teeming, full and free,  
As would the sea bring forth a sea.

At length the wild force dies away,  
And black, amid the foaming spray,  
And bottomless, as were it the path to hell,  
A growing chasm absorbs the swell;  
And down the murky tunnel's yawn,  
Eddying the rushing waves are drawn.

Quick, ere the waters again are abroad,  
The youth commends himself to God.  
Around is heard a shriek of dismay,  
And already the whirlpool has borne him  
The throat mysteriously closes o'er, [away;  
And the bold swimmer is seen no more.



Still becomes the watery abyss,  
Climbs from the deep a hollower hiss;  
The howlings more faintly die away.  
All wait in anxious terrific delay,  
And lips of many with trembling tell:  
"Thou lofty-spirited youth, farewell!

"Were it the crown that you had thrown,  
And said: Whoever brings me the crown  
Shall wear it, and be my king and lord,  
I would not fetch the dear reward.  
What's hid in the howling deep below  
No living soul shall ever know.

"The whirlpool has seized on many a ship,  
And dragged it headlong into the deep;  
But only a keel, or a splinter'd mast,  
From the all-swallowing grave have past."  
Now shriller and nearer the dashing is heard,  
Like winds when the coming storm is fear'd.

It billows, it hisses, it seethes, and it roars,  
It rushes and gushes, and dashes and pours.  
Wave pushes wave in endless fray;  
To heaven the recking surges spray,  
And with the noise of distant thunder,  
Bellowing the dark womb bursts asunder.

And lo! the swelling billows upon,  
Something uplifts itself, white as a swan,  
And an arm, and a glittering shoulder is bare;  
It rows with force and busy care;  
And 'tis he! and high in his left hand held up,  
He flourishes, joyfully beckoning, the cup.

With breathings long and deep he wins his way, [day,  
And drinks the air, and greets the light of  
With frolic and clapping one cries to another:

"He lives! He is there! The abyss could not smother!

The brave one was allowed to save  
His soul alive from the jaws of the grave."

He lands: the shouting choir surround;  
At the king's feet he sinks on the ground,  
And kneeling reaches back the cup.  
The monarch graciously lifts him up,  
Beckons his daughter so fair and so fine,  
Who fills the goblet with sparkling wine,  
And the page drank, and thus began.

"Long live the king! He well may be gay  
Who breathes the rosy light of day;  
Yonder lie horrors dark and dense;  
Yet no man tempt God's providence,  
And never, never seek to know  
What graciously is veiled below.

"As had I fallen in air, it drags  
Me swiftly down—from between the crags  
New wildly boisterous fountains gush.  
The mingling force of the double rush  
I could not withstand; the eddy was strong,  
Like a top, it whirl'd me giddy along.

"Then God, to whom in my terrible need  
I cried for pity and help, gave heed,  
And show'd projecting from beneath  
A rock which I seiz'd, and escaped from death.

There hung the cup on a coral steep,  
Else it had dropt to the bottomless deep.

Far underneath it lay below,  
Gleaming with dim and purple glow,  
Where to the ear tho' all may sleep,  
The eye beheld amid the deep  
How salamanders, dragons, snakes,  
Were crawling in these hellish lakes.

"In swarthy mixture here they throng,  
Or glide in griesly groups along,  
The sword-fish, the keen crocodile,  
And the sea-serpent's sinuous file,  
And grinning with their triple teeth at me,  
Wide-throated sharks, hyenas of the sea.

"There hung I long—in conscious fear—  
No human arm of help was near;  
While forms of fright around me glare,  
The only feeling bosom there;  
Below the reach of human ear,  
Or human voice—in dumb despair.

"A griesly monster toward me swims,  
Moving at once a hundred limbs,  
And snaps—in terror I let go  
From my faint grasp the coral bough,  
Down which I was clambering—then the surge  
Seiz'd me, but sav'd me—I could now emerge."

The king wondered much thereat, and said:  
"The goblet is your own, my lad,  
And this ring, with precious jewels adorn'd,  
I destine you also—'tis not to be scorn'd—  
If you'll try again, and let us know  
What lies at the very bottom below."

This with soft feeling the daughter hears,  
And turn'd on the monarch her eyes in tears:  
"Such cruel sport henceforward spare,  
He has achiev'd what none else would dare.  
If the lusts of your heart you cannot assuage,  
Let some of your knights outdo the page."

Then the king snatch'd quickly the goblet again,  
And hurl'd it into the whirlpool amain.

"If you will fetch me the beaker once more,  
All my knights you shall stand before;  
And her, who pleads for you with loving face,  
To-night, as a husband, you shall embrace."

Then did heavenly force in his soul arise,  
And boldness lightened from his eyes;  
And he saw the fair maid blushing soon,  
And then he saw her turn pale and swoon,  
And was moved the precious prize to win,  
Come life, come death! he cast himself in.

Ebb'd had the surge, and again it flow'd,  
And the thund'ring sound announced it aloud; [bent,  
With affectionate looks o'er the chasm they  
The waters they came, and the waters they went.

The waves they gush up, and the waves  
slink away;  
But none brings the youth to the light of the day.

In the foregoing version, the impersonal verbs, which so remarkably abound in the German original, have been purposely retained; although in our language they have a less welcome effect.

## THE RENEGADE. A ROMANCE.

*Continued.*

**T**O the north of Luteve the mountain of Carenal reflected the last rays of the setting sun. The hour appointed by Goudair for the assembling of the mountaineers at length arrived. Ezilda advanced amidst the enthusiastic throng. Arrayed in white, and covered with a long transparent veil, she looked like the genius of heroic inspiration, smiling on the sons of glory. The princess addressed herself to the warlike circle, and unfolded to them the plan which her courageous mind had conceived. Not far from Carenal, on the summit of a steep mountain, rose the fortress of Segorum, built by the Romans, and which from its situation seemed almost inaccessible. On the declivity of the hill a celebrated chapel had for many years attracted pilgrims from all parts of Gaul. It had been built by Thierry III., the last King of France, in fulfilment of a pious vow; it was consecrated to Our Lady of Cevennes, and the numerous miracles which were supposed to be performed in the holy edifice frequently attracted throngs of strangers to Segorum. The fortress belonged to the Princess of Cevennes, but had yielded to the infidels. The princess now conceived the bold design of reconquering it, a measure which seemed necessary to restore the faith and reinspire the courage of the mountaineers.

Ezilda conducted her warlike train through the narrow passes of Carenal, and succeeded in obtaining access to the fortress by the effect of her charms on a sentinel.

A sanguinary combat now commenced. The first detachment of the assailants had entered the garrison. Among the besieged terror flew from post to post, and consternation was painted on every countenance. A new tumult was heard proceeding from the watch-tower of the fortress. The second detachment, consisting of six hundred mountaineers, had forced an entrance. The Princess of Cevennes appeared on the ramparts, in her hand she held the sword of the commandant of Segor-

um, who had been made prisoner. "The citadel has surrendered (said the heroine,) let the combat instantly cease!" Among the Saracen chiefs who had been wounded and carried from the scene of action, was Alaor, the friend of Agobar. Having escorted the sisters of St. Amalberge to the first French posts, he had proceeded to Segorum with despatches for the commandant. The princess gave orders that he should receive every requisite attendance, and that no efforts should be spared to save his life. She next threw open the prisons of the fortress, where several French battalions were confined. What was her surprise to find that she had liberated Leodat and his followers! On separating from the princess, near the miraculous grotto, the Prince of Avernes and his little detachment were surrounded by the enemy's legions, and the Mussulmans had conveyed their captives to Segorum.

The princess retired to the eastern tower to pass the night. Previous to the taking of Segorum, Ezilda secretly vowed that if Heaven should favor her enterprise, she would visit the holy chapel of the mountain to return thanks to the Almighty, and to make an offering to Our Lady of Cevennes of some trophy of the victory. Faithful to her vow, Ezilda rose at break of day, and taking the sword and shield which she had received from the Arab commandant of the fortress, she descended the staircase of the tower and proceeded to the chapel. The chapel of Segorum had been built only twenty-seven years. At the period of its erection, the Queen of France had presented an heir to Thierry III., and public rejoicings celebrated the birth of Clodomir. But the royal infant soon fell dangerously ill. Convinced that the air of the south of France would prove beneficial to the queen and his son, the king accompanied them to Marseilles, and from thence embarked for Narbonne. A dreadful tempest arose; the royal vessel was separated from its escort, and was attacked by an Algerine

pirate. The crew defended themselves with intrepidity ; but, being overpowered by numbers, they were on the point of surrendering. "Oh ! Holy Virgin of Cevennes, (exclaimed the king,) save Clodomir, and I will consecrate a temple to thee on the hill of Segorum !" But a fatal arrow had pierced the breast of Clodomir. The French soldiers fought desperately against the elements and their assailants. Their persevering energy surmounted every obstacle, the storm abated, and the pirate fled. The royal vessel reached the coast in safety ; Clodomir recovered, and Thierry's vow was faithfully fulfilled. Below the ramparts of Segorum a magnificent chapel was erected to the Virgin, and near the altar was placed a picture representing the queen and her young son at the moment when the arrow pierced the infant's breast. On the right of the picture stood a marble statue of Thierry, kneeling, and pronouncing the solemn vow.

The Princess of Luteve entered the chapel. Numerous wax tapers, which had been lighted on the preceding evening in celebration of the taking of Segorum, still illuminated the sanctuary. Ezilda placed the Saracen sword and shield on the altar, and returned thanks to Heaven for her brilliant victory. Forgetting the dangers she had encountered and the fatigues she had endured, her heart was filled with favorable presentiments. Her hands were clasped, and with her eyes fixed on the bridal ring which formerly promised her a throne, she sighed and recollected the solemn hour when the descendant of Clovis led her to the altar : "O Clodomir !" she exclaimed, raising her eyes to the picture which surmounted the altar. The noise of footsteps interrupted her. She turned and beheld a warrior of tall stature attentively observing her. His gold helmet was surmounted by a red and black plume, and his vizor was lowered. No less agitated than surprised, the princess immediately rose ; but soon resuming her wonted courage, "Who are you ?" she exclaimed, looking steadfastly at the warrior.—"I am Agobar !" ex-

claimed the Renegade, raising his vizor. "And I am Ezilda !" replied the princess, drawing aside her veil. The chief of the Saracens recognized the heroine of Amalberge. More than ever charmed by her dazzling beauty, and no less astonished at her heroic calmness : "Ezilda !" he repeated, and he seemed agitated by some painful recollection. "Clodomir ! (continued the Renegade,) who is the Clodomir to whom you address your prayers ? Christian ! have you given this new name to the Supreme Judge, or have you made a divinity of the object you adore ?—If so, I pity you, for, like every other god, Clodomir turns a deaf ear to your supplications."—Ezilda was silent ; but the look of indignation which she cast on the Mussulman chief was more eloquent than any reply. She fixed her eyes on the picture above the altar, and the expression of her countenance sufficiently revealed the Clodomir whom she invoked. "Can it be possible, (exclaimed Agobar,) do you weep for the son of a line of kings ? Mysterious woman ! tell me, I conjure you, who are you ?"—"I am the Princess of Cevennes, (replied Ezilda,) and I was in happier days the plighted bride of Clodomir."—"You, (exclaimed Agobar, in a transport of agitation and surprise,) you the daughter of Theobert ! the bride of Clodomir !"—"And now, Agobar, (resumed the princess,) in your turn inform me by what name you were formerly distinguished among the Christians ?"—"Alas ! ill-fated princess, tremble to hear it, (replied the chief of the Mussulmans,) I am Clodomir !" "Clodomir ! (repeated Ezilda, recoiling with horror)—Renegade, what do I hear !" Agobar pulled off his gantlet, and drawing a ring from his finger presented it to the princess. Ezilda took the ring. That which she had received at the altar had never forsaken her finger. She compared the two rings. They were exactly alike, bearing the same arms, the same dates, and the same names.—"If you want other proofs (pursued the Renegade,) behold the royal sword of my father, it is the only inheritance of Clodomir—Cast your eyes on that picture : an ar-

row pierces the breast of the young descendant of Clovis ; the wound was deep, and the scar will be for ever visible." He opened his coat of mail. Every doubt now vanished. Ezilda recognised the scar which in the days of her childhood had frequently attracted her observation. The princess uttered not a word. For the first time in her life her courage failed her, and, bathed in tears, she gazed on the royal sword of Thierri III. "You hate me, (resumed Agobar,) you must hate me! —But do not suppose you are bound to fulfil your vows to the Renegade. No, Ezilda, Clodomir breaks the bridal ring!"—"Never! (exclaimed the heroine.) Death alone shall break the bonds that unite us together. You cannot render back my vows; but you can do more—you can restore me to Clodomir!"—"No, (replied the warrior;) in the career in which fate has thrown me, I have marched with giant strides: to retreat is impossible.—But (continued he, with vehemence, perceiving the sword and shield of the Arab commandant,) who has placed these arms on the altar?—Enough: all is explained: presumptuous woman! Ezilda is the heroine of Segorum!"

At this moment the Prince of Avernus, accompanied by a few followers, entered the chapel. Having learned that the princess had quitted the fort, he doubted not that she had gone to offer up thanksgivings in the

sanctuary, and he hastened to meet her. "Surrender, infidel!" he exclaimed, on perceiving Agobar.—"Only with my life!" replied the Renegade, taking up the royal sword of Thierri III., and he rushed on his adversary, resolving that his life should be dearly sold. Ezilda turned pale—she no longer beheld the Renegade. The Mussulman chief was the heir of the French throne—he was Clodomir—her husband. Leodat had wounded his enemy. The daughter of Theobert rushed between the combatants. "Prince (she said) respect this hero; his person is sacred! Agobar is my prisoner. Chief of the Mussulmans, follow me." She led her prisoner to the gate of the chapel, where his Arabian courser awaited him. "Son of Thierri, (she said,) instantly fly this spot!"—Overcome with emotion, Agobar seized the hand of his liberatress,— "Magnanimous Ezilda! (he exclaimed,) when our nuptial rings were exchanged, what felicity awaited me!—the throne of France and thy heart. How my hopes have vanished! How my happiness has fled!" He was about to mount his courser, but suddenly turning, "Ezilda (he said) I have one boon to ask. Within the walls of Segorum, Alaor is your captive; restore to me my young brother in arms; grant this favor to Agobar."—"I grant it to Clodomir," said the princess, and she returned to the citadel.

## Biography.

JULY, 1793. ROBERT CLARE, THE POET FARMER BOY, BORN.

**THIS** Northamptonshire peasant, whose poems have been recently classed, and we think deservedly with the productions of Burns and of Bloomfield, was born at Helpstone, a village most unpoetically situated at the easternmost point of Northampton-shire, adjoining the Lincolnshire fens. He learnt to spell of the village schoolmistress, and before he was six years old, was able to read a chapter in the Bible. At the age of twelve he assisted in the la-

borious employment of threshing; the boy, in his father's own words, was weak but willing, and the good old man made a flail for him somewhat suitable to his strength. When his share of the day's toil was over, he eagerly ran to the village school under the belfrey, and in this desultory and casual manner gathered his imperfect knowledge of language, and skill in writing. At the early period of which we are speaking, Clare felt the poetic œstrum. He

relates, that twice or thrice in the winter weeks it was his office to fetch a bag of flour from the village of Maxey, and darkness often came on before he could return. The state of his nerves corresponded with his slender frame. The tales of terror with which his mother's memory shortened the long nights returned freshly to his fancy the next day ; and to beguile the way and dissipate his fears, he used to walk back with his eyes fixed immovably on the ground, revolving in his mind some adventure ' without a ghost in it,' which he turned into verse ; and thus, he adds, he reached the village of Helpstone often before he was aware of its approach.

The clouds which had hung so heavily over the youth of Clare, far from dispersing, grew denser and darker as he advanced towards manhood. His father, who had been the constant associate of his labours, became more and more infirm, and he was constrained to toil alone, and far beyond his strength, to obtain a mere subsistence. It was at this cheerless moment he composed ' What is Life ?' in which he has treated a common subject with an earnestness, a solemnity, and an originality, deserving of all praise : some of the lines have a terseness of expression and a nervous freedom of versification not unworthy of Drummond, or of Cowley.

### WHAT IS LIFE ?

And what is *Life* ?—An hour-glass on the run,  
A mist retreating from the morning sun,  
A busy, bustling, still-repeated dream,—  
Its length ?—A minute's pause, a moment's thought.  
And Happiness ?—A bubble on the stream,  
That in the act of seizing shrinks to nought.

And what is *Hope* ?—The puffing gale of morn,  
That robs each floweret of its gem,—and dies ;  
A cobweb, hiding disappointment's thorn,  
Which stings more keenly through the thin disguise.

And what is *Death* ?—Is still the cause unfound ?  
That dark, mysterious name of horrid sound ?  
A long and lingering sleep, the weary crave,  
And Peace ?—where can its happiness abound ?  
Nowhere at all, save Heaven, and the grave.

Then what is *LIFE* ?—When stripped of its disguise,  
A thing to be desired it cannot be ;  
Since every thing that meets our foolish eyes  
Gives proof sufficient of its vanity.  
'Tis but a trial all must undergo ;  
To teach unthankful mortal how to prize.  
That happiness vain man 's denied to know,  
Until he's called to claim it in the skies.

### THE SUMMER MORNING. BY CLARE.

The cocks have now the morn foretold,  
The sun again begins to peep,  
The shepherd, whistling to his fold,  
Unpens and frees the captive sheep.  
O'er pathless plains at early hours  
The sleepy rustic gloomy goes ;  
The dews, brushed off from grass and flow'rs,  
Bemoistening sop his hardened shoes ;

While every leaf that forms a shade,  
And every floweret's silken top,  
And every shivering bent and blade,  
Stoops, bowing with a diamond drop.  
But soon shall fly those diamond drops,  
The red round sun advances higher,  
And, stretching o'er the mountain tops,  
Is gilding sweet the village-spire.

'Tis sweet to meet the morning breeze,  
Or list the giggling of the brook ;  
Or, stretched beneath the shade of trees,  
Peruse and pause on Nature's book,  
When Nature every sweet prepares  
To entertain our wish'd delay,—  
The images which morning wears,  
The wakening charms of early day !

Now let me tread the meadow paths  
While glittering dew the ground illumines,  
As, sprinkled o'er the withering swaths,  
Their moisture shrinks in sweet perfumes ;  
And hear the beetle sound his horn ;  
And hear the skylark whistling nigh,  
Sprung from his bed of tufted corn,  
A hailing minstrel in the sky

## SPECIMENS OF THE AMERICAN POETS.

(Monthly Magazine, May.)

**T**HE poetical attempts of the Americans have hitherto been known to us only by their failure, and by the severity with which our critics have attacked them, and, it must be allowed, not without reason, whenever they found a sufficient opportunity. Under all this weight of discouragement, that great nation has been as active in improving her talents and refining her taste, as in advancing her political prosperity; and she may now boast of possessing bards, whom she may present with pride and confidence to their rivals on this side the Atlantic. We are enabled to take a general view of their merits by the publication of an interesting volume, which has just issued from the press, under the title of "Specimens of the American Poets." From a work of this nature, comprising, as it must do, only the most select portions of different authors, we cannot, it is true, decide upon the mass of national literature from which it has been drawn; we are presented with beauties which have, perhaps, been laboriously sought for, and every deformity is as carefully concealed. But we may safely pronounce, that the mine from which so many beautiful and valuable materials have been drawn, must be intrinsically rich; and we feel indebted to the hand which has undertaken to collect its scattered produce, and place it before our eyes in the most advantageous light.

In point of literary dependence, America seems to be still a British colony, and to draw her supplies in a great degree, from the mother country. She has not yet thrown off the yoke of criticism; but, on the contrary, humbles herself under it, even to the discouragement of her native genius. It is unfashionable to find any merit in her homebred aspirants; and a fine taste can only be demonstrated by an exclusive preference of English talent. In the relative state of English and American letters this is certainly a natural inclination; but, as far as regards the English reader, it has an unfortunate tendency. To him the imi-

tation of English style and sentiment, to which it inevitably leads, is vapid and uninteresting; and he asks for those demonstrations of natural spirit and character, which would be regarded by the transatlantic critic with indifference or contempt. One original note is worth all the warblings of the Mocking-Bird, to ears which have been long familiar with his borrowed tunes.

In the immediate extracts which we proceed to give from the *Airs of Palestine*, by Mr. Pierpont, we find a very florid and ornamented style, varying from the old school of poetry only in some occasional flourishes, which cannot be considered as an improvement. The composition might pass it off very well for an English University prize poem. Mr. Pierpont exalts the powers of music, and thus, in one instance, exemplifies its effects:—

While thus the enthusiast roams along the stream,  
Balanc'd between a reverie and a dream,  
Backward he springs, and, thro' his bounding heart,  
The cold and curdling poison seems to dart:  
For in the leaves, beneath a quivering brake,  
Spinning his death-note, lies a coiling snake,  
Just in the act, with greenly-venom'd fangs,  
To strike the foot, that heedless o'er him hangs;  
Bloated with rage, on spiral folds he rides,  
His rough scales shiver on his spreading sides;  
Dusky and dim his glossy neck becomes,  
And freezing poisons thicken on his gums;  
His parch'd and hissing throat breathes hot and dry,  
A spark of hell lies burning in his eye;  
While like a vapour, o'er his writhing rings,  
Whirls his light tail, and threatens while it sings.

Soon as dumb fear removes her icy fingers,  
From off the heart, where gazing wonder lingers,  
The pilgrim, shrinking from a doubtful sight,  
Aware of danger too in sudden flight,  
From his soft flute throws music's air around,  
And meets his foe upon enchanted ground:  
See! as the plaintive melody is flung,  
The lightning-flash fades off the serpent's tongue;  
The uncoiling reptile o'er each shining fold,  
Throws changeful clouds of azure, green and gold;  
A softer lustre twinkles in his eye;  
His neck is burnish'd with a glossier dye,  
His slippery scales grow smoother to the sight,  
And his relaxing circles roll in light.  
Slowly the charm retires; with waving sides,  
Along its track the graceful listener glides;  
While Music throws her silver cloud around,  
And bears her votary off in magic folds of sound.

There is much smoothness and harmony in these verses. Some passages

remind us strongly of the Botanic Garden. Mr. Pierpont, indeed, seems to incline quite as much to Darwin as to Pope, in whose school the editor ranks him.

With one further extract we shall dismiss this portion of the volume, and certainly not without praise, if the admission may be tendered as praise of an American poem, that it might pass undetected for good English currency.

In the succeeding lines, Mr. Pierpont rises to the height of his argument, and acquits himself very creditably :—

In what rich harmony, what polish'd lays,  
Should man address Thy throne, when Nature pays  
Her wild, her tuneful tribute to the sky!  
Yes, Lord, she sings thee, but she knows not why,  
The fountain's gush, the long resounding shore,  
The zephyr's whisper, and the tempest's roar,  
The rustling leaf in autumn's fading woods,  
The wintry storm, the rush of vernal floods,  
The summer bower, by cooling breezes fann'd,  
The torrent's fall, by dancing rainbows spann'd,  
The streamlet, gurgling thro' its rocky glen,  
The long grass sighing o'er the graves of men,  
The bird that crests yon dew-bespangled tree,  
Shakes his bright plumes, and trills his descant free,  
The scorching bolt, that from thine armoury hurl'd,  
Burns its red path, and cleaves a shrinking world;  
All these are music to Religion's ear.  
Music, thy hand awakes, for man to hear,—  
Thy hand invested in their azure robes,  
Thy breath made buoyant yonder circling globes,  
That bound and blaze along the elastic wires,  
That viewless vibrate on celestial lyres,  
And in that high and radiant concave tremble,  
Beneath whose dome adoring hosts assemble,  
To catch the notes from those bright spheres that flow  
Which mortals dream of, but which angels know.

The extracts with which the editor next presents us, are from the poem of "the Back Woodsman," by Mr. Paulding, for a full account of which we refer the reader to our Number for October last. Enough is conveyed by the very title and subject of this work, to convince us that the author is not one who will confine himself to the ancient common forms of European versification; and we therefore gladly follow him into the woods of the west, in the hope of being conducted through their mighty labyrinths by the hand of a spirited and original guide. This expectation will not be disappointed: Mr. Paulding's work is, at all events, characteristic of his country. There is in it a robust energy, which sustains it under many defects. Like a strong traveller, the poet walks manfully on

his way, little solicitous about the elegance of his motions. As an appropriate subject for the exercise of his powers, we shall select his description of a tempest; and we shall subjoin some other lines, none of which were quoted in our article above alluded to:

A distant, half-heard murmur caught the ear,  
Each moment waxing louder and more near;  
A dark obscurity spread all around,  
And more than twilight seem'd to veil the ground,  
While not a leaf e'en of the aspen stirr'd,  
And not a sound, but that low moan, was heard;  
There is a moment when the boldest heart,  
That would not stoop an inch to 'scape Death's dart,  
That never shrunk from certain danger here,  
Will quail and shiver with an agonish fear;  
'Tis when some unknown mischief hovers nigh,  
And Heav'n itself seems threat'ning from on high.

Brave was our Basil, as became a man,  
Yet still his blood a little cooler ran,  
'Twixt fear and wonder, at that murmur drear,  
That every moment wax'd more loud and near.  
The riddle soon was read—at last it came,  
And Nature trembled to her inmost frame;  
The forest roar'd, the everlasting oak  
In writhing agonies the storm bespoke,  
The live leaves scattered wildly every where,  
Whirl'd round in madd'ning circles in the air,  
The stoutest limbs were scatter'd all around,  
The stoniest trees a stouter master found,  
Crackling and crashing, down they thund'ring go,  
And seem to crush the shrinking rocks below;  
Then the thick rain in gathering torrents pour'd,  
Higher the river rose and louder roar'd,  
And on its dark, quick eddying surface bore  
The gather'd spoils of earth along its shore,  
While trees that not an hour before had stood  
The lofty monarchs of the stately wood,  
Now whirling round and round with furious force,  
And shiver like a reed by urchin broke  
Through idle mischief, or with heedless stroke;  
A hundred cataracts, unknown before,  
Rush down the mountain's side with fearful roar,  
And, as with foaming fury down they go,  
Loose the firm rocks, and thunder them below,  
Blue lightnings from the dark cloud's bosom sprung,  
Like serpents menacing with forked tongue,  
While many a sturdy oak that stiffly brav'd  
The threat'ning hurricane that round it rav'd,  
Shiver'd beneath its bright resistless flash,  
Came tumbling down again with fearful crash.  
Air, earth, and skies, seem'd now to try their power,  
And struggle for the mastery of the hour;  
Higher the waters rose, and blacker still,  
And threaten'd soon the narrow vale to fill.

As a contrast to this picture, we shall give a sketch of a different scene, which will be sufficient to convey an idea of Mr. Paulding's merit. His poetry is consistent with the rest of his character, which stands high for ability. This is the extent of the praise we can bestow upon him; and we are disposed to think that his poetical faculties are not

those of which he has most reason to be proud :—

'Twas evening now,—the hour of toil was o'er,  
Yet still they durst not seek the fearful shore,  
Lest watchful Indian crew should silent creep,  
And spring upon, and murder them in sleep;  
So thro' the livelong night they held their way,  
And 'twas a night might shame the fairest day,—  
So still, so bright, so tranquil was its reign,  
They ear'd not tho' the day ne'er came again;  
The moon high wheel'd the distant hills above,  
Silver'd the fleecy foliage of the grove,  
That as the wooing zephyrs on it fell,  
Whisper'd it lov'd the gentle visit well;  
That fair-fac'd orb alone to move appear'd,  
That zephyr was the only sound they heard;  
No deep-mouth'd hound the hunter's haunt betray'd,  
No lights upon the shore, or waters play'd,  
No loud laugh broke upon the silent air,  
To tell the wand'ers man was nestling there;  
While even the froward babe in mother's arms,  
Lull'd by the scene, suppress'd its loud alarms,  
And, yielding to that moment's tranquil sway,  
Sunk on the breast, and slept its rage away.  
All—all was still—on gliding barque and shore,  
As if the earth now slept to wake no more;  
Life seem'd extinct, as when the world first smil'd,  
Ere Adam was a dupe, or Eve beguil'd.

A light satirical poem follows, written in the manner of Don Juan, and not without effect, entitled "Fanny." It is published anonymously; a precaution for which the writer might have his private reasons within the walls of New-York; and, indeed, we do not know that his name would have been a very powerful accessory, if it made no stronger an impression on English ears than those of Dabney, Maxwell, Bryant, and Eastburn, to whose names we are next introduced. Yet are all these gentlemen respectable practitioners in different departments of their art. Mr. Dabney's peculiar vocation appears to be to the inditing of western battle songs, in which he certainly displays considerable vigour; but, unquestionably, more in the style of an Indian chief giving the war-whoop, than of Tyrtæus of old, or of our own Campbell. The genius of Mr. Maxwell is of a more classical turn, and adopts, for the most part, light and epigrammatic subjects. Mr. Eastburn's work is an imitation of Scott's poems. It is called "Yamoyden, a Tale of the Wars of King Philip;" by which latter appellation our readers must apprehend not the object of their juvenile studies, in the history of Greece, but an unfortunate North-American chieftain, whose

exploits and catastrophe are highly romantic and interesting. Of Mr. Bryant it still remains to speak, and we have no hesitation in assigning to him the superiority over all his countrymen of whom we have any knowledge. His poetry, according to the subject, is full of energy and sweetness. From the pieces called, "The Ages," and "Thanatopsis," we could select many proofs of the former quality, but we prefer extracting a short poem, executed with a great degree of grace and facility, and abounding with beautiful imagery, the perusal of which will, we think, justify all that we have said in Mr. Bryant's favour :—

*The Green River.*

When breezes are soft and skies are fair,  
I steal an hour from study and care,  
And hie me away to the woodland scene,  
Where wanders the stream with waters of green,  
As if the bright fringe of herbs on its brink  
Had given their tinge to the wave they drink;  
And they, whose meadows it murmurs through,  
Have nam'd the stream from its own fair hue.

Yet pure its waters, its shallows are bright,  
With colour'd pebbles, and sparkles of light;  
And clear the depths where the eddies play,  
And dimples deepen and whirl away;  
And the plane's speckled arms o'ershoot  
The swifter current that mines its root;  
Thro' whose shifting leaves, as you walk the hill,  
The quivering glimmer of sun and rill,  
With a sudden flash on the eye is thrown,  
Like the ray that streams from the diamond stone.  
Oh! loveliest there the spring days come,  
With blossoms, and birds, and wild bees' hum;  
The flowers of summer are fairest there,  
And freshest the breath of the summer air,  
And the swimmer comes, in the season of heat,  
To bathe in these waters so pure and sweet.

Yet, fair as thou art, thou shunnest to glide,  
Beautiful stream! by the village side,  
But windest away from the haunts of men,  
To silent valley and shaded glen;  
And forest and meadow, and slope of hill,  
Around thee, are lonely, lovely, and still;  
Lonely—save when, by their rippling tides,  
From thicket to thicket the angler glides;  
Or the simpler comes, with basket and book,  
For herbs of power on thy bank to look;  
Or haply some idle dreamer like me,  
To wander—and muse—and gaze on thee.  
Still—save the chirp of birds that feed  
On the river-cherry and seedy reed...  
And thy own wild music—gushing out  
With mellow murmur, or fairy shout...  
From dawn to the blush of another day,—  
Like traveller singing along his way—  
That fairy music I never hear,  
Nor gaze on those waters so green and clear...  
And mark them winding away from sight...  
Darken'd with shade, or flashing with light:  
While o'er thee the vine to the thicket elings,



And the zephyr stoops to freshen his wings ;  
 But I wish that fate had left me free  
 To wander these quiet haunts with thee,  
 Till the eating cares of earth should depart—  
 And the peace of the scene pass into my heart ;  
 And I envy thy stream as it glides along,  
 Through its beautiful banks, in a trance of song.  
 Tho' forc'd to drudge for the dregs of men—  
 And scrawl strange words with the barbarous pen ;  
 And mingle among the jostling crowd,  
 Where the sons of strife are subtle and loud ;  
 I sometimes come to this quiet place,  
 To breathe the air that ruffles thy face,  
 And gaze upon thee in silent dream ;  
 For, in thy lonely and lovely stream,  
 An image of that calm life appears,  
 That won my heart in my greener years.

We fully agree with the editor in the partiality with which he regards Mr. Bryant's productions ; one more of which we are tempted to present to the reader, who, without any commendation of ours, will not fail to do justice to its beauties.

*To a Water-Fowl.*

Whither, 'midst falling dew—  
 While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,  
 Far thro' their rosy depths dost thou pursue  
 Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye  
 Might mark thy distant flight, to do thee wrong—  
 As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,  
 Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink  
 Of weedy lake—or maze of river wide—  
 Or where the rocking billows rise and sink  
 On the chaf'd ocean side?

There is a Power whose care  
 Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—  
 The desert and illimitable air,—  
 Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fann'd,  
 At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere ;  
 Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,  
 Tho' the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end,  
 Soon shalt thou find a summer home and rest,  
 And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall bend  
 Soon o'er thy shelter'd nest.

Thou'rt gone ; the abyss of heaven  
 Hath swallow'd up thy form : yet on my heart

Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,  
 And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,  
 Guides thro' the boundless sky thy certain flight,  
 In the long way that I must tread alone,  
 Will lead my steps aright.

A variety of fugitive pieces, drawn from different sources, conclude this pleasing epitome of American genius, our opinion of which, after the details already given, it is hardly necessary further to express. Its publication will, we have no doubt, have the effect of redeeming the poetical character of that nation from the neglect, and, we may say, the contempt, with which it has hitherto been treated amongst us ; and thus lead the way to more strenuous efforts on their part, and more honorable achievements. Destined as they are to sustain a part of unparalleled interest and dignity in the future annals of the world, we rejoice at every indication of their advancing cultivation and refinement ; and we look forward to the time when the lustre of their literary triumphs shall give ample demonstration, that despotic power and courtly associations are as little requisite for the splendour and embellishment of a great country, as they have long since proved them to be for its prosperity and protection.

We may remark in conclusion, that the duties which the editor has prescribed to himself, are performed in a very satisfactory manner. In his preface, and in the remarks prefixed to the different poems, he displays a fair and liberal spirit of criticism ; and we feel convinced that the English public, and the stranger bards with whom he has been instrumental in making them acquainted, will esteem themselves mutually indebted to him for this seasonable and agreeable introduction.

*Monthly Magazine, May.*

FROM THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

*Specimens of American Poets, 7s.*

When we consider the influence that America is likely one day to exert over Europe, we cannot but take a lively interest in every thing that is connected with its refinement, and what we may call its civilization ; for it is not merely a flourishing commerce, or any other means of accumulating wealth, that can entitle a people to the epithet of civilized. Under these impressions, we should certainly be inclined to look upon the "Specimens of the American Poets" with a favourable eye, even were their own merits much inferior to what this volume exhibits. The first piece in the collection is "Airs of Palestine," by Mr. Pierpont, a poem in the heroic measure, displaying more study than we generally meet with in the poetry of a rising country, and, perhaps on that very account, less fire. "The Backwoodman" of Mr. Paulding is the next : a poem which first gave the

idea to English readers, that American writers could be poetical, and which abounds with vivid and poetical descriptions. Of "Fanny," a poem in the "Beppo" style, we have already given our opinion, in a former number of the critical department of this work. It appears to more advantage as a fragment, the parts that are now curtailed being the parts which gave it the air of coarseness of which we complained at the time that it came under our notice. To this anonymous writer succeeds Mr. Dabney, whose poems savour of the metaphysical turn of Pope's Essay on Man, with the difference of being less correct and pithy. He cannot lay claim to much originality, any more than Mr. Maxwell, who imitates Waller, and our elder poets, in the style of their little gallant effusions. The next candidate on the list is Mr. Bryant, for whom the editor seems anxious to claim the highest place among the American poets : but as he has not given the lines on which he chiefly founds his admiration, we feel inclined to prefer the effusions of Mr. Eastburn, and his friend who has taken a part in the composition of "Yamoyden, a Tale of the Wars of King Philip." The stanzas of this modest anonymous assistant are replete with beauty of sentiment, and display a harmony of numbers far beyond what the generality of American writers have yet attained command of. The whole poem, prefaced by an interesting memoir of the author, is commented on by Dr. Drake in his "Evenings in Autumn," in a manner that will be sure to recommend it to the notice of the public, and which renders much remark on it in this place unnecessary. The fugitive poetry at the end of the volume does not present any thing very striking ; but altogether the "Specimens" exhibit a very gratifying promise of future excellence in the transatlantic votaries of the Muse.

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(Literary Gazette, May 18.)

### LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF SCOTTISH LIFE ;

FROM THE PAPERS OF THE LATE ARTHUR AUSTIN.

**T**HE second part of the above title is merely gratuitous and unnecessary : no living writer needed to be ashamed of this volume, and there never was the Arthur Austin to have its wreaths bound upon his tomb. The author is evidently the same with the author of Adam Blair ; and probably Mr. Wilson. This, however, is a surmise, and of little consequence ; for we have to do with the work, and not with its anonymous origin.

It consists of twenty-four Tales founded on Scottish manners and sentiments ; of unequal merit, but all evincing talents of the foremost order. The *Shadows* indeed predominate over the *Lights* ; but as it is better to visit the house of mourning than the house of mirth, so may it sometimes be more healthful for the soul, and even more delightful as a recreation, to surrender ourselves to the records of sorrow, than to revel among the lively sallies of merriment and pleasantry. We say this after a trial to which ordinary readers are not exposed ; for it is one of the pains incident to our situation, that we cannot dwell long & at due intervals on books which we enjoy, but are forced on, doing them and ourselves injustice, to devour their whole contents, so as to be fully able to report their characters to a public which it is our pride never

wittingly to mislead, and which we gratefully know does us the justice to appreciate this not very easy service.

Three of these Tales (The Elder's Funeral, The Snow-Storm, and the Forgers) have previously appeared ; all, we believe, in Blackwood's Magazine ;† the rest are quite new, and, without entering upon a general criticism, deserve to be called excellent in conception, composition, power, and pathos. As pictures of society, and portraits of a race of beings fast, we fear, wearing away, if not already as if they had never been, in the villages and the wilds of Scotland, they appeal most touchingly to the heart ; and we will venture to predict that many a rugged nature will melt before the simple and affecting annals of these humble actors in the sad dramas of life in which they are raised to—no, not to fret and strut—but to endure their hour in patient suffering and pious resignation. Such is the tenor of the author's way. Sadness, and even gloom, seem congenial to his moods of mind ; he is the Heraclitus of the lonely and rural retreat, though without the austerity of the philosopher. Perhaps the religious cast of his opinions is rather more strong than we admire in productions of mere fiction. The name of God is

† See *Athenæum*, vol. x. p. 273, &c.

so frequently invoked, as sometimes, we think, to be almost taken in vain ; and even in the most solemn imaginings of human misery, we are loth to have the sacred and blessed names of the Saviour too commonly or irreverently introduced. We are convinced that no irreverence is meant, and that, on the contrary, this blemish proceeds from the intensity of an opposite feeling, but still we deem it a duty to enter our protest against the habit here carried to an excess.

The first story, "The Lily of Liddesdale," is a Scotch-Arcadian Shep-

herdess, a species of creature which we fancy does not infest the glens of the Highlands ; but allowing for the inherent right of creating in an author, (and ours is exceedingly partial to Shepherdesses) it is a poetical, simple and affecting narrative. The next, entitled "Moss-Side," is to our apprehension exquisitely natural and pathetic, while it is only a striking delineation of, we trust, a still numerous class of the northern population of Britain. In fairness to the author, and in kindness to our readers, we cannot do better than quote this beautiful tale.

#### MOSS SIDE.

Gilbert Ainslie was a poor man ; and he had been a poor man all the days of his life, which were not few, for his thin hair was now waxing grey. He had been born and bred on the small moorland farm which he now occupied ; and he hoped to die there, as his father and grandfather had done before him, leaving a family just above the more bitter wants of this world. Labour, hard and unremitting, had been his lot in life ; but although sometimes severely tried, he had never repined ; and through all the mist and gloom, and even the storms that had assailed him, he had lived on from year to year in that calm and resigned contentment which unconsciously cheers the hearthstone of the blameless poor. With his own hands he had ploughed, sowed, and reaped his often scanty harvest, assisted, as they grew up, by three sons, who, even in boyhood, were happy to work along with their father in the fields. Out of doors or in, Gilbert Ainslie was never idle. The spade, the shears, the plough-shaft, the sickle, and the flail, all came readily to hands that grasped them well ; and not a morsel of food was eaten under his roof, or a garment worn there, that was not honestly, severely, nobly earned. Gilbert Ainslie was a slave, but it was for them he loved with a sober and deep affection. The thralldom under which he lived God had imposed, and it only served to give his character a shade of silent gravity,

but not austere ; to make his smiles fewer, but more heartfelt ; to calm his soul at grace before and after meals ; and to kindle it in morning and evening prayer.

There is no need to tell the character of the wife of such a man. Meek and thoughtful, yet gladsome and gay withal, her heaven was in her house ; and her gentler and weaker hands helped to bar the door against want. Of ten children that had been born to them, they had lost three ; and as they had fed, clothed, and educated them respectably, so did they give them who died a respectable funeral. The living did not grudge to give up, for a while, some of their daily comforts, for the sake of the dead ; and bought, with the little sums which their industry had saved, decent mournings, worn on Sabbath, and then carefully laid by. Of the seven that survived, two sons were farm-servants in the neighbourhood, while three daughters and two sons remained at home, growing or grown up, a small, happy, hard-working household.

Many cottages are there in Scotland like Moss-side, and many such humble and virtuous cottagers as were now beneath its roof of straw. The eye of the passing traveller may mark them, or mark them not, but they stand peacefully in thousands over all the land ; and most beautiful do they make it, through all its wide valleys and narrow glens,—its low holms encircled by the rocky walls of some bonny burn,—its

green mounts elated with their little crowning groves of plane-trees,—its yellow cornfields, its bare pastoral hill-sides, and all its heathy moors, on whose black bosom lie shining or concealed glades of excessive verdure, inhabited by flowers, and visited only by the far-flying bees. Moss-side was not beautiful to a careless or hasty eye; but when looked on and surveyed, it seemed a pleasant dwelling. Its roof, overgrown with grass and moss, was almost as green as the ground out of which its weather-stained walls appeared to grow. The moss behind it was separated from a little garden, by a narrow slip of arable land, the dark colour of which showed that it had been won from the wild by patient industry, and by patient industry retained. It required a bright sunny day to make Moss-side fair; but then it was fair indeed; and when the little brown moorland birds were singing their short songs among the rushes and the heather, or a lark, perhaps lured hither by some green barley-field for its undisturbed nest, rose ringing all over the enlivened solitude, the little bleak farm smiled like the paradise of poverty, sad and affecting in its lone and extreme simplicity. The boys and girls had made some plots of flowers among the vegetables that the little garden supplied for their homely meals; pinks and carnations, brought from walled gardens of rich men farther down in the cultivated strath, grew here with somewhat diminished lustre; a bright show of tulips had a strange beauty in the midst of that moor-land; and the smell of roses mixed well with that of the clover, the beautiful fair clover that loves the soil and the air of Scotland, and gives the rich and balmy milk to the poor man's lips.

In this cottage, Gilbert's youngest child, a girl about nine years of age, had been lying for a week in a fever. It was now Saturday evening, and the ninth day of the disease. Was she to live or die? It seemed as if a very few hours were between the innocent creature and Heaven. All the symptoms were those of approaching death. The parents knew well the change that comes over the human face, whether it

be in infancy, youth, or prime, just before the departure of the spirit; and as they stood together by Margaret's bed, it seemed to them that the fatal shadow had fallen upon her features. The surgeon of the parish lived some miles distant, but they expected him now every moment, and many a wistful look was directed by tearful eyes along the moor. The daughter, who was out at service, came anxiously home on this night, the only one that could be allowed her, for the poor must work in their grief, and their servants must do their duty to those whose bread they eat, even when nature is sick,—sick at heart. Another of the daughters came in from the potatoe-field beyond the brae, with what was to be their frugal supper. The calm noiseless spirit of life was in and around the house, while death seemed dealing with one who, a few days ago, was like light upon the floor, and the sound of music, that always breathed up when most wanted; glad and joyous in common talk,—sweet, silvery, and mournful, when it joined in hymn and psalm. One after another, they all continued going up to the bed-side, and then coming away sobbing or silent, to see their merry little sister, who used to keep dancing all day like a butterfly in a meadow-field, or like a butterfly with shut wings on a flower, trifling for a while in the silence of her joy, now tossing restlessly on her bed, and scarcely sensible to the words of endearment whispered around her, or the kisses dropt with tears, in spite of themselves, on her burning forehead.

Utter poverty often kills the affections; but a deep, constant, and common feeling of this world's hardships, and an equal participation in all those struggles by which they may be softened, unite husband and wife, parents and children, brothers and sisters, in thoughtful and subdued tenderness, making them happy indeed while the circle round the fire is unbroken, and yet preparing them every day to bear the separation, when some one or other is taken slowly or suddenly away.—Their souls are not moved by fits and starts, although, indeed, nature sometimes wrestles with necessity; and there

is a wise moderation both in the joy and the grief of the intelligent poor, which keeps lasting trouble away from their earthly lot, and prepares them silently and unconsciously for Heaven.

"Do you think the child is dying?" said Gilbert with a calm voice to the surgeon, who, on his wearied horse, had just arrived from another sick-bed, over the misty range of hills; and had been looking steadfastly for some minutes on the little patient. The humane man knew the family well, in the midst of whom he was standing, and replied, "While there is life there is hope; but my pretty little Margaret is, I fear in the last extremity." There was no loud lamentation at these words—all had before known, though would not confess it to themselves, what they now were told—and though the certainty that was in the words of the skilful man made their hearts beat for a little with sicker throbbings, made their pale faces paler, and brought out from some eyes a greater gush of tears, yet death had been before in this house, and in this case he came, as he always does, in awe, but not in terror. There were wandering and wavering and dreamy delirious phantasies in the brain of the innocent child; but the few words she indistinctly uttered were affecting, not rending to the heart, for it was plain that she thought herself herding her sheep in the green silent pastures, and sitting wrapped in her plaid upon the lown and sunny side of the Birk-knowe. She was too much exhausted—there was too little life—too little breath in her heart, to frame a tune; but some of her words seemed to be from favourite old songs; and at last her mother wept, and turned aside her face, when the child, whose blue eyes were shut, and her lips almost still, breathed out these lines of the beautiful twenty-third psalm:

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want,  
He makes me down to lie  
In pastures green: he leadeth me  
The quiet waters by.

The child was now left with none but her mother by the bed-side, for it was said to be best so; and Gilbert and his family sat down round the kitchen, for a while in silence. In

about a quarter of an hour, they began to rise calmly, and to go each to his allotted work. One of the daughters went forth with the pail to milk the cow, and another began to set out the table in the middle of the floor for supper, covering it with a white cloth. Gilbert viewed the usual household arrangements with a solemn and untroubled eye; and there was almost the faint light of a grateful smile on his cheek, as he said to the worthy surgeon, "You will partake of our fare after your day's travel of toil and humanity." In a short silent half hour, the potatoes and oat-cakes, butter and milk, were on the board; and Gilbert, lifting up his toil-hardened, but manly hand, with a slow motion, at which the room was as hushed as if it had been empty, closed his eyes in reverence, and asked a blessing. There was a little stool, on which no one sat, by the old man's side. It had been put there unwittingly, when the other seats were all placed in their usual order; but the golden head that was wont to rise at that part of the table was now wanting. There was silence—not a word was said—their meal was before them,—God had been thanked, and they began to eat.

While they were at their silent meal a horseman came galloping to the door, and with a loud voice, called out that he had been sent express with a letter to Gilbert Ainslie; at the same time rudely, and with an oath, demanding a dram for his trouble. The eldest son, a lad of eighteen, fiercely seized the bridle of his horse, and turned its head away from the door. The rider, somewhat alarmed at the flushed face of the powerful stripling, threw down the letter and rode off. Gilbert took the letter from his son's hand, casting, at the same time, a half upbraiding look on his face, that was returning to its former colour. "I feared," said the youth, with a tear in his eye—"I feared that the brute's voice, and the trampling of the horse's feet, would have disturbed her." Gilbert held the letter hesitatingly in his hand, as if afraid, at that moment, to read it; at length, he said aloud to the surgeon: "You know that I am a poor man, and debt, if

justly incurred, and punctually paid when due, is no dishonour." Both his hand and his voice shook slightly as he spoke; but he opened the letter from the lawyer, and read it in silence. At this moment his wife came from her child's bed-side, and looking anxiously at her husband, told him "not to mind the money, that no man, who knew him, would arrest his goods, or put him into prison. Though, dear me, it is cruel to be put to it thus, when our bairn is dying, and when, if so it be the Lord's will, she should have a decent burial, poor innocent, like them that went before her." Gilbert continued reading the letter with a face on which no emotion could be discovered; and then, folding it up, he gave it to his wife, told her she might read it if she chose, and then put it into his desk in the room, beside the poor dear bairn. She took it from him, without reading it, and crushed it into her bosom; for she turned her ear towards her child, and, thinking she heard it stir, ran out hastily to its bed-side.

Another hour of trial past, and the child was still swimming for its life. The very dogs knew there was grief in the house, and lay without stirring, as if hiding themselves below the long table at the window. One sister sat with an unfinished gown on her knees, that she had been sewing for the dear child, and still continued at the hopeless work, she scarcely knew why; and often, often, putting up her hand to wipe away a tear. "What is that?" said the old man to his eldest daughter: "What is that you are laying on the shelf?" She could scarcely reply that it was a ribband and an ivory comb that she had bought for little Margaret, against the night of the dancing-school ball. And, at these words, the father could not restrain a long, deep, and bitter groan; at which the boy, nearest in age to his dying sister, looked up weeping in his face, and letting the tattered book of old ballads, which he had been poring on, but not reading, fall out of his hands, he rose from his seat, and, going into his father's bosom, kissed him, and asked God to bless him; for the holy heart of the boy was moved within him; and the old man, as

he embraced him, felt that, in his innocence and simplicity, he was indeed a comforter. "The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away," said the old man; "blessed be the name of the Lord."

The outer door gently opened, and he, whose presence had in former years brought peace and resignation hither, when their hearts had been tried, even as they now were tried, stood before them. On the night before the Sabbath, the minister of Auchindown never left his Manse, except, as now, to visit the sick or dying bed. Scarcely could Gilbert reply to his first question about his child, when the surgeon came from the bed-room, and said, "Margaret seems lifted up by God's hand above death and the grave: I think she will recover. She has fallen asleep; and, when she wakes, I hope—I believe—that the danger will be past, and that your child will live."

They were all prepared for death; but now they were found unprepared for life. One wept that had till then locked up all her tears within her heart; another gave a short, palpitating shriek; and the tender-hearted Isabel, who had nursed the child when it was a baby, fainted away. The youngest brother gave way to gladsome smiles; and, calling out his dog Hector, who used to sport with him and his little sister on the moor, he told the tidings to the dumb irrational creature, whose eyes, it is certain, sparkled with a sort of joy. The clock, for some days, had been prevented from striking the hours; but the silent fingers pointed to the hour of nine; and that, in the cottage of Gilbert Ainslie, was the stated hour of family worship. His own honoured minister took the book;

He waled a portion with judicious care :  
And let us worship God, he said, with solemn air.

A chapter was read—a prayer said;—and so, too, was sung a psalm; but it was sung low, and with suppressed voices, lest the child's saving sleep might be broken; and now and then the female voices trembled, or some one of them ceased altogether; for there had been tribulation and anguish, and now hope and faith were tried in the joy of thanksgiving.

The child still slept; and its sleep seemed more sound and deep. It appeared almost certain that the crisis was over, and that the flower was not to fade. "Children," said Gilbert, "our happiness is in the love we bear to one another; and our duty is in submitting to and serving God. Gracious, indeed, has he been to us. Is not the recovery of our little darling, dancing, singing Margaret, worth all the gold that ever was mined? If we had had thousands of thousands, would we not have filled up her grave with the worthless dross of gold, rather than she should have gone down there with her sweet face and all her rosy smiles?" There was no reply; but a joyful sobbing all over the room.

"Never mind the letter, nor the debt, father," said the eldest daughter. "We have all some little thing of our own—a few pounds—and we shall be able to raise as much as will keep arrest and prison at a distance. Or if they do take our furniture out of the house, all except Margaret's bed, who cares? We will sleep on the floor; and there are potatoes in the field, and clear water in the spring. We need fear nothing; blessed be God for all his mercies."

Gilbert went into the sick-room, and got the letter from his wife, who was sitting at the head of the bed, watching, with a heart blessed beyond all bliss, the calm and regular breathings of her child. "This letter," said he mildly, "is not from a hard creditor. Come with me while I read it aloud to our children." The letter was read aloud, and it was well fitted to diffuse pleasure and satisfaction through the dwelling of poverty. It was from an executor to the will of a distant relative, who had left Gilbert Ainslie £1500. "The sum," said Gilbert, "is a large one to folks like us, but not, I hope, large

enough to turn heads, or make us think ourselves all lords and ladies. It will do more, far more, than put me fairly above the world at last. I believe, that, with it, I may buy this very farm, on which my forefathers have toiled. But God, whose providence has sent this temporal blessing, may he send us wisdom and prudence how to use it, and humble and grateful hearts to us all."

"You will be able to send me to school all the year round now, father," said the youngest boy. "And you may leave the flail to your sons now, father," said the eldest. "You may hold the plough still, for you draw a straighter furrow than any of us; but hard work for young sinews; and you may sit now oftener in your arm chair by the ingle. You will not need to rise now in the dark, cold, and snowy winter mornings, and keep threshing corn in the barn for hours by candle-light, before the late dawning."

There was silence, gladness, and sorrow, and but little sleep in Moss-side, between the rising and setting of the stars, that were now out in thousands, clear, bright, and sparkling over the unclouded sky. Those who had lain down for an hour or two in bed could scarcely be said to have slept; and when about morning little Margaret awoke, an altered creature, pale, languid, and unable to turn herself on her lowly bed, but with meaning in her eyes, memory in her mind, affection in her heart, and coolness in all her veins, a happy groupe were watching the first faint smile that broke over her features; and never did one who stood there forget that Sabbath morning, on which she seemed to look round upon them all with a gaze of fair and sweet bewilderment, like one half conscious of having been rescued from the power of the grave.

## Paragraphs.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES—REMARKABLE INCIDENTS, &c.

**LORD BYRON**—An unpleasant affray, in which Lord Byron and several English gentlemen have been engaged at Pisa, has been mentioned in the daily newspapers. The circumstances we

have reason to believe were briefly these. His Lordship and his friends, in a morning ride, were insulted by a Military person, and high words ensued. Lord B. from his uniform, mis-

taking the aggressor for an officer, offered him his card ; but it was afterwards discovered that his rank did not entitle him to this privilege, and that he was only a quarter-master sergeant without a commission. The results of this matter were disputes and tumults ; till at length, on the day following the original contest, a serious rencounter took place, in which several of the parties being thrown down, the Italian was wounded, we are sorry to say, so severely, that his life is in the greatest danger. Such is the account derived from letters written by Lord Byron, who does not seem to contemplate any more disagreeable consequences, or any thing to render his leaving Pisa expedient.

#### ANECDOTES.

A French traveller lately ventured to the summit of a glacier in the Canton of Glarus, which is 8925 feet high and covered with ice. Before he reached the top, a glance into the immense abyss so affected the novice in climbing mountains, that he declared to the guide he was unable to move either backwards or forwards. All persuasion was fruitless ; he burst into tears, exclaimed he should be starved to death, took out his pocket-book and wrote his last will, which he committed to the guide, with the necessary directions how and where to deliver it. Happily the latter succeeded in procuring assistance ; but it was only by employing violence that they were able to force back into the world the adventurer who had achieved so whimsical and yet so distressing a dilemma.

The young Marquis L— recently won 20,000 florins in the house of a nobleman at Florence where a Farobank was clandestinely kept, and went away with it after midnight. Observing that he was followed by two men in disguise, he hastily took refuge in a guard-house and related his adventure, begging at the same time that a soldier might accompany him home. The Corporal immediately consented, but first went out under the pretext of looking for the pursuers, in reality to concert with the three soldiers the plunder of the stranger. They stopped his mouth, took the money from him, and

then threw him into the river. While these villains were dividing their prize, three persons masked suddenly entered, declared that they knew every thing, and that if the money was not shared with them, they would instantly give information to the Police. The soldiers were obliged to comply ; and a new division was making when a Patrol entered the room. The officer took the whole company to the principal guard-house, where they found young L— dripping wet : he being an expert swimmer had saved himself, and given information of the circumstance. The 20,000 florins were recovered from the robbers, who were led to prison, where they expect their punishment.

#### MONUMENT TO FOUR GREAT MEN.

In a small private chapel in Bristol, there is a marble tablet, on which there is the following inscription, to the memory of four of the greatest friends of humanity that perhaps ever lived. It was written by a late worthy individual, John Birtel on hearing of Lord Nelson's victory off Trafalgar.

“ John Howard,  
Jonas Hanway,  
John Fothergill,  
Richard Reynolds.

“ Not unto us, O Lord ! but unto thy name, be the glory.

“ Beneath some ample, hallowed dome,  
The warrior's bones are laid ;  
And blazon'd on the stately tomb,  
His martial deeds displayed.  
Beneath an humble roof we place  
This monumental tomb,  
To names the poor shall ever bless,  
And charity shall own.  
To soften human woe their care,  
To feel its sigh, to aid its prayer ;  
Their work on earth, not to destroy ;  
And their reward, their Master's joy.”

A very extraordinary decision, affecting literary property and the freedom of enquiry, took place within the month. It will be remembered that Mr. William Lawrence, the eminent London surgeon, sometime since published his eloquent Lectures delivered at Surgeon's Hall ; and, as Mr. L. denied the evidence of any *immaterial* principle of sensation and life, some zealots in the governorship of Bethlem Hospital voted his expulsion from that establishment. Unwilling to be the scape-goat of a physico-theological ques-



tion, in which science is opposed by faith, Mr. Lawrence modestly withdrew his book from circulation; and, in consequence, the copies already sold fetched exorbitant prices. Of this circumstance some speculating publishers took advantage, and several cheap editions appeared. Mr. Lawrence sought of course to assert his authorial rights, by an appeal to the Court of Chancery for an injunction: which being refused on the ground that the doctrines ought not to be protected, the cheap editions remain in circulation! A circumstance equally ridiculous has occurred about Lord Byron's *Cain*.—The Chancellor refused his protection of the author's right, owing to some metaphysical scruples, and five or six editions, some as low as 1s. 6d. are in consequence on sale.

## ADMIRAL BYNG.

MR. EDITOR—Whatever may have been the opinions, public or private, upon the late publication of Lord Orford's *Memoirs*, one of the most interesting parts of them is his relation of the persecution and death of Admiral Byng; and I therefore presume that some further particulars of the last moments of that devoted hero, may not be unacceptable to your readers. These facts were communicated to me by the servant who attended him and took his orders. This person had, for the fortnight previous to the mortal catastrophe, scarcely been permitted to sleep, being continually on horseback carrying despatches, so that on the fatal morning, he was waked by his master with, "Come, sleeper, 'tis the last morning I shall trouble you." In the course of dressing he exchanged his gold sleeve buttons for those of his faithful domestic, and was careful, in giving him his wardrobe and other things, to do it in the presence of a relative, that no dispute might arise. The coat in which he was shot was a favourite; two or three had been consigned to his valet before this fell into his hands, and was selected for the occasion. It is of a drab colour, and shows the marks of long service, as well as the perforations of the balls which passed through it: it is now in possession of Sarah Hutchins, daughter of his valet.

The gallant Admiral gave to each of

the marines appointed to the task of putting the sentence of the law into execution, a half-guinea piece; then speaking to his valet for the last time, said, "Hutchins, when I fall, throw my morning gown over me;—I should be sorry they saw my blood." This was accordingly done; and it is said he bled inwardly, so that no blood did appear.

## ORIGIN OF TURBANS.

The Eastern custom of wearing turbans, came from the Levantines on this occasion: "The Barbarians fighting with the Grecian army at a great disadvantage at Thermopylæ, found there was no other remedy but that some few should force the narrow passage, while the main body of the army might escape. There were brave spirits who undertook it; knowing they went to an inevitable death, they had care of nothing but sepulture, which of old was much regarded; wherefore each of them carried his winding sheet wrapped about his head, and then, with the loss of their own lives, saved their fellows; whereupon, for an honourable memorial of that exploit, the Levantines used to wrap white linen about their heads; which custom was adopted by the Turks."

## ANECDOTE.

During the times of the very severe penal laws against the Roman Catholics in Ireland, it is little wonder that they were almost all Jacobites, or suspected to be so. Their priests, from their foreign education, were peculiarly objects of suspicion. On one occasion, a priest, whose jovial manners rendered him a welcome guest even at tables where his politics were not acceptable, dined with a freehearted loyalist in the county of Tipperary. He sat next the host, and immediately under him a dragoon officer. After dinner the master of the house gave "The King," adding with a smile, as he turned to his neighbour, "but not your King, by G—." The priest instantly turned to the officer, and, glass in hand, gave, "The King, but not your king, by G—." "How, Sir!" cried the dragoon, very angrily, "what do you mean by such a toast?" "I don't know," answered the priest, "ask the gentleman at the head of the table, for I give it as he gave it to me."

## Intelligence.

Mr. MONTGOMERY, the poet, will publish in a few days a work entitled "Songs of Zion," being imitations of the Psalms in verse.

Malpas ; by the author of the "Cavalier"—Roche Blanc, by Miss A. M. PORTER—The Refugees, by the author of "Correction"—and Tales of the Manor, by Mrs. HOFLAND, are nearly ready for publication.

Sketches of the Life and Character of Patrick Henry, by Mr. WM. WIRT, of Richmond, Virginia, is reprinting from the American edition.

The famous Madame Krüdner, who a few years back gave so much trouble to the orthodox Swiss and German authorities, is now in Petersburg, where she holds frequent prayer meetings at her house, and it is said they are still frequented by many fanatics.

A very extraordinary hail-storm is recorded in the last *Philosophical Magazine* to have happened in Russia: the stones, says the recorder of this truly Muscovite storm, were so large and hard, that they killed a flock of two hundred sheep, and severely maimed the shepherd that attended them!

Mr. Mathews, it is said, is going to America: we wish he would consider of it and stay at Home. The full tide of popularity is with him, and it is unwise to leave the tide.

The Strasburgh Journal mentions the performances of one Christophe, whom it calls the greatest mimic in France, being able to change his physiognomy into forty-five different countenances.

A dreadful hail-storm lately ravaged the cities of Orchies, St. Amand, Conde, Landrecies, and the adjacent country. In some places the hailstones weighed *twelve ounces*, and when dissolved produced more than half a pint of water! The noise of their fall was dreadful, and resembled an earthquake. Vegetation was utterly destroyed where the tempest raged most furiously; persons were wounded; and the birds, especially the partridges, almost all perished. It is a strange cause of distress, but the village of Hergnies, which carried on a considerable traffic in the supply of game, is ruined by the latter.

The author of Headlong Hall, and of several other well known and entertaining productions, has just added to them another very pleasant volume, entitled, *Maid Marian*, full of the same whimsical kind of satire and quaint humour with which his other works abound. Out of the venerable materials composing the ancient ballads and plays on the story of Robin Hood, he has chosen as much as suited his fancy, and, throwing in some well-imagined dispositions of his own, he has connected a tale, which, though the subject of it be more than thrice-told, is certainly by no means tedious. We are to receive as authentic such of the old legends as represent Robin to have been the outlawed

Earl of Huntingdon, and Maid Marian is no other than Matilda, the daughter of Baron Fitzwater, who, being betrothed to the earl before his expulsion, follows him faithfully into the greenwood, to partake his fallen estate. Friar Tuck is excellently personified by Father Michael of Rabygill Abbey, "a joke-cracking, bottle-cracking, skull-cracking friar," who sings an excellent song, and excommunicates his enemies from venison and brawn. The snatches of songs, scattered through the pages, are turned with great spirit and cleverness, and contribute not a little to the exhilarating qualities of this very amusing volume.

It is with great pleasure that we call the attention of our readers to an important work, which has lately made its appearance, under the comprehensive title of—*Europe, or a General Survey of the present Situation of the Principal Powers, with conjectures on their future Prospects; by a Citizen of the United States*. In all probability the writer of this volume has assumed in his title-page the privileges of an American citizen as a *nom de guerre*, and indeed his style is by no means that of a transatlantic author. The view which he takes of the present state of Europe, (and a more interesting period has perhaps never existed in its annals,) is highly liberal, and we think in the main soundly philosophic. He contends that the momentous changes which have been wrought within the last half century, in the political condition of almost all the kingdoms of Europe, have proceeded from none of those temporary and local causes, to which the wishes of despots would gladly attribute them; but have been induced by the operation of the great principles of enlightened freedom and improved knowledge which are still in progress, and from which our author anticipates still mightier effects. The chapter on Great Britain contains much valuable remark, with nothing of that harsh spirit which has been displayed by some of the American writers, when treating of our institutions in comparison with their own. Many parts of this volume are written with considerable eloquence.

We have a flourishing instance of "the most high and palmy state" to which the art of romance-writing has attained amongst the French, in the *Renegade*, translated from the original of M. LE VICOMTE D'ARLINCOURT, which, in its native language, is running rapidly through successive editions. For this extraordinary success we can perceive some temporary reasons. It contains, in the person of its hero, a mental and physiognomical portrait of Bonaparte; a little varied, but sufficiently like to leave no doubt of the identity; and it is replete with allusions to the late invasion of France, and other political topics of recent occurrence. The execution is altogether in the French taste for display and theatrical effect. It is the work of a man of genius.

# SPIRIT

OF THE

## ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

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BOSTON, AUGUST 1, 1822.

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(London Time's Telescope for August 1822.)

### August.

Hail, greenwood shades, that stretching far,  
 Defy e'en Summer's noontide pow'r,  
 When *August* in his burning car  
 Withholds the cloud, withholds the show'r.

**T**HE powerful influence of the solar rays now contributes to ripen the various sorts of grain, which are benevolently given for the food of man and cattle. The time of commencing the harvest varies greatly in different districts. It is usually begun in the southern and midland parts of the kingdom towards the end of *July*, but principally at the beginning of this month; in the northern districts of *Scotland*, the harvest does not commence until the first or second week in *September*. And, it is but rarely that, in these parts of England, it is finished, even in the most favorable situations, before the end of *October*; and, not unfrequently, this time is protracted till the middle of *November*, till the corn has been *ripened* by the frost. At Inverary, the seat of the Duke of Argyre in Scotland, the corn is so often spoiled by the rain, that the duke has built an immense barn, with a draft of air through it, and pins to hang his wheat on to dry it.

Some curious ceremonies have been, and are still observed in various parts of the country, when the corn is housed. But the 'harvest home,' like other customs of olden time, is fast wearing out;

and, if practised at all, scarcely deserves the name of that happy festival, when

Our rural ancestors, with little blest,  
 Patient of labour when the end was rest,  
 Indulged the day that housed their annual grain  
 With feasts and off'rings, and a thankful strain:  
 The joy their *wives*, and *sons*, and *servants* share,  
 Ease of their toil, and partners of their care:  
 The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,  
 Smoothed ev'ry brow, and opened every soul.

POPE.

The purple fox-glove (*digitalis purpurea*) now shows its elegant flower: this plant was formerly much esteemed as a medicine in consumption, but its beneficial properties do not seem to have had any effect in arresting the progress of that rapacious fatality which marks this too prevalent disease. The Derbyshire women of the poorer class, whenever they wish to enjoy the pleasures of intoxication at a cheap rate, indulge in copious draughts of *fox-glove tea*, which produces a great exhilaration of spirits, and has some singular effects on the system.

Insects still continue to swarm; they sport in the sun from flower to flower, from fruit to fruit, and subsist themselves upon the superfluities of nature. It is very amusing to observe, in the bright sun of an August morning, the animation and delight of some of our lepidopterous tribes. That beautiful little blue butterfly (*papilio argus*) is

then all life and activity, fluttering from flower to flower in the grass with remarkable vivacity : there seems to be a constant rivalry and contention between this beauty, and the not less elegant little beau *papilio phleas*. The increase of some creatures in particular years, and the long interval between almost annihilation and profusion in the insect world, is very remarkable, nor can we satisfactorily account for it. 'The lepidopterous class' (observes a valuable correspondent from Gloucestershire) 'are particularly subject to irregularity : it has sensibly been diminishing for several years, but this summer we have had scarcely a butterfly, and our flower-beds have lost much of their interest from the absence of this animated insect. The year 1821, however, has been very favourable to the production of the *slug* and *snail* race, and our wall-fruit has been greatly disfigured by their depredations. One species, the *helix vigata*, has increased in an extraordinary manner, and, in the village of *Tockington*, in Gloucestershire, gave rise to the most ridiculous and extravagant conceptions. There is a small dry field in this village which has long been inhabited by this *helix*, and they have annually appeared in greater or smaller numbers according to circumstances ; but this year (August 1821) they have increased prodigiously ; and as any trifling occurrence varying from the every-day sights of life becomes a subject of wonderment to a common mind, it was immediately concluded, (and some had the impudence to declare they witnessed it) that these *snails fell in the form of a heavy shower from the clouds*, predicting private and public misfortune, and all the calamities that a heated fancy or a weak mind could suggest ! One man at Bristol actually circulated a paper, considerably to his emolument, announcing this event as a sign of the latter days, and the coming of the Messiah ! Hundreds of people from the neighbourhood daily visited this field, for about a fortnight's duration ; and multitudes of these little creatures, to the amount of perhaps a bushel a day, were collected by the curious, and sold by others to distant parts of the coun-

try, some persons receiving five shillings a day by the sale of them. All our downs, especially the maritime ones, produce this *helix* most copiously, and commonly every *bent* in those places is weighed down by them in the summer months.

In this month, the English *Villeggiatura* commences, and London pours out its thousand tourists, who, by the aid of the almost countless break-necks, high-flyers, and velociferes, which form the *perpetual motion* of modern times, in a few hours scatter themselves over the fertile and picturesque country of the United Kingdom. Others, in the humble but agreeable character of pedestrians, seek to realize the description of the poet, and catch the 'incense breathing morn,' and 'range through wood and dale, hill and lawn ;'—

Rambling wide to trace  
Near home discoveries—pest'ring every place.  
Equipped with knapsacks, trudging here and there  
Like pedlars posting to a country fair,  
Or, perched on coach-roof, they admire the scene,  
How uplands rise, and vallies lie between ;  
Or down some river's stream meand'ring glide,  
And find that there is land on either side :  
Who see old castles where they long have stood,  
And feast on ruins—antiquarian food :  
Perceive that *Scotland* to the northward lies,  
And that in *Wales*, huge, barren mountains rise :  
That *Ireland* is an island, where abound  
Bogs, hogs, and dogs, and fogs, the whole year round ;  
That poor folks there, for want of bread and meat,  
With buttermilk their boiled potatoes eat.  
These things made out, a pompous book must show,  
What much it must concern the world to know,  
How far they walked—where halted, dined and slept,  
What inns—good meat—good wine—good lodgings  
kept ;  
What dangers—what fatigues, they underwent,  
And wore their shoes out—and their money spent.

Pomona now offers her fruits to allay the parching thirst ; currants, gooseberries, raspberries, and cranberries, are all peculiarly refreshing at this season. But what is the thirst which we, in this temperate climate, designate *parching*, compared with that experienced by the way-worn traveller on the burning sands of Egypt ?—there, and in such countries only, is the value of a draught of water properly appreciated. 'Many' (says M. Belzoni) 'perish victims of the most horrible thirst. It is then that the value of a cup of water is really felt. He that has a *zenobia* of it is the richest of all.

In such a case there is no distinction; if the master has none, the servant will not give it to him; for very few are the instances where a man will voluntarily lose his life to save that of another, particularly in a caravan in the desert, where people are strangers to each other. What a situation for a man, though a rich one, perhaps the owner of all the caravans! He is dying for a cup of water—no one gives it to him—he offers all he possesses—no one hears him—they are *all* dying—though by walking a few hours farther they might be saved; the camels are lying down, and cannot be made to rise—no one has strength to walk—only he that has a glass of that precious liquor lives to walk a mile farther, and perhaps dies too. If the voyages on seas are dangerous, so are those in the deserts: at sea the provisions very often fail; in the desert it is worse: at sea, storms are met with; in the desert there cannot be a greater storm than to find a dry well; at sea, one meets with pirates—we escape—we surrender—we die. In the desert they rob the traveller of all his property and water; they let him live, perhaps, but what a life! to die the most barbarous and agonizing death. In short, to be thirsty in a desert, without water, exposed to the burning sun, without shelter, and no hopes of finding either, is the most terrible situation that a man can be placed in, and one of the greatest sufferings that a human being can sustain. The eyes grow inflamed, the tongue and lips swell; a hollow sound is heard in the ears, which brings on deafness, and the brain appears to grow thick and inflamed: all these feelings arise from the want of a little water. In the midst of all this misery, the deceitful morasses appear before the traveller at no great distance, something like a lake or river of clear fresh water. The deception of this phenomenon (the mirage) is well known; but it does not fail to invite the longing traveller towards that element, and to put him in remembrance of the happiness of being on such a spot. If, perchance, a traveller be not undeceived, he hastens his pace to reach it sooner; the more he advances towards it, the more it goes from him,

till at last it vanishes entirely, and the deluded passenger often asks where is the water he saw at no great distance; he can scarcely believe that he was so deceived; he protests that he saw the waves running before the wind, and the reflection of the high rocks in the water. If, unfortunately, any one fall sick on the road, there is no alternative; he must endure the fatigue of travelling on a camel, which is troublesome even to healthy people; or he must be left behind on the sand, without any assistance, and remain so till a slow death come to relieve him. What horror! What a brutal proceeding to an unfortunate sick man! No one remains with him, not even his old and faithful servant; no one will stay and die with him: all pity his fate, but no one will be his companion. Why not stop the whole caravan till he is better, or do what they can for the best, till he dies? No, this delay cannot be; it will put all in danger of perishing of thirst, if they do not reach the next well in such a time: besides, they are all different parties generally of merchants or travellers, who will not only refuse to put themselves in danger, but will not even wait a few hours to save the life of an individual, whether they know him or not.'

To the parched and weary traveller, how vivid must be the recollections of the comfortable home which he has left (perhaps for ever,) and of those pleasant scenes of his childhood, when life was like a running stream of translucent water,—pure, fresh, and sparkling! In such a moment as this, when despair is painted in every countenance, and 'Death shakes his triumphant dart'—'shakes, but delays to strike,'—the mind would, probably, give vent to its feelings in lines like these:—

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood  
 When fond recollection recalls them to view;  
 The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild wood,  
 And every loved spot which my infancy knew;  
 The wide spreading pond, and the mill which stood  
     by it,  
 The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;  
 The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,  
 And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well;  
     The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
     The moss-covered bucket, which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure,  
 For often, at noon, when returned from the field,  
 I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure;  
 The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.  
 How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,  
 And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;  
 Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,  
 And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well;  
 The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
 The moss-covered bucket, arose from the well.

How sweet from the green-mossy brim to receive it,  
 As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips;  
 Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,  
 Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.  
 And now far removed from that loved situation,  
 The tear of regret will intrusively swell,  
 As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,  
 And sighs for the bucket that hangs in his well;  
 The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
 The moss-covered bucket, which hangs in the well.

[These beautiful and appropriate lines are from an American pen.]

The *bee* still pursues his ceaseless task of collecting his varied sweets to form honey for his destroyer, *man*.

This industrious insect, however, will sometimes retaliate, and wreak a dreadful vengeance on his tyrant. In the summer of 1821, as a merchant and his wife were proceeding, in an open carriage from Brandenburg to Wittenberg, they were attacked by a swarm of bees, in such a cloud as to darken the air, which stung them dreadfully. The merchant became seriously ill in consequence of the wounds he received; but the lady in some measure escaped by taking refuge in a wet ditch. The coachman's life was for some time despaired of; and the horses were so severely stung, that they survived only an hour and a half.—See present volume of the *Atheneum*, p. 252, for an account of an idiot boy, who lived upon the honey which he sucked from the bee, having first disarmed it of the sting.

(English Magazines, June.)

#### ENGLISH LANDSCAPE.

Straight my eye hath caught new pleasures,  
 Whilst the landscape round it measures  
 Russet lawns and fallows gray,  
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray,  
 Mountains on whose barren breast  
 The lab'ring clouds do often rest,  
 Meadows trim with daisies pied,  
 Shallow brooks and rivers wide,  
 Towers and battlements it sees  
 Bosom'd high in tufted trees,  
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,  
 The Cynosure of neighb'ring eyes. *L'Allegro*.

**I**N these beautiful lines Milton has accurately drawn the outline and character of English Landscape, or at least those striking features of it which may be styled national. He has given a most appropriate finish to the description, by introducing a supposed beauty dwelling in the midst of the embowered scene, thus heightening its interest and attaching the heart to his picture. The whole is the most happy general description of the same nature ever put together. The character of English rural scenery is different from that of other countries, and this forcibly occurs to the mind of the traveller absent from England, when he is contrasting the view before him in a distant land with the "trees and the towers" of his native island. This

peculiar character, that Englishmen are accustomed to from infancy, is the standard by which they try all rural objects abroad, and creates a disposition in them to undervalue foreign scenery, when it may be far superior to their own in the eye of taste. Something, nevertheless must be allowed for that tendency of mind which always leads us to disparage present objects, compared with those which we hold in remembrance. The memory, if it be sometimes deficient in calling up the exact detail of absent images, never deprives them of their coloring, but adds to their brilliancy and effect. The portrait of an absent mistress in the mind of her lover is always more beautiful than she ever appeared to him in the life. A thousand tender associations, too, crowd thickly after one another, and confer upon things out of sight the same kind of superiority, that the pictures of "Auld Lang Syne" always possess over those which are before us at the moment.

But there is a charm in English scenery as much its characteristic as the features, dress, and air of an Englishman are peculiar to himself. There

is a snugness, a comfort, an agreeable circumspection in the look of the country dwellings of the gentry, and all but the very lowest class, which has something attractive and endearing in it, like that which is implied in the epithet "little,"\* when used in kindness. Close high-fenced fields surrounded by trees, houses buried in shrubberies and groves, beautiful cattle feeding among rich pasturages, and all in the smallest space, so that the eye can command them together, take a hold on the affections that an unclosed country, large forests, and immense buildings, can never attain. We may admire the latter, but we cannot love them. The idea of comfort which they afford is an additional tie to our regard, while the smiling fertility every where visible, arising from the depth of colour in the verdure, kept fresh and fragrant, even during the height of summer, by frequent showers, and the endless variety of green in the foliage, is nowhere surpassed: masses of tufted trees rising amid an ocean of luxuriant vegetation; vast oaks stretching out their knotty arms in the most picturesque forms; parks and plantations made without an appearance of art; an absence of rocks and precipices and those objects which Nature always intermingles in her most beautiful landscapes, making a marked difference between her own, and English landscape of the kind I am describing. For though the latter may have little show of art, yet it possesses a distinct and definite character. To picturesque scenery, strictly speaking, I make no allusion, but confine myself to the social or highly cultivated. The perpetual green of England is the charm of her natural beauty, like a smiling expression upon the face of female loveliness. Englishmen, from missing this grateful hue in the South of Europe under its intense summer sun, are always complaining of the arid appearance of the country, forgetting that spring, under those genial skies, answers to our summer, and that even winter is a season of mildness and beauty of which we have no notion in England.

The sober, snug appearance of English retirements in the country is favourable to the development of the qualities of the heart; it is congenial to thought and reflection, it tends to concentrate our ideas and to throw us back upon ourselves. It is painful to see the love of rural life losing ground among the better class of society, for we owed, and yet owe, much of the steadiness and simplicity of the English character to its influence. A secluded house and garden, buried in trees, having a circumscribed field of view, and producing an idea of reccluseness, is also the best situation for study. Let the individual who would think deeply place himself on the summit of a high hill, commanding an extensive and varied prospect, a prodigality of luxuriant scenery being extended beneath him, and let him think intently, if he can, particularly in fine weather, even though he be a mathematician. A dissipation of thought must take hold of him in spite of himself, and his ideas will require all his exertion to keep them to their object. But how favourable to meditation are our sequestered plantations and fields. The high green hedges, well lined with timber, and almost peculiar to our island, divide the face of the country in a very unpicturesque manner, but they inclose many natural gardens, many delicious spots isolated each from the other, carpetted with the softest vegetation, and seeming to be made for study and gentle exercise at the same time. From these the eye cannot stray away to diverting objects all round the horizon, but may closely repose upon wild flowers and cool verdure, while the "thoughts are wandering through eternity." Men of the most comprehensive souls and commanding talents, those who have dazzled the world by the splendour of their military achievements, delighted it by immortal song, or instructed it by science, have preferred circumscribed residences and silent retreats. The excursions of the mind have no sympathy with the arbitrary limits which confine the body, for they always expatiate over the

largest space while the body is inert ; and this is a strong argument against materialism. Men of the most sublime conceptions have preferred small dwellings, for the body may be housed with ease and comfort in a little space ; but what human hands can erect a dwelling commensurate with the unlimited conceptions of genius ? Men of contracted minds, therefore, prefer large habitations ; but those who are occupied with views truly great, are contented with giving the body all that is reasonable. No schemes of ambition were more vast, and few minds were ever formed on a scale more capacious, than that of Bonaparte ; yet he preferred his small abode at Malmaison to the Thuilleries or Versailles : the latter, indeed, he never deigned to inhabit. Just before he returned from Egypt, he wrote to his brother Joseph—"Secure me a small house in the country, near Paris, or in Burgundy, where I hope to pass the winter." The rooms at Malmaison, his favourite residence, were little, and bore no proportion to the gigantic intellect of its inhabitant ; and yet he, no doubt, planned in them the most daring of his schemes of future aggrandisement. Rousseau was remarkable for his love of secluded scenery in the country, his eloquent and delusive writings were generally composed in such situations.—But a thousand such examples might be cited from among the sons of Genius.

There is a tranquillity and a feeling of security about some spots in England which no native ever feels abroad. In such places, thought seems to multiply thought, and all the stores of intellect appear to come forth at our command. There is no crossing and jostling among our ideas, but they arrange themselves spontaneously. What is so delightful as the room that opens into a garden enclosed with dense foliage, from which nothing of artificial life can be seen, save the grey smoke rising perpendicularly from some concealed cottage chimney ? English rural scenery is not artificial, as the term was once understood ; we do not crop our yew hedges into fantastical figures, or shape our box trees into dragons, at least in modern days, and yet it commonly

owes its most delightful charm to the hand of the planter. The infinite variety of irregular images constantly before us, prevents our being fatigued by the sameness of our secluded views, while the dark green water, deep and cool, refreshes and braces the mind, for green is the most exhilarating of colours. English landscape, in the rich and cultivated parts of the island, to which I now more particularly allude, consists of little more than a succession of green fields and embowered habitations ; yet the variety of these is endless, and though the picture may possess no strong features, and be of its usual confined character, it always breathes a beautiful tranquillity, and the sensation of a comfortable home, in a way understood in no country but this.

One of the most delicious retreats of the foregoing description that I have ever seen, is Guy's Cliff, the residence of Mr. Greatheed. The house is old, and has been built at different times ; but it appears to harmonize so well with the wood and water around, that they all seem to have been created at the same moment. It has the most perfect character of peace and retirement—of the "lodge in some vast wilderness," where "rumor of oppression and deceit" can never reach us. There are, it is true, some circumstances connected with it, which enhance its interest. Tradition makes it the residence of the famous Guy of Warwick, and he is said to have been buried in a cave near the house. It was at Guy's Cliff that, after having left his beautiful Phyllis to seek "hair-breadth 'scapes in th' imminent deadly breach"—after performing a number of knight-errant-like adventures in Palestine, and combating "dun cows" and fiery dragons—he put on the habit of a hermit, and took up his residence in the cave shewn as his at the present day ; his fair Phyllis, residing all the time in Warwick Castle, no great way off, little dreaming that her liege lord was so near her. The love of Sir Guy seems to have been thoroughly obedient to his sentiments of devotion, or else he imagined that the mortification and self denial he put upon himself in not returning to the fair dame after the close of his peri-



lous adventures, might give him a claim to a shorter residence in purgatory. However this might have been, when he was expiring, he sent for his loving Phyllis, and making himself known to her, she closed his dying eyes. The walk by the cave is still called "Phyllis's Walk." This obscure, or it may be fabulous legend, produces an interest, and breathes that hallowed charm over the spot which is always experienced in contemplating a place consecrated to remembrance by traditional lore. We are content respecting such things to take leave of reason and matter of fact, if they either of them interfere with the faith, on which hangs the spell of our enjoyment—and are not most of our enjoyments erected upon foundations as untenable? Honest old Rous, the antiquary, lived at Guy's Cliff; and the Queen of modern tragedy, the British Thalia, she who trod the stage without a rival—who harrowed up our souls in Lady Macbeth, and appeared, when personifying royalty, far superior in dignity to any thing we have ever seen in royalty itself—for her's was the poetry of acting, and accommodated the "shows of things to the desires of the mind,"—this lady was once an inhabitant of Guy's Cliff in a humble capacity, from the shades of which she emerged "to delight all hearts and to charm all eyes."

It will hardly be thought fair, after these observations, to cite Guy's Cliff as a specimen of an English rural retreat, because a portion of our admiration might be attributed to associations unconnected with situation and natural beauty. But those who have visited it, unknowing the circumstances attached to its history, have confessed its claims to attraction. My first visit to it was on a fine summer evening, and it brought forcibly to my recollection, at the first glimpse of it, the lines of Virgil:

*Hic secura quies, et nescia fallere vita,  
Dives opum variorum; hic latis otia fundis,*

*Speluncæ, vivique lacus; hic frigida Tempe,  
Mugitusque boum, mollesque sub abore somni.\**

The weather had been hot during the day, and evening had arrived, when I turned down a short by-road, one side of which was bounded by the wall of the grounds, and the other by a quickset hedge, inclosing a flower garden in full bloom and fragrance. A fine piece of water soon opened upon my view on the right hand, which I crossed by several rustic bridges, passing the front of a mill, where Camden reports that there has been one ever since the Conquest. The water was the "soft-flowing Avon," which in this place, owing to a fall of two or three feet, differed in some degree from its usual placid appearance. It was no longer smooth, glassy, dark from depth, and reflecting, in motionless beauty, the willows, rushes, and noble oaks, that ornamented its banks. On the contrary, it was agitated and broken into whirls and eddies, until it nearly reached the house, about 400 yards off, where it resumed its mirror-like surface, and glided along "at its own sweet will," without a ripple, like the current of time stealing silently into eternity. Under the shade of some lofty trees, in a line with the front of the house from which I was separated by the river that almost washed the walls, I flung myself on the grass in pure idleness to enjoy the picture. No breeze stirred a leaf; a few white clouds were floating on the blue sky. Men like Dr. Johnson, or a citizen of Cheapside, might have preferred the filth of Fleet-street, or the exhalations of Smithfield, but to me the first few minutes in that situation were worth all London, or a dozen Londons. The mind in similar cases becomes intoxicated with delight, and for a time loses all power of forming definite ideas: it quaffs largely of the delicious draught which it does not taste until the first cravings of its thirst are satisfied. It is this intoxication of feeling—this ex-

\* Yet calm content, secure from guilty cares,  
Yet home-felt pleasure, peace and rest are theirs;  
Leisure and ease, in groves and cooling vales,  
Grottoes and bubbling brooks, and darksome dales;  
The lowing oxen and the bleating sheep,  
And under branching trees delicious sleep.

cess of delight and admiration, that has disappointed the expectations of many in the effect produced upon genius by the view of a soul-stirring scene. Burns was once conducted to a cataract of great grandeur, which he surveyed in silent wonder. He did not write verses upon it, as his friends expected he would do, for he was overpowered by the scene; to have done so he must have reflected; he could not, like a painter, do his work on the spot by the use of his eyes and hands. The mind was powerless, as to composition, being confused with admiration. No man can write his feelings at such moments; there must be an interval for re-action, that imagination may act and embody its ideas with order and symmetry.

The house was broken into angles; a part was erected upon arches, which were continued terrace-fashion beyond it on one side, and were covered with fine turf. A chapel with an antique tower of grey stone stood on the opposite side; the whole was backed with lofty trees and dense but varied foliage, rising "shade above shade," and reflected darkly in the water. A shrubbery and garden were situated close to the building; and at a little distance, surrounded by trees, was a green inclosure, in which a few sheep were feeding. Several swans floated proudly along the smooth part of the river, leaving in their track, on the dark water, a long stream of "dewy light." The fall near the mill threw its foam sparkling in the rays of the setting sun. Willows and limes were quivering in reflection among the agitated water, while the shore on which the house stood was wrapped in that deep warm hue which distinguishes the shade at the hour of sunset. Retracing my steps across the Avon, I entered the shrubbery by a door in a low wall, which I found open, and soon reached the back part of the house, or what some might call the back front, looking down on an avenue of lofty fir and cedar trees towards the turnpike road, from which a stranger could have had no idea of the scenery next the water. The *tout ensemble* forcibly recalled the truly English picture of a pleasure-ground

drawn by Sir P. Sidney in his *Arcadia*; though when he wrote it is to be presumed, that the ancient stiff unnatural style of gardening was in full vogue. "The back side of the house was neither field, nor garden, nor orchard; or rather, it was both field, garden, and orchard; for as soone as the descending of the staires had delivered them downe, they came into a place cunningly set with trees of the most taste pleasing fruits; but scarcely they had taken that into their consideration, but they were sordainely stept into a delicate greene; of each side of the greene a thicket, and behind the thickets againe new beds of flowers, which being under, the trees were to them a pavilion, and they to the trees a mosaicall floore. So that it seemed that arte therein would needs be delightfull, by counterfeiting his enemie errorr, and making order in confusion. In the midst of all the place was a faire pond, whose shaking chrystall was a perfect mirror to all the other beauties, so that it bare show of two gardens—one in deed, the other in shadows."

After walking over the shrubbery, brimful of delight, as I found myself, I could not help returning to the spot from whence I had first seen the house, which became enveloped in deeper shade as the twilight advanced. The hollow bleating of cattle came sullenly upon the ear at intervals, from the meadows and moors that lay northward along the banks of the river. These, and the sound of the gently dashing water, were all that disturbed the stillness; for no voice was heard. The bat too flitted across the shade, beneath the close and lofty trees, impatient for a darker hour. Several ladies came out of the house, and moving along among the trees and shrubs, disappeared behind the clumps of foliage, their white dresses rendering them indistinctly visible amid the gloom. It was one of those moments when a "pleasing fit of melancholy" comes over the mind, and we begin to recall "by-gone" times and forms of those we once loved and revered that now live no more. I drew out my watch instinctively; its former possessor was in the grave. I gazed upon the monitor of time, and

could not help reflecting of how little account in duration is the existence of a mortal, when even its most trifling appendages outlive it. I thought too upon her who gave me being, and almost fancied that she stood before me, smiling with all a mother's tenderness. I thought too ——— but here I must talk no more of my reverie.

The charm of English scenery is predominant at Guy's Cliff; poor indeed is the pomp of palaces to such a retreat. The air of antiquity about it is, however, less impressive than around some buildings of a more recent date. But all the accompaniments of our best rural beauty are there—foaming water, and that which is dark and still; thick shades; a total exclusion of foreign objects;\* depth of green colour in the verdure; the gothic tower; the inarti-

ficial appearance of every thing; the idea of seclusion and comfort, and all that is truly English in character. There, indeed, one might expect to find a "Cynosure of neighbouring eyes;" for where is beauty so interesting as in such a retreat?—surely not in

"————— court amour,  
Mixt dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball."

Amid such scenery the heart is always on the lips, and female loveliness, so "imparadised," allures in its most bewitching manner. Retirements like these are gems studding the green face of our island; and while other lands may boast of finer cities, more splendid temples, and palaces far nobler than ours, we outshine the world in the graceful, virtuous, comfortable character of our sequestered villas and country scenery. V.

## THE RENEGADE. A ROMANCE.

*Continued.*

[The princess has another interview with Alaor, who thus relates the incidents of the life of the Renegade.]

**THIERRI** III. reigned in France, which, having been considerably aggrandized by the victories and conquests of Charles Martel, enjoyed profound peace. While, however, the Maire du Palais was pursuing his career of glory, the French monarch died of poison, and the infamous Geoffroi, aided by his perfidious troops, possessed himself of the crown and the prerogatives of royalty. The queen, who was at a chateau, some distance from the capital (with Prince Clodomir, then fifteen years of age, and the infant Princess Elfrida) on being informed of the death of Thierry, hastily proceeded to Paris, accompanied by the princess. But, alas! the gates of the palace were closed against her, and the usurper pronounced sentence of death on the widow of Thierry. An assassin advanced, and after plunging his dagger into the bosom of the queen, stabbed the young princess Elfrida, and was about to lay his murderous hands on

Clodomir, when the prince, in a transport of indignation, sprang from the royal litter, on which the queen and her children had been conveyed to the gates of Paris. He seized a sword; it was that of Thierry, and pierced the heart of the execrable murderer. The young prince rallied the courage of his followers, but, overpowered by numbers, he fell amidst his defenders, and his eyes seemed to be closed for ever.

But Clodomir was not doomed to perish in obscurity. On recovering he found himself stretched on a bed of straw beneath the humble roof of indigence. A faithful soldier had rescued him from the combat, and escaping through the woods, saved him from his pursuers. A cottage, in a valley of Ardennes, was now the asylum of the heir of the throne of France, and Clodomir, concealing his rank and birth under the assumed name of Astolphe, was represented as the child of the soldier, the son of the generous Faldis. Meanwhile Geoffroi proclaimed the death of the queen and her two children, and the existence of the young

\* Except Blacklow Hill close by, on which an inscription records, that Piers Gaveston, Earl of Cornwall, was beheaded in 1311, and which adds greatly to the interest of the view.

prince was known only to the usurper and some of his attendants. Astolphe was now a shepherd of the valley of Polmeran, and months and years succeeded each other without producing any change in his situation. Faldis, who still hoped for the return of Charles Martel, and the defeat and death of Geoffroi, inspired his charge with the noble pride of his ancestors, and kept alive his hope of recovering the sceptre. The old soldier had a son and daughter named Turial and Anathilde. Turial adored Clodomir, and being acquainted with his illustrious origin, he was ready to sacrifice his life for his prince. Anathilde, simple as the rose of the valley, was ignorant of the secret of Clodomir. He whom she supposed to be a shepherd, occupied all her thoughts, and her heart became susceptible to love. The son of Thierry, who in his turn was ardently attached to the daughter of his preserver, did not disguise his sentiments. He wished that Anathilde should be his bride, and the remonstrances of the old soldier were ineffectual. Astolphe owed his life to Faldis, and his love for the daughter rose out of his gratitude for the father. The news of an important event now reached the valley of Polmeran. The long wished-for day had at length arrived. Charles Martel returned to Paris and completely defeated the troops of the usurper. The conqueror entered the French capital, and decreed the death of the regicide. Faldis had carefully preserved the sword of Thierry, which Clodomir had seized after the murder of the queen: the mark of the wound on his breast which the prince had received from the Algerine pirates when an infant, and the ring of the princess Ezilda, were undeniable proofs of his identity. Faldis, Astolphe and Turial bade adieu to Anathilde, and quitting their peaceful abode, hastened to Paris. But alas, how vain were their hopes!—Charles Martel had indeed subdued Geoffroi, had avenged the murder of the king and queen; but in his heart he secretly rejoiced at the extinction of the royal race. The supposed death of Clodomir smoothed his way to the throne, and he only waited a favourable opportunity to possess himself of the

royal authority. Insulted by the guards of the conqueror, and disregarded by the multitude, Astolphe and his two friends were unable to gain an audience. Faldis had, however, recognized several of his old commanders among the royal troops. He shewed them the sword of Thierry, and revealed to them the secrets of Clodomir. A report soon spread that the heir of the French throne was still living, and that he had appeared to claim his lawful rights. A violent agitation prevailed among the people, and Charles Martel issued an order for the arrest of Astolphe, whom he styled *the false Clodomir*.

A numerous party now joined the young prince. His banner waved before the gates of Paris, and fortune seemed to smile on the descendant of Clovis. But Charles Martel, issuing from his capital, followed by his devoted guards, impetuously attacked the troops of Clodomir. In vain did the prince, by prodigies of valour, justify his rash enterprise, and prove his exalted origin. His party was cut to pieces, and usurpation was once more triumphant. It was then that the unfortunate Clodomir, recollecting the tragical fate of his family, and beholding on every side the triumph of crime, treason and injustice, raised his eyes to heaven, and for the first time doubted the existence of a God. The prince saw the noble and generous Faldis fall dead at his feet. Frantic, and unconscious of what he did, Clodomir rushed amidst his assailants, and dealt deadly blows on all around him, not from the desire of vengeance, but from the impulse of despair. Suddenly dragged by force from the enemy's ranks, he was conducted to the river side, where a boat was in readiness to receive him, and he had gained the opposite shore ere Charles Martel perceived his escape. He by degrees recovered his reason. Glory, hope, honour, no longer surrounded him; but friendship still remained—Turial was beside him. Having traversed a thick forest, the prince and his companion discovered at a distance a hospitable convent. Clodomir was exhausted with fatigue and privation. Turial saw but one resource, it was dangerous, but the prince was un-

able to proceed farther, and the emissaries of Charles Martel were perhaps pursuing him. He no longer hesitated; he hastily advanced to the gate of the convent, and having obtained a private interview with the abbot, he discovered to him the secrets and misfortunes of Clodomir, and confided the prince to the generosity of the minister of Heaven. 'Soldier, (said the Abbot of Saint Vandrille) convey your friend hither. Whether he be Clodomir or not, if he take refuge in this convent, I will be responsible for his safety: not all the power of Charles Martel can reach him in this inviolable sanctuary.' These words were consolatory, and yet Turial shuddered as though the abbot had pronounced a sentence of death. He endeavoured to express his gratitude; but the words died on his lips.

[These fears are justified by the result; the abbot holds him captive, and endeavours to force on him the monastic habit. He is dragged to the altar, when suddenly drawing from beneath his robe the royal sword of Thierri, he plunged it into the heart of the abbot, and rushing through the throng of terrified monks, with the bloody sword in his hand, he appeared to be borne on the invisible wings of an exterminating angel. He crossed the chapel, the galleries and the court-yard, and at length reached a private gate of the monastery, which opened on an extensive forest. Here one of the cloister opposed his escape, and another victim fell beneath the sword of Clodomir; but he was now without the walls of the convent and had recovered his liberty. The prince pursued his impetuous course through the forest. He cast his eyes on his sword, and he shuddered to behold the blade which was died with gore.—He meets Turial, who had watched for him, and, disguised in pilgrims' cloaks, the prince and his friend at length arrived within sight of a long chain of the Ardennes, which had in the mean time been desolated by Charles Martel.]

Anathilde was no longer at Polmeran. Turial was received by the friend to whom Faldis on his departure had intrusted the care of his daughter. The young soldier learned that, the French army having halted in the valley, Charles Martel became captivated by the beauty of Anathilde, and that the conqueror had forcibly carried her from her home. This news was a thunderbolt to the friends; but, defying the difficulties and fatigues of the journey, they followed the course which had been taken by the army of Charles

Martel, and they speedily joined the French camp. After many inquiries, they learned that a young female was confined in a solitary castle on the shore of the Atlantic, and that Charles Martel frequently visited the mysterious retreat. One evening, disguised as French knights, they introduced themselves into the castle as messengers from head-quarters, and having shewn the royal arms on the sword of Thierri, they produced a pretended order from Charles, directing the guards of the castle to send Anathilde immediately to the camp under their escort. Anathilde proceeded to the armory, where her lover and brother were waiting to receive her; her gaolers withdrew; Turial raised his vizor, and Astolphe threw himself at her feet. For some moments they were unable to find words to express their sentiments; but, alas! another stroke of fate awaited them.

The door of the armory suddenly opened, and Charles Martel appeared, accompanied by three knights. "Presumptuous soldier, who art thou?" exclaimed Charles. "Thy monarch; usurper, defend thy life!" was the reply. A dreadful conflict ensued, in which Clodomir evinced heroic intrepidity. Two of his adversaries already lay dead at his feet; and Charles Martel was himself on the point of being subdued, when the third knight, who was already severely wounded, fled to a balcony which opened on a vast terrace overlooking the sea. Anathilde was there—he seized the daughter of Faldis, and turning to Clodomir, "Thou shalt not enjoy thy triumph!" he exclaimed, and immediately precipitated his defenceless victim into the waves.—Meanwhile the tumult had alarmed the guards. The two friends were surrounded on every side. Turial was still fighting valiantly, when a traitor rushed forward and plunged a dagger into his heart; he staggered and fell, and with his last breath pronounced the name of his beloved Astolphe.

What a spectacle for the prince! On the one hand the remains of a murdered friend, and on the other a mistress floating on the waves of the ocean. Frantic with despair, he ent

his way through the midst of his enemies, and rushing to the balcony, he in a moment plunged into the sea, resolved to share the grave of his adored."

[They escape to a raft, and are driven to sea, but Anathilde perishes in sight of a vessel which is bearing down to their rescue. The agony and despair of Clodomir are forcibly painted: their result is infidelity and apostacy.]

A Mussulman, one of the chiefs of the ship's crew, first stepped on board the raft. 'Young man, (said he) you appear overwhelmed with sorrow; but remember that every misfortune has an end: a God!—A God, (interrupted the prince, in a transport of fury,) there is no God! The universe is but a mass of disorder, the world a mere chaos of horror and misery, and man the production of darkness and chance!' Convinced that excess of grief had deprived him of reason, the Mussulmans conveyed him on board the vessel in spite of his resistance. Every mark of care and attention that humanity could suggest was bestowed on him with success. The life of Clodomir was not yet near its close; but gloomy apathy and calm insensibility were painted on his countenance.

The vessel, which was bound for Iberia, was commanded by Athim, an African warrior, celebrated for his valiant exploits. Abderam, who was then Caliph in Spain, was raising an army to reinforce the Saracens in Gaul, and having heard of the achievements of Athim, he invited him to Spain for the purpose of placing him at the head of his intrepid Moors.—During the tedious hours of the voyage, Clodomir heard the heroic language which the African chief addressed to the Arabs.

Athim detailed his plans of conquest and glory: he burned with the desire of ravaging the plains of Gaul. The unfortunate Prince, who had become the enemy of the human race, and particularly of the French people, now thought only of battles, massacres and devastations. All the force of his despair, all the fury of his vengeance, were directed against Charles Martel. He expressed his determination to enlist under the banner of Mahomet. His enthusiastic language, his bold resolution, and his thirst for revenge, delighted the African chief, and he himself promised to present the prince to Abderam.

They landed in Spain, and the son of Thierrri, concealing his birth and his rank under the name of Agobar, was conducted to the caliph. 'Young man, (said Abderam,) I am informed, that having been exiled from Gaul, you hate your country and wish to adopt another; but I cannot receive a Christian among the warriors of Mahomet. Do you consent to renounce your faith, and wear the turban of the prophet?'—Potent caliph, (replied Agobar,) I wish to fight and to serve you. Jupiter or Jehovah, Mahomet or Christ, what signifies the choice of a name! The helmet or the turban, the crescent or the crucifix, all these toys are equal in my estimation! Pleased with the boldness of his replies, and the vehemence of his passions, Abderam no longer hesitated. Such a character suited the barbarians of Iberia. Agobar bound the turban on his brow, and descending the Pyrenees, the Renegade soon appeared like a meteor in Occitania.

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#### A VOICE FROM ST. HELENA.\*

**T**HIS is the title of a work on Buonaparte, far more interesting than any that has preceded it, to those who would know the real character of this extraordinary being. It shows him to us in his private life, in those moments when the Emperor is lost in the man, when the actor is off the stage:

we have Napoleon in familiar intercourse with us, giving accurate, or, at least, striking portraits of his contemporaries, from the revolution down to the battle of Waterloo; reading lectures on the political state of England; and speaking of his own actions as if they belonged to other times. In such

\* This work is still in the press. Our account is received from a friend, who, by favour of the publishers, has had access to the proof sheets of the first volume.

a work, it is impossible not to take an interest, and a lively interest, whatever may be our opinion of him who forms its subject: besides, all political animosity is, or ought to be, buried with him in the grave; he has become a portion of the past; the fires, that he once lit up, are now burnt out, or are only faintly glimmering in their embers; they are not to be rekindled by any political discussions; and, were it not that many of the actors in the scene with him are still alive, his story might be told with the same freedom as that of any other conqueror, who, like him, may for his little day have been the scourge and wonder of the world. As it is, we shall as much as possible avoid all comment on the work, merely giving a brief epitome of some of its principal facts.

The author sets out with a minute story of the voyage to St. Helena, from the moment when the sails were first unfurled, till the landing at James Town, a period of ten weeks, during which, he seems to have gained the confidence of the exile; if, indeed, Buonaparte can ever be said to have made a confident of any. Enough, however, transpires in the course of this volume, to prove that he was as solitary in his sufferings as in his greatness; his mind wanted no support from communication, and therefore he was little likely to make a show of his feelings, as is the case with most men in the hour of affliction. It is weakness only that makes sorrow communicative, and Napoleon's sorrow had no weakness, except it were that of anger; but all this, and much more important matter, we must leave untouched from want of space to do it justice, and proceed to the detail of his habits at St. Helena.

"Napoleon's hours of rest were uncertain, much depending upon the quantum of rest he had enjoyed during the night. He was in general a bad sleeper, and frequently got up at three or four o'clock, in which case he read or wrote until six or seven, at which time, when the weather was fine, he sometimes went out to ride, attended by some of his generals, or laid down again to rest for a couple of hours.

When he retired to bed, he could not sleep unless the most perfect state of darkness was obtained, by the closure of every cranny through which a ray of light might pass, although I have sometimes seen him fall asleep on the sofa, and remain so for a few minutes in broad daylight. When ill, Marchand occasionally read to him until he fell asleep. At times he rose at seven, and wrote or dictated until breakfast time, or, if the morning was very fine, he went out to ride. When he breakfasted in his own room, it was generally served on a little round table, at between nine and ten; when along with the rest of his suite, at eleven; in either case *a la fourchette*. After breakfast, he generally dictated to some of his suite for a few hours, and at two or three o'clock received such visitors as by previous appointment had been directed to present themselves. Between four and five, when the weather permitted, he rode out on horseback or in the carriage, accompanied by all his suite, for an hour or two; then returned and dictated or read until eight, or occasionally played a game at chess, at which time dinner was announced, which rarely exceeded twenty minutes or half an hour in duration. He ate heartily and fast, and did not appear to be partial to high seasoned, or rich food. One of his most favourite dishes was a roasted leg of mutton, of which I have seen him sometimes pare the outside brown part off; he was also partial to mutton chops. He rarely drank as much as a pint of claret at his dinner, which was generally much diluted with water. After dinner, when the servants had withdrawn, and when there were no visitors, he sometimes played at chess or at whist, but more frequently sent for a volume of Corneille, or of some other esteemed author, and read aloud for an hour, or chatted with the ladies and the rest of his suite. He usually retired to his bed-room at ten or eleven, and to rest immediately afterwards. When he breakfasted or dined in his own apartment (*dans l'intérieur*,) he sometimes sent for one of his suite to converse with him during the repast. He never ate more than two meals a day, nor, since I knew him, had he

ever taken more than a very small cup of coffee after each repast, and at no other time. I have also been informed, by those who have been in his service for fifteen years, that he had never exceeded that quantity since they first knew him."

For the first weeks, Rear Admiral Sir George Cockburn had the charge of the fallen exile; upon the whole, he and his captive seem to have agreed tolerably well, but he was soon to be superseded by Sir Hudson Lowe, and if Buonaparte was not altogether satisfied with his first guardian, he was utterly discontented with his second. In a little time, in the usual order of things, they came to open war, Napoleon growing more and more fretful, and the governor more and more rigorous, the severity of public duty taking a deeper tinge from the feelings of the individual. Buonaparte's temper may be pretty well ascertained from his private expressions in regard to Sir Hudson; "bugiardo," "sbirro," "Siciliano," "imbecile," "bavard," "capo di spioni," were not his worst terms of reproach, yet at the same time there appears to have been some cause for this violent irritation in the irksome restraints imposed upon him, and in the natural evils of Longwood, made doubly vexatious by the want of fit accommodations, supposing always our author's statement to be literally correct. The whole island seems to be particularly unpleasant, and Longwood to be the most unpleasant part of it: sometimes for want of water Napoleon could not have a bath, which to his habits was an essential luxury, and if he attempted to move out he was either scorched up by the sun or blighted by the fogs: "here," he was wont to say, "it either blows a furious wind, loaded with rain and fog, che mi taglia l'anima, or, if that is wanting, il sole mi brucia il cervello, through the want of shade." Nor do these complaints appear to have been without some reason, for he was constantly annoyed by head-ache, by swellings of the gums and cheeks, and by pains in the side, which last, we should suppose, were indicative of a diseased liver. All this, however, arising from the nature of the climate, Sir

Hudson Lowe could not help; but whether he or the English government might not have been milder keepers, is a question not so easily decided. But this is a subject which we do not wish to dwell upon, and having first given our author's account of Napoleon's bed-room, as a specimen of his lodging, we shall go on to other matters less liable to discussion.

"It was about fourteen feet by twelve, and ten or eleven feet in height. The walls were lined with brown nankeen, bordered and edged with common green bordering paper, and destitute of surbase. Two small windows, without pullies, looked towards the camp of the 53d regiment, one of which was thrown up and fastened by a piece of notched wood. Window-curtains of white long cloth, a small fire-place, a shabby grate, and fire-irons to match, with a paltry mantel-piece of wood, painted white, upon which stood a small marble bust of his son. Above the mantel-piece hung the portrait of Marie Louise, and four or five of young Napoleon, one of which was embroidered by the hands of the mother. A little more to the right hung also a miniature picture of the Empress Josephine, and to the left was suspended the alarm chamber-watch of Frederic the Great, obtained by Napoleon at Potsdam; while on the right, the consular watch, engraved with the cypher B, hung by a chain of the plaited hair of Marie Louise, from a pin stuck in the nankeen lining. The floor was covered with a second-hand carpet, which had once decorated the dining-room of a lieutenant of the St. Helena artillery. In the right-hand corner was placed the little plain iron camp bedstead, with green silk curtains, upon which its master had reposed on the fields of Marengo and Austerlitz. Between the windows there was a paltry second-hand chest of drawers; and an old book-case with green blinds stood on the left of the door leading to the next apartment. Four or five cane-bottomed chairs, painted green, were standing here and there about the room. Before the back-door, there was a screen covered with nankeen, and between that and the fire-place, an old fashioned sofa covered with white long



cloth, upon which reclined Napoleon, clothed in his white morning gown, white loose trowsers and stockings all in one. A chequered red madras upon his head, and his shirt collar open without a cravat. His air was melancholy and troubled. Before him stood a little round table, with some books, at the foot of which lay, in confusion upon the carpet, a heap of those which he had already perused, and at the foot of the sofa facing him was suspended a portrait of the Empress Maria Louise, with her son in her arms. In front of the fire-place stood Las Cases, with his arms folded over his breast, and some papers in one of his hands. Of all the former magnificence of the once mighty emperor of France, nothing was present except a superb wash-stand, containing a silver basin and water-jug of the same metal, in the left hand corner."

In this country it has been generally supposed that Buonaparte had no other influence with the French than that of fear, but it appears that we judged of our neighbours by ourselves, and it is certain that we feared him as much as we hated him. We had good reason for it; they, however, had not, or at least, Bonaparte thought they had not; he fancied that the French people loved him, and he tells some anecdotes, which, if true, would go far to prove it: as these are given in his own language, or nearly so, we cannot do better than quote one of them:

"Napoleon showed me the marks of two wounds, one a very deep cicatrice above the left knee, which he said he had received in his first campaign of Italy, and it was of so serious a nature, that the surgeons were in doubt whether it might not be ultimately necessary to amputate. He observed, that when he was wounded, it was always kept a secret, in order not to discourage the soldiers. The other was on the toe, and had been received at Eckmühl. "At the siege of Acre," continued he, "a shell thrown by Sidney Smith fell at my feet. Two soldiers, who were close by, seized, and closely embraced me, one in front and the other on one side, and made a rampart of their bodies for me against the effect of the shell, which exploded, and overwhelm-

ed us with sand. We sunk into the hole formed by its bursting; one of them was wounded. I made them both officers. One has since lost a leg at Moscow, and commanded at Vincennes, when I left Paris. When he was summoned by the Russians, he replied, that as soon as they sent him back the leg he had lost at Moscow, he would surrender the fortress. Many times in my life," continued he, "have I been saved by soldiers and officers throwing themselves before me when I was in the most imminent danger. At Arcola, when I was advancing, Colonel Mueron, my aid-de-camp, threw himself before me, covered me with his body, and received the wound which was destined for me. He fell at my feet, and his blood spouted up in my face. He gave his life to preserve mine. Never yet, I believe, has there been such devotion shown by soldiers as mine have manifested for me. In all my misfortunes, never has the soldier, even when expiring, been wanting to me—never has man been served more faithfully by his troops. With the last drop of blood gushing out of their veins, they exclaimed, *Vive l'Empereur!*"

The account of Moreau's death, as coming from Buonaparte, is well worthy of quotation.

"In the battle before Dresden, I ordered an attack to be made upon the allies by both flanks of my army. While the manœuvres for this purpose were executing, the centre remained motionless. At the distance of about from this to the outer gate, I observed a group of persons collected together on horseback. Concluding that they were endeavouring to observe my manœuvres, I resolved to disturb them, and called to a captain of artillery, who commanded a field battery of eighteen or twenty pieces: "*Jetez une douzaine de boulets a la fois dans ce groupe la, peutetre il y en a quelques petits generaux.*" (Throw a dozen of bullets at once into that group; perhaps there are some little generals in it.) It was done instantly. One of the balls struck Moreau, carried off both his legs, and went through his horse. Many more, I believe, who were near him, were killed and wounded. A moment

before Alexander had been speaking to him. Moreau's legs were amputated not far from the spot. One of his feet, with the boot upon it, which the surgeon had thrown upon the ground, was brought by a peasant to the king of Saxony, with information that some officer of great distinction had been struck by a cannon shot. The king, conceiving that the name of the person might perhaps be discovered by the boot, sent it to me. It was examined at my head-quarters, but all that could be ascertained was, that the boot was neither of English nor of French manufacture. The next day we were informed that it was the leg of Moreau. It is not a little extraordinary," continued Napoleon, "that in an action a short time afterwards, I ordered the same artillery officer, with the same guns, and under nearly similar circumstances, to throw eighteen or twenty bullets at once into a concourse of officers collected together, by which General St. Priest, another Frenchman, a traitor and a man of talent, who had a command in the Russian army, was killed, along with many others. Nothing," continued the Emperor, "is more destructive than the discharge of a dozen or more guns at once amongst a group of persons. From one or two they may escape; but from a number discharged at a time, it is almost impossible. After Esling, when I had caused my army to go over to the isle of Lobau, there was for some weeks, by common and tacit consent on both sides between the soldiers, not by any agreement between the generals, a cessation of firing, which indeed had produced no benefit, and only killed a few unfortunate sentinels. I rode out every day in different directions. No person was molested on either side. One day, however, riding along with Oudinot, I stopped for a moment on the edge of the island, which was about eighty toises distant from the opposite bank, where the enemy was. They perceived us, and knowing me by the little hat and grey coat, they pointed a three pounder at us. The ball passed between Oudinot and me, and was very close to both of us. We put spurs to our horses, and speedily got out of

sight. Under the actual circumstances, the attack was little better than murder, but if they had fired a dozen guns at once they must have killed us."

We now come to a subject more peculiarly interesting to the English reader—the battle of Waterloo—a battle, which, whether for the severity of its action, or the importance of its results, has not been equalled since the day of Marathon. Every Englishman will be naturally anxious to hear Napoleon's opinion of his great rival, but we fear that he will be little satisfied when he has heard it, for it is not very favourable to the glory of our general. Napoleon asserts, that the duke committed two capital blunders; first, in suffering himself to be surprised; and, secondly, in giving battle, for, if defeated, he must have been utterly ruined, as he could not retreat, there being a wood in his rear, and only one road by which it could be gained. On the other hand, had he retired to Antwerp, Buonaparte must have been overwhelmed by the armies of three or four hundred thousand men that were marching up against him. How far this judgment may be correct we are not military enough to decide; but we have sufficient philosophy to know, that the event proves nothing, either one way or the other. At the same time, it must in candour be observed, that Buonaparte seems to be rather a partial judge in these matters; he affirms that the English are not calculated to make such good soldiers as the French; but if the general was wrong in giving battle, and his soldiers were inferior, how did he happen to gain the victory? And what does he say for himself in having been beaten by such enemies, to whom in all respects he was so superior? He is, perhaps, more correct in stating that the strength of this country is in its navy, and no less correct in his account of our smugglers, who are the most desperate beings that have ever existed since the days of Blackbeard. We know something of these wild adventurers, whose deeds, and speech, and manners, have all a romantic horror about them that does not belong to the present day; and many a tale could we fashion of them for our readers

that would blanch their cheeks more than the wildest improbabilities of fiction. The people of this country are little acquainted with their habits, or with the scenes that have been lately acted on the coast, in the attempt to put them down ; an attempt which can never succeed with all the vigilance of our seamen. There is a romance in their doings as in their sufferings : disguised in the dress of the peasantry, they traverse the wildest parts of the country in the dead of night, to meet the expected boat, though the secret of its landing is known to one only, whom they follow in blind obedience. If the boat is discovered by our seamen, a light is flung into the air, or a pistol flashed off, as they term it, and she is instantly pushed off, and lost again in the darkness. If brought to close quarters they often fight desperately, though their subsequent sufferings, when wounded, are such as to beggar all description ; the necessity of secrecy is paramount to all other considerations, and surgeons cannot always be trusted. We actually *knew* one instance of a poor wounded wretch festering for weeks on a mattress, with nothing else between him and the ground, till the straw was thoroughly soaked through by the impure flowings from the wound, and fungi sprang up from the dampness. But nothing will tame them, nor can you convince them that there is any moral turpitude in their calling ; a strong instance of which we saw in an old smuggler, whose son had been shot in a fray with our seamen. The Lieutenant, as noble a being as ever served his country, begged, prayed, nay implored the old man, while the body lay stretched before him, to desist from such courses, or at least, not to bring up his remaining son to a life so perilous, but it was all in vain ; he replied, that if he had twenty sons they should do the same, and the reply was clenched with an oath too horrid for repetition. We speak of facts with which we are well acquainted, and have only softened them in our recital.

It was from these men, who in their little cock-boats bade defiance to all the vigilance of our seventy-four gun-

ships, that Buonaparte gained his intelligence during the war, and their fidelity was always found equal to their courage. But intelligence, it seems, was not the only contraband commodity that they dealt in ; they often contrived to smuggle over the French prisoners from this country, and the manner of the traffic was thus : any Frenchman, who wished to rescue his friend or his relation from English captivity, would make a bargain with the smugglers to bring him over, for a certain sum proportioned to the circumstances ; and it was seldom that they failed in their purpose ; all that they wanted for the business was the name and age of the prisoner to be rescued, together with some token to ensure his confidence. At first Dunkirk was the place allotted to them, but these "*genti terribili*," as Buonaparte terms them, grew so outrageous at last, and played such wild pranks, that he was forced to make some order for their better behaviour. A little camp was in consequence prepared for them at Gravelines, and certain limits assigned, within which their wanderings were restrained. Here they were often assembled to the number of five hundred.

Between this detail and the burning of Moscow, are many curious anecdotes that we are for the present compelled to leave untouched. Napoleon's delineations of contemporary character are admirable : Alexander, the King of Prussia, Moreau, Soult, Pozzo di Borgo, Fouché, Talleyrand, Carnot, Robespierre, Josephine, and a hundred names familiar to history, are sketched with a strong, though rapid hand, and the stamp of truth is on most of them. The murders of El Arish, and the poisoning at Jaffa are fully treated ; but these and many things of more importance we must pass over, and close our notice of this first volume with Buonaparte's account of the Russian conflagration.

"I was in the midst of a fine city, provisioned for a year, for in Russia they always lay in provisions for several months before the frost sets in. Stores of all kinds were in plenty. The houses of the inhabitants were

well provided, and many had even left their servants to attend upon us. In most of them there was a note left by the proprietor, begging the French officers who took possession to take care of their furniture and other things; that they had left every article necessary for our wants, and hoped to return in a few days, when the emperor Alexander had accommodated matters, at which time they would be happy to see us. Many ladies remained behind. They knew that I had been in Berlin and Vienna with my armies, and that no injury had been done to the inhabitants; and moreover, they expected a speedy peace. We were in hopes of enjoying ourselves in winter quarters, with every prospect of success in the spring. Two days after our arrival, a fire was discovered, which at first was not supposed to be alarming, but to have been caused by the soldiers kindling their fires too near the houses, which were chiefly of wood. I was angry at this, and issued very strict orders on the subject to the commandants of regiments and others. The next day it had advanced, but still not so as to give serious alarm. However, afraid that it might gain upon us, I went out on horseback, and gave every direction to extinguish it. The next morning a violent wind arose, and the fire spread with the greatest rapidity. Some hundred miscreants, hired for that purpose, dispersed themselves in different parts of the town, and with matches which they concealed under their cloaks, set fire to as many houses to windward as they could, which was easily done, in consequence of the combustible materials of which they were built. This, together with the violence of the wind, rendered every effort to extinguish the fire ineffectual. I myself narrowly escaped with life. In order to shew an example, I ventured into the midst of the flames, and had my hair and eyebrows singed, and my clothes burnt off my back; but it was in vain, as they had destroyed most of the pumps, of which there were above a thousand; out of all these I believe we could only find one that was serviceable. Besides the wretches that had been hired by

Rostopchin ran about in every quarter, disseminating fire with their matches; in which they were but too much assisted by the wind. This terrible conflagration ruined every thing. I was prepared for every thing but this. It was unforeseen, for who would have thought that a nation would have set its capital on fire? The inhabitants themselves, however, did all they could to extinguish it, and several of them perished in their endeavours. They also brought before us numbers of the incendiaries with their matches, as amidst such a *popolazzo* we never could have discovered them ourselves. I caused about two hundred of these wretches to be shot. Had it not been for this fatal fire, I had every thing my army wanted; excellent winter quarters; stores of all kinds were in plenty; and the next year would have decided it. Alexander would have made peace, or I would have been in Petersburg." I asked if he thought that he could entirely subdue Russia. "No," replied Napoleon; "but I would have caused Russia to make such a peace as suited the interests of France. I was five days too late in quitting Moscow. Several of the generals," continued he, "were burnt out of their beds. I myself remained in the Kremlin until surrounded with flames. The fire advanced, seized the Chinese and India warehouses, and several stores of oil and spirits, which burst forth in flames and overwhelmed every thing. I then retired to a country house of the Emperor Alexander's, distant about a league from Moscow, and you may figure to yourself the intensity of the fire, when I tell you that you could scarcely bear your hands upon the walls or the windows on the side next to Moscow, in consequence of their heated state. It was the spectacle of a sea and billows of fire, a sky and clouds of flame; mountains of red rolling flames, like immense waves of the sea, alternately bursting forth and elevating themselves to skies of fire, and then sinking into the ocean of flame below. Oh, it was the most grand, the most sublime, and the most terrific the world ever beheld!"

POLYHYMNIA.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY\*.

(London Mag. June.)

IT can no longer be a complaint of this age that English songs, without their music, are senseless and inanimate things; for within a very short period of time the most celebrated of our poets have contributed to this delightful species of poetry; and a young lady at her piano may with the turning over but a few leaves chuse for her voice a song of Moore's, or Byron's, or W. Scott's, or Campbell's. To be sure, Moore's morality and Byron's piety are two for a pair;—but in the light Scotch words of the two latter, there is all that is unexceptionable: and even in the two former, a want of meaning is certainly their last sin. It is with very sincere pleasure that we can now add the name of Montgomery to those of the illustrious lyrics we have just mentioned; and who that has read the Wanderer of Switzerland and the minor pieces of this poet, can for a moment doubt his power to be great in song? The present little work is composed of seven very beautiful songs written to foreign airs, and as we have the author's permission to publish them in the LONDON MAGAZINE, we shall take them at his word, and let them assert their own beauty:—certainly, to our taste, they have that exquisite union of tenderness, melancholy, and truth, which makes a good song perfect.

The first piece is entitled Reminiscence; it is exceedingly plaintive and unaffectedly pathetic.

REMINISCENCE.

Where are ye with whom in life I started,  
Dear companions of my golden days?  
Ye are dead, estrang'd from me, or parted;  
Flown, like morning clouds, a thousand ways.

Where art thou, in youth my friend and brother,

Yea in soul my friend and brother still?  
Heav'n receiv'd thee, and on earth none other

Can the void in my lorn bosom fill.

Where is she, whose looks were love and gladness?

Love and gladness I no longer see;  
She is gone, and since that hour of sadness  
Nature seems her sepulchre to me.

Where am I? life's current faintly flowing,  
Brings the welcome warning of release.  
Struck with death; ah! whither am I going?  
All is well, my spirit parts in peace.

The air is remarkable for sweetness and pathos. The accompaniment presents only chord repeated in regular succession, supporting, but not disturbing the voice, while the short symphonies are full of expressiveness.

Youth, Manhood, and Age, the next piece, is of another character; and though one in which the author is eminently successful, perhaps it is not the most fitted for song.

YOUTH, MANHOOD, AND AGE.

Youth, ah! youth, to thee in life's gay morning,

New and wonderful are heav'n and earth;  
Health the hills, content the fields adorning,  
Nature rings with melody and mirth.

Love invisible, beneath, above,  
Conquers all things; all things yield to love.

Time, swift Time, from years their motion stealing,

Unperceiv'd hath sober Manhood brought;  
Truth her pure and humble forms revealing,  
Tinges fancy's fairy dreams with thought;  
Till the heart no longer prone to roam,  
Loves, loves best, the quiet bliss of home.

Age, Old Age, in sickness, pain, and sorrow,  
Creeps with length'ning shadow o'er the scene;

Life was yesterday, 'tis death to-morrow,  
And to-day the agony between:  
Then how longs the weary soul for thee,  
Bright and beautiful Eternity.

The music is a fine motivo, exalted a little from its tone of deep feeling by an accompaniment of more motion and variety than the last. These things almost rise to the level of some of Haydn's Canzonets (the most exquisite things of the kind ever written),

\* Polyhymnia, or Select Airs of Celebrated Foreign Composers, adapted to English Words, written expressly for this Work, by James Montgomery. The Music arranged by C. F. Hasse.

and may claim a place in the memory with his Despair, and the Wanderer.

The War Song is remarkable for strength, simplicity, and expression; mixing, however, no small portion of melody with its more animating qualities. The symphonies and accompaniments are characteristically plain.

"The original strain, of which the following stanzas are an imitation, was wont to be sung, with patriotic enthusiasm, by the German and Prussian soldiers, in their encampments, on their marches, and in the field of battle, during the last campaigns of the allies against Bonaparte. This Tyrtæan lyric, therefore, contributed, in its day and its degree, to the deliverance of Europe."

#### WAR SONG.

Heaven speed the righteous sword,  
And freedom be the word !  
Come, brethren, hand in hand,  
Fight for your father-land.

Germania from afar  
Invokes her sons to war ;  
Awake ; put forth your powers,  
And victory must be ours.

On, to the combat, on !  
Go where your sires have gone ;  
Their might unspent remains,  
Their pulse is in your veins.

On, to the combat, on !  
Rest will be sweet anon ;  
The slave may yield, may fly ;  
We conquer or we die.

O, Liberty ! thy form  
Shines through the battle-storm ;  
Away with fear, away !  
Let justice win the day !

Meet Again, is the subject of all subjects for music. It is almost a song that sings of itself !

#### MEET AGAIN.

Joyful words, we meet again !  
Love's own language comfort darting  
Through the souls of friends at parting ;  
Life in death to meet again !

While we walk this vale of tears,  
Compass'd round with care and sorrow,  
Gloom to day and storm to-morrow,  
"Meet again" our bosom cheers.  
Joyful words, &c.

Far in exile, when we roam,  
O'er our lost endearments weeping,  
Lonely, silent vigils keeping,  
"Meet again" transports us home.  
Joyful words, &c.

When this weary world is past,  
Happy they, whose spirits soaring,  
Vast eternity exploring,  
"Meet again" in heav'n at last :  
Joyful words, &c.

This is set for three voices, with a solo, and a return to the trio.

There is an admirable spirit and beauty in the following.

#### VIA CRUCIS, VIA LUCIS.

Night turns to day, when sullen darkness  
lowers,  
And heav'n and earth are hid from sight ;  
Cheer up, cheer up ; ere long the op'ning  
flowers  
With dewy eyes shall shine in light.

Winter wakes spring, when icy blasts are  
blowing,  
O'er frozen lakes through naked trees ;  
Cheer up, cheer up ; all beautiful and glowing,  
May floats in fragrance on the breeze.

Storms die in calms, when over land and  
ocean  
Roll the loud chariots of the wind ;  
Cheer up, cheer up ; the voice of wild com-  
motion  
Proclaims tranquillity behind.

War ends in peace ; tho' dread artill'ry rattle,  
And ghastly corpses load the ground ;  
Cheer up, cheer up ; where groan'd the  
field of battle,  
The song, the dance, the feast go round.

Toil brings repose, with noontide fervors  
beating,  
When droop thy temples o'er thy breast ;  
Cheer up, cheer up : grey twilight, cool  
and fleeting,  
Wafts on its wing the hour of rest.

Death springs to life, though sad and brief  
thy story ;  
Thy years all spent in grief and gloom ;  
Look up, look up ; eternity and glory  
Dawn through the terrors of the tomb.

The music is of an intense but darker character in its opening ; the reverse of the movement of which Meet Again consists. This air has a similar, but more marked division. Here also the composer, or the adapter, has shown his knowledge of effect in the accompaniment.

The home truth of The Pilgrimage, which follows is delightful. We could wish that English songs should be distinguished by, and valued for, this character.

THE PILGRIMAGE OF LIFE.

How blest the pilgrim who in trouble  
Can lean upon a bosom friend ;  
Strength, courage, hope with him redouble,  
When foes assail or griefs impend.  
Care flies before his footsteps, straying  
At day break o'er the purple heath,  
He plucks the wild flow'rs round him play-  
ing,  
And binds their beauties in a wreath.

More dear to him the fields and mountains,  
When with his friend abroad he roves,  
Rests in the shade near sunny fountains,  
Or talks by moonlight through the groves ;  
For him the vine expands its clusters,  
Spring wakes for him her woodland quire ;  
Yea, though the storm of winter blusters,  
'Tis summer by his ev'ning fire.

In good old age serenely dying,  
When all he lov'd forsakes his view,  
Sweet is affection's voice replying,  
"I follow soon," to his "adieu :"  
Nay then, though earthly ties are riven,  
The spirit's union will not end,  
Happy the man, whom Heav'n hath given  
In life and death a faithful friend.

It is a bass sostenuto song, expressive and elegant. The passages are cast into the best parts of the voice. It reminds us of the *Qui sdegno* of Mozart, though the resemblance is in the style, not in the melody. There is a second part for two tenors, which adds a variety to its intrinsic beauty.

The last piece, *Aspirations of Youth*, is the call of Genius to Glory, which can only be truly heard through the air of poetry. With infinite spirit and truth is combined a feeling which carries the invocation to the heart. We should think that this little piece beautifully sung would waken a slumbering mind to its fullest energies.

ASPIRATIONS OF YOUTH.

Higher, higher will we climb,  
Up the mount of glory,  
That our names may live through time,  
In our country's story ;  
Happy, when her welfare calls,  
He who conquers, he who falls.

Deeper, deeper, let us toil  
In the mines of knowledge ;  
Nature's wealth and Learning's spoil,  
Win from school and college ;  
Delve we there for richer gems  
Than the stars of diadems.

Onward, onward, may we press,  
Through the path of duty.  
Virtue is true happiness,  
Excellence true beauty ;  
Minds are of celestial birth,  
Make we then a heaven of earth.

Closer, closer let us knit  
Hearts and hand together,  
Where our fireside comforts sit,  
In the wildest weather :  
O, they wander wide, who roam  
For the joys of life from home.

Nearer, dearer bands of love,  
Draw our souls in union.  
To our father's house above,  
To the saints' communion ;  
Thither ev'ry hope ascend,  
There may all our labours end.

The music consists of an animating strain, like the War Song. The succeeding verses are in the nature of variations, which are introduced either upon the melody itself, or into the accompaniment, and each is concluded with a chorus—a repetition of the last bars of the air with a different accompaniment.

Having thus given every word of this interesting publication, our readers may suppose that they need not see the work elsewhere ; but if they suppose that, admiring it, they can do without the music, they are mistaken. The words are so married to the music that in reading they seem to pine for that voice which gives them feeling, force, and spirit. The airs are beautifully selected, and most skilfully arranged ; and we only wish that Mr. Hasse, who by this work so forcibly proves his power, would not stay here, —but, seeking other melodies, and inspiring his present companion, would lay other delightful songs at the feet of Polyhymnia.

## RAYMOND THE ROMANTIC, AND HIS FIVE WISHES.

No. III.

(European Mag. April)

## THE SILVER MINE OF ZELLER-FELD.

"And what news from the Kingdom of Subterraneous Darkness and airy hope?—What says the Swart Spirit of the Mine? - - - Such adventures become a gallant Knight better than a humble Esquire,—to rise on the wings of the night-wind,—to dive into the bowels of the Earth."

*The Antiquary.*

**A**FTER all the thousand similies, which have been made of human life, perhaps there is not a better than that which likens it to a journey. The reason of this is two-fold: it resembles a travel, first, because we are every day moving onwards to its completion, and consequently we every day lessen the distance which we have to go; and secondly, because the prospect around us is ever changing, sometimes suddenly, and sometimes imperceptibly. In the march of life this is also continually the case; for that which attracted the fancy of childhood, is, in general, no longer looked upon by youth, any more than the pleasures of our juvenile days form the enjoyments of manhood, or the contemplations of advancing age. Such likewise is a journey: perchance at our first setting out, we look upon a level country in high cultivation; then by degrees, the richly party-coloured fields swell into verdant uplands; which afterward rise into dark hills, and these are subsequently exchanged for mountains that seem to embrace the horizon, as the Persians believe those of Kaf surround the world. But the prospects which we behold, while upon our travels, do not always pass away with such a gradual alteration of feature; nor do the events of our lives always glide down into each other, by such undistinguished degrees. No! in the former instance, we often arrive at some stage, where the whole face of nature changes from beauty to wilderness, or from waving forests and corn-fields to rocks and the sea-shore; and in like manner, a single hour will often prove sufficient to alter the whole character of our lives, and to bring us into scenes and situa-

tions, that are totally different from any which we have been previously connected with.

I know not if every impatient and romantic man be possessed of the same feelings, but with me, the moment that one adventure is achieved, or one wish is gratified, my mind is immediately thrown into a state of violent excitation, until my new desire be also fulfilled. Nay, even at the very time when those inclinations are being complied with, I feel in a continual fever of anxiety, until my gratification be put beyond the reach of accident, and I am certain that all which I had anticipated has been performed. From these premises it will be deduced, that after I had descended from the aerial voyage described in my last paper, France was no longer the country for me; since I panted to view the subterranean regions of the world, and pass into those profound caverns, which many wise and good characters have believed to contain a race of beings, that are neither angels nor men. The great Coal Mine at Leige, the splendid Silver Mine at Salsebery, in Sweden, and the amazing depths of the Diamond Mines of Golconda, were all considered for election in my own mind; but my choice was at length fixed by hearing a provincial ballad, relative to the Silver and Copper Mines in the Harz District in Hanover. This brought to my recollection, a thousand supernatural legends, concerning the beautifully romantic nation of Germany; and I conceded a part of my original wish as to the depth of the Mine itself, in favour of the wild adventures with which I might chance to meet, in the subterranean Metal-chambers of Clausthal, Zellerfeld, or Rammelsburg. There, thought I, as I revolved the subject over in my own mind, there is the country of spirits; land and water; flood, mountain, and forest; fire and air have all in the ancient Hercynia their appropriate genii. Waldebock, Schaltenmanu, Rilbezharl,



and the hosts of friendly and malignant Dwarfs which haunt the stony vaults of Walkenreid, and the metallic caverns of the Blockberg, all these, and many a legion beside, have ever made Germany their most favoured abode ! Yes, there will I direct my course ; too late indeed to see the midnight revels on the summit of the Brocker, but not too late to view the enchanted tower of Scharzfeld, the moon-light wolf-hunts of Stiege, the magic stones of Reinstein, and to hear the terrific horn of the wild Jazer, who is fated to ride with fiends through the Harz Forests, until time shall be no more ! As Zetla is a place so distant from the seats of learning, and so cut off as it were from all intercourse with other countries, it may be a matter of surprise how I became acquainted with the principal superstitions of the Germans ; although it will readily be imagined how they became fixed in my memory after they were once made known to me. The truth however is, that my early life, when it was not engaged in more active pursuits, very much resembled those of Edwin in Beattie's *Minstrèl*, and Brian, the wizard Priest of a later poet. In the first instance, the words of the former bard were almost a paraphrase of those uttered by the inhabitants of the Zetland Isles, at my study, abstraction, and variable disposition, from all which causes I received the name of Raymond the Romantic.

"He was no vulgar boy,  
Deep thought oft seem'd to fix his infant eye,  
Dainties he heeded not, nor gaud, nor toy,  
Save one short pipe of rudest minstrelsy ;  
Silent when glad ; affectionate, though shy ;  
And now his look was most demurely sad ;  
And now he laugh'd aloud, though none knew why.  
The neighbours star'd and sigh'd, and bless'd the lad ;  
Some deem'd him wondrous wise, and some believ'd  
him mad."

In the second place, my studies, although of a nature far superior even to those of the most learned in Zetland, were frequently blended with that mystic and unprofitable kind of lore, which, while it is wholly founded in error, nevertheless leads us onward shuddering as we read, to pursue it through all its abstract details, till the mind receives a strong and invincible attachment for the mysterious, the romantic, and the

wonderful. I had, even at an early age, become acquainted with the library of an old German alchemist of North-Maven, in which I found an astonishing collection of ancient authors on magic, from Albumazar, Cornelius Agrippa, and Albertus Magnus, down to Scott, Founan, and Lilly. With such a mind, then, and with such an opportunity of gratifying it, it will be conceived with what ardour I perused

"Whatever tells  
Of magic, cabala, and spells,  
And every dark pursuit allied  
To curious and presumptuous pride."

Such were the means by which I was led to a close acquaintance with the literature of superstition.

I could not describe, if indeed it were relevant to the story, the journey which I made from Paris to the tower of Goslar, in Hanover ; since according to those feelings which I have already attempted to delineate, the time and space which intervened, I passed over like a feverish trance, wherein many images rise before us, but none that remain fixed on the memory, or convey any instruction to the mind. In compliance with the usual custom, I provided myself at Goslar, with a miner's habit for the convenience of descending and examining the Silver Mines at Zellerfeld. This consisted of a short dark-coloured coat, with trowsers of the same nature, dark brown leather boots, and a low fur cap. The machines and engines, connected with the Mines, are spread out for a vast extent above the ground, and are girdled in either by a series of bleak and barren hills, or else by the gloomy verdure of a part of the ancient Hercynian Forest, whose grandest remains are to be found in the Harz District. It was then, on the morning of a day unusually dreary and overclouded, that I advanced towards the gassel, or out-works of the Zellerfeld Silver Mines, in search of a guide to conduct me into their depths, and through the many chambers into which they are divided. As I arrived at the place, there met me one habited in the manner I have already described, and bearing a miner's gad or pickaxe upon his shoulder. His appearance, which of itself was sufficiently rude and fero-

cious, was rendered yet more so by such a dress; while from beneath the miner's cap there looked out a face of a swarthy red colour, wearing a sarcastic scowl, and shaded by long locks of hair, mustachios, and beard of a ruddy brown hue. I shall never have forgotten that face, even if it had not been connected with my extraordinary adventures at Zellerfeld; for one so perfect in cunning, so marked with misanthropy, so wild in expression, and yet wearing such a careless and contemptuous smile, (though I have looked upon and studied some thousands of faces,) I have never seen before, nor shall I ever look upon again. From Hans Sebastian Helevig, the old German alchemist already mentioned, I had acquired in my youthful days a knowledge, not only of the sacred and classical languages, but also of several of the modern tongues, and more especially of those which are connected with the dialect of the Zetland Isles; namely, the Danish, Norwegian, Swedish, and German, so that it was without difficulty that I understood and entered into discourse with this mysterious, but to me interesting stranger. As we approached nearer each other, I heard that he was singing a portion of an ancient ballad in praise of Germany, made as I should suppose about the time of the Emperor Maximilian I.

"Oh! Germany, oh! Germany,  
Thy name afar is known;  
The land that sprites and chivalry  
Have destin'd for their own:  
And glory through thy country shines,  
And glory is below,  
For no such court, and no such mines  
The world again can shew!

"Hail friend!" said I, as he drew near me, "I am searching for a guide to the Mines; will you become my conductor?"

"Aye, if you bear a stout heart and a steady head," replied the miner; "for I care not to show the Treasury of Zellerfeld to a coward or an idiot."

"Fear not me," I answered, "wherever you can lead I can follow; I have been in equal hazards ere now, though I am not of Germany."

"Come on then," was the unceremonious answer, "and if seeing the won-

ders of the earth-caves can delight you, why, there's not a miner in Westphalia can show you a tenth of what I can: I'm called by my fellows, Rudenfrank, the Red Devil of Zellerfeld, perchance, because I dare venture somewhat farther than they—but no matter, they know their own reasons."

As he spoke, a scowling kind of smile passed over his countenance, such as would well have suited the very being he had spoken of; however, it was now too late to recede, and we advanced towards the Mine-works together. There are three different ways of entering the Silver Mines of Zellerfeld; the first is by what is there called an adit, which is a long and large trench, constructed of timber, used for carrying off the waters, admitting the air, and removing the poisonous metallic vapours so common in those places. The second way of going into the Mines is by a series of short ladders, leading down the shaft to the galleries beneath; and at the foot of each of these, are a few boards placed as a stage to rest upon. The third method, which is by far the least fatiguing, and which I adopted, the better to examine the earth in my descent, is by one of the cars or buckets which bring up the ore, and which are raised and lowered by means of a horse-engine, under the conical Gapel which is built above the Mine-pit. Before we entered the car, my guide procured a lighted flambeau from the men, who were stationed at the top of the Mine to manage the horse; and then stepping into the basket, which hung freely in the air over an obscure and immense abyss, he motioned to me to follow him. It was with my usual feelings of a delightful, yet hazardous and uncommon enterprise, that I took my place beside Rudenfrank in the bucket; and as soon as we were both seated, he began to sing in a loud and rude voice, which was fearfully reverberated from all sides of the gulf, and which was answered with corresponding tones by those whom we had left above.

#### DUETT OF THE ZELLERFELD MINERS.

*Rudenfrank.*

Unwind—Unwind to the deeps profound,  
Where glittering metals in darkness glow;

*First Miner.*

Sink ye now, through the opening ground,  
In o the shades of the world below.

*Rudenfrank.*

Through the shaft has the car descended,  
Widely is spreading earth's gloomiest dew.

*First Miner.*

Shake the chain, when the voyage hath ended,  
To shew ye have landed in safety then.

*Rudenfrank.*

Downward, downward still we are steering,  
Light is less o'er our heads appearing.

*First Miner.*

Half of the chain to the deeps hath run,  
Soon will your voyage to the Mine be done!

The flame of Rudenfrank's torch gleamed ruddily upon the variously coloured strata that appeared in the earth as we descended; while the light, which showed through the top of the shaft, soon decreased to a star, and at length vanishing wholly away, we were left in the most terrific darkness. As we lost the perception of light, we also lost the power of distinguishing sounds, for I no longer heard the hoarse voice of the shaft-man echoed down the cavity. As we continued to go still lower, I could occasionally perceive that Rudenfrank's torch showed many a beautiful piece of micaceous ore; and sometimes it appeared as though my sight penetrated, through the earth, to a mass of treasure glowing in the more remote parts of the rocky chasm. Sometimes too, and that at a great depth from the surface of the ground, I saw the roots of various kinds of forest-trees; which here and there thrust out an arm, and which looked as if they had been hurled downwards to their present station, either when the Harz Forest was first taken by the German Emperors, or at the universal deluge which overthrew all things. Such appearances made me turn to my guide for an explanation, and he replied in the following terms:

"Zellerfeld Silver Mine was discovered in 1070. It stands six miles to the south south-west of Goslar, in the Principality of Grubenhagen, and the circle of Lower Saxony. All men know that this Mine is one of the richest in Westphalia, since silver to the yearly amount of 20,000 crowns is coined out of its bowels: but few besides yourself have seen, that, in its yet unknown chambers, there is gold enough to make

the poorest miner in the Harz richer than all the kings of the earth. Sometimes, the spirits who make the metals, show them to strangers; and sometimes they mock and frighten them by throwing a handful of red-hot gold at them. As for these trees, they came here when the German Freebooters and the Forest Geister (Forest Ghosts) were the only inhabitants of the Black Forest, when revels, and murders, and phantoms, and demons, and men who were more than either, led the poor earth such a life as she has not yet recovered: and now the proverb goes, that "there's more wood underground in Rammelsburg, than in all the city of Goslar."

We had now been descending for a considerable time, and I was in continual expectation of arriving at the termination of our journey, when the noise of several impetuous torrents broke upon my hearing. Although these falling waters seemed to surround us on every side, they were unseen, but their roaring and dashing encreasing every moment, I began to feel that it was possible that my guide might deserve the diabolical name, which his companions had given him, and that he being really a fiend in human form had lured me into these deeps, and was now about to recompense my unlawful curiosity by dashing me down the mine-shaft, or by hurling me into the subterranean waterfalls. When these fears were at their height, the bucket suddenly stopped, and we passed under a large dark arch where Rudenfrank extinguished his torch, and we were left in the Zellerfeld caverns without a sparkle of light. It was scarcely a moment from the putting out of the torch, which left us in the most impenetrable darkness, to our suddenly entering a large and splendid hall, surrounded by arches of rock glittering most brilliantly with silver mica, and filled with innumerable lights, which show so effulgently in the metallic chamber, that I was unable to look with steadiness upon the glorious spectacle. Around the hall were several spacious galleries containing multitudes of miners at work, with each his light before him glowing in the ore which he was digging, and

refracting a variety of prismatic colours in the metallic rock. Through the floor of the hall ran a stream of clear water, which showed in its dark mirror the whole scene in all its glories: nor did the place appear like a fairy palace, all beauty and wretchedness, and loveliness, and silence; for there was a complete subterranean city, in which men and cattle were employed as actively and as naturally, as ever I beheld them upon the upper ground. In this Silver City of Zellerfeld, there were also fires and lamps placed in the avenues or streets which led from the grand square to the miner's dwellings, and the various houses of entertainment, which were established there; and as these buildings were at the time when I visited the Mine, constructed of the same micaceous rock as the Mine itself, the beauties of the place seemed unbounded and inconceivable. Nor let any one suppose that this subterraneous region was silent. No! for independently of the continual sound of the workmen's gads striking against the rocks, there were also to be heard the song, the shout, the jest, and the tale echoed back from the various bands of miners who were at work in the different galleries; and the rushing sound of the distant waterfalls, gave a romantic and pleasing harmony to the whole.

When I had for some time looked upon this scene in silence, my guide drew me on one side, and said in an undertone:

"Well, now if you have the courage you spake of: descend with me down yonder chasm, and I'll show you a Mine as much beyond this, as the Castle of Sondershausen is beyond a shepherd's hovel."

"What," returned I, "is not this then the famous Mine of Zellerfeld?—Where then is the other?"

"Below the mortal earth," replied Rudenfranck sarcastically, "where should it be? Did not the Dwarfs fly here for safety, when the Black Forest was invaded? and do not they make the metals which these slaves toil after, to make slaves of ten thousand more?"

"In the name of Heaven," cried I with fervour, "who art thou, who art

so familiar with this race of spiritual beings?"

"That matters not," replied he, "but come, make your election—descend, Raymond Mortlake, where no foot ever yet descended, or lose the only chance Heaven will afford you of gratifying your unbounded curiosity. There's not another miner in all Germany can show you what I can."

His decided manner, his addressing me by my name, the consciousness which I had that he must be a spiritual being, and the novelty of my situation, all together completely overcame me, and I sank down in a fainting fit on the floor of the Mine. Upon recovering my senses, from the bright light which shone around me, I thought that I was still in the Great Chamber of the Zellerfeld Silver Mine; but after a short time, I discovered that it was not only a perfectly different place, but also that it was occupied by a different race of beings. The apartment, if so I may call it, into which I had been conveyed, was formed of solid polished silver, disposed in the most elegant arches, columns, pillars, and galleries; while, in the interstices of the architecture, there appeared all the many varieties of silver which is found in the earth. There might be seen the capillary silver, spreading out its long slender stems from a rich vase, placed in a niche: then there was the aborescent, or tree silver, flourishing in large branches in a whole garden formed of the same precious shrubs: the gauze, or the spider's web silver was hung in rich curtains behind the arches of the hall; while native silver in rock, and micaceous silver ore, and silver dust, lay piled in large and glittering treasures on every side. On one side of the hall there appeared to be a large laboratory, in which, on entering, I found a multitude of swarthy deformed Dwarfs; all employed in combining, analysing, and melting, roasting, washing, and boiling the pure silver, with earths of various descriptions. Furnaces, crucibles, mortars, mills, and engines of all sorts, were being actively worked by these subterranean Alchemists; and flames of a thousand different colours were seen

rising from their fires. There were also many other Dwarfs, seemingly of a different species, who were despatched from time to time either with loads of new-made ore, or else with a thick white veil shaped like a balloon, with which they ascended, and soon after caused it to explode in the air. Sometimes these inferior Dwarfs rose in a thin envelope of pale flame, which were also heard to explode; and sometimes they would mount upward, bearing a piece of ignited ore, which would exhale such poisonous metallic fumes, that they almost caused me to fall down in a state of suffocation. The whole of these processes were conducted in profound silence; nay, even the very action of the machines, the grinding, the pounding, and the hammering, were performed without the noises usually attendant upon such operations; and I had not heard one sound by which I could ascertain my own existence, till Rudenfrank exclaimed:

"How now?—said I well, Raymond Mortlake? Is not this the true Mine of Zellerfeld? The idiots above ground are toiling for they know not what: let them dig deeper and be wiser."

It was not without a feeling of disgust at my companion, and a shuddering as I addressed him, that I replied, "And what are these, whose labours are confined to such depths as mortal never visits."

"These," said Rudenfrank, "are the Metal-makers and Mine-dwarfs, who perform all the offices of your race in nine years; never witnessing old age nor its attendant miseries; but live, generate, and die in the treasure chambers of the earth."

"And those who flew upwards," I answered, "what were they?"

"The Ore-carriers, and the Fire-damp, and the Balloon, and the Vapour-sprites: but come, Raymond Mortlake,

if you will be an immortal Miner, sign your name in this register, and leave the upper world and its poverty for the boundless riches of the Mines."

As he spake he held towards me a large volume, bound in massive silver, with a pen, but at that moment the whole force of my character returned to me, and dashing the book from me, I cried,

"No! by the power that made me!—No! and if, perchance, my vain and romantic wishes should have placed me in the power of a fiend, my repentance will carry me beyond him, and my resistance shall foil his temptations."

I can scarcely tell what followed, but I saw Rudenfrank wave his hand over his head and say, "Come, for it is done," and immediately one of the Fire-damp spirits rose in the air, a loud explosion succeeded; I again sank senseless on the ground, and remember no more. Upon my recovery I found myself in a miner's hut, but above ground, and several workmen belonging to the Mine were standing round me, using various methods for my recovery. From these humane labourers, I was informed that soon after my entrance into the mine, a thick white vapour, which they term balloon, had exploded; that it had blown up a part of the mine which had been supposed to be haunted, and had been long since disused; and that I had been wounded and thrown down by not having properly avoided the gaseous discharge. All this was unintelligible to me, for neither the time nor the circumstances agreed with what I had seen and heard; but my wonder was greatly increased, when they told me, that no one was seen to enter the bucket with me when I first descended; and that the youngest miner in Westphalia had heard of, and feared to encounter, *Rudenfrank, the Red Devil of Zellerfeld.*

## THE CELEBRATED RACE-HORSE, ECLIPSE.

We copy the following article of Animal Biography, unprecedented in the annals of the turf, from the Monthly Magazine for May.

**N**EITHER the ancient Hippodrome nor modern race-course can furnish perhaps so splendid an example of superior powers as does the annals of the famous race-horse *Eclipse*, whose performances were of a description that rendered competition useless with the horses of his day; and his pre-eminence was such, that he at last was suffered quietly to receive his laurels by walking over the ground, where no rival appeared to dispute his matchless claim. The bones of this famous horse are now to be sold, and would be a valuable acquisition to the hall or hunting stables of any nobleman or gentleman desirous of making so splendid and highly curious appendage to his establishment, since they must ever excite a share of interest and curiosity. They are also useful as an unexceptionable model on which to calculate speed in horses; and, if there be any increase or falling-off of bone in length or size, in the future breeds of our race-horses, it can be readily ascertained, and in what degree, by his remains. They also can alone afford us a knowledge of the peculiar make and *tournure* which the bones of this extraordinary animal possess, and which no description or pencil, however guided, could fully give.

The following is a brief outline of some of the circumstances of his life, & an enumeration of his brilliant exploits.

He was foaled in Sussex, in the stud of the Duke of Cumberland, our late revered king's uncle, and the hero of Culloden.—On the death of the Duke of Cumberland, his stud in Sussex was sold off; and the Eclipse colt, then a yearling, was purchased by a sporting Smithfield salesman, for the sum of seventy-five guineas. An incident attended his sale which is worth relating, as his life might have been in other hands of perhaps quite another description, and with none of that splendor which followed him, so much depends upon the characters of men as well as of the things themselves. Mr. Wildman, (for that was the name of the Smith-

field amateur,) having the young colt in view, arrived at the place of sale some minutes after the auction had commenced, and the Eclipse colt, being placed among the early lots, had been actually knocked down for seventy guineas, and sold. This spirited lover of the sport was not however to be daunted by this untoward circumstance from an attempt to gain him; and, referring immediately to his stop-watch, of trusty workmanship, he declared in the face of the company and the auctioneer, that the time the bills had stated for the commencement of the sale had not arrived, and insisted boldly that every lot should be put up again. The auctioneer, well knowing the stiffness of his man, and unable to disprove the allegation, thought proper to comply; and to save the trouble and time of the company, it was finally agreed that such lots as he required should be put up again; and Eclipse was once more put up, and a second time knocked down at the sum of seventy-five guineas, being an advance of five on his former sale.

This remarkable horse was also not without portentous events on the day of his birth, for he was foaled on the very day of the great eclipse of the sun, on the first of April, 1764, and hence he very naturally acquired his name, which from this accidental circumstance is now become in our language almost synonymous to swiftness and speed; as coaches, ships, steamboats, and all other sorts of vehicles, having any distinguishing pretensions to velocity, are all now called *Eclipses*, arising out of this casual circumstance.

After the period of his sale, he was kept chiefly in the neighbourhood of Epsom; and, from some cause or other not now exactly known, was not brought into public notice till he had attained his fifth year, which, no question, was attended with many advantages to his general strength and the state of his feet; and, for the first time, he was started on the scented turf of Epsom Downs, on May 3, 1769: he was

matched against some reputed clever horses; Gower, Chance, Trial, and Plume, were his opponents; and he distanced them every one, winning for his owner a considerable sum of money.

On this occasion at Epsom, they say, "*he was pulled*" the whole of the last mile with all the might of his rider, yet he distanced the whole, notwithstanding; since, for certain obvious political reasons, it was not desirable to his owner his prodigious powers should be at once disclosed.

It was after this race that Capt. O'Kelly purchased the half of him of Wildman for the sum of 450 guineas; and, after a subsequent race at Winchester, he purchased the remaining half for 110 guineas; yet, for all this was he the cheapest horse ever sold in England, having by his valuable properties of one kind or other netted for his master the prodigious sum, it is said, of 30,000*l*.

His next race was at Ascot Heath, on May 29th, of the same year, 1769, where he beat Fettyplace's *Crene de Barbade*. The betting here was eight to one on Eclipse, and, though only five, he carried away the king's plate for the six-years old horses.

His next contest was at Winchester, on June 13th following, of the particulars of which nothing more is known than his beating Turner's *Stouch*, who had won the king's plate at Guildford just before: ten to one was betted on Eclipse after the first heat. He carried away also the 50*l*. purse, beating the Duke of Grafton's *Chigger*, Gott's *Julia*, O'Kelly's *Calliban*, and Bailey's *Clanville*. On the 15th he walked over the course at the same place for 50*l*. weight for age.

At Salisbury, June 28th, no horse meeting him, he walked over the course for the king's plate for six years old, carrying twelve stone; and the next day he won the city silver bowl, with thirty guineas added, for any horse carrying ten stone, beating Fettyplace's *Sulphur*, and Taylor's *Forester*, distancing the first.

At Canterbury, July 25, he walked over for the king's plate for six years old, twelve stone.

At Lewes, July 27th, he won the

king's plate for six years old, beating *Kingston*: ten to one on Eclipse.

At Litchfield, September 19, he won the king's plate for five years old, beating Freeth's *Tardy* by Matchless: twenty to one on Eclipse.

At Newmarket first Spring meeting. (Tuesday, April 17th, 1770,) Eclipse beat *Bucephalus*, got by *Regulus*, of his own lineage on the dam side; this was run for on the Beacon Course. Wildman staked 600 to 400 guineas on this race, six to four on Eclipse.

On Thursday, April 19th, he won the king's plate for twelve stone, beating Strode's *Pensioner*, Fenwick's *Diana*, and the Duke of Grafton's *Chigger*, *Pensioner* being distanced at starting: ten to one on Eclipse.

At the close of this year no horse would start against him, and he received the forfeit of 600 guineas at Newmarket, the king's 100 guineas at Guildford, the king's 100 guineas at Nottingham, and 319*l*. 10*s*. beside.

At Yorkshire races in this year, 1770, two horses were brought against him, *Tortoise* and *Bellario*, bred by the noted Sir Charles Bunbury. Eclipse was more than a distance at the end of two miles, and won the race with the utmost ease.

At Lincoln he carried away 150 guineas, and again at Newmarket 100*g*.

Eleven king's plates, in all, were won by Eclipse; and the weight he carried was twelve stone, except for one, which was ten stone.

His colour was a light chesnut, or sorrel-chesnut, the off hind leg white from near the top of the shank to the foot, a white blaze also from his forehead to his nose. His exact height has no where been stated that I have seen; but, those who have seen him living, guessed his height to have been fifteen hands and a half. The best portrait of him is done by the masterly hand of Stubbs, to whose extraordinary merits and undeserved neglect we have to bear a sad testimony.

This famous horse was not only the best that ever this country saw as a racer, but he was no less so as a stallion, for his progeny, by their feats upon the course, won 344 races, producing to their owners the extraordinary sum of



one hundred and fifty-eight thousand pounds, various smaller sums and forfeits not included.

His exact speed was never known, as no horse could be found to call forth his extreme pace. His collateral ancestor, Flying Childers, was supposed to have done a mile in a minute; if this be admitted, and it were possible he could continue such a pace without intermission, he would, in eight days and nights, measure the belt and circumference of the whole earth, and arrive in his stable again, if no obstacle opposed him, before the ninth night. The circumference of the globe, from the most correct computation, is stated at 25,855 miles.

If we examine his make in the portrait, as well as in the skeleton, the most marked difference is in his croup, which stands particularly high, owing to the length of his hind limbs; and his thigh bones are, for a blood-horse, of an enormous size, which, if provided with proportionate muscle and energy, must give him great superiority. It was also remarked in his gallop, that his hind legs were very wide and separated; the width of the haunch bones and pelvis, which also partook of this increased volume, would account

sufficiently for this appearance, the hind legs being parallel columns from the haunch, and not approaching upwards, as do the fore limbs.

His fore feet were dropped in the hoofs and foundered, and his coffin bones were very much rounded and diminished by absorption from undue pressure upon the sole. He was thick winded, probably from some error or exposure in his bringing up. He died at Canons on the 28th of February, 1789, of the gripes, at the age of twenty-five years; and cakes and ale were given at the funeral of his flesh, after the manner of the Godolphin Arabian; for his skin was preserved, and his bones were nicely cleared of every covering but the ligaments that held them together, by the masterly hand of Sainbel, the first professor of the Veterinary College, and an excellent anatomist, as which, more than in any thing else, he excelled. Sainbel has stated, in his work on Eclipse, that his heart weighed fourteen pounds,—a remarkable size for a blood horse.

His bones, contained in a case at Mr. Bullock's, are now offered for sale for one hundred guineas, Mr. Bullock of the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, having the disposal of them.

#### LETTER FROM THE CITY OF NAPLES.

(English Magazines, June.)

*Naples, 22d Dec. 1821.*

**O**N quitting the health office, which building is better known under the name of L'Immacolata, we elbowed our way along a terrace open to the port to the well known Strada Molo, which is certainly one of the most singular streets in Europe, and here we felt ourselves once more in Naples. It would be impossible to give a description that should do justice to this spot; we know it well, and we are aware that no sketch from our pens could convey to the mind of the stranger any idea of its hurry and confusion, its noise, its lengthened farce and caricature, or rather not caricature but nature in a whimsical and antic dress; a few words, however, may recall to the memories of those who have visited

this spot some of its half-forgotten scenes. The Strada Molo runs from the Largo del Castello down to the mole, being the grand passage to that primitive and national theatre; it is formed on one side by the Castello Nuovo, a large dark castle with a broad fosse; and, on the other side, by as incongruous a row of houses as one may desire to see. It is a broad street: in descending towards the sea, you have the high lanterna of the molo, the ships, a little of the bay, and the mountain of Vesuvius in view; in ascending towards Toledo, you see a green hill rising close behind the city, capped by the white and many-windowed monastery of San Martino, and the old frowning castle of Sant Elmo, (or more properly Sant Eremo;) either way



the views are picturesque, and the place is altogether open and pleasant.

On one side of this street, under the castle are ranged stalls of old clothes men, venders of old copper, jewellery, and watches "made to sell;" merchants who deal in every variety of rusty locks and keys, pistols without locks, knives without handles, pewter, copper, iron and wooden spoons, saucepans, gridirons, screws, nails, curiosities, and antiquities *made in the newest way*, and a vast variety of other wares. Formerly, almost every stall had an assortment of old stilettos, but now it is not permitted to sell them. On the other side, you get among much more dignified personages; here are the Carva Mole (or tooth drawers) flourishing their enormous pincers, and displaying a large board, something like a Mexican's shield, covered with tusks of every shape and size, rent from the jaws of hapless Lazzaroni; just by is a still more important character,—a mountebank hoisted on a tottering table, flanked by a large open case of bottles, of various colours, each a specific for a thousand diseases, and a picture representing the marvellous cures he has performed,—and perhaps by another case containing trusses, bandages, and plasters for such as want or may want them. He is surrounded by a gaping crowd; his words flow from him "smooth, rapid, deep, and clear," one may see they cost him nothing; it is amazing how many dead, at least as good as dead, he has resuscitated by his art; it is incredible how many letters he has received from dukes and duchesses, and *celeberimi professori*, inviting him to take up his residence in a palace, or in a university, and how he has refused them all—all; preferring to sell bottles and plasters in the Strada Molo, and to cure Lazzaroni, Marinari, and Calessieri, of incurable diseases, at ten or fifteen grains a head. He proudly displays his power over the brute creation, by twisting long live serpents round his arms and neck, and also, "not to speak it profanely," by making the by-standers open their mouths and their pockets, and gaze at him in a stupor of credulity and astonishment.

A little farther on, just by the post-office, under the shade of a tattered boat-sail, sits a man of letters, with a pen in his hand, an inkhorn, an iron snuff-box, containing the true *erba santa*, and some white (that is to say, rather white) sheets of paper before him. We have frequently walked up to him, at times played the eavesdropper, and have had occasion to smile at the variety of subjects which pass under this good man's pen, for he is one of a multitude who assist with their literary abilities those who have not happened to cultivate the art of writing. This poor fellow sits here, ill sheltered from wind and weather, and scribbles and gossips away from morning till night, and covers a whole sheet of paper for five grains. The versatility of his talent is kept in continual exercise; he now listens to a tight *donnetta*, and having dispatched her letter of tender, or reproaching, or despairing love, turns round to a haggard old woman who is overflowing with ire, and who bursts out into complaints of debts not paid, and menaces of a prison; when that is done, perhaps his ear is filled and his hand arrested by a *galantuomo* who makes excuses for debts he cannot pay, and promises to pay very soon; his facile pen returns thanks for a bundle of *caccio-cavallo*,\* or runs through a letter of compliments which is to accompany a basket of real *Moccaroni della Costa*, and then prepares to follow the story which a sturdy *paesano* is ready to pour into his listening ear, that he has sold his master's pigs, and bought the calesso, and will return, without fail, on the second day after the festa di San Gennaro. All this is delivered in pure unorthographical Neapolitan; nor does the business always pass off currently; frequent doubts and difficulties are proposed to the scribe by the persons who employ him, and who are not quite satisfied that he has expressed their meaning with precision and force; this elicits various explanations on his side, when the com-

\* Caccio-cavallo is a dry salt cheese, made of goat or sheep's milk. The best maccaroni is made on the shores of the Bay of Naples, at the Terre dell' Annunziata, near Pompeii, at the most celebrated manufactories.

mon reply, "non dubitate," fails of its effect.

From these spectacled sages, we are called away by the sounds of cracked trumpets, and crazy long drums, interrupted at intervals by the shrill voice of Polcinello, inviting passers by, with jokes two hundred years old, just to step into his Teatrino (about as large and clean as a blacksmith's shop) and to see all its wonders at the very reasonable price of three grains; near this is a strapping wench in trowsers and a short red jacket, sawing across a squeaking fiddle with a long bow (of the same odd shape as those which Luea Giordano and Solimeno put in the hands of their fiddling angels), and a little hump-backed gentleman blowing a clarionet; pictures divided into squares are suspended behind; in one compartment there is a fair lady lifting up a donkey by her hair, and in another, a troop of dapper horses and horsemen passing between her legs. A few doors off is a show of Marionettes, where the invitations are equally clamorous; and, next to that, is an iron bedstead maker, who, if possible, makes still more noise. Opposite is a famous *lollypop* maker, dabbing, beating, and screwing out the glutinous mass, to the no small temptation of a crowd of children, and Lazzaroni and Lazzarone, who are children also in their affection for sweets, as in most other particulars. Here too there is generally an old woman singing, accompanied by an old man playing the fiddle; the subject of the songs, and of the grotesque paintings on a large board just by, are the miracles of some Madonna, some one among thousands; the music, the poetry, and the pictures are very odd, but very well adapted to each other, and to the people to whom they are directed. Here and there you see various curious groupings; as, for instance, in one place a celebrated operator, surrounded by four or five fellows, from whose jackets or coats he is cleaning the grease and other impurities by means of a marvellous composition which is contained in little phials;—venders of maccaroni, polpetti, stufato, &c., some of whom possess a shop in a cellar, but the greater part

display their kitchen in the street, and cook over their charcoal fires the precious morsels of life: they ladle out their maccaroni, and their customers seize and dispatch it in a moment; they make no account of the modern luxuries of plates and spoons, or knives and forks; they catch up a handful, lift the long slippery strings up in the air, open their capacious mouths, and adroitly introducing them, let them slide down their throats: and when all is over, with a deep sigh, partly from satisfaction, and partly from regret that the good things are so soon gone, they walk off, looking round as they go, with an air of superiority, upon the poor rogues standing by who have not four grains to do the like, and then each with a grain or two that is still left him, directs his steps to a cantina just at hand, where two or three share a carafa of wine between them, of course, without the use of glasses; and if they are particularly expert, their method is to reverse the bottle in the air, and catch the red stream in their mouths as it descends; this they do almost without spilling a drop, and by some means, instantly stop the current when they have drunk their share.

By the doors of the cantini, one hears at nearly all hours vehement cries of quattro, nove! cinque! sette! &c. these proceed from Lazzaroni playing at La Motra, a primitively simple game, but which still is not without its flats and its sharps, its adroit and its maladroit. It is thus performed: two players close their hands, raise them above their heads, and bringing them rapidly down again, open as many of their fingers as they think fit; each guesses at the aggregate number, and both cry out at the same moment, and while their hands are descending. Twelve, sixteen, or twenty is game; the one who guesses right gains a point, of which he keeps account by opening a finger of his left hand, which is always held up in the air. The principal beauty and advantage of the game is, that continual disputes arise between the players about the numbers they have cried, which are frequently difficult to decide, as they both bawl out together and form

one voice ; or whether one or the other has not opened or closed a finger or so after the numbers were called. These trifling differences of opinion are referred to the by-standers, who sometimes decide according to their partialities, *sometimes* according to justice, but not infrequently fall by the ears among themselves upon the point in dispute ; so that it is very common to see the game end in a general squabble, in which case, faces and arms are clawed and bit, shins kicked, large stones caught up, and spittle and bad words distributed *con brio*. When the fracas is at its height, some little dirty police officer interposes his authority, the disturbance ends, and in ten minutes after, the fierce combatants may be seen kissing one another, or walking along with the arm of one thrown over the other's neck, in all imaginable amity.

On each side of the street are large tables, covered with aquavite, terragli (a sort of biscuit,) coarse sweetmeats, rosolio, &c. On each of these tables are placed one or two enormous horns, painted and gilt, as ornaments. The Neapolitans are "vastly fond of the horns ;" besides being exhibited on these plebeian tables, they are very often stuck up in the halls, or even in the gallerie di compagnia of the nobility ; they always grace the apothecaries' and barbers' shops ; and, in short, there are few houses in Naples destitute of these elegant ornaments.

At short distances there are droll old barbers with a couple of chairs, and the apparatus which they employ in the exercise of their mystery, scraping rough black beards that would turn an edge of adamant : one sees, every now and then, a Lazzarone grinning fiercely through his suds ; but as there is something *piquant* in this operation we must describe it. The patient pays a grain before-hand, takes off a coat or jacket, that is to say if he has one (those gentlemen not being always embarrassed with that encumbrance,) which he hangs at the back of the chair, and then sits down ; the operator ties a large rough cloth of a variety of tints, black, red, and yellow, round the neck of the sufferer, and

puts a tin soap-basin, something like Mambrino's helmet, in his hands ; then pouring a little water into it, makes a lather with his fingers, which he daubs over the chin, mouth, nose, and ears of the wight who wants to lose his beard ; then grasping his razor, proceeds to the serious part of the work. The operation is enlivened by a variety of complaints and retorts. "Ah, managgio mie fui male !" "Ma per San Gennaro hai n'a barba di ferro !" "Ne, chiano, chiano !" "Non dubitate, non dubitate niente."\* At length the operation is completed, the patient gets up, slides his hand across his chin, and, delighted with its unusual smoothness, goes away chuckling, and resigns his seat to another.

These are the main groupes, but there are many others of less importance, as fellows roasting and boiling chesnuts over charcoal fires, vociferating as they toss the pan or stir the fruit, "O ! che galanteria ! O ! che castagne, caudè, caudè ;"†—and Acquajoli, some fixed and some ambulatory. These are persons whose trade it is to sell water made cold with snow ; the vagrant tradesman goes running about from place to place, carrying on his back a barrel of cold water, and in one hand having a bottle of sambuco, in the other a couple of glasses ; when he meets a customer, he very actively throws his barrel on one of his knees and fills a glass. The more dignified members of this class have fixed situations ; they are furnished with a high counter, whereon are displayed oranges and lemons, bottles, glasses, &c. of various sizes, large coarse lemon squeezers made of iron, and a few other instruments ; four columns rise from the corners of the counter, which support a sort of roof, which is made very gay with flags and figures, and the whole of the apparatus is painted, and roughly and gaudily carved and gilded from top to bottom. Between the columns at each end, a barrel is hung upon swivels between columns ; these ves-

\* "Ah, d—n it you hurt me." "By St. Januarius you have an iron beard." "Do not doubt—do not doubt any thing."

† *Caude, caude, or calde, calde*. In the Neapolitan dialect the letter *l* is generally changed into *e* or *u*.

sels are ever and anon put in motion, in order to dissolve the snow which is in them, or to draw off the water for the thirsty applicants. The Acquajolo stands behind, raised on a little stool; his shirt sleeves are tucked up to his shoulders, and he has a white cotton night-cap on his head. The price of this water, which is always cold and clear, is half a grain for a large glassfull with a little sambuco or lemon juice in it; but the cunning rogues always ask foreigners the insinuating question, “*La volete per un grano?*” by which means a double price is generally obtained. The Acquagelata is in Naples almost a necessary of life; the Sorbetti and Gelati may be considered as luxuries; great quantities are consumed in the coffee-houses by the middling and upper classes, and as the low Neapolitans like luxuries as well as their superiors, there is a considerable number of Sorbettari in the streets; they sell a coarse sort of Sorbetto, which is served out in little cups resembling gally-pots, at a grain each; they furnish no spoons, but as the Sorbetto is almost liquid, the purchasers easily gulp it down; the cups are then returned to the vender. Here also “Punch and Judy” exhibit their tricks; their theatre and personages are just the same as those which used to amuse us in London, nearly the only difference being in the language, which is true Neapolitan.

All this goes on every day, if the weather permits, with little variation, from eight in the morning till five, in the winter, and eight in summer; the grotesque crowd never fails, the broad humour scarcely ever flags; every show, every professor, every individual we have mentioned is encircled by an admiring group. The Molo is, perhaps, still more excellent in its kind; but the Molo is only frequented in the evening, and is never *brilliant* except on holidays; whereas the Strada Molo is always busy, and always the same. The middle of the street is generally occupied by carriages and carts, and by the Corriboli and Calessi, which are whirled along with great rapidity by tough little horses, while the drivers, standing behind, crack their whips, joke

as they pass their fellows,\* or show, by signs of their hands, how much they are cheating their customers of.

After making our way through this street we reach the Largo del Castello, a large piazza with a few young trees, and with a great deal of rubbish and filth in the midst: here the chief trade is the sale of old clothes, which are thrown over the wooden rails or spread out upon the ground: at this time there is a large booth on one side, where various scenes are represented by figures in wax, as large as life; the favourite performance at present is the miraculous adventure of San Gennaro in the amphitheatre of Pozzuoli, which is a burlesque imitation of the adventure of the prophet Daniel in the lion’s den. In this square also are the two famous minor theatres, San Carlino and La Fenice, of which we shall speak at a future time. From the Largo several streets lead into the celebrated Strada Toledo, which is esteemed and boasted of by the Neapolitans as being the busiest and finest street in the world; and busy it certainly is, but much might be said against its being the finest. It is three quarters of a mile long; and though it would not be considered wide in England, it certainly is wide for a continental street; it is paved with large flags of lava from Vesuvius, and after a day of heavy rain is tolerably clean. The first view is striking; the houses or palazzi, for here every house of more than two stories is called a palazzo, are very high,—four, five, six, or even seven stories, each of which is lofty; nearly all the windows open upon balconies, and nearly all the roofs are terraced. Not one of the buildings is fine in an architectural point of view; and the ground floor of every palace, whoever may be its inmates, is turned into shops and coffee-houses, very few of which are at all respectable. The street is filled at all hours with a most motley and incongruous crowd, and is ever

† The *Corriboli* are the Neapolitan hack gigs, which always ply in the streets. The *Calessi* are country gigs without springs; their shafts generally make an aspiring angle up in the air; sometimes a second horse is put to outside of the shafts; they are nearly always sadly loaded. We have frequently seen them with three on the seat, two on the shafts, two behind, and one poor devil in a net under the body of the vehicle.

echoing with a thousand discordant voices. You do not see here mountebanks, or Punch, or Polcinello; but Acquajoli are stationed at the corner of every street, and stalls of fruit, bread, fish, flowers, and perfumery, and the counters of money-changers, disfigure both sides of the way and almost the whole length of the boasted Toledo. In the evening the number of stalls is greatly increased, and at that season the street, seen from a little above the Largo della Carita, presents a very singular vista; there is a long succession of stall-lights, more frequent and brighter than the lamps of the street; some are placed on the ground, some a little higher, and some above-head suspended to the Acquajoli; a thick dark line of carriages is continually rushing up and down, and on either side there is a waving crowd also in quick motion.

Toledo is certainly a very singular street, perhaps the most remarkable one in Europe; the superior part of the crowds that frequent it are generally better dressed and more *all' inglese* than the same class in any other city in Italy; the Signori take great pleasure in exhibiting themselves regularly in carriages, on horse-back, and on foot in Toledo: but the poor rogues are also very fond of Toledo, and generally contrive to come in for a very good share of it; the vulgar pursue their various avocations in this resort of the fashionable and the gay; cavalieri on horseback are jostled by jackasses loaded with great panniers of dung: carriages grate against carri drawn by

huge oxen, and filled with similar materials; and Signori and Lazzaroni hustle and elbow one another on foot. The crowd, which is always much the same, is spread over the whole street from side to side, and from end to end; coaches and corriboli dash on, their drivers shouting out "*avante*;" the crowd gives way for a moment and then closes immediately. Strangers, unused to this street, in endeavouring to escape from horses and carriages, usually run to the sides, and get in among maccaroni and fish-stalls, egg-baskets, and money-changers, and find themselves unawares at a dinner party of dirty rogues, amidst all the odours of fish-broth, garlic, grease, and God knows what besides.

We are told, and we believe it, that Naples was very much improved in appearance during the residence of the French; those who knew Naples before the venerable epoch of ninety-nine, say it can hardly be recognised, it is so much more civilized; but Lazzaroni are still found in every corner, and particularly in every place which, from its locality, its grandeur, or its size, is likely to be the resort of the better classes. In the Largo before the royal palace there is a large supply of every species of vagabond, from the porter with his basket and red sash, to the beggar, half naked, and filthy, and diseased; in fact, several of the trades hold, as it were, a general house of call; and not only the mendicants, but the understrappers in the cause of nearly every vice, volunteer their services at the same spot.

## Stephensiana, No. VII.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES, &c.

(Monthly Magazine, June.)

BONAPARTE, OSWALD, AND OSSIAN.

**I**KNEW the American Colonel Oswald. He resided in London between 1787 and 1790, and published an eloquent tract, called "*the Cry of Nature*," the object of which was to expose the cruelty of killing and eating animals. He was such an enthusiast in favour of liberty, that he went to Paris soon after the taking of the Bastille, and raised a corps of pikemen,

in which his two sons were officers. In 1794, when the ignorant country people of La Vendee were seduced by the arms and money of England, and led on by the arts of their priests and nobles, to raise a civil war of extermination, the zeal of Oswald carried him and his regiment among these barbarous fanatics; and in one of those bloody affairs, in which no quarter was given, this philosophical soldier and his

two sons were slaughtered, fighting at the head of their regiment.

This catastrophe was not confirmed in England for three or four years, and, in the mean time, Bonaparte began his career in Italy. The first portraits of him resembled Oswald, and several anecdotes accorded with Oswald's character. He was, in particular, represented as devoted, like Oswald, to the study of Ossian,—an edition of which he was said to carry in his pocket. These circumstances led many persons to believe that Bonaparte was no other than Oswald, under an assumed name; a pamphlet was published in proof of it, and the coincidence was believed, till Paoli and some Corsican relatives of Bonaparte came to England, and gave accounts of his family. To Ossian this great man continued attached through life: Ossian and Homer were his constant companions; and when his carriage was intercepted by the Prussians after the victory of Blücher, Bulow, and Wellington at Planchenoit and Mont St. Jean, a much-worn copy of Ossian was found in it.

#### THE TWO MARATS.

Other actors in the French revolution were also mistaken for other men. Thus a hundred books stated that Marat had travelled as an empiric in England; but it afterwards turned out that the Marat who so travelled continued to reside in Dublin, as a professor of the French language, for many years after his name-sake had been assassinated. A literary gentleman, who had been very active in propagating English stories of Marat, met this very person by accident at Dublin, seven years after the death of the apostle of liberty.

#### COSSACKS.

The name of *Cossack* is taken from the Slavonic word *Koss* (scythe). Formerly the Russian peasants used to go to war, for want of arms, with their scythes, from which they were named Cossacks,—scythemen.

#### MOORISH CONCEIT.

The Moors consider Spain as a country to which they still have a right to aspire; and many families in Morocco and Tetuan, as was affirmed to

me by a gentleman who had resided in the country for many years, to this day preserve the key of the houses of their ancestors in Castille, Arragon, Leon, &c. and hope to be able one day to use them again.

#### THE GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS.

A friend of mine, a man of the strictest honour, had a cause tried in a court of law, of which he had scarcely heard of his success, before a Mr. C. was announced. "I am a writer for the papers, (said he,) and have to report on your trial to-day, and conceiving you would wish it to be *properly* reported, have called to offer my services." "Of course, (said my friend,) I wish the cause, if reported, to be honestly described; but, as you so obligingly offer your services, perhaps you expect some compensation." "Oh yes! (rejoined the *gentleman*,) we always expect a compliment on these occasions." "*We!* (said the other,) what, are there several to be paid." "Oh, no! (replied the other,) I was the only reporter present, but we assist one another, and the compliments of this kind which we receive go to a common purse: whatever you think proper to give will be divided among seven or eight of us. Some parties give five, some ten pounds; and we sometimes get, on particular occasions, as high a compliment as fifty pounds." "Indeed! (exclaimed my friend,) and what if the parties refuse to give any thing?" "Oh, then, sir, (rejoined the *gentleman*,) the thing takes its course; there are, you know two ways of telling a story, and at least the speeches of the counsel always afford materials." My friend now lost his patience. "Pest and nuisance, (he exclaimed,) how many are hanged and transported for demanding money on the highway under circumstances of less turpitude; leave my house, or I will charge a constable with you." The *gentleman* quickly retreated, muttering as he departed. My friend, whose cause had to him been an affair of self-defence to defeat a nefarious combination, and who never before had been either plaintiff or defendant, mentioned the application of the *gentleman* of the press in the course of the

day, as an instance of attempted extortion. He was even offended when some of his friends shook their heads and portended mischief. He slept easy; but, on the following morning, his neighbours came running one after another with different papers, exclaiming, "Good God, sir, you are ruined! Behold the nefarious part which you are represented as having been playing. You cannot show your face in society again." On examination he found five or six different reports, varying in language, but all coloured and distorted alike; and, instead of having been the victim of a conspiracy, he was made to appear as the chief, if not the only conspirator. No assertions were made, but every thing was insinuated, and the arguments of the adverse counsel were artfully introduced as facts in the case. His attorney went to the newspaper offices, and an explanation was admitted; but all the world had read and enjoyed the original libel, while few felt any interest in reading the explanation. He suffered accordingly, and for years the libel continued to be adduced against him, to his personal annoyance and commercial injury.

One paper alone had omitted the report, and, finding that he had paid so dearly for his independence, he now sought its editor, and though he scorned to become his own reporter, yet he had the promise of this person that the perverted report should not appear. In the meantime the disappointed party in the cause (who it afterwards appeared had been applied to by the same *chevalier d'industrie*, and had paid him his retaining fee,) made application to one of the proprietors of the paper in question; and, on paying 25*l.* was permitted to insert his own report, which blackened my friend from head to foot. He now brought his action for defamation, but withdrew it on the proprietor giving up the names of the author, when they pro-

ved to be the very parties with whom he had had the suit. Against these scoundrels, who were bankers of *fair* reputation, he now re-commenced his action; but, owing to various circumstances and technicalities of lengthened detail, the question was never brought to trial, and finally he had his own expences to pay.

On another occasion, a noted courtesan pleaded her coverture as a defence against some debts of her own, by which several unsuspecting tradesmen suffered then and afterwards; and on my expressing my surprise that the circumstance never transpired in the papers, she replied, "I contrived better, I insured my character." "Aye, (said I,) where is the office, and what is the premium?" "Why, (said she,) the office was in the box of a coffee-house near Westminster-Hall, and the premium 25*l.* to be distributed among several *gentlemen* of the press for the benefit of their wives and children, and you know I love to be charitable." "Gracious Heaven, (said I) and is this the use and abuse of the press, and are these the persons who inveigh with such eloquence against corruption?"

On subsequently mentioning this nefarious system in different circles, I was told, in parliamentary phraseology, that it is as notorious as the sun at noon-day, and that the Courts of law are beset by needy scribblers, some of whom are not even connected with any newspaper, but represent themselves as reporters, or as having interest with these protectors of character, of wholesale dealers in defamation. Hence, however, it is that few men have the hardihood to defend their property in a court of law, at the double hazard of losing, not only their property, by the manœuvres of the profession, but their character also, by the manœuvres of the press. I have been told that even members of parliament, and all public men, pay tribute.

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(English Magazines, &c. for June.)

#### ACROSTICS.—ANAGRAMS.

We have ever considered the composition of Acrostics, Double Acrostics, Anagrams, and so on, as so much

labour in vain. But, as there are some who delight in these pieces of ingenuity, it is well to present a few.

Acrostic making is most naturally

allied with adulation. When Bonaparte was in his power and glory, acrostics were made on his name, that is, verses of so many lines as there are letters in his name, so that, at the left, you see the whole name. In one of them, he is, in the first line, compared to Brutus, who threw off the royal yoke; in the second, to Octavius, who shut up the temple of Janus; in the third, with Numa, who founded religion on policy; in the fourth, with Hannibal, who beat the new path: in the fifth, with Pericles, who triumphed over the Marats of Athens; in the sixth, with the valiant Alexander; in the seventh, with Romulus, who laid the foundation of the Roman greatness; in the eighth, with Titus; and, as for the ninth line, there still remained an *e*, so that was made use of in *et* (and); and all these were united to form the hero.

Mr. Hutchinson, in his philosophy, has this puerile method of analysing the name of the Supreme Being. The first letter, *G*, shews his goodness, greatness, and government; *O*, his omnipotence, omniscience, and omnipresence; *D*, his duration, dignity, and distance. Again, *G* shows his ghostliness, gospel, and grace; *O*, his holiness, (for *H* is no letter,) oblation, and order established in the creation; *D*, the diversity of his works, and their design, the delight of his creatures.

Peter Le Loyer pretended to find in Homer whatever he pleased. He actually boasted, and in print, that he found there, in one single line, his Christian name, his sir-name, the name of the village in which he was born, the name of the province in which that village is situated, and the name of the kingdom of which that province is a part. (*Ménage*.)

Some wisecracks, in the olden time, thought the *revival* of the term *Great Britain* fulfilled the old prediction, which went thus:

When HEMPE is spun  
ENGLAND'S done!

The initials of Henry, Edward, Mary, Philip, and Elizabeth, the immediate predecessors of James, spell Hemp, including the final *e* in that word, as

it was usually then written: which final *e* stood for Elizabeth, whose reign was no sooner "*spun*" out, or completed, than James took his new *title*, and discontinued that of England, which word, England, was accordingly "*done*," or ended, as well as Scotland.

There is a conceit of this nature scratched on a window-pane at the King's Head, Dorking:

To five and five and fifty-five,  
The first of letters add,  
It is a thing that pleased a king,  
And made a wise man mad.

An ingenious gentleman found out that, by the transposition of a few letters, Majochi, the witness against the late queen, and Jachimo, in the *Winter's Tale* of Shakespeare, were the same in name and character.

#### CATS.

Among the other inventions to please the town, which the celebrated Foote knew so well how to please, at the conclusion of his play of "*The Knights*," he arranged a feigned concert of vocal music between two cats, in burlesque of the Italian opera. The principal performer in this novel species of entertainment was a man well known at that time by the appellation of *Cat HARRIS*, of whom the following anecdote is related:

Harris, being engaged by Foote for this purpose, had attended several rehearsals, at which his mewling gave infinite satisfaction to the manager and the performers: at the last rehearsal, however, Harris was missing; and, as nobody knew where he lived, Shuter was prevailed upon to find him out, if possible. He inquired, in vain, for some time, and was at length informed that he lived in a certain court in the Minories; this information was sufficient for a man of congenial talents, like Shuter; for, the moment he entered the court, he set up a cat solo, which instantly roused his brother musician in his garret, who answered him in the same tune, and then joined Shuter to the opera.

#### LIGHTNING.

On the first of May a newly married couple (in the duchy of Baden) being overtaken by a thunder-storm, took shelter under a walnut tree, when they were both struck with lightning, and killed on the spot.



## ECONOMY.—AVARICE.

Nothing can be more praiseworthy in public, and particularly in private, life, than a fair frugality, or discretion of expense. ‘I have no other notion of economy, than that it is the parent of liberty and ease,’ says Swift to Bolingbroke. The proper disposition and arrangement of our funds, enables us not only to be independent, but to be useful to others in the day of their need. Economy, however, will occasionally run mad. On the other hand, avarice, ‘the vice of age,’ is an insatiable desire after more gain than we can enjoy, or is necessary. This sin (not always a gentlemanly failing) is too often the fruit or result of a too rigid economy: one generates the other. Bion, the sophist, said, ‘Covetousness is the root of all evil;’ a sentence which has been canonized by the great apostle of the Gentiles, St. Paul. At the same time, it is almost superfluous to say, that no two things can be more different in their nature than frugality and covetousness. True, posterity may have cause of thankfulness to those ancestors who have evinced the baser passion; and, when we dismiss motives, some fine charitable structures, which occasionally meet our eye, the result of this sordidness of the mind, almost tempt us to exclaim, ‘So long as good is done, no matter *how* it is done.’ Wretches in former days used thus to make the *amende honorable* with Heaven: and no one is more willing to believe than ourselves, that ‘charity (in this very literal sense) covereth a multitude of sins.’ Even in private life, man is hobby-horsically frugal; his neighbour perceiving how careful he is in certain small matters, and in larger ones quite indifferent. An epicure, whom we have heard of, would dine at the Bedford coffee-house. “What have you got for dinner, John?” “Any thing you please sir.” “Oh! but what vegetables?” The waiter named the usual *legumes* in season; when the gentleman, after having ordered two mutton chops, said, “John! have you any cucumbers?” “No, sir, there are not any, I believe, yet produced, ’tis so very early in the season; but, if you please, I will step

into the market, and enquire the price, if any.” The waiter returned, “Why, sir, there are a few, but they are very dear; they are a guinea apiece.” “A guinea apiece! are they small or large?” “Why, sir, they are rather small.” “Then buy two.” Just so it is with us all, saving at one end, and running out at the other.

Mr. Ostervald, the French banker, who died in 1790, literally of want, though worth £125,000 sterling, made his fortune from this beginning: He carried home from a tavern every night all the bottle corks he could collect, and this he continued for eight years, and at length sold the collection for twelve louis d’ors.

But some possess, through their vast avarice, (for on no other principle can it be accounted for,) a very itch for thieving. Cardinal Angelot had such an itch for thieving, that he used to go into the stable, and steal the oats from his own horses; but his groom, finding a person in the fact, thrashed him soundly, pretending that he did not know his master. We have heard also of a city alderman, since deceased, who was detected robbing his own till.

January, 1779, Humphrey Finnamore, Esq. a person of seventy years of age, and who has an income of upwards of 500*l.* a year, was convicted of stealing five turkeys, the property of Thomas Humphries, master of the Gipseys-house, near Norwood.

In the year 1771, a person of the name of Eyre was observed to steal three quires of paper out of a room in Guildhall; and when his lodgings were searched, more of the same sort (which had been privately marked) was found. He was brought up for trial, November 1st. John Eyre, Esq. pleaded guilty, and threw himself upon the mercy of the Court: He was sentenced to be transported. This sordid wretch is said to have been worth, at the time of committing so base and shameful an act, at least thirty thousand pounds.

Many years since, an old man standing at the fire-side of the Three per Cent.’s Office of the Bank, was observed to pick up the coals and put them in his pocket, and afterwards went to the books, and received his

dividend upon 600l. He was carried before a magistrate, where the coals were taken out of his pocket.

#### ORIGIN OF "LLOYD'S"

One of the most important local objects in the commerce of this enterprising country, and indeed of the globe itself, is Lloyd's Coffee House, a name which it derived from the first person who kept it, and who little imagined that it would progressively acquire such a celebrity in the annals of the commercial world.

The Coffee House is also a central point of political information, because the ministers, knowing its importance, select and appropriate this place as the medium of conveying the first intelligence of every national concern; and the tidings, whether good or bad, flow as from an original source to the public in general. Indeed it has now enjoyed this distinction so long, that whenever a rumour is in circulation, to say, "We have it from Lloyd's," gives it a currency and sanction to which it would not otherwise be entitled.

## Original Poetry.

### SONG.

*From the new Poem of "The Bridal of Caolchairn,"  
by John Hay Allan, Esq.*

Day breaks on the mountain,  
Light breaks on the storm,  
The sun from the shower  
Glints silent and warm;  
But dark is the hour  
Of grief on my soul,  
There's no morn to awake it,  
No beam to console.

The hawk's to his corrai,  
The dove's to her nest,  
The grey wolf's to greenwood,  
The fox to his rest.

But even and morrow  
Are wakeful to me,  
There's no rest for my sorrow,  
No sleep for my ce.

O lily of England,  
O Ladye my love,  
How fair is the sunbeam  
Thy bower above!  
But bright be thy blossom,  
And reckless thy glee,  
And crossed not thy bosom  
With sorrow for me.

We have met in delight,  
We have deemed ne'er to sever,  
We have loved in despair,—  
We have parted for ever!  
But yet there's a rest  
To the mournful is given,  
We shall sleep on its breast,  
And awaken in heaven.

### SONG.

*By John Clare.*

#### 1.

THE morning hours the sun beguiles,  
With glories brightly blooming;  
The flower and summer meet in smiles,  
And so I've met with woman.  
But suns must set with dewy eve,  
And leave the scene deserted;  
And flowers must with the summer leave,—  
So I and Mary parted.

#### 2.

O Mary, I did meet thy smile,  
When passion was discreetest;  
And thou didst win my heart the while,  
When woman seem'd the sweetest;

When joys were felt that cannot speak,  
And memory cannot smother,  
When love's first beauty flushed thy cheek,  
That never warm'd another.

#### 3.

Those eyes that then my passion blest,  
That burn'd in love's expression;  
That bosom where I then could rest,  
And now have no possession;  
These waken still in memory  
Sad ceaseless thoughts about thee,  
That say how blest I've been with thee,  
And how I am without thee.

### LINES BY SCHILLER.

Athwart the city's streets,  
With wailing in her train,  
Misfortune strides;  
Watchful she marks  
The homes of men:  
To-day at this,

To-morrow at yon other door, she knocks,  
But misses none.  
Sooner or later comes  
Some messenger of woe

To every threshold, where the living dwell.

When at the seasons fall  
The leaves decay,  
When to the grave is borne  
The hoary head,  
Calm nature but obeys  
Her ancient law,

And man respects her everlasting march.

But man must also learn,  
To expect in earthly life  
Unusual strokes of fate.  
Murder, with violent hand,  
May tear the holiest bond.

And in his Stygian boat

Death may bear off the blooming form of youth.

\* When towering clouds o'erswath the sky,  
When loudly bellowing thunders roll,  
Each heart in secret owns  
The fearful might of fate.  
But e'en from cloudless heights  
Can kindling lightnings plunge;  
E'en in the sunny day  
Bale-breathing plagues may lurk.  
Fix not on transient good  
Thy trusty heart:  
Let him who has, prepare to learn to love  
Him who is happy learn to bend!

# SPIRIT

OF THE

## ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

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BOSTON, AUGUST 15, 1822.

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### THE COOK'S ORACLE.

[The Editors are induced to insert the following article from a perfect conviction that they cannot give to their readers any subject more pertinent, more useful, or more entertaining. Every house-keeper particularly must be gratified by economical observation, and advice, and Dr. Kitchiner seems qualified to give them to the life; for his Cook's Oracle has received the Diploma in England as a superior treatise on the Culinary Art, and four Edition within little more than two years tell louder, than any recommendation, of its intrinsic value. We believe, farther, that this is the first book on Cookery that has ever found notice or remark in the circle of the Sciences; and the Encyclopædia Britannia in the Supplement cannot omit recommending it as a first rate work of the kind, and as one that ought to be in the possession of all families. The Book is now published in Boston, by the printers of the Atheneum, and they are confident that all who will read the author's remarks that follow, must possess a work which "comes home to all men's businesses and bosoms."—*Editors.*]

**A**MONG the multitude of causes which concur to impair Health, and produce Disease, the most general is the improper quality of our Food, this, most frequently, arises from the injudicious manner in which it is prepared;—yet, strange, "passing strange," this is the only one, for which a remedy has not been sought;—and few persons bestow half so much attention on the preservation of their own Health,—as they daily devote to that of their Dogs and Horses.

The observations of the Guardians of Health respecting Regimen, &c. have formed no more than a Catalogue of those articles of Food, which they have considered most proper for particular Constitutions.

Some Medical writers, have "in good set terms" warned us against the pernicious effects of improper Diet; but not One has been so kind, as to take the trouble to direct us how to prepare food properly.

The Editor has endeavoured to write his Receipts so plainly, that they may

be as easily understood in the Kitchen as He trusts they will be relished in the Dining Room—and has been more ambitious to present to the Public, a Work which will contribute to the daily Comfort of All—than to seem elaborately Scientific.

The practical part of the philosophy of the Kitchen, is certainly not the most agreeable;—Gastrology has its full share of those great impediments to all great improvements in scientific pursuits,—the prejudices of the Ignorant,—and the misrepresentations of the Envious.

The Sagacity to comprehend and estimate the importance of un contemplated improvement—is confined to the very few, on whom Nature has bestowed a sufficient degree of perfection of the Sense which is to measure it;—the candour to make a fair report of it is still more uncommon,—and the kindness to encourage it cannot often be expected from those, whose most vital interest it is to prevent the development of that by which their own im-

portance—perhaps their only means of Existence—may be for ever eclipsed—so as POPE says—

“All fear,—None aid you,—and Few understand.”

Improvements in Agriculture and the Breed of Cattle have been encouraged by Premiums. Those who have obtained them, have been hailed as benefactors to Society;—but *the Art of making use of these means of ameliorating Life, and supporting a healthy Existence*—COOKERY,—has been neglected.

While the cultivators of the raw materials are distinguished and rewarded,—the attempt to improve the processes, without which, neither Vegetable nor Animal substances are fit for the food of Man (astonishing to say), has been ridiculed,—as unworthy the attention of a rational Being!!!

This most useful Art,—which the Editor has chosen to endeavour to illustrate, because nobody else has—and because he knew not how he could employ some leisure hours more beneficially for Mankind,—than to teach them to combine the *utile* with the *dulce*, and to increase their pleasures, without impairing their Health or impoverishing their Fortune—has been for many Years his favourite employment, and “THE ART OF INVIGORATING AND PROLONGING LIFE, BY DIET AND REGIMEN,” &c. and this Work,—have insensibly become repositories, for whatever Observations he has made, which he thought would make us—Live happier or Live longer.

The Editor has considered the ART of COOKERY, not merely as a mechanical operation, fit only for working Cooks—but as *the Analeptic part of the Art of Physic*.

‘How best the sickle fabric to support  
‘Of mortal man,—in healthful body how  
‘A healthful mind, the longest to maintain,’

is an Occupation—neither unbecoming nor unworthy Philosophers of the highest class:—such only can comprehend its Importance,—which amounts to no less, than not only the enjoyment of the present moment, but the more precious advantage, of improving and

preserving HEALTH, and prolonging LIFE—which depend on duly replenishing the daily waste of the human frame with materials which are pregnant with Nutriment, and easy of Digestion.

If *Medicine* be ranked among those Arts which dignify their Professors—*Cookery* may lay claim to an equal, if not a superior distinction;—to *prevent* Diseases, is surely a more advantageous Art to Mankind, than to *cure* them. “Physicians should be good Cooks, at least in Theory.”—Dr. MANDEVILLE on *Hypochondriasis*.

The learned Dr. ARBUTHNOT observes in the preface to his *Essay on Aliment*, that “the choice and measure of the materials of which our Body is composed, and what we take daily by Pounds, is at least of as much importance, as what we take seldom, and only by grains and spoonsful.”

Those in whom the Organ of Taste is obtuse,—or who have been brought up in the happy habit of being content with humble fare,—whose Health is so firm, that it needs no artificial adjustment; who, with the appetite of a Cormorant, have the digestion of an Ostrich,—and eagerly devour whatever is set before them, without asking any questions about what it is, and how it has been prepared—may perhaps imagine that the Editor has sometimes been rather overmuch refining the business of the Kitchen.

“Where Ignorance is bliss,—’tis Folly to be wise.”

But, few are so fortunate, as to be trained up to understand how well it is worth their while to cultivate such habits of Spartan forbearance,—we cannot perform our duty in registering wholesome precepts, in a higher degree than by disarming Luxury of its sting—and making the refinements of Modern Cookery minister not merely to sensual gratification, but at the same time support the substantial excitement of “mens sana in corpore sano.”

The Delicate and the Nervous, who have unfortunately a sensitive palate, and have been accustomed to a luxurious variety of savoury Sauces, and highly seasoned Viands—Those who

from the infirmity of Age, are become incapable of correcting habits, created by absurd indulgence in Youth, are entitled to some consideration—and for their sake, the Elements of Opsology are explained in the most intelligible manner.

By reducing Culinary operations to something like a certainty, an Invalid will be less indebted to chance, or the caprice of careless attendants, &c. whether he shall recover—and Live long, and comfortably, or speedily Die of Starvation in the midst of Plenty.

These Rules and orders for the regulation of the business of the Kitchen have been extremely beneficial to the Editor's own Health and Comfort. He hopes they will be equally so to others,—they will help those who enjoy Health, to preserve it—teach those who have delicate and irritable Stomachs, how to keep them in good temper—and with a little discretion enable them to indulge occasionally, not only with impunity, but with advantage, in all those alimentary pleasures which a rational Epicure can desire.

There is no question more frequently asked—or which a Medical man finds more difficulty in answering to the satisfaction of Himself and his Patient than—*What do you wish me to eat?*

The most judicious choice of Aliment will avail nothing, unless the Culinary preparation of it be equally judicious.—How often is the skill of a pains-taking Physician counteracted by want of corresponding attention to the preparation of Food—and the poor Patient, instead of deriving Nourishment—is distressed by Indigestion.

PARMENTIER, in his *Code Pharmaceutique*, has given a chapter on the preparation of Food—some of the following Receipts are offered as an humble attempt to form a sort of APPENDIX TO THE PHARMACOPŒIA—like pharmaceutic prescriptions they are precisely adjusted by weight and measure,—and in future, by ordering such Receipts of the COOK'S ORACLE as appear adapted to the case—the recovery of the Patient, and the credit of the Physician, as far as relates to the administration of Aliment,—need

no longer depend on the discretion of the Cook.—For instance: *Mutton Broth, Toast and Water, Water Gruel, Beef Tea*, and PORTABLE SOUP. This concentrated *Essence of Meat*—will be found a great acquisition to the comfort of the Army—the Navy—the Traveller—and the Invalid—by dissolving half an Ounce of it in half a pint of hot water, you have in a few minutes, *half a Pint of good Broth for three halfpence.*

He has also circumstantially detailed the easiest, least expensive, and most salubrious methods of preparing those highly finished Soups—Sauces—Ragouts—and *piquante* relishes, which the most ingenious “Officers of the Mouth,” have invented for the amusement of thorough bred “*Grands Gourmands.*”

It has been his aim, to render Food acceptable to the Palate,—without being expensive to the Purse, or offensive to the Stomach—nourishing without being inflammatory, and savoury without being surfeiting,—constantly endeavouring to hold the balance even between the agreeable and the wholesome—the Epicure and the Economist.

In this Edition, which is almost entirely re-written,—*He has not printed one Receipt—that has not been proved in His own Kitchen*—which has not been approved by several of the most accomplished Cooks in this Kingdom—and has moreover, been eaten with unanimous applause by a Committee of Taste, composed of some of the most illustrious Gastropholists of this luxurious Metropolis.

The Editor has been materially assisted by MR. HENRY OSBORNE, the excellent Cook to the late SIR JOSEPH BANKS:—that worthy President of the Royal Society was so sensible of the importance of the subject the Editor was investigating—that he sent his Cook to assist him in his arduous task—and many of the Receipts in this Edition, are much improved by his suggestions and corrections.

*This is the only English Cookery Book* which has been written from the Real Experiments of a HOUSEKEEPER, for the benefit of HOUSEKEEPERS,—which the reader will soon perceive,

by the minute attention that has been employed to elucidate and improve the **ART OF PLAIN COOKERY**,—detailing many particulars and precautions, which may at first appear frivolous—but which experience will prove to be essential—to teach a common Cook how to provide, and to prepare common Food—so frugally, and so perfectly, that *the plain Family Fare of the most ECONOMICAL HOUSEKEEPER* may, with scarcely any additional trouble—be a *satisfactory Entertainment for an EPICURE or an INVALID*.

By an attentive consideration of “**THE RUDIMENTS OF COOKERY**,” and the respective Receipts—the most *ignorant Novice* in the business of the Kitchen—may work with the utmost facility and certainty of success,—and soon become a **GOOD COOK**.

Will all the other Books of Cookery that ever were printed do this?—The Editor has patiently pioneered through upwards of **TWO HUNDRED COOKERY BOOKS**, before he set about recording these results of his own Experiments!

**STORE SAUCES** and many articles of Domestic Comfort, which are extravagantly expensive to purchase, and can very seldom be procured genuine—He has given plain directions how to prepare at Home—of infinitely finer flavour, and considerably cheaper than they can be obtained ready-made.

The Receipts are not a mere marrowless collection of shreds, and patches, and cuttings, and pastings;—but a *bona fide* register of Practical Facts,—accumulated by a perseverance not to be subdued, or evaporated, by the igniferous terrors of a Roasting Fire in the Dog-days,—in defiance of the odorous and califacient repellents, of *Roasting,—Boiling,—Frying,—and Broiling*:—moreover, the author has submitted to a labour no preceding Cookery-Bookmaker, perhaps, ever attempted to encounter—having *eaten* each Receipt, before he set it down in his book.

They have all been heartily welcomed by a sufficiently well educated Palate, and a rather fastidious Stomach;—perhaps this certificate of the reception of the respective preparations—will partly apologize for the Book con-

taining a smaller number of them, than preceding writers on this gratifying subject, have transcribed,—for the amusement of “every man’s Master,” the **STOMACH**.

Numerous as are the Receipts in former Books, they vary little from each other, except in the name given to them; the processes of Cookery are very few,—I have endeavoured to describe each, in so plain and circumstantial a manner, as I hope will be easily understood, even by the Amateur, who is unacquainted with the practical part of Culinary concerns.

**OLD HOUSEKEEPERS** may think I have been tediously minute on many points, which may appear trifling;—my Predecessors seem to have considered the **RUDIMENTS OF COOKERY** quite unworthy of attention. These little delicate distinctions, constitute all the difference between a common and an elegant Table, and are not trifles to the **YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER**, who must learn them either from the communication of others,—or blunder on till his own slowly-accumulating and dear-bought experience teaches him.

A wish to save Time, Trouble, and Money, to inexperienced Housekeepers and Cooks,—and to bring the enjoyments and indulgences of the Opulent within reach of the middle Ranks of Society,—were my motives for publishing this book;—I could accomplish it, only by supposing the Reader, (when he first opens it,) to be as ignorant of Cookery,—as I was when I first thought of writing on the subject.

I have done my best to contribute to the comfort of my fellow creatures:—by a careful attention to the directions herein given, the most ignorant may easily learn to prepare Food—not only in an agreeable and wholesome,—but in an elegant and economical manner.

This task, seems to have been left for me, and I have endeavoured to collect and communicate in the clearest and most intelligible manner, the whole of the heretofore abstruse Mysteries of the Culinary Art; which are herein, I hope, so plainly developed, that *the most inexperienced student* in the occult Art of Cookery, may work from *my Receipts, with the utmost facility*.

I am perfectly aware of the extreme difficulty, of teaching those who are entirely unacquainted with the subject, and of explaining my ideas effectually by mere Receipts, to those who never shook hands with a Stewpan.

Our neighbours in France, are so justly famous for their skill in the affairs of the Kitchen, that the adage says, "*as many Frenchmen, as many Cooks.*" Surrounded as they are by a profusion of the most delicious Wines, and seducing *Liquors*, offering every temptation to render drunkenness delightful, yet a tippling Frenchman is a "*rara avis.*"

They know how so easily to keep Life in sufficient repair by good eating, that they require little or no screwing up with liquid Stimuli.—This accounts for that "*toujours gai,*" and happy equilibrium of the animal spirits, which they enjoy with more regularity than any people:—their elastic Stomachs unimpaired by Spirituous Liquors, digest vigorously, the food they sagaciously prepare and render easily assimilable, by cooking it sufficiently,—wisely contriving to get half the work of the Stomach done by Fire and Water, till—

"The tender morsels on the palate melt,  
"And all the force of Cookery is felt."

The cardinal virtues of Cookery, "*CLEANLINESS, FRUGALITY, NOURISHMENT, AND PALATEABLENESS,*" preside over each preparation; for I have not presumed to insert a single composition, without previously obtaining the "*imprimatur*" of an enlightened and indefatigable "*COMMITTEE OF*"

*TASTE*," (composed of thorough-bred *GRANDS GOURMANDS* of the first magnitude,) whose cordial co-operation I cannot too highly praise; and here do I most gratefully record the unremitting zeal they manifested during their arduous progress of proving the respective Recipes,—they were so truly philosophically and disinterestedly regardless of the wear and tear of teeth and stomach, that their Labour appeared a Pleasure to them.—Their laudable perseverance,—which has enabled me to give the inexperienced Amateur an unerring and economical Guide, how to excite as much pleasure as possible on the Palate, and occasion as little trouble as possible to the Principal Viscera,—has hardly been exceeded by those determined spirits who lately in the Polar expedition braved the other extreme of temperature, &c. in spite of Whales, Bears, Icebergs, and Starvation.

Every attention has been paid in directing the proportions of the Compositions, not merely to make them inviting to the Appetite, but agreeable and useful to the Stomach;—nourishing without being inflammatory, and savoury without being surfeiting.

I have written principally for those who make Nourishment the chief end of Eating\*, and do not desire to provoke Appetite, beyond the powers and necessities of Nature;—proceeding however on the purest Epicurean principles of indulging the Palate, as far as it can be done without injury or offence to the Stomach—and forbidding nothing, but what is absolutely unfriendly to Health.†

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\* I wish most heartily that the restorative process was performed by us poor mortals, in as easy and simple a manner, as it is in "*the Cooking Animals in the Moon,*" who "lose no time at their meals; but open their left side, and place the whole quantity at once in their stomachs, then shut it, till the same day in the next month, for they never indulge themselves with food more than twelve times in a year." See *BARON MUNCHAUSEN'S Travels.*

Pleasing the Palate is the main end in most books of Cookery, but *is it my aim to blend the toothsome with the wholesome*; for, after all, however the hale Gourmand may at first differ from me in opinion, the latter is the chief concern; since if he be even so entirely devoted to the pleasure of eating, as to think of no other, still the care of his Health becomes part of that; if he is Sick, he cannot relish his Food.

† "Although air is more immediately necessary to life than food, the knowledge of the latter seems of more importance; it admits certainly of great variety, and a choice is more frequently in our power. A very spare and simple diet has commonly been recommended as most conducive to Health;—but it would be more beneficial to mankind if we could show them that a pleasant and varied diet, was equally consistent with health;

This is by no means so difficult a task, as some gloomy philosophers (uninitiated in culinary science) have tried to make the world believe—who seem to have delighted in persuading you, that every thing that is nice must be noxious; and that every thing that is nasty, is wholesome.

But as worthy Will Shakspeare declared he never found a philosopher who could endure the Tooth-ach patiently,—the Editor protests that he has not yet overtaken one, who did not love a Feast.

Those *Cynical Slaves*,—who are so silly,—as to suppose it unbecoming a wise man, to indulge in the common comforts of Life—should be answered in the words of the French philosopher, “Hey—What—do you Philosophers eat dainties?” said a gay Marquess. “*Do you think,*” replied DESCARTES, “*that God made good things only for Fools?*”

Every individual, who is not perfectly imbecile and void of understanding, is an *Epicure* in his own way—the Epicures in boiling of Potatoes are innumerable—the perfecting of all enjoyment depends on the perfection of the faculties of the Mind and Body—the *Temperate man*, is the greatest *Epicure*,—and the only true *Voluptuary*.

THE PLEASURES OF THE TABLE, have been highly appreciated, and carefully cultivated in all Countries—and in all Ages,—and in spite of all the Stoics,—every one will allow they are the first and the last we enjoy,—and those we taste the oftenest,—above a *Thousand times in a Year, every Year in our Lives!!!*

THE STOMACH, is the mainspring of our System,—if it be not sufficiently wound up to warm the Heart, and support the Circulation,—the whole business of Life, will in proportion be ineffectively performed,—we can neither *Think* with precision,—*Sleep* with tranquillity,—*Walk* with vigour,—or *sit down* with comfort.

There would be no difficulty in proving, that it influences (much more than people in general imagine) all our actions:—the destiny of Nations has often depended upon the more or less laborious digestion of a Prime Minister—see a *very curious Anecdote* in the Memoirs of COUNT ZINZENDORF in Dodsley's Annual Register for 1762.

The philosopher *Pythagoras*, seems to have been extremely nice in eating,—among his absolute injunctions to his disciples, he commands them, to “abstain from Beans.”

This ancient Sage, has been imitated by the learned who have discoursed on this subject since—who are liberal of their negative—and niggardly of their positive precepts—in the ratio, that it is easier to tell you not to do this, than to teach you how to do that.

Our great English moralist Dr. S. JOHNSON, his biographer Boswell tells us, “was a man of very nice discernment in the science of Cookery,” and talked of good eating, with uncommon satisfaction. “Some people,” said he, “have a foolish way of not minding, or pretending not to mind what they eat: for my part, I mind my Belly very studiously and very carefully, and I look upon it, that he who does not mind his Belly, will hardly mind any thing else.”

as the very strict regimen of Arnard, or the Miller of Essex. These and other abstemious people, who, having experienced the greatest extremities of bad health, were driven to temperance as their last resource, may run out in praises of a simple diet; but the probability is, that nothing but the dread of former sufferings could have given them the resolution to persevere in so strict a course of abstinence; which, persons who are in health, and have no such apprehension, could not be induced to undertake, or, if they did, would not long continue.

“In all cases, great allowance must be made for the weakness of human nature; the desires and appetites of mankind, must to a certain degree be gratified, and the man who wishes to be most useful, will imitate the indulgent Parent, who whilst he endeavours to promote the true interests of his children, allows them the full enjoyment of all those innocent pleasures which they take delight in. If it could be pointed out to mankind, that some articles used as food were hurtful, while others were in their nature innocent, and that the latter were numerous, various, and pleasant, they might, perhaps, be induced to forego those which were hurtful, and confine themselves to those which were innocent.”

—See Dr. STARK'S *Experiments on Diet*.



The Dr. might have said, *cannot* mind any thing else—the *energy* of our BRAINS is *sadly dependent on the behaviour of our BOWELS*\*—those who say 'Tis no matter what we eat or what we drink,—may as well say, 'Tis no matter whether we eat, or whether we drink.

The following Anecdote I copy from BOSWELL'S *Life of JOHNSON*.

*Johnson*.—I could write a better Book of Cookery than has ever yet been written ;—it should be a book on philosophical principles.—I would tell what is the best Butcher's Meat—the proper season of different Vegetables—and then, how to roast, and boil, and to compound.

*Dilly*.—Mrs. Glasse's *Cookery*, which is the best, was written by Dr. HILL.

*Johnson*.—Well, Sir—this shows how much better the subject of Cookery may be treated by a Philosopher ;—but you shall see what a book of Cookery I shall make, and shall agree with Mr. Dilly for the Copyright.

*Miss Seward*.—That would be Hercules with the distaff indeed !—

*Johnson*.—No, Madam ; Women can spin very well,—but they cannot make a good Book of Cookery.

Mr. B. adds, I never knew a man who relished good eating more than he did : when at Table, he was totally absorbed in the business of the moment : nor would he, unless in very high company, say one word, or even pay the least attention to what was said by others, till he had satisfied his Appetite.

The peculiarities of his constitution were as great as those of his character ;

Luxury and Intemperance are relative terms—depending on other circumstances than mere quantity and quality. Nature gave him an excellent Palate, and a craving Appetite,—and his intense application rendered large supplies of nourishment absolutely necessary to recruit his exhausted spirits.

The fact is,—this Great Man had found out, that *Animal and Intellectual Vigour*† are much more entirely dependent upon each other,—than is commonly understood ;—especially, in those constitutions, whose digestive and chylopoetic organs are capricious and easily put out of tune, or absorb the "*pabulum vite*" indolently and imperfectly,—with such, it is only now and then, that the "*sensorium commune*" vibrates with the full tone of accurately considerative, or creative energy.

Thus does the HEALTH always,—and very often the LIFE of Invalids, and those who have weak and infirm STOMACHS, depend upon the care and skill of the COOK.—Our Forefathers were so sensible of this,—that in days of Yore,—no man of consequence thought of making a day's journey without taking his "*MAGISTER COQUORUM*" with him.

A good Dinner is one of the greatest enjoyments of human life ;—and as the practice of Cookery is attended with so many discouraging difficulties, so many disgusting and disagreeable circumstances, and even dangers, we ought to have some regard for those who encounter them, to procure us pleasure, and to reward their attention, by rendering their situation every way

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\* "He that would have a *clear head*, must have a *clean Stomach*." Dr. CHEYNE on *Health*.

† "We cannot reasonably expect tranquillity of the Nervous System, whilst there is disorder of the digestive organs. As we can perceive no permanent source of strength, but from the digestion of our food, it becomes important on this account, that we should attend to its quantity, quality, and the periods of taking it, with a view to ensure its proper digestion."—ABERNETHY'S *Sur. Obs*.

‡ "If science can really contribute to the happiness of mankind, it must be in this department ; the real comfort of the majority of men in this country is sought for at their own fire-side ; how desirable does it then become to give every inducement to be at home, by directing all the means of Philosophy to increase Domestic Happiness."

"Health, Beauty, Strength and Spirits, and I might add all the faculties of the Mind, depend upon the Organs of the Body ; when these are in good order, the thinking part is most alert and active, the contrary when they are disturbed or diseased."—Dr. CADOGAN on *Nursing Children*.

as comfortable and agreeable as we can.\*

If we take a review of the Qualifications that are indispensable in that highly estimable domestic, a complete Good Cook, we shall find that very few deserve that name.

"God sends Meat"—who sends Cooks?† the proverb has long saved us the trouble of guessing.

Of what value then is not this Book?—which will render every person of common sense—a good Cook, in as little time as they can read it through attentively.

If the Masters and Mistresses of Families will sometimes condescend to make an amusement of this Art, they will escape a number of disappointments, &c. which those who will not, must suffer, to the detriment of both their Health and their Fortune.

The author wishes he had more time to devote to the subject. For an ingenious Chemist, and an intelligent Cook, might form a very complete work.

I did not presume to offer any observations of my own, till I had read all that I could find written on the subject, and submitted (with no small pains) to a patient and attentive consideration of every preceding work, relating to culinary concerns, that I could meet with.

These Books vary very little from each other, except in the preface—"ab uno, disce omnes," cutting and pasting seem to have been much often-er employed than the Pen and Ink :

any one who has occasion to refer to two or three of them, will find the Receipts almost always "*verbatim et literatim*;" equally unintelligible to those who are ignorant,—and useless to those who are acquainted with the business of the Kitchen.

My Receipts are the results of experiments carefully made and accurately and circumstantially related ;

The Time requisite for dressing being stated.

The Quantities of the various articles contained in each composition being carefully set down in Number, Weight, and Measure.

This precision has never before been attempted in Cookery books, but I found it indispensable, from the impossibility of *guessing* the quantities intended by such obscure expressions as have been usually employed for this occasion in former works.

For instance : a little bit of this—a handful of that—a nip or an inch of t'other,—do 'em over with an Egg—and, a sprinkling of salt,—a dust of flour,—a shake of pepper,—a squeeze of lemon,—or a dash of vinegar, &c. are the constant phrases ; season it to your palate, (meaning the Cook's,) is another form of speech now, if she has any,—it is very unlikely that it is in unison with that of her employers,—by continually sipping *piquante* relishes, it becomes blunted and insensible, and soon looses the faculty of appreciating delicate flavours,—so that every thing

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\* It is said, there are SEVEN chances against even the most simple dish being presented to the Mouth in absolute perfection ; for instance A LEG OF MUTTON.

- 1st.—The Mutton must be good,
- 2d.—Must have been kept a good time,
- 3d.—Must be roasted at a good fire,
- 4th.—By a good Cook,
- 5th.—Who must be in good temper,
- 6th.—With all this felicitous combination you must have good luck, and
- 7th.—Good Appetite.—The Meat, and the Mouths which are to eat it, must be ready for each other, at the same moment !

† "She must be quick and strong sighted ; her hearing most acute, that she may be sensible when the contents of her vessels bubble although they be closely covered, and that she may be alarmed before the pot boils over : her auditory nerve ought to discriminate (when several saucepans are in operation at the same time) the simmering of one, the ebullition of another, and the full toned warbling of a third.

"It is imperiously requisite that her organ of smell be highly susceptible of the various effluvia, that her nose may distinguish the perfection of aromatic ingredients, and that in animal substances it shall evince a suspicious accuracy between tenderness and putrefaction : above all, her olfactories should be tremblingly alive to mustiness and empyrenma. It is from the exquisite sensibility of her palate, that we admire and judge of the Cook ; from the alliance between the olfactory and sapid organs it will be seen, that their perfection is indispensable."

is done at random. These Culinary technicals are so differently understood by the learned who write them, and the unlearned who read them, and their 'rule of Thumb' is so extremely indefinite,—that if the same dish be dressed by different persons, it will generally be so different, that nobody would imagine they had worked from the same directions, which will assist a person who has not served a regular apprenticeship in the Kitchen, no more than reading "*Robinson Crusoe*," would enable a Sailor to steer safely from England to India.

Careless expressions in Cookery are the more surprising, as the Confectioner is regularly attentive, in the description of his preparations, to give the exact quantities, though his business, compared to Cookery, is as unimportant, as the Ornamental is inferior to the Useful.

The maker of Blanchmange, Custards, &c., and the endless and useless collection of pretty playthings for the Palate, (of first and second childhood, for the vigour of manhood seeketh not to be sucking Sugar-candy, or sipping

Turtle,) is scrupulously exact even to a grain, in his ingredients; whilst Cooks are unintelligibly indefinite, although they are intrusted with the administration of our food, upon the proper quality and preparations of which, all our powers of Body and Mind depend;—their Energy, being invariably, in the ratio, of the performance of the restorative process, i. e. the quantity, quality, and perfect digestion of what we eat and drink; and a sufficient portion of sound Sleep, "the balm of hurt minds, chief nourisher in life's feast, great Nature's second course."

Unless the Stomach be in good humour, every part of the machinery of life must vibrate with languor;—can we then be too attentive to its adjustment!!!

Thus, the table of the most Economical Family, may, by the help of this Book—be served with as much delicacy and salubrity, as that of a Sovereign Prince,—and the comforts of the Opulent are brought within the reach of the Middle Ranks of Society.

#### HOLMAN, THE BLIND TRAVELLER.\*

(Literary Gazette.)

THE remarkable circumstances of an extensive tour written by a *Blind Traveller* recommends this singular volume to an early notice. But this is not the only claim of Mr. Holman's pages to our attention. They are in themselves agreeable; and they offer to the reflecting mind curious phenomena to trace, which are not to be discovered in the travels of many who journey with their eyes wide open. The impressions made by noble cathedrals, by exquisite works of art, by nature, by the difference of manners in society, upon an author in whom

Wisdom [is] at one entrance quite shut out,

are not only extraordinary but highly instructive. An Essay upon such im-

pressions would have been a pleasing publication; but such a practical essay as this journal exhibits, introducing all the facts incidentally, as called forth by events, and not dwelling upon them longer than consists with a modest and lively narrative, possesses still greater attractions for the reader. The simplicity, the candour, and the ardour of Mr. H. are quite delightful; and his disposition appears to be altogether so amiable, that we do not wonder at his meeting with civilities every where, though almost a stranger to the languages of the countries through which he travelled with an independence of spirit and confidence in himself, the possible existence of which, in his dark situation, can hardly be conceived.

\* The Narrative of a Journey undertaken in the years 1819, 1820, 1821, through France, Italy, Savoy, Switzerland, Holland, &c. comprising Incidents that occurred to the Author, who has long suffered under a total deprivation of sight. By James Holman.

The volume is dedicated by permission to the Princess Augusta ; and the author in his preface thus apologises for any errors into which he may have fallen :

“ The want of vision must frequently make his observations and descriptions imperfect ; to compensate for this, he has availed himself of such intelligence as he could derive from others ; and, for the same reasons, has introduced a variety of extracts from interesting authors, which appeared desirable to elucidate or enliven his narrative.

“ He rests his chief hope of the approbation of the public, upon having given a plain and faithful statement of a journey, which must be regarded as possessing a degree of originality, arising from the peculiar circumstances under which it was undertaken.

“ He now concludes his prefatory matter, by soliciting the indulgence of his readers, and entreating them not to criticise with too much severity, a work which, he trusts, has some claims upon their forbearance ; and which, if it happens to repay their perusal by any pleasurable emotion, or to excite a kind sympathy for his own situation, will have answered the fullest expectation of its author.”

Interested, as every breast must be, by such an appeal, we proceed with no unfriendly emotions to give our brief abstract of Mr. Holman's labours :

He set out from Dover in November 1819, and was duly wafted over to Calais—where he says—

“ Behold me, then, in France ! surrounded by a people, to me, strange, invisible, and incomprehensible ; separated from every living being who could be supposed to take the least interest in my welfare, or even existence ; and exposed to all the influence of national prejudice, which is said to prompt this people to take every advantage of their English neighbours. To counteract these disadvantages, I had nothing but the common feelings of humanity, which might be elicited in favour of an unfortunate person like myself, assisted by the once boasted *politesse* of the great nation.”

The *politesse* spoken of is sometimes a little ludicrously inconvenient to him,

as we learn from the story of his first evening's adventures :

“ On returning to the Hotel, I partook for the first time of a French dinner ; and, the commissionaire having left me, had the advantage of being waited upon by Paul the garçon, who did not understand one word of English ; I had no little difficulty in getting through the routine of this important repast. In the evening, Virginie, the *fille-de-chambre*, attended to put me to bed, and appeared literally to have expected to assist in the various operations of disrobing, &c. I was, however, enabled, through the medium of the commissionaire, to assure her, that it was quite unnecessary to give her that trouble. So dismissing my attendants with the candle, I secured the door, and retired to rest.”

Such dilemmas were not unfrequent ; afterwards, for instance, travelling in the voiture near Toulouse, Mr. H. relates—

“ My companions appeared to enjoy their repast, and every additional glass evidently produced increased animation, as they talked louder and faster. They were, however, particularly attentive to myself, my want of sight probably exciting their sympathy.

“ At length, fatigued with the scene, I retired to my chamber, which was capacious, and furnished with several beds, and had the pleasure of finding the one which had been selected for my repose, good and commodious. But an important dilemma now presented itself : taking the *fille-de-chambre* by the hand, in order to ascertain that she was carrying the candle away with her, a point I am always particular in attending to, as, when it has been left behind, I have occasionally burnt my fingers, and once even made an extinguisher of my chin ; and then making a motion to lock her out, that I might, according to the especial clause in my agreement to that effect, appropriate the room entirely to myself, I was surprised to find her as strenuously oppose this measure, as most of the fair sex, I have no doubt, would an attempt to lock them in. It was useless endeavouring to comprehend her meaning, and only by returning to the supper-

room did I learn that the room in question was intended for the accommodation of the whole party. It is not easy to conceive the confusion which ensued, on my evincing a steady determination not to pass the night by the side of the conducteur, or even the ladies of our party; I persisted, however, in my resolution, and folding my arms, and closing my eyelids, reclined, in the posture of repose, in a large easy chair in which I happened to be placed.

"At this juncture, the bootmaker's wife, taking me by the hand, conducted me to a single-bedded room, from which, after having assisted in my arrangements, and warmed my bed, she permitted me to lock her out.

"I cannot but express myself grateful, for the interest this kind-hearted woman evinced in my favour, on the present occasion; but this is not the only time that I have been indebted for support and success to a fair advocate."

It must have been amusing to observe the effect of Mr. Holman's appearance upon the population of the Auberges, &c. as he passed on. They must have felt that the English mania for seeing foreign lands was inconceivably strong, since even the physically blind were following the footsteps of the multitude of mentally blind, to whom they were already accustomed.

Our countryman stopped about a week in Paris, at a boarding-house, to accustom himself to the language, of which his ignorance is stated in a way *plein de bonhomie*.

"On the morning after my entrance into this family, I rang the bell of my bed-chamber, and requested a French servant to bring me hot water; in answer to this he replied, "*toute à l'heure*," with the meaning of which I was at the time totally ignorant: after waiting a quarter of an hour, I rang again, and received the same reply, "*toute à l'heure*," but with no better result: I again repeated my application, it was still "*toute à l'heure*:" at length, after the lapse of an hour, he brought the water. At breakfast, I took the opportunity of inquiring the signification of this convenient expression, requesting to be informed, whether it implied

five minutes or an hour, when they told me it meant "immediately." I could not but think however, as far as my experience extended, that the word and the action did not, in the present instance, suit each other."

This "*toute à l'heure*" often plagues him in his future course, and a notable example of it occurs in his journey from Paris to Bordeaux, which we will extract:

"About nine o'clock on the following morning, being Sunday, the 31st of October, one of our company exclaimed, "*Voilà Bordeaux!*" The sound revived me exceedingly, for I was become irritable and impatient, from the length and fatigue of the journey. At twelve o'clock the coach halted, and my fellow-passengers immediately jumped out, leaving me to shift for myself. Of course I concluded that we had arrived at the coach-office, and began to call out loudly for the conducteur to come and assist me in getting out. He immediately presented himself, uttered the now well-known "*toute à l'heure*," and left me. Although I perfectly recollected the unlimited signification of this word in Paris, what could I do? Had I jumped out, I should not have known what step to have taken next, and the rain was falling in torrents. There appeared no remedy, but to sit patiently until it might please some one to come to my assistance. In a little while I heard at least 30 people around the coach, talking a loud and unintelligible gibberish, quite unlike any language of the country which I had hitherto heard; soon afterwards I perceived the carriage undergoing an extraordinary and irregular kind of motion; the people occasionally opened the door, and made me move from one side to the other, as if they were using me for shifting ballast; I inferred that they were taking off the wheels with a view of placing the carriage under cover. After this I became sensible of a noise of water splashing, as if they were throwing it from out of hollows, where it had collected in consequence of the rain. It was in vain that I endeavoured to gain an explanation of my being thus left behind in the coach, the only satisfaction I could de-

rive was "toute a l'heure," and the conviction that nothing remained for me but to be patient.

"But patience is more oft the exercise  
Of saints, the trial of their fortitude."—*Milton*.

"At length the motion began to increase, and to my great surprise, after an hour's suspense, I heard the horses again attached to the carriage; the passengers re-entered the coach, and we once more proceeded on our journey!

"It was afterwards explained to me, that these unaccountable proceedings arose, on our having arrived on the banks of the river Dordogne, which enters the Garonne, near Bordeaux, from the necessity, at this point, of transporting the carriage on a raft for some distance down the stream; that the passengers had crossed the river in a ferry-boat, to a coach waiting for them on the other side, leaving me to float down with the carriage on the raft, or sink to the bottom as fate might determine; in short, I found that, while I supposed myself sitting in the coach-office yard at Bordeaux, I had actually travelled four miles by water, without having entertained the least idea of such an adventure.

"In a quarter of an hour after this, we actually arrived at the coach-office."

From Bordeaux Mr. H. went to Toulouse, and thence to Montpellier, where he tells us,

"On leaving the coach, I accompanied a gentleman with whom I had been acquainted at Toulouse, and who had been a fellow-traveller on the present occasion, to his lodgings in this town; but on his arrival, he met with the following disappointment. During his absence, on legal business, he had permitted some friends to occupy his rooms; one of whom happened to die in his best chamber. Now it is customary in France, on such an occasion to burn the bedding and other furniture, and in case of this happening in lodgings, the friends of the deceased are expected to pay for them; the charge, in the present instance, was eight hundred francs, and the furniture had not been replaced; my friend, therefore, was induced to provide himself with fresh rooms."

His sensations are admirably described in the following passage:

"A short time before my departure from Montpellier, I had the misfortune to sprain my ankle, which abridged materially my usual pleasure of walking, but did not prevent me pursuing my original intention of proceeding to Aix.

"M. de C—— was kind enough to accompany me to the coach, and, with the best possible motives, recommended me to the care of the passengers and conducteur, but which I must admit I would rather have declined, as it disarmed me of that independence I wished to feel; I fancied it was placing me in the light of a school-boy; or perhaps a package of "*Glass.—Keep this side uppermost.*" I would prefer being treated with the little ceremony of a wool pack, which by its accommodating elasticity, not only avoids injury from slighter contact, but under more decided and ruder pressure, becomes so solid, so confirmed, so compact, as effectually to oppose additional restraint, and probably at length by its innate powers, to throw off the superincumbent weight, and immediately regain its original state; in short, I find less difficulty and inconvenience in travelling amongst strangers, than people imagine, and prefer being left to my own resources; habit has given me the power of acquiring by a kind of undefinable tact, as correct ideas of objects as the most accurate descriptions would give; and unbiassed by the opinions of others, I feel more facility in forming my estimates of human nature."

Having visited Nismes, Aix, and other places, Mr. H. took up his residence at Nice, where he enjoyed every comfort; and gives us the following accounts of various matters which attracted his observations there and at St. Rosalie, a rural abode of Madame M—— and two daughters, near the city:

"The process of making the wine is as follows:—The grapes being selected and picked, are put into a large vat, where they are well trodden down by the naked feet; after which the liquor is drawn off from below; the bruised grapes are then put into a press, and the remaining liquor extracted. The whole of the juice is now put into casks with their bungs open, and allowed to ferment, and discharge its impurities

for twelve, fifteen, or twenty days, according to the strength of the grape ; the waste occasioned by the discharge being constantly supplied with fresh liquor. The vessels are then carefully closed, and in about a month the wine is considered fit for drinking.

“ When the grapes are of a bad, meagre kind, the wine-dealers mix the juice with pigeon’s dung, or quicklime, in order to give it a spirit which nature has denied, or, possibly, to take off acidity.

“ The air becoming sensibly cooler, it was determined to remove to our winter quarters in Nice, leaving St. Rosalie to its peasantry, now about to commence getting in the olives, and express the oil, which is the richest part of their harvest. The best olives are those which grow wild, but the quantity of these is inconsiderable ; they begin to collect them in the early part of November, and this is repeated at intervals until March or April ; the fruit is beaten off the trees with long canes as it ripens, which is known by its turning from a light green to a very dark colour. The oils must be expressed immediately, and before the olives fade or grow wrinkled, otherwise it will not be good. The whole are, in the first instance, ground into paste by a mill-stone, set edgeways in a circular stone trough, and turned by a mule or the power of water ; this paste is then put into cases, made of the same kind of grass which is so much used in the Mediterranean for the manufacture of ropes and cables ; six or eight of which are piled one over the other, and then subjected to a powerful press for a few minutes, by which the oil is forced out, and received into a stone reservoir placed beneath it. While the oil is passing from the press, hot water is frequently dashed over it, to make it flow the better. The whole fluid is now transferred into a wooden vat, half filled with water, in which the dregs fall to the bottom, while the supernatant oil is skimmed off, and stored up in small oblong casks. The remnant is now thrown into a large stone cistern containing water, and allowed to continue there twelve or fourteen days, frequently stirring it during that time ; a coarser oil

is then taken from its surface, which serves for the purpose of burning in lamps, or in manufactories. After these processes, they separate an oil still more coarse and fetid, and occasionally grind the paste down with hot water, which extracts a yet greater quantity of oily matter, but which in this case soon grows rancid.

“ The dregs which remain after these operations, when dried, are used as a fuel ; particularly for warming, by means of *brasieres*, apartments without chimneys.

“ There is however, a very peculiarly fine preparation, called virgin oil, and which is a great delicacy, eating like the sweetest butter ; this is made from green olives, and sold at a high price, as a great quantity of the fruit yields but little oil.

“ In many streets [of Nice] you are annoyed by the thumping of machinery, employed in the manufacture of macaroni, and which is required to force it into its tubular form. The following is the process for manufacturing the ordinary kind of macaroni or vermicelli : Equal parts of fine and coarse flour are mixed together, and made into a paste with water, to which a small quantity of saffron has been added to give it a yellow tinge. The whole is then kneaded into a stiff paste, by means of a beam of wood, which is worked by two or three men on the principle of the lever ; after which it is put into a strong cylinder of copper, with perforations in its bottom, of such size as may be necessary to give the form of macaroni or vermicelli, which ever may be intended. It is then forced through these apertures into its tubular shape by a powerful screw, and cut of proper lengths as it comes out, after which it is hung up in the air to harden.”

From Nice our traveller sailed for Genoa in a felucca, when a storm furnishes him with an affair quite in Sterne’s way : being as he confesses,

“ For two nights and a day in the cabin of a vessel, and scarcely within hearing of a living soul, with a young married female of five-and-twenty, and whom my imagination might lead me to suppose beautiful as an *Howi* ; with-

out pen, ink, paper, table, or any other requisite to arrange our affairs by, and quite unprovided with curtains, and corking pins, as in the case of our sentimentalist, to prevent even the impulse of a hand in the act of exclamation. The whole of this time passed away like a night to me ; for as it was cold, we shut ourselves up close, to keep out the wind and rain ; like our sailors on the northern expedition, during this state of confinement, it made no difference, whether we dined in the night or day, for it was just as easy for me to serve out our provisions in the former as in the latter ; and with respect to sleep, I think I had the best of it in the day-time, as the lady's fears were the less on the *qui vive*, for whenever the sea at night struck us a little harder than usual, she would cry out in terror, "*Monsieur ! Monsieur ! nous sommes contre les roches,*" and I must have had a heart of rock, had I not poured in all possible consolation : I had the pleasure indeed of thinking that the assurances of my animated tongue were not less serviceable to her than the enjoyment of my *lingua mortua*, which no doubt contributed very efficaciously to support her strength and spirits, for I soon found by the lightness of the basket, that her own stores were insufficient for so prolonged a voyage, or, as sailors would express it, that she was in danger of experiencing a southerly wind in the bread-bag."

Genoa is succeeded in the tour by Leghorn, and Leghorn by Florence, Florence by Rome, and Rome by Naples. From the remarks at these places we shall, as hitherto, enlarge our exemplification of the work, selecting such as most strikingly illustrate the writer's peculiar feelings and circumstances, and then leave the volume to its fortunes. At Florence he says—

"I visited the Theatre Cocomero, and heard the Barber of Seville, an opera so well known that it would be superfluous to enter into any description of it ; but I cannot resist stating the extraordinary effect produced upon me by the singing of the prima Donna. I thought I could have given the world to have seen her pretty face and figure ; the tones and expressions of her voice,

however, appeared to connect themselves in my mind, by pure sympathy, with exact delineations of her person and attitudes, and to excite the most powerful desire to possess the power of vision, which I ever recollect to have experienced since I had the misfortune to lose it. I heard, I felt, I saw or *imagined I saw*, every thing which words, gestures, and actions could convey : I rose, leaned forward, and felt an almost irresistible impulse to spring upon the stage, to ascertain whether my ideas were illusive or real ; and what may be thought still stranger, my desire to see, appeared to originate from a wish to convince myself that I could not see. I may be thought to overcharge this description with too vivid or affected sentiment, but I can assure the reader, that it contains only a small portion of the exquisite feelings which I experienced."

In the Vatican at Rome he says—

"This coup d'œil, with me, was not only wanting, but I had to walk up to each statue in rotation, and listen to a tame description of its beauties. I was even not allowed the advantage of examining by the touch, as soldiers were placed in each apartment to prevent such violation : had I been freely permitted this kind of examination, I doubt not that I might have been as highly gratified as those who saw, for the sense of touch conveys to my mind as clear, or at least as satisfactory, ideas of form, and I think I may add, the force of expression, as sight does to others. I did occasionally examine them in this way by stealth, when I was apprised that the soldiers' backs were turned towards me."

At Sentinella, near Naples, donkeymen offer their animals for hire, and Mr. H. observes,

"On laying my hand on one of these asses, I was astonished at the silkiness of its skin ; but I believe the hair of all animals is proportionably softer in southern climates, probably in consequence of the superficial pores being more open. I have heard, and it appears probable, that the nerves of the cuticle, as of the finger, are more sensible in warm latitudes ; and that this is the reason why the silks, and other fine



works, in such countries, are of more delicate texture, than what are manufactured elsewhere."

But his ardour is most strikingly evidenced by his determining, in spite of all dissuasion, to ascend Vesuvius!—a feat of curiosity which perhaps no love of science, ancient or modern, will be thought to surpass. The following is his relation :

" Notwithstanding the representations made to me on all sides, of the difficulties which must attend it, my desire to visit Mount Vesuvius was of so ardent a nature, that I certainly should have made the attempt alone, had not a friend, Mr. M——, kindly volunteered to accompany me, but from whom, I have the vanity to say, I rather looked for amusement and information, than guidance and protection.

" My friends endeavoured to dissuade me from this arduous undertaking, and when, after fully deciding upon the measure, I inquired in what way it was customary for others to make the ascent, replied, " Oh ! they could *see* their way up." " Well, then," I retorted, " I have little doubt of being able to *feel* mine." I must acknowledge myself annoyed by having suggestions of difficulties persisted in, which, I feel sensible in my own bosom, do not insuperably exist ; nor can I admit any person not in the same situation with myself, capable of estimating the powers, which under the curtailment of one sense, another in consequence, acquires.

" We reached the hermitage about half after eight o'clock, and at the suggestion of our guide, recruited ourselves with some of the hermit's bread and wine ; and then began the more arduous part of our journey. The road soon became very soft, being constituted of the light dust which had been thrown out of the crater ; interspersed, however, with large and sharp stones, ejected from the same source ; some of which were of such immense size, that did we not bear in mind the astonishing powers of elementary fire, we could scarcely credit the possibility of such masses being hurled to this distance, from out of the bowels of the mountain.

" One of the greatest inconveniences I found in this ascent, was from the

particles of ashes insinuating themselves within my shoes, and which annoyed my feet so much, that I was repeatedly compelled to take them off, in order to get rid of the irritating matter. Hence I would recommend future travellers to ascend in white leathern boots.

" At length we reached the only part of the mountain which was at this time in a burning state, and which was throwing out flames and sulphurous vapour ; when the guide taking me by the arm, conducted me over a place where the fire and smoke issued from apertures between the stones we walked upon, and which we could hear crackling under our feet every instant, as if they were going to be separated, and to precipitate us into the bowels of the mountain. The sublime description of Virgil did not fail to occur to my recollection.

" By turns a pitchy cloud she rolls on high,  
By turns hot embers from her entrails fly,  
And flakes of mounting flames lick the sky ;  
Oft from her bowels massy rocks are thrown,  
And shiver'd from their force come piecemeal down,  
Oft liquid fires of burning sulphur glow,  
Nurs'd by the fiery spring that burns below."  
*Dryden.*

" My imagination, I admit, was actively alive to the possible accidents which might have occurred ; I followed, however, with all the confidence which my conviction of being under the care of a cautious leader, did not fail to inspire. My guide appeared highly gratified with the incident, asserting that it was the first time one deprived of sight had ever ventured there ; and adding, that he was sure it would much surprise the king, when the circumstance became known to him, in the report which is daily made of the persons who visit the mountain. The ground was too hot under our feet, and the sulphurous vapour too strong, to allow of our remaining long in this situation ; and when he thought he had given us a sufficient idea of the nature of this part of the mountain, we retired to a more solid and a cooler footing ; previous to which, however, he directed my walking-stick towards the flames, which shrivelled the ferrule, and charred the lower part ;—this I still retain as a memorial.

" From hence we were conducted to

the edge of a small crater, now extinguished, from whence about two months before, the Frenchman, rivalling the immortality of Empedocles—

“*Deus immortalis haberi,*

*Dem cupit Empedocles ardentem frigidus Ætnam  
Insiluit.—*” *Hor.*

and desirous of dying a death worthy the great nation, plunged into the fiery abyss. The guide placed my hand on the very spot where he was stated to have last stood, before he thus rashly entered upon eternity.

“I was anxious to have proceeded up the cone to the border of the superior and large crater, but our guide objected, indeed refused to conduct us to it, unless we awaited the dawn of morning; the moon, he said, was fast descending, so that we should be involved in darkness before we could attain it; and that consequently it would be attended with risk in the extreme to make the attempt.

“This was a check to the completion of my anxious wishes, but our arrangements at Naples neither made it convenient to my friend, or myself, to remain until morning; nor would it have been pleasant to have spent some hours here without refreshment, more particularly as I had left my coat behind near the hermitage, and at this elevation we found it extremely cold.

“After spending a short time in examining some of the immense masses of calcined rock, many of them forming solid cubes of twenty feet diameter, and which had been at different times thrown out by the volcanic power; we

began to retrace our steps towards the hermitage, distant, as our guide informed us, four miles, but which must have been an over-rated estimate. As we approached this latter place, we met a party ascending the mountain, with an intention of waiting the break of day, so as to enable them to reach the very summit.”

In his rambles about Naples, Mr. H. associated himself a good deal with a deaf companion, with whom he travelled 1400 miles to Amsterdam, and of whom he says, very cheerfully,

“My friend had the misfortune of being deaf, as well as suffering otherwise from ill health; it may be regarded as a curious incident in our travelling connexion,—that I should want sight, and he hearing; the circumstance is somewhat droll, and afforded considerable amusement to those whom we travelled with, so that we were not unfrequently exposed to a jest on the subject, which we generally participated in, and sometimes contributed to improve.”

With this gentleman he returned by Rome, Florence, Milan, Geneva, Lausanne, Strasburg, Amsterdam, where they parted with mutual regret. Thence by Brussels and Ostend, our enterprising traveller sought his native soil; taught, like all who leave it, whether blind or sharp-sighted, to value it more than he had ever done before. There are many parts of the latter tour which court extract, but we hope we have done enough to recommend this extraordinary production to the public.

## DUBLIN IN 1822.

(New Monthly June.)

**D**UBLIN is a miniature of London: it is built like a metropolis, and has its squares and great streets. It is not like any of the great provincial towns which are places of trade, and only inhabited by persons more or less directly connected with trade; nor is it like Bath, a great theatre of amusement. It exhibits the same variety of ranks as London. It has its little court, its viceroy, with all the attend-

ants upon his reflected royalty; it has its little aristocracy and its leaders of *bon ton*; it has its corporation; it has its Lord Mayor, and all the pageantry of city grandeur; it has its manufacturing, its mercantile, and its monied interests: it is the Westminster of Ireland, and is accordingly the *locus in quo* of judges, barristers, attorneys, &c. Almost every thing we find in London may be found also in Dublin.

The difference is but in degree, and the similitude may be traced in the minutest details. Dublin has its club-rooms, just as we have our's in St. James's-street; there are also balls on the same aristocratic plan as ours at Almack's; and the gardens attached to the Rotunda are, during the season, lighted up in humble and distant imitation of Vauxhall. Dublin too resembles the English capital in its ebbs and flows. At the commencement of the long vacation the gentlemen of the long robe take wing, and the whole moveable population disembogues itself into the cottages, villas, and mansions which line the Bay. Before the Union the resemblance was, no doubt, more complete; and the state of society then existing must have been exceedingly worthy of observation, and the varieties it presented highly entertaining. The recollections of this period cherished by the elder inhabitants of Dublin are very lively, and their representations of the great excitement and festivity which prevailed are probably correct. While the rich nobles and gentry were attending in their places in the parliament, all was gaiety and animation. The wealth which was necessarily diffused, increased the shrewdness and enlivened the humour of the most quickwitted people of Europe. The very chairmen, porters, and shoe-blacks (a fraternity now, alas! nearly extinct) partook the general hilarity, and cracked such jokes and said such excellent things as they are now seldom heard to utter. The mob, previous to the extinction of the Irish parliament, took a warm interest in the subjects of its debates, which were of a popular nature; and several choice spirits arose, whose fears and prowess are recorded in many a ballad and ditty. Parties ran high, and one quarter of the city was sometimes arrayed against the other. The coal-porters were at one time at variance with the weavers of the Liberty; the burden of their war-cry ran thus:—

"We'll not leave a weaver alive in the Combe,†  
We'll cut their web, and we'll break their loom."

But the feuds of the coal-porters and weavers are now nearly forgotten. Had they not had a bard, we should not now have mentioned them. At this period a slang arose, and very generally prevailed amongst the lower orders, which was of a most curious character, and which gave additional zest to their farcical sayings and jests. The dialogue between two shoe-blacks playing pitch and toss, which appeared in Edgeworth's *Irish Bulls*, is exquisite in its kind. What dandy of the highest water could make a proposition to a brother fop in a finer spirit of *enjouement* than that conveyed in the phrase—"Tim, will you sky a copper?" and the glorious conclusion spoken in a tone of such profligate valour, and "So I gives it him, plaise your honour, into the bread basket with my bread-winner (knife) up to the Lampsey (maker's name)!" Even better than this we deem "*The night before Larry was stretched*," one of the best slang songs ever made. In the records of Irish crime such offenders as Larry are often found. Our Old Bailey culprits are dark, gloomy knaves; but the Irish rogues are all Macheaths and Don Juans in their way, "gay, bold, dashing villains." An Irishman was asked by an acquaintance one day why he looked so sad. "Ah!" was his reply, "I have just taken leave for ever of one of the pleasantest fellows, a friend of mine, whom the world ever saw."—"How, for ever?"—"Yes, for ever; he's to be hanged to-day for a burglary!" It was a fact that this gentleman, now enjoying name and station, used to frequent the Dublin Newgate, and found his boon companions among some of its inmates; and certainly those who have a stomach strong enough for a coarse low humour, could not make a better selection.

While Dublin was the seat of legislature, there was a great commixture of the Bar with the members of the House

† The Combe in Dublin is near St. Patrick's (Swift's!) cathedral, the situation is a low one, and we presume that it should properly be spelled without the final *e*.—See Johnson's Dictionary, v. *Comb*, and Camden's *Britannia* by Gibson.

of Commons : almost every lawyer of any eminence had a seat in Parliament ; the scene was a strange one. Not merely all interests, but all the varieties of human character had their suitable representations. In the British House of Commons the active men are all endowed with much the same qualities : there is some small distinction between the great orators and the men of business ; every man is expected, however, to exhibit good sense and information. In the Irish parliament it was not so. Business was carried on there in every possible diversity of means. There were the fighting members, ready to take off an obnoxious man if he did but "bite his thumb ;" there were the jokers, who prostrated a foe with a *bon mot*, or a sneer at his expense ; there were the vehement declaimers, whose weapon was invective, and who levelled abuse at him whose views and reasonings they could not impugn. Let any one look to the Irish debates, and he will find ample food for astonishment. The entire city used to be pervaded with anxiety upon the subject under discussion in the house. Multitudes used to throng its avenues and cheer the popular members. All this is now past, and the scene is comparatively dull ; but there is yet much in Dublin to repay enquiry skilfully directed, and to excite interest. The great proprietors no longer residing in Dublin, the first place in society has naturally devolved to the Bar, which, generally speaking, is held in higher estimation in Ireland than in this country. The profession is by no means so much *detached* as here, and a counsellor, as he is termed, is expected to be not merely acquainted with law, but to be well-informed on every subject, and he is accordingly regarded as an authority upon all points. An English practitioner would be much surprised at the course of an Irish barrister's life. The courts do not sit till near eleven o'clock, and no business is done after dinner. There are no inns of court, and each individual lives in that part of the city he chooses. The judges lead an easy life ; there is seldom any press of business, and in Chancery we believe there is not (when

will the same be said of the English court ?) a single case in arrears. Nor is this strange, when it is considered that, for a country so greatly inferior in wealth and size, the same number of courts and judges is constituted.—Strictly, this is not the case as to Chancery, there being in Ireland no vice-chancellor ; but when the business of appeals in the House of Lords, and the duty of the Chancellor there as speaker, are considered, the position may be made with safety. The courts are all held in the same building, to which also are attached the various law offices. It is a very handsome edifice. In the centre stands a fine circular hall with a dome, and the passages to the courts open around. It is the custom for all barristers, whether having any business or not, to attend each day during term a few hours in this hall, around which they walk, intermixed with attorneys and suitors. Here circulates, speaking without a metaphor, all the tattle and news of the city. There can be no more agreeable lounge. The late Mr. Curran was in the habit of passing some time in the hall of the Four Courts, as it is called, each day ; and here, after playing off his puns and saying his good things, he used to make up his occasional dinner-parties, to which he invited the cleverest of the young men he met, and among whom, till his latest hour, he was the youngest of all. To them he gave abundance of wine, in the use of which he was himself sparing. Kind and benevolent to each, every guest felt at ease, and the incomparable host himself without ceremony abandoned and resumed his seat, walked about discoursing delicious eloquence, or took up his violoncello as he felt inclined. In the habits of the profession there is, perhaps, nothing to remark beyond the general character, which partakes more of pleasure and (may we say so ?) genteel life than does that of our denizens of the Temple and Lincoln's Inn.

The traders of Dublin are divided into three descriptions, which are strongly distinguished. There is the Corporation class, which is, perhaps, the least reputable ; the great Catholic

body, and the Presbyterian, which last is chiefly engaged in the linen and American trade. It is among the second that the stranger will find most matter for observation. Their religion has raised a line of demarcation between them and other classes of the community, and in consequence they retain more traces of the old Irish customs and mode of life. The institution of fasting two, and often three days in each week, as well as in Lent, is a great prevention of social intercourse between Catholics and Protestants. The rules of the Church are observed in Dublin with the utmost strictness,—a strictness unknown elsewhere. Among themselves they live in a style of great hospitality and luxury. Indeed the same may be observed of the mode of life of all classes in Dublin. The market is very fine; the supply of fish, that prime article in an epicure's catalogue of the goods of life, ample and regular in all its species, shell, white, red, &c. The common beverage, that most used, and though cheapest, most prized, is whisky-punch. Though called punch, it would, however, as most frequently drunk, be more properly denominated toddy; the *essential difference* being, as we apprehend, that punch contains lemon and that toddy does not. Whisky is of two kinds—malt, and corn, that is, made from barley or from oats, the first of which is most esteemed. But there is another distinction, and that is between *parliament* whisky, and poteen, or whisky made in defiance of parliament and all its ordinances, in a small still or pot. This last acquires, from the use of turf or peat in the process, a smoked taste, as to the agreeableness of which there is a great diversity of sentiment, the strong preponderance of authorities being in favour of the smoke. The spirit is an excellent spirit, “a dainty spirit,” as Shakspeare says. It is not very palatable to one who has revelled on claret and hock, and Burgundy, but it is sweet and delicious to those habituated to drink it, and it is extremely innocent. It may be safely said that an excess in quantity of alcohol can be taken in no shape less injurious; and assuredly the potency of its malignity

is well tried. The good old days are gone when the door was used to be locked, and the guests kept in durance till they became quite drunk: but a great deal of hard drinking yet prevails in Dublin. The middle classes are very much disposed to the enjoyments of the table; nor are they without a tendency to another modish vice. They play cards for sums small and trivial indeed in the apprehension of a dowager at Bath, or a man of mettle in town, but not when the circumstances of the parties are taken into account. The wife of a man not worth, root and branch, as the saying is, 10,000*l.* perhaps not half that sum, will lose on occasion six or eight or ten pounds at loo; and her husband will be guilty of a more masculine indiscretion, and perhaps double that amount. Supper is, in Dublin, a meal of great enjoyment. At supper it was that often during the latter years of the last century the whole company used to stand up, join hands, and sing all together the bold national anthem of Erin go bragh. The effect of this was wonderful. It was enough to have animated the veriest slave and coward. Old and young, the aged sire, and the youthful beauty, all united their voices and hands. We apprehend that many a democrat must thus have been created. Stubborn, indeed, must have been the heart that could thus resist the example of age and the influence of enthusiastic beauty. This meal continues to be the chosen one. During the course of the previous evening, the members of the party have become acquainted with each other; restraint has worn off—little friendships have grown up—people have attached themselves to each other—the belles have selected their admirers, and all sit down with fresh zest for enjoyment, and with the anticipation of separating to impart its sweet melancholy. To dinner belong your discussions of politics, and sombre dissertations on the weather. More jocund themes attend supper. There is mirth and song and laughter; and the maid who has been coy and reserved during the preceding hours, at length smiles favour.

It may, perhaps, be affirmed that literature has made less progress among

the Catholic gentry, than any description of individuals in these countries. They are, however, in their manners easy and cheerful, and endowed with that natural courtesy which is the great characteristic of the Irish people. In England we are too much a people of business—a “nation of shopkeepers,” as we are somewhat severely called. Our gravity does tend to produce somewhat of moroseness. In Ireland every man seems to be more or less a man of pleasure. We see few persons wedded to and delighting in one occupation as with us at home. There is a large body, the Presbyterian settlers in the north, to whom these observations apply with less force; but there is no question that the original Scottish character has been much mellowed by transplanting into the Irish soil. We are too apt to confound the various descriptions of Irish, but the distinctions are worth remarking. In Dublin a judicious cicerone may point out the dissipated and refined southern, the primitive Milesian of the west, and the more sober and stern inhabitant of the north, all strongly contrasted to an observing eye, and the brogue of each varying in character and richness. In England many a wealthy manufacturer or factor would prefer to hear himself termed tradesman to gentleman; but on the other side of the water it is not so. Every man is there a gentleman. We cannot better illustrate this fact than by mentioning that the term esquire is almost universally applied. There is no middle class in Ireland; there are no individuals who can be content with being well fed and clothed, and remaining in their original grade in society. As soon as an Irish trader makes a little money, he extends his domestic, not his mercantile establishment. He applies the surplus not to augmentation of his capital, but to increase of his pleasures. There is a great want of proper pride, and a great prevalence of vanity. People retire from trade in Ireland with such means as in England they would begin upon.

This however all tends to make the people, if not respectable, at least pleasant, which the Irish may be said emphatically to be. In society there is

less coldness and reserve and *hauteur* than in England. Let us here be understood to speak of the middle classes; among which in every country, the national character and peculiarities are most visible. The upper ranks in Ireland, the great proprietors and nobles, are much the same as individuals holding the same station amongst us. On entering society in Dublin, a stranger will be much struck by the animation of the party; the absence of—we were going to write, *mauvais-honte*; the haste which individuals make to commit themselves, as it is termed; the freedom with which every man gives his sentiments; and, to speak the truth, the real ability and powers of elocution with which he defends and explains them.

The politics of the inhabitants of Dublin are very much provincial; indeed questions immediately affecting the country are sufficiently numerous and important to occupy attention. But what may be called imperial policy is as little heeded or thought of as the approximation of two planets; an event probably affecting us, but in a degree so minute, and so remote as to occasion us scarce a passing thought. There does not prevail in Dublin that general acquaintance with the characters of public men, or with the state of parties, which we find in this city. The press of Dublin is a subject too delicate and too much open to controversy, for us to enlarge upon; but we will remark, that the sweeping, slapdash, discursive, colloquial style common in the newspapers, is very characteristic. The writing is, in point of literary merit, greatly inferior to that of the London journals. Though newspapers are cheaper in Ireland than here, they have small circulation among the lower classes in Dublin; nor have we remarked in any of the alehouses any newspaper ‘taken in here,’ as is frequent in London. These people have certainly, as their superiors seem to think they too have, lost all political weight and consideration. The mechanics and tradesmen all unite, however else they may differ, in bemoaning the Union, which they deem to have been fatal to Ireland, because injurious to them immediately,

and to their city. It is certain, however that since that measure, Dublin has been most considerably enlarged and improved. It is not easy to explain the cause of this enlargement and improvement; there is no question that the trade of this city has declined. Belfast and Cork have possessed themselves of a part of what did once belong to the capital; and minor sea-ports now correspond directly with London and Liverpool, and the foreign ports, with all of which they used to have nothing to do, but to get commodities from the Dublin merchant. This is not a consequence of the Union, but of the progress of trade, and general advancement of the country. There are in Dublin no houses vacant—none of the mansions of the nobility have gone to ruin; some have fallen into the plebeian hands of opulent lawyers and merchants; and many are converted into public institutions and schools, and a great proportion into hotels. By this transition the inhabitants of Dublin are naturally much affected, and with many a bitter expression of sorrow they point out to the stranger the former residence of the various noble families. The Irish are a vain people, and impressed with a reverence for lords and ladies of high degree, very different from honest blunt John Bull's sentiments on that score; and it may be fairly presumed that the loss of so much good company is felt a considerable aggravation of the solid and substantial injury which the Union occasioned the citizens of the Irish metropolis.

The number of hotels in Dublin is prodigious. All the members of parliament, going and returning, pass a few days in Dublin: it was formerly a great capital, the seat of legislation; it is now a great place of passage. Dublin is now as great as it was at the Union; but not as great as it would have been, had that Union not taken place. The aversion to the Union, as a measure of policy, has augmented and maintained that dislike of England, which was once so strong in Ireland, but which is rapidly vanishing. The highest sense of the value and merit of English sobriety, prudence, industry, and exactness, is general; but the coldness

and reserve of the character is objected to. There is no doubt that the Irish are emulous of our virtues; and it would be well did we resolve to adopt the excellencies of their temper and good nature. There is one article, the improvement in respect of which we may condescend to notice, as (see Lord Londonderry's speech on the State of the Nation) one of his Majesty's Ministers vouchsafed to make it the subject of grave congratulation to the legislature. With such an authority, we run no risk of derogating from our dignity by adverting to it. We have the happiness of stating, that within the last fifty years the habits of the Irish people have improved, in point of cleanliness, in a degree almost inconceivable. They are still far from that martinet purity which we boast; but except in minor and trivial particulars, the inhabitants of Dublin are little less cleanly than those of London. Most of the hotels are kept in as good order as any here. It is true we do not see outer steps and window-stones of that dazzling and Cretan whiteness they exhibit in England; but it will be found, that wherever comfort demands that the brush and the scrubbing-block should be, they have been. In the north of Ireland, strange as it will sound to English ears, may be found a perfect pattern of cleanliness: the houses of the people engaged in the linen manufacture, are many of them as scrupulously and fastidiously neat and pure as possible. These remarks, however, must be confined to the more comfortable and happy classes of the community. We will not speak of the peasantry; but directing ourselves alone to the population of Dublin, we must say that it contains a large mass of human beings in the most squalid and wretched condition. An establishment for the relief and reception of mendicants does exist in Dublin: it is maintained by voluntary subscriptions, there being, as our readers are aware, no poor-laws in Ireland. But we mean to refer to a description of individuals who do not fall properly under the description of paupers, or constitute a fit object for alms,—we speak of the inferior orders of tradespeople and mechanics. There

is a part of Dublin called the Liberty, almost wholly inhabited by these persons. St. Giles's, or the most wretched lane of London, is splendid compared with it. We were informed that the Earl of Meath, whose property it is, actually gets no rent; and that the old law doctrine of General Occupancy prevails. The houses are most of them ruinous, but having been originally well built and of good materials, they hold together. The languishing state of the woollen and silk trades in Ireland, has had its effect, but the evil is mainly attributable to the great mischief under which that country suffers, the smallness of the recompence of labour. In London, too there is much squalid misery, but it is more out of sight and out of the way than in Dublin. Keeping to the west end of the town here, nothing but opulence presents itself: penury hides itself in remote retreats. But in Dublin he must step warily who desires to avoid the view of wretchedness. It is not possible to walk in any direction half an hour without getting among the loathsome habitations of the poor. In traversing Dublin, the stranger will feel with peculiar force the poet's emotion, when, contrasting a rural retreat with the city, he says of the former—

"Here was not mingled in the city's pomp  
Of life's extremes the grandeur and the gloom!"

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The first view of Dublin is prepossessing; Sackville-street, by which the traveller from Howth enters, is one of the finest streets in Europe; and as he passes through it, and over Carlisle-bridge, the Post-office and the Custom-house are seen, a glimpse of the Courts is obtained, and the Bank and college lie immediately in the way. But these are almost all that are to be seen; and the consequence is, that the first emotion of a stranger arriving in Dublin, is admiration; and that disappointment succeeds. The Bank was formerly the House of Parliament. It is of Grecian architecture, and for purity and elegance, stands, we believe unrivalled in these isles. Its beauty has been somewhat impaired since it fell into the hands of the monied gentry.

It was surrounded by a series of porticos, the apt resort of Eloquence and the Muses; but the worthy Directors have erected in the interstices between the columns, a stout rampart of stone and mortar, thus adding to the security of their coffers and the spaciousness of the building, however, they may have detracted from the beauty of the architecture. The Exchange is a handsome building, but unhappily stands at the head of a street of which it does not occupy the centre. A precisely similar fault in the site, it may be remarked, injures the effect of the Exchange at Liverpool. Dublin Castle, the town residence of the Viceroy, is situated upon an hill: it is well built, chiefly of stone, and has a very lordly and imposing appearance. The servant is better lodged than his master at St. James's. There are two large and handsome quadrangles, in the upper of which a stand of colours is always displayed. The entire of the building is not appropriated to the use of the Lord Lieutenant; much of it is occupied by the Public Offices, the Treasury, the Ordnance Office, the Chief Secretary's Office, the Council Chamber, &c. &c. The apartments are handsome, and the audience and presence chambers sufficiently spacious. The whole is surrounded by a wall of great height and strength. Some parts of the edifice are old. The Birmingham Tower, where the records are kept, derives its name from Sir William de Birmingham, one of the early settlers and deputies.

The neighbourhood of Dublin is very delightful. Both sides of the Bay are crowded with handsome villas. The mountains occupy the south: the Phoenix Park lies to the west, and beyond it opens the rich county of Kildare. The Glen of the Downs, the Dargle, the Devil's Glen, the vale of Oberea, Luggelaw, all the most charming scenery of Wicklow, is within a morning's drive of Dublin: on the other side, beyond the park, only a few miles from town, lies Lucan and Celbridge. Their vicinity to all these places leads the inhabitants of Dublin to make frequent country excursions:



and each Sunday, every jaded citizen who can muster a horse and car, has his wife and children appressed in their gayest attire, and sallies forth to enjoy the pure fresh air, and cheer his sight with the view of the delicious country around him. Every house is deserted immediately after breakfast—the service of the Catholic Church is brief; it stays the eager citizen but a short time, and the roads about the metropolis present, early on the Sunday morning, a concourse of all sexes, ages, and conditions, hurrying to enjoy themselves. The Irish are particularly fortunate in the possession of their jaunting-car, as it is called. It is a vehicle drawn by one horse; the carriage of it is like that of a gig; the driver sits on a small raised seat behind the horse, and on each side, their feet supported by footboards, covering the wheels, sit two, or sometimes three persons, those on one side having their backs to those on the other. Thus may five, or six, or seven people be carried with little more inconvenience to a horse than a gig would occasion. This sort of vehicle is cheap; it enables people of humble fortune to move about; it places them nearly on a level with the wealthy, in respect of that sole remaining article in which the latter enjoy a real and substantial superiority in the goods of life; and it is perhaps the only instance in which the middle class possess, in Ireland, a comfort which does not belong to the same class in England. We are surprised that the jaunting-car has not been introduced into use in England. It is not well suited to a great town; but for the country it is admirably adapted.

In regard to the travelling between Dublin and London, the Holyhead road is a perfect pattern; and the great bridge now erecting over the Menai at Bangor, must not be passed by without a word. It is a work of the most magnificent description. The span of the arch is three hundred and sixty feet! It is scarcely possible to persuade oneself that the passage will

be safe: and we cannot answer for what might not have been our vulgar scepticism on that point, had we not been, in a most piteous voice, assured by our host, whose little inn at the Ferry will be deserted when the avenue to the bridge shall be opened, that there is not the remotest fear (*hope* he would have said) of a failure in the project. Camden, in his *Britannia*, takes notice of an attempt made by Edward the First to throw a bridge over the straits, that his army might pass by it into Anglesey. The monarch was unsuccessful. How would he wonder at the feats of Mr. Wyatt, the engineer! Not, certainly, more, however, than would the mariner of his day at a voyage of six hours and a half from Holyhead to Howth. What a contrast does the expedition and celerity of the passage of the steam-boat present to the doubt and difficulty of the seamen of early times, anxiously straining his eyes to discover, in the dark horizon, the summit of some headland, by which to conjecture his course!—If the homeliness and common-sense nature of these remarks on the route to Holyhead through North Wales, should give umbrage to any sentimental reader, who expected to hear of peaks lost in the clouds, of horrific precipices, of eternal snows, of sequestered vales, of goats perching on fearful crags, of the screaming of eagles, or the flight of wild geese, with all the addenda of torrents, and caves, we can only recommend, that he visit the place in his proper person, and content ourselves with referring him to the narrative of a journey to Brundisium, given by the first lyric poet of the Augustan age. He will find, that strong as is the precedent afforded by Horace's notice of the "gritty bread" and bad water, we have not condescended to drop a single hint, that even in Wales, *small* mutton is not necessarily delicious, inasmuch as it is often *young*: and that a Welsh rabbit, even in Wales, is sometimes made of *bad* cheese.

## APHORISMS, THOUGHTS, AND OPINIONS, ON MORALS.

(European Magazine.)

**W**HEN a man admits an ardent passion into his bosom, he opens the door to a restless and active enemy ; who, if not watched with the most unceasing care, will throw down all the barriers against evil which virtue has raised ; nor rest till he has left no empire there but his own.

Attention to decorum is one of the greatest bulwarks of female virtue.

It is a painful, but well-known fact, that the envy and rivalry of near relations is the most bitter and inveterate.

It would be as kind to plant a dagger in the heart of a young woman, as to endeavour to persuade her that an amiable young man beholds her with partiality, unless there is no possible doubt of his having serious intentions of becoming her lover ; as women commonly love because they are beloved, and gratitude in a well-disposed mind is the foundation of passion. Then let not those imagine, to whom is delegated the task of watching over the conduct and propensities of young women, that on the subject of love they may venture to sport with the hopes and vanity of an inexperienced girl. If such an one be in the habit of hearing from the weak woman, or flattering men, who surround her, (persons more desirous of saying a pleasant than a true thing,) that she appears the object of decided preference to a man, whose attentions are gratifying to the self-love, she learns to view him with more than common complacency, and may be betrayed by even the best feelings of her nature, into the miseries of a hopeless attachment : for true love like the Cretan monster of old, is fond of preying on the CHOICEST VICTIMS ; and the PUREST streams reflect images more DEEPLY and more PERFECTLY than OTHERS.

The man who has lost his reason, and the child who has not gained his, are equally objects for reproof and restraint, and must be taught good and proper habits by judicious and firm controul, and occasionally by the operation of fear.

There is nothing more likely to so-

berise the intoxications of self-love, and teach us of how little value, are the praises of the creature, than the reflection, how soon even the most celebrated of men and women are forgotten : how soon the waters of oblivion close over the memory of the distinguished few, whose wit or whose beauty has delighted the circles, which their charms attracted round them ; and that even they, when they cease to be seen and heard, soon cease to be remembered also.

Temper, like the unseen but busy subterranean fires in the bosom of a volcano, is always at work where it has once gained an existence, and is for ever threatening to explode, and scatter ruin and desolation around it. Parents ! beware how you omit to check the first evidences of its empire in your children ; and tremble lest the powerless hand, which is only lifted in childish anger against you, should, if its impotent fury remain uncorrected, be aimed in future life with more destructive fury against its own life, or that of a fellow creature.

Some persons err, not so much in over-rating their own ability, as in under-rating that of their associates. They do not imagine themselves to be giants, but they think their companions pigmies.

All persons given to anger are apt to dwell on the provocation they have *received*, and utterly to *forget* the provocation which *they gave*.

The *difficult* part of good temper consists in forbearance, and accommodation to the ill-humour of others.

Temper is one of the most busy and universal agents in all human actions.

Philosophers have said that the electric fluid, though invisible, is every where at work in the physical world ; and I believe that temper is equally at work, though often unseen except in its effects, in the moral world.

Nothing is so rare as a single motive, almost all our motives are compound ones ; and, if we examine our own hearts and actions with that accuracy and diffidence, which become us as finite and responsible beings, we shall

find that, of our motives to bad actions temper is often a principal ingredient, and that it is not unfrequently one incentive to a good one.

The crimes not only of private individuals but of sovereigns might, I doubt not, be traced up to an uncorrected and uneducated temper as their source.

How many heart-aches should we spare ourselves, if we were careful to check every unkind word or action towards those we love by this anticipat-ing reflection. The time may soon arrive, when the being, whom I am now about to afflict, may be snatched from me for ever to the cold recesses of the grave, secured from the assaults of my petulance, and deaf to the voice of my remorseful penitence.

How mortified one ought to feel at being told a tale of scandal; because it proves that the relator believes one able of enjoying it, and certainly it is an enjoyment of a very diabolical nature.

The virtues, like the vices, are so fond of one another, that they are seldom or ever found separate; and if a virtue or two be sometimes found crowded in amongst many vices, they are only like sprigs of geranium set without roots in a garden, which, before they have time to take root, are thrown down by the first shower or gust of wind, and wither away directly.

Spite is of no sex and is common to both equally, I believe: nor is it always the result of rivalry; it is as often the result of a mean, malevolent pleasure, taken by a person who indulges in it, in traducing and lowering every one on whom conversation may happen to turn. Nor is gossiping a fault more common to women than to men. Emptiness of mind, and want of proper and wholesome occupations, are common to both sexes, and consequently their result is so—a gossiping spirit, and a traducing tongue; and though some faults, like some diseases, may be for the most part confined to women, yet back-biting and slander, like the attacks of a fever, are common equally to men and women.

The happiness of the married life depends on a power of making small sacrifices with readiness and cheerfulness.

Few persons are ever called upon to make great sacrifices, or to confer great favours; but affection is kept alive, and happiness secured, by keeping up a constant warfare against little selfishness.

How many perhaps are the drawbacks on the apparently most brilliant situation, could one but commune with the closely veiled heart. The saying is only too true, that in every house there is a closet with a skeleton in it.

Never, probably, were excessive conceit and excessive vanity unaccompanied by malignity.

The conduct both of the low, and of the high born, when under the dominion of temper, is commonly the same. Temper is the greatest of all levellers, the greatest of all equalizers; and the peer and the peasant, when under the influence of passion, are equally removed from having any right to the name of gentleman. But it is not temper, as exhibited in the shape of violent passion, that has the most pernicious influence on the conduct and happiness. It is temper, under the shape of cool deliberate spite and secret rancour, that is most to be guarded against. It is the taunting word whose meaning kills, the speech intended to mortify one's self love, or wound our tenderest affections. Temper under this garb is most hateful and pernicious; and, when inflicting a series of petty injuries, it is most hideous and disgusting. The violence of passion, when over, often subsides into affectionate repentance, and is easily disarmed of its offensive power. But nothing disarms the other sort of temper. In domestic life it is to one's mind what a horse-hair sheet is to the body; and, like the spokes of Pascal's iron-gridle, whenever one moves, it inflicts pain most difficult to endure with fortitude.

The good-breeding ought highly to be valued, which, typical of benevolence though not benevolence itself, loves to put every one in good humour, and call forth the good feelings only of those with whom we associate; a habit of acting, which, when it does not militate against sincerity, nearly borders on a virtue; and those persons, on the contrary, may be classed amongst the

vicious, who, from coarseness of feeling and sometimes perhaps from want of humanity, wound the self-love even of their dearest friends by vulgar jokes on the defects of their persons, their dress, nay, sometimes on their professions, their trades, or even on their poverty.

It is easy for any woman to behave with graceful propriety at the table of another, where she has nothing to do : but the test of an habitual gentlewoman is her behaviour at the head of her own.

## PROGRESS OF STEAM-BOATS.

(Monthly, July.)

IT is little more than ten years since the editor of this Magazine received a letter from his friend FULTON, in New York, to apprise him of the success of his first steam-packet between that city and Albany. The substance of that letter was inserted in the Monthly Magazine for March 1811 ; but, before it was printed, the Editor read it to the late Earl Stanhope, whose experiments on mechanical navigation had excited much attention. That nobleman, however, like the Douay professors in the case of the telescope, set about to demonstrate *the impossibility* of the thing, and convinced himself, if not his auditor, that Fulton had misrepresented the fact. The letter however appeared, and the attention of our speculative mechanics being drawn to the subject, the American steam-boat was not only soon imitated in the rivers of Britain, but essentially improved by their skill and science. We have now, therefore, more than one hundred steam vessels plying in various parts of the empire, not merely against the current of our rivers,—so as to render parallel canals as ridiculous as the aqueducts of the ancients,—but performing their voyages, in the face of tides and winds, in the adjacent seas. Thus London and Edinburgh, London and Calais, Liverpool and Dublin, Holyhead and Dublin, Bristol and Liverpool, Brighton and Dieppe, are now connected by steam vessels, which perform their voyages in measured time ; but within the past month

an *iron* vessel, of 280 tons burthen, has performed its first voyage from London to Paris direct. It reached Rouen in fifty-five hours, and proceeded from Rouen to Paris in a day and night, notwithstanding an accident in its tackle. We regard this as an event of great social importance to mankind, and record it with singular pleasure. It is the triumph of isolated genius over the inveterate prejudices of arrogant societies, all of whom have virulently opposed themselves to the improvements of our age ; and, in no case have done more to accelerate them, than the rudest persons in the community. Thus, notwithstanding the royal associations of men of science, France alone has succeeded in establishing but two or three steam-vessels. In Austria JEROME BONAPARTE, almost unaided, has munificently expended 100,000*l.* in vainly endeavouring to complete one to navigate the Danube. Only one has been established on the Adriatic ; and, if one has been started on the Baltic, it is the speculation of a Scotchman. The lakes and rivers of North America are nevertheless filled with them, and we may soon expect to hear of their connecting the northern with the southern continent ; and all parts of the latter by means of the vast rivers which penetrate the interior. The public are now awaiting with anxiety the results of Mr. Griffith's patent for steam land-carriages, of the progress and experiments on which we shall duly apprise our readers.

## Travels.

FROM WADDINGTON'S LATE TRAVELS IN ETHIOPIA.

**A**MONG the renegades, they soon after encountered, on returning to their boat,

- - "Three very important Turkish looking men, one of whom saluted us in English. They proved to be an Italian and two Americans; the former, named Rossignoli, was a physician on the staff, and the others were renegades; the more consequential of the two, is named Mahommed Effendi—it is said, that he is of a good family, and that after deliberately weighing, with all the advantages of education, the merits of the two religions, he declared in favour of the Mahometan\*. He then wrote a book, to prove to all the Christian world how well he had decided, and of which he greatly wishes, we were assured, to obtained the publication in England. He was now an officer of artillery in the Pasha's service; he is a pale, delicate-looking man, of above thirty, and has been successful in acquiring the grave and calm look of the Turks, and the slow motion of the head and roll of the eyes. Two other Americans followed his example, and also (to use the orthodox expression) "*took the turban*," and they have since been heard to express their repentance of an act performed (as they say) at his persuasion. Of their conversion, or rather transformation, (and it seems to have been almost miraculous,) I can give no better account than by a *literal* translation of one I received from an eye-witness: One day at Cairo, I saw pass by, two Americans, dressed like common sailors (which they were) in a blue jacket and trowsers; and then for eight or ten days, I saw no more of them. After that interval I observe them again, dressed in red, with a white turban on, and I say, "What thing is this?" (*Che cos' è questo?*) and I am told, that they have made Turks of themselves; and since, it seems, they have also made gentlemen of themselves." One of these was our third visitor. It is, perhaps, unjust to sus-

pect that the principal object of their visit was curiosity to know on what service we were employed by the Pasha; supposing, as they did very naturally, that it was not a voyage of mere pleasure, that we were making to such a place and at such a time. Amiro had before met us under the same impressions, except that he was led by his own pursuits to suspect us of being professed antiquarians, as the Americans did, no doubt, of being very able engineers. Their apparent, and perhaps only, motive for being at some trouble to see us, was highly honourable to their humanity. They had, as they fancied, very strong reasons to believe that Gentile had been poisoned, and that Demetrio had administered the drugs, at the instance of the Protomedico, who intended thereby to escape the payment of eight thousand piastres, which he owed the deceased. They talked of the Protomedico's general character, and mentioned a similar act, which he had notoriously committed at Cairo, by the hand of the very black who had so lately been our fellow-traveller; and, in short, were more successful in proving him capable of such crimes, than guilty of this; for it appears that Gentile's complaint (whatever may have been the cause of it) was a dysentery of some weeks' standing, and that there were no marks of poison to be discovered on the body. Their conviction, however, that such had been his fate, was very strong, and, as it appeared to us, principally founded on extremely slight, though very singular, grounds. During the last hours of the sick man's life, Demetrio was observed to be particularly pressing to obtain from him his pardon: pardon for what? Now, I know not whether it be one of the tenets of the Greek Church, but I have been often assured that it is a general belief among that worthy people, that the pardon of the dying victim ensures the mercy of God to the murderer, who thus whitewashed, without fear, and therefore without remorse,

\* This person is a native of Boston.

buries the corpse, and goes off with a light heart, to the repetition, perhaps, of so simple an act. Demetrio did ultimately obtain this pardon, and was observed to be in peculiarly high spirits ever after. Be the fact of the murder as it may, their object was to secure the payment of the eight thousand piastres to the widow, our own countrywoman, and this the British Consul was to effect (as they hoped) by our information. Unwilling to trust our memory on the details of a matter of so much importance, we begged them to make a written statement of the whole affair, which we promised to deliver to the Consul. Rossignoli spoke the most, and with the most warmth; though the others were not without anxiety about an act of humanity, in the performance of which they had no visible interest whatever.

Our visitors had walked three hours to find our boat, and, no doubt, expected to be regaled with a hearty English breakfast. Now we had long lived, from day to day, on what fortune brought us, even the Commodore's rice having been some time finished; and it happened that morning, that two small bits of bread formed the whole stock of provision, one of which they had devoured at the moment of entering the boat. Two of our servants were out foraging. We fairly confessed our situation to them; and after staying about two hours, they took their leave. Presently the foragers returned unsuccessful, and the remaining

morsel of bread furnished us with our temperate repast. This is mentioned only because we heard, afterwards, that Mahommed Effendi had complained severely of our reception of him. Now it is difficult to say what reception a renegade has a right to expect from those whose religion he has deserted. We offered him neither insult nor reproach: did he expect cordiality and friendship? or was it in the presence of the corpses left to rot on the face of the earth by those whose faith he had from conviction embraced, that he thought us likely to respect him and his faith?

We were, it is true, alike natives of a distant land, we spoke the same language, and were in the country of a common enemy; but the nature of crimes is not changed by the sun that burns, or the deserts that surround you; nor can any circumstances of hardship, difficulty, or danger, alter the feeling with which you approach an apostate. And yet it must be confessed, that, to the disgrace of the Christians resident in the East, renegades are, in general, much less despised by them than by the Turks themselves."

Reading such accounts can we wonder that the Turks look at Franks and Christians with contempt? The Physician's villany is perhaps the most atrocious; but the everlasting dissensions among almost all the European visitors of these countries, are enough to give very bad impressions of our characters.

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#### THE RENEGADE. A ROMANCE. BY THE VICOMTE D'ARLINCOURT.

(Literary Gazette.)

When we commenced the publication of these papers, (*The Renegade*) their end was beyond our sight, as we had not received from England the whole of the *Gazettes* from which they are selected. We hope now to finish the story in this and the next *Athenum*. Although it be scattered through many numbers, we think a re-perusal of the whole would be found entertaining and well repay the reader. The Romance in the original has exacted great attention in France, equal to that given in England and our own country to the *Waverley* novels, and probably it well deserves it. *Ed. Ath.*

**C**HARLES MARTEL now takes the command of the French army, inspired by the success of Ezilda at Segorum. He orders Leodat and the heroine's force to join him. Leodat refuses, and aware of the treacherous character of Charles, earnestly advises

the princess to consult her safety by retiring to the peaceful mountains of Cevennes, if she will not marry and give him a right to be her protector. Ezilda, the betrothed of Clodomir, declares she will never wed any but the son of Thierri. She also rejects a demand

from Charles to deliver up her prisoners to him ; and in opposition to that demand releases Alaor, to whom she says :—

“ An important plan on the success of which depend my fate and that of Agobar, at present occupies my mind. You may assist me in the accomplishment of this design. May I rely on you ? ”—“ Command, dispose of me ! ” replied the friend of Agobar. On the shore of the Mediterranean, continued the princess, near the plain of Augustura, rises the pyramid of Fabius.\* There I wish to have an interview with Agobar. Alaor, tell your chief that in three days hence Ezilda will meet him at the pyramid of Fabius. Depart, you are free.—To-morrow I shall quit Segorum and visit the royal camp. I wish to converse with the Duke of France ; and after my interview with Charles Martel, that which I may have with Agobar will decide the fate of Gaul. Adieu ! ” and without affording the young Mussulman time to reply or to express his gratitude, she immediately withdrew. Alaor quitted Segorum, and at the close of the following day he rejoined his chief.

The Prince of Avernes was apprised of Ezilda's sudden determination to visit the royal camp. Alarmed for her safety, and unable to guess her design, he employed all the power of eloquence to oppose her departure ; but nothing could shake the resolution of the princess. Mounted on an Andalusian courser, Ezilda quitted Segorum, accompanied only by the Prophet of the Black Mountain and three faithful squires. Goudair was well acquainted with the road, and the princess arrived without difficulty at the vast plains of Umbrani. She was introduced to the tent of the proud conqueror. Charles immediately dismissed his warriors, and Ezilda spoke as follows :—“ Duke of France ! When rousing the people of Cevennes from their shameful servitude, I ventured to appeal to my countrymen, it was not the desire of glory and renown that determined my resolution.

\* The Consul Fabius Maximus having conquered Gallia Narbonensis, and placed it under the dominion of the Romans, pyramids and monuments were erected to him in those places in which he gained his most brilliant victories.

To repel the standard of the false prophet, and to defend the temples of the true God, were the only objects I had in view. Heaven seconded my efforts. The enthusiasm of some of the provinces of Gaul seems to promise the deliverance of Europe. Illustrious conqueror of the North, finish the work that is begun, and be the saviour of the South.” “ Princess, (replied Charles Martel,) you have ensured to yourself the gratitude of the Christians. The taking of Segorum is one of those bold exploits which history will commemorate—You have done much for France, but you might have done more,—for a moment the fate of Europe was in your hands—Agobar, the odious chief of the Saracens, was your captive ; what strange motive could have caused you to liberate him ? ”—“ The prisoners of Segorum were at my disposal, (replied Ezilda) and if, for reasons which I cannot now explain, I broke the chains of the Saracen hero, I violated neither the laws of Heaven nor of France.—But this is not the subject of which I came to treat ; Charles Martel has too long drunk of the poisoned cup of flattery ; the Princess of Cevennes now ventures to tell him the truth. The cause of the usurper is desperate. The chiefs of the kingdom would rather be conquered by Agobar than governed by Charles. What is a sceptre to a hero !—After the marvellous exploits which have crowned your life, the title of monarch must appear to you merely a vain sound. From the height to which glory has raised you, descend not to a throne ! Remain in the temple of heroes, and leave the palace of kings ! ”—Her last words made a powerful impression on Charles.—“ But, (said the conqueror,) the race of the Merovingians is extinct, Thierri has left no successor.”—“ Clodomir (said Ezilda) is not yet buried in the tomb. The heir of Clovis still lives.”—“ What do I hear ? ” exclaimed Charles.—“ I have seen Clodomir, (replied the princess,) he has produced undeniable proofs of his identity ; and his bride has acknowledged him ! ”—Can it be possible ? (resumed the ambitious Maire du Palais ;) and under what obscure name does Clodomir conceal himself ;—Explain this mystery.”

"Far from concealing himself, (replied the princess,) he bears a name which is, alas ! but too celebrated.—Clodomir, whom you persecuted, when, under the name of Astolphe, he appealed for his lawful rights—whom you vanquished when he took up arms against you—Clodomir, rejected by his country, is Agobar.—"Agobar ! (repeated Charles, with horror,) and can you have conceived the wild idea of placing the crown of France on the head of a renegade !"—"On the head of the son of Thierri ! (exclaimed Ezilda,) whatever title he may have borne, to whatever country he may have wandered, he is still the son of Thierri." She then briefly related to the Maire du Palais the history of Agobar.—"But (exclaimed Charles,) Clodomir the renegade having borne arms against his country, cannot now inspire respect and confidence !—No, (he continued) I can never consent to such a proposition ; it would be dishonouring the French crown to place it on the head of a Saracen ! it would be dishonouring myself to crown a renegade, Clodomir is unworthy to wield a sceptre." "I understand you, said Ezilda, rising with dignity ; neither the safety of France, nor the happiness of mankind occupy your thoughts. The eyes of Charles are open only to ambition. Duke of France, pursue if you will your perilous career ! ascend the throne ! But recollect the tragical fate of the ambitious Maires who have preceded you. To morrow I shall see Agobar : I will endeavour to restore him to his duty and his God, and should heaven second my efforts the bride of Clodomir will proclaim the King of France. It will then be seen under whose banner the sons of Gaul will enroll themselves !—At this unexpected menace Charles trembled. He felt that in existing circumstances the Princess of Cevennes might annihilate his power. Recovering from his surprise, "Princess (said he,) Heaven doubtless inspires you, and I submit. Inform Agobar that the Maire du Palais offers him the crown : let him return to the religion of his fathers, let him abjure the Mussulman faith, and France is his own !" —The daughter

of Theobert plainly perceived that fear and necessity had alone determined the despot, but it was enough that she had attained her object.

[The Princess next journeys to her interview with Agobar, during which, one of her squires arrives and thus accosts her.] "The perfidious Charles has issued a Proclamation, stating that you are now holding correspondence with the chief of the infidels, whose life you have saved, and that you are plotting the ruin of France. Orders have been given to arrest you wherever you may be found, and the Maire du Palais has dispatched a party of troops to cut off all communications between you and the legions of Segorum." What an unexpected stroke for Ezilda !—But she was less alarmed at the unwelcome news which she had just heard, than she was apprehensive for the fatal effect it might produce on Agobar.—After a short pause, she turned to the Saracen chief. Alas ! all her fears were confirmed. "Christian ! (said Agobar with savage irony,) this is the loyalty of your prince, the gratitude of your people, and the justice of your God !" —These (replied the heroine) are the trials of Providence ! the flames in which virtue is purified ! the steps which lead to heaven !" —Agobar seized an ivory horn which he wore suspended from his girdle. He blew it three times, and at the hero's summons, the hills were in a few minutes covered with Mussulman troops, at whose head was Alaor. "Speak (said the son of Thierri, addressing himself to the princess ;) What are your wishes ? Behold this army ! it is yours ; these shores they are yours ! If you wish to be revenged on Charles, he shall be brought to you in chains. Here Agobar reigns, and Ezilda may command an asylum, a palace, or a kingdom." —Grant me (said the princess) an escort as far as Segorum ! the protection of your troops is necessary to enable me to rejoin my mountaineers." —"Alaor, (exclaimed the hero) with your battalion follow the Princess of Luteve ! and obey her as you would obey me !"

*[Ezilda finds her progress impeded by a line of French troops, in the*



*very direction in which she was advancing, and therefore determines to take refuge with Goudair in the temple of Calmor; and from the summit of the monument, which was surrounded and defended by the troops of Alador, view the combat. Agobar defeats the French, and the princess is about to proceed once more for Segorum, when looking towards the sea, she observed several vessels bearing the Mahometan flag advancing at full sail, in the direction of the coast.]*—“Alador (said she) those vessels are doubtless sent with reinforcements from the powerful caliph Aberdam.” The young Saracen turned pale. “That is the flag of Athim (he exclaimed.) Some perfidious project must bring the mortal enemy of Agobar to these shores.” [*Ezilda yields the command of her troops to Theodat, and, to avoid lighting the flames of civil war, resolves to bury herself in solitude.*] She explained to Goudair her reason for quitting the fortress of Segorum. “In you I now place all my hopes, (said she.) You, Goudair, who have ascended inaccessible mountains, and penetrated the most secluded retreats, conduct me to some remote asylum, where I may live unknown to the world. Lead me to some hidden solitude that may afford me an asylum.—“Princess (said Goudair, after a few moments reflection,) you shall be obeyed. To-morrow I will conduct you to an abode of peace; to a valley unknown to France and Europe.—On the east of Segorum arises the burning peak of Fontanias, famed in this part of Gaul. Burning vapours rising from the summit of the volcano, render all approach to it impossible. For ages past no stranger has ventured to ascend the mountain, behind which is a delicious valley, inhabited by a few patriarchs and their families. A triple line of volcanic rocks form a bulwark round this unknown Eden. There are only two ways by which the retreat can be reached. One runs between the craters of Fontanias, and cannot be passed without extreme danger. The other is by a torrent which runs thro’ the interior of the mountain, and the waters of which, after pursuing a long and gloomy course, run into the

*happy valley.*”—“Is the torrent navigable?” (enquired Ezilda)—“Yes, (replied Goudair) I have frequently followed this subterranean course in a little boat which I have constructed for that purpose. When curiosity led me to discover an unknown country beyond the burning rocks of Fontanias, I thanked heaven for having conducted me to the land of felicity. I remained there for several weeks, and soon the tenderest friendship united me to the patriarchs of the valley. Some of these men, who are revered like the oracles of ancient times, know that there are other countries besides that which they inhabit; but having brought up their children in the belief that the outlets of the valley are the gates of hell, they have succeeded in separating them from the world.”—“The night is dark, (said Ezilda) every thing favors our departure. Where is your boat?”—“At the foot of the rock of Fontanias, in one of the grottos that border the torrent.”—“Let us instantly depart, Goudair,” said the princess, and covering her head with a thick veil, she swiftly descended the staircase of the tower, and, followed by the Prophet of the Mountain, secretly left the citadel. Having proceeded for some distance among the precipices, “We are now near the grotto, (said Goudair) the boat is at hand. . . . But hark! I hear the sound of the trumpet, (continued he,) the Saracen posts have advanced as far as yonder hill.” At this moment the princess uttered an exclamation of horror. She thought she heard a plaintive moan, like the last sigh of death, issue from the thickets of the neighbouring wood. Her fancy recognized the voice of Clodomir himself, and she hastened to the spot whence the sound proceeded.

Athim, the mortal enemy of Agobar, had circulated at the Court of the Caliph the blackest calumnies against his fortunate rival. It was reported in Spain that the Saracen conqueror, who had been long endeavouring to shake off the yoke of his prince, was on the point of being crowned King of France. Aberdam believed he had acquired positive proofs of the treason of the Renegade; and while on the field of Angustura the

son of Thierri fancied he had attained the pinnacle of glory and power, his sentence of death, pronounced by the caliph, was rapidly crossing the seas, borne by Athim himself.

Athim landed in Gaul, and having pitched his tent on the coast, he summoned Agobar and his principal warriors to appear before him. The Renegade, far from suspecting treachery, visited the tent of the Mussulman envoy, attended only by a few of his most distinguished chiefs. The emissary of Abderam, surrounded by royal pomp, held in his hand the fatal decree, which he was about to read to his enemy. The hero advanced: "Agobar! (exclaimed the vile African,) sooner or later Heaven never fails to visit the traitor with punishment. Your plots are discovered. Allah condemns, and Abderam strikes." Then having read the sentence of death, "Guards, (said he,) let the orders of the Caliph be instantly executed!" At this moment Alaor rushed into the tent with his janissaries. "Soldiers, (he exclaimed,) save the hero of Europe! save the immortal Agobar!" The young Saracen foreseeing the perfidy of Athim, had kept a watchful eye on his benefactor, and had followed his footsteps in defiance of every obstacle. A dreadful conflict ensues. With his invincible cimeter Agobar cut his way through the warlike multitude. Followed by Alaor and the soldiers of his guard, he escaped from the dreadful scene of carnage, and directed his impetuous course towards the rocks which bordered the sea, unobserved by Athim and his troops.

The night was gloomy. Agobar and his faithful companion fled from cavern to cavern. After wandering for several hours, they stopped. They were entirely alone. The rest of the prince's defenders had either perished or lost their way, and they no longer heard the cry of the Mussulmans, who had pursued them to a considerable distance. The fugitives are refreshed at a hut. Leaving behind them their armour and turbans, they wrapt themselves in fishermen's cloaks, and armed only with their swords, they left the hospitable roof.

They determined to direct their

course to the plain of Angustura, where Agobar was persuaded he might reassemble his legions and recover his power. Descending a steep pass among the rocks, they met a traveller, who informs them that the reported death of Agobar at first spread grief and consternation among his troops; but the general sorrow was but of short duration. Messengers from Athim, preceded by trumpets, traversed the camp, reading aloud a detail of the crimes and treasons of Agobar. Even the partisans of the Renegade thought his punishment just, and not a voice was raised to defend his memory. Sums of money were distributed to the soldiery in celebration of the happy event; and the infidels rejoiced at the execution, as the period of their deliverance!

All the hopes of the Prince were now blighted. His army had forsaken him. He was rejected by the whole world. The Renegade turned to Alaor, and the ferocious expression of his countenance alarmed the young Saracen. It was not the calmness of insensibility; it was the frenzy of rage that was now depicted in his features. He tore off the bandages that covered his numerous wounds; and the blood which boiled in his veins flowed copiously;—his limbs tottered beneath him, his eyes closed, and he fell at the feet of his friend. In course of a few hours he recovered his senses. He looked around him, and what was his surprise to find that he was transported to the hut of a woodcutter: he uttered an exclamation of joy. Alaor was watching beside his wretched couch. Alaor saw but one mode of restoring the tranquillity of his friend, and thereby saving his life. He determined to proceed alone to the plain of Angustura, to ascertain the spirit of the army, and to raise against Athim the devoted legions of Agobar.

As soon as the shades of evening overspread the heavens, the young Mussulman hastened to the plain of Angustura. Stretched on his wretched couch, Agobar had fallen into a slumber; but the most dreadful visions presented themselves to his disordered fancy: he was released from real tortures only to contend with imaginary

troubles—when a sudden noise awoke him! Two Mussulman soldiers had entered the hut, and the trembling woodcutter was serving them with food. They were ferocious banditti of the infidel army, who had secretly escaped from the corps to which they belonged, for the purpose of pillaging the surrounding hamlets; and they now discover the Renegade, on whose head a price of ten thousand sequins has been set. The cowards rushed on their prey, and in spite of the convulsive efforts of Agobar, they succeeded in binding his hands and feet with cords which they found in the hut.

Without reflecting on the distance which separated them from Angustura, they hastily prepared a litter, on which they placed their victim. Leaving the hut, they with difficulty descended the mountain, and, overcome with fatigue,

*(To be concluded in next No.)*

they stopped at the brink of the torrent of Fontanias. Unable to proceed further, they renounced their impracticable design of conveying the Renegade to the plain of Angustura.—“Remain here, (said one of the Saracens to his companion :) keep watch over the Renegade, while I go forward to procure assistance.—The soldier who was left in charge of the Prince seated himself on the brink of the torrent. Fatigue soon overpowered him, and he sunk into a profound sleep. Meanwhile the fresh breeze of the evening had in some degree revived the wasted strength of Agobar. His fever had considerably abated. He gradually recovered his senses, and reflecting on his horrible situation, he uttered a deep groan. . . . Ezilda was not deceived. Her heart had indeed recognized the voice of Agobar.

## NEW VOLUME OF KIRKE WHITE'S REMAINS.†

*(English Magazines, &c. for July.)*

**T**HOUGH something in the way of More last Words of Richard Baxter, we doubt not but this small volume will partake of the popularity of its precursors, and be widely read by the evangelical classes, to whose appetite it is addressed. Nor has the sympathy which hung like a dim halo round the dying head of this amiable youth, yet lost so much of its interest as to admit of aught of his being issued from the press without exciting a feeling more general in its behalf. The well written preface to the present publication will augment that feeling, and help these relics forward in the public estimation. In our own opinion the contents are hardly of sufficient weight for a separate volume; but we willingly in such a case surrender our critical judgment to the tastes of a multitude of readers with whom the productions of Kirke White are held in reverence, not merely as effusions of genius, but as emanations of an apostolic spirit, sublimed from earth to Heaven with a

martyr's glory. The first third of the volume before us consists of letters, which display the writer in the light of a very virtuous young man; but they are too immature to require comment as literary performances. The next division is of early poems, and in some of these the amatory and warm occupy the places afterwards held by the religious and enthusiastic. We cite two as examples :

### SONGS.

Sweet Jessy ! I would fain caress  
That lovely cheek divine ;  
Sweet Jessy, I'd give worlds to press  
That rising breast to mine.

Sweet Jessy, I with passion burn  
Thy soft blue eyes to see ;  
Sweet Jessy, I would die to turn  
Those melting eyes on me !

Yet Jessy, lovely as \* \* \*  
Thy form and face appear,  
I'd perish ere I would consent  
To buy them with a tear.

† The Remains of Henry Kirke White, with an Account of his Life. By Robert Southey. Vol. 3.

Oh, that I were the fragrant flower that kisses  
 My Arabella's breast that heaves on high ;  
 Pleas'd should I be to taste the transient  
 blisses,  
 And on the melting throne to faint and die.

Oh, that I were the robe that loosely covers  
 Her taper limbs, and Grecian form divine ;  
 Or the entwisted zones, like meeting lovers,  
 That clasp her waist in many an aery  
 twine.

Oh, that my soul might take its lasting  
 station  
 In her waved hair, her perfumed breath  
 to sip ;  
 Or catch, by chance, her blue eyes fascination !  
 Or meet, by stealth, her soft vermilion lip.

But chain'd to this dull being, I must ever  
 Lament the doom by which I'm hither  
 placed ;  
 Must pant for moments I must meet with  
 never,  
 And dream of beauties I must never taste.

The poems of a later date, which fill the next class, are curiously contrasted with these in matter ; though it would not perhaps be difficult to trace a very intimate relationship between the glow of earthly loves and the fervour of divine hymns, which may be but different modifications of the same spirit. Be this as it may, we shall enable our readers, by a quotation or two, to compare or contrast them for themselves :

In every clime, from Lapland to Japan,  
 This truth's confest,—That man's worst  
 foe is man.

The rav'ning tribes, that crowd the sultry  
 zone,

Prey on all kinds and colours, but their own.  
 Lion with lion herds, and pard with pard,  
 Instinct's first law, their covenant and guard.  
 But man alone, the lord of ev'ry clime,  
 Whose post is godlike, and whose pow'rs  
 sublime,

Man, at whose birth the Almighty hand  
 stood still,

Pleas'd with the last great effort of his will ;

Man, man alone, no tenant of the wood,  
 Preys on his kind, and laps his brother's  
 blood ;  
 His fellow leads, where hidden pit-falls lie,  
 And drinks with ecstasy his dying sigh.

#### SONNETS.

Poor little one ! most bitterly did pain,  
 And life's worst ills, assail thine early age ;  
 And, quickly tir'd with this rough pilgrimage,  
 Thy wearied spirit did its heaven regain.  
 Moaning, and sickly, on the lap of life  
 Thou laidst thine aching head, and thou  
 didst sigh

A little while, ere to its kindred  
 Thy soul return'd, to taste no more of strife  
 Thy lot was happy, little sojourner !  
 Thou had'st no mother to direct thy ways ;  
 And fortune frown'd most darkly on thy  
 days,

Short as they were. Now, far from the low  
 stir

Of this dim spot, in heaven thou dost repose,  
 And look'st, and smil'st on this world's  
 transient woes.

#### TO DECEMBER.

Dark visaged visitor, who comes here  
 Clad in thy mournful tunic to repeat  
 (While glooms, and chilling rains enwrap  
 thy feet)

The solemn requiem of the dying year.  
 Not undelightful to my listening ear  
 Sound thy dull show'rs, as, o'er my wood-  
 land seat,

Dismal, and drear, the leafless trees they  
 beat :

Not undelightful, in their wild career,  
 Is the wild music of thy howling blasts,  
 Sweeping the grove's long aisle, while  
 sullen Time

Thy stormy mantle o'er his shoulder casts,  
 And, rock'd upon his throne, with chant  
 sublime,

Joins the full-pealing dirge, and Winter  
 weaves

Her dark sepulchral wreath of faded leaves.

We have few comments to add : the admirers of Kirke White have seen higher efforts of his genius than this volume contains ; but they will find in it much to confirm their admiration of that estimable Being, and augment the sorrow with which his premature fate has been so generally regretted.

#### TENDRILS. BY REUBEN.

“ **A**LL poets are not lights to all men and all ages, but many are soft stars above our heads, and blossoms shedding perfume beneath our feet.”

And there is so much wild-flower sweetness, tender and genuine feeling, about this young poet, that we readily admit his plea of inexperience in ex-

cuse for ioccasionally careless diction, trifling, and a degree of affectation. Never do we feel more inclined to unbend from our critical severity than in pronouncing judgment upon a first effort. When totally unpromising, we would willingly pass it over in silence, without wounding that ambition we

cannot in justice encourage ; but when taste, talent, or feeling are evinced, it is our pride and pleasure to pour the sunlight of fame over the youthful laurel. Our first selection is from a fanciful little poem, founded on the old tradition of a mortal who has entered a fairy ring by night ; the spirits of air become visible till the morning light breaks on the beautiful vision. The third Spirit sings—

Hast thou a sorrow ?—come tell it to me ;  
Have I a comfort ?—thine it shall be,—  
I seek where the tears of the mourner are flowing,  
And breathe on his brow till its throbbing is calm ;  
I steal where the heart of the chastened is glowing,  
And as rain to the flower, my smile is his balm :  
Where the exile is wandering, my pinions are nigh,  
Where the pilgrim is weary, to sooth him, am I ;  
I whisper them tales of the home of their youth,  
Of the hearts that are fond, and the prayers that are truth !

I fly where the sailor-boy watches aloft,  
And though storms gather round him, his slumbers are soft ;

Then I hear his young spirit away on my wings,  
Where the thrush that he loved in his childhood still sings,

Where the woodbine is 'twining its wreathes on the wall,

And dear ones again on their wanderer call ;—  
There is one bending o'er him whose lip cannot speak,

And the tear of affection falls warm on his cheek ;  
There is one standing near him with words in her eye,  
And he seeks the embrace which she may not deny ;  
But the sea-bird sails past—and shrill is her scream,  
And in tears he awakens, but blesses his dream.

The sigh of the lonely—the tear-drop of pain,  
Where hope is wasted, and prayers are vain,—

The lips that are pale, the cheeks that are wan,  
Where joy is bitter—and comfort is gone,  
The flowers that fade where the spring-bligh is flying,  
The leaves that are falling, the birds that are dying—  
The blasted sappling, the withering tree,  
Are sacred to Pity, and cherish'd by me.  
Peace to thee, peace !

Our second is from " Home."

'Tis worth an age of wandering, to return  
To souls that still can feel, and hearts that burn ;  
We have not bent the chasten'd brow in vain,  
To hear the whisper, " Thou art mine again !"  
To see in eyes we love the tear-drop swell,  
With more of feeling than the lip could tell.  
The weary pilgrim's wish,—the exile's prayer,  
Breathe of their home—that they may wander there,  
And like the sun when summer days are past,  
Sink into rest, their calmest hour their last,  
Heave the death-sigh where those around will weep,  
And sleep forever where their fathers sleep.

We shall close our remarks with a pretty sonnet on leaving Home :

God bless thee ! was the last endearing word  
The lip could utter, or the heart could feel !  
Many did pray for the young exile's weal,  
But there was one from whom was only heard,  
God bless thee !—and it was affection's knell  
For many a lonely day—

The very phrase  
Was oft repeated by the parting voice  
Of youthful friendship ; and the last farewell  
Of some who lov'd me in my boyish days,  
Was warm and tearful—

Yet there was but one,  
Whose heart beat quicker than her eyes ran o'er,  
Whose trembling lid refused to whisper more,  
Than that warm prayer.

It was a hallow'd tone !

## Stephensiana, No. VIII.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES, &c.

(Monthly Magazine, July.)

CHARLES CALLIS WESTERN.

THIS gentleman is descended from a family of Massachusetts governors, and the following anecdote is recorded of his infancy. His father and mother were taking a journey in a phæton, himself, an infant, being in his mother's lap they stopped to bait the horses at the door of an inn, when the hostler imprudently took off the bridles, and the horses, feeling their heads at liberty, set off at full gallop. The danger to all was imminent ; but Mrs. W. with a happy presence of mind, threw the child into a thick hedge which they passed close, by which he

escaped injury ; but the phæton was broken to pieces, the father mortally wounded, and the mother much injured. Mr. W. has since become an ornament of the House of Commons, and has proved himself an able economist and public writer.

DANCING SNAKES OF INDIA.

In every country there exists a class of men who found their means of existence upon the credulity and curiosity of others, but in no part of the world is this class so numerous as in India. Scarcely has a stranger disembarked on that shore, when a crowd of jugglers, dancers, leapers, and others

surround him, and solicit the honour of contributing to his amusement, for the trifling remuneration of a fanon, or about six-pence.

Amongst this crowd of people, who live by their wits, those who astonish, and at the same time terrify, the European the most, are the men who make the snakes dance; and this astonishment and terror is more increased, upon learning that the snake which serves for this spectacle is the second on the list of those which are the most venomous: the bite of it is followed by certain death, after an interval of generally not more than fifteen or seventeen minutes. On the Coromandel coast this sort of snake is very abundant, and there, as well as throughout India, is called a *cobra capello*, or hooded snake: its ordinary length is from three to four feet, and the prevailing colour of these reptiles is yellow, spotted with black; its form resembles that of other oriental snakes, with the exception of a pouch, which runs from the back of the head two or three inches down the back. This pocket is but little visible when the reptile creeps, or is in a state of tranquillity, but as soon as it is moved by anger or by pleasure, this becomes inflated, and stretches on each side the head of the animal: it then presents a flat surface, on which a pair of black spectacles are stretched upon a dirty yellow ground. The head of the creature appears to issue horizontally from the upper part of this pouch. The quality which distinguishes this snake from all the other species, is its excessive fondness for music; and this passion, if such a term may be used, is stronger in it than even in the white snake; this is so incontestable, that when the place of his retreat is known, he is invariably caught by these means. The Indians who gain a livelihood by exhibiting, are also those who take them; and, as the method which they employ for doing it is not generally known, the following scene, which took place at the house of the governor of Pondicherry, may be considered as interesting. During dinner a servant came to inform the family, that a large cobra capello had been seen entering the cel-

lar: orders were given that a snake-catcher should be sent for, and every one repaired to the cellar when he arrived. After having examined the place, to be certain where the reptile was concealed, the Malabar squatted down upon his heels, and began to play upon an instrument, which in shape resembled a flageolet, but had something of the sharp sound of a bagpipe. Scarcely had a minute elapsed when a cobra capello, about three feet in length crept from under a mat, and placed himself at a short distance from the man, raising and giving a sort of vibratory motion to the upper part of his body, and extending his pouch,—an evident sign of the pleasure which the animal felt.

When all present had sufficiently witnessed this proceeding, a sign was made to the Malabar, who, seizing the animal by the end of the tail, took him up with rapidity, and placed him in an empty basket. Before admitting him into the troop of dancers,—for one of them, he, as well as most of the cobra capellos that are taken, was destined to become,—it was necessary to deprive him of the means of being mischievous. To do this, he was placed at liberty upon the ground, he was then provoked by being struck with a piece of red cloth, fastened at the end of a stick, until at last he sprang furiously upon the cloth, which was then shaken with so much violence that his teeth were at length pulled out. He was then taken again by the tail, and placed in the basket.

The baskets in which the snakes are kept, and of which the Indians generally carry six, are flat and round; and fastened like scales at each end of a piece of bamboo, which rests upon the shoulders of the bearer. When the person who keeps the reptiles exhibits them in public, he commences by ranging the baskets before him in a semicircle, and makes the snakes come out in succession. At the sound of the instrument the animal becomes erect, resting with about one third of his body upon the ground; his pouch is extended, and he keeps up a balancing motion, the original impulse to which was given by the knee of the person

who plays the instrument. Before concluding the exhibition, it is customary to make the snake caress this instrument, which is done by keeping up the sound, and advancing the pipe towards the animal, who on his side rests his head upon a calabash, through which this pipe is passed. After this ceremony, the snakes are put into their baskets and carried away. A hard-boiled egg is the nourishment which they daily receive.

#### LATIN AND GREEK.

These languages are now become obsolete, and perhaps useless; yet, while they constitute part of the education of gentlemen, it is infamous not to know them. At the same time, by a whimsical feeling of mankind, it is thought pedantic and ungentlemanly to use them in any well-bred society. Seven or eight years are therefore employed in the education of our youth to save appearances. Time will correct this error.

#### SHERIDAN.

This was at once the most eloquent, the most ingenious, and most idle man of his time. I employed him to present the petition of the Grand Jury against Aris, and could not get him out of bed till half past four on the afternoon when it stood for discussion, and he then sat for half an hour with wet towels tied round his head, to relieve himself from a head-ache, occasioned by the previous night's debauch.

#### EMPLOYMENT.

The employment of the lower classes is to satisfy their hunger, and of the upper classes to discover medicines and consult doctors for the purpose of creating hunger. Many a rich man would give half his estate to feel as voraciously hungry as some of his meanest labourers.

#### GEORGE THE FOURTH.

The longest personal favourite whom the new King has ever kept is DU PACQUET, his dresser and chief valet. He is a Frenchman of the old school, and enjoys the unbounded confidence of his royal master. He is his caterer of small news, and of the chit-chat out of doors, and within the purlieus of the palace. At the same time it is just to add, that he has never been

charged with abusing a station, which in courts has often been the means of promoting dangerous intrigues.

The next domestic favourite is Wilmet, the chief cook, also a Frenchman, but familiarly called *Jack Hammond* (why, I know not;) but, in a luxurious court, a chief cook is a man who must be as often consulted as a minister of state.

Another royal favourite, and perhaps more harmless, is Nap the poodle dog, who was taken with Napoleon's carriage and was for many years the intelligent travelling companion of that great man. Nap now travels with his old master's more fortunate rival, to whom he is not less faithful, and whom he amuses by his numerous tricks and uncommon sagacity. It might have been hoped that the liberal treatment of the dog would have been extended to his illustrious master, who, by well authenticated accounts, is not only chained to a rock, but like Prometheus, is constantly tortured by a vulture.

#### THE WEST-INDIA ISLANDS.

These islands are ceasing to be desirable British colonies, except for purposes of ministerial patronage. Canada may supply them with lumber, but it cannot consume an equal amount of their produce. This, too, will in time be superseded by East-India produce under an open trade; for if we send our manufactures, and destroy the Hindoo manufactures, we must take their sugars and other East-India produce. The West-India islands seem likely, therefore, either to become independent, or to be incorporated with some of the continental American states which can barter with them.

#### THE BOURBONS.

When I was at Paris, I went with Mr Serjeant B. (now a judge) to see the Bourbon family return from chapel, and he was the only person who cheered them. We were walking away, and I was rallying the worthy Serjeant at the circumstance, when a couple of Frenchmen passed us quickly, and loaded us and our nation with the foulest epithets.

#### FRENCH MANNERS.

The French are an elegant people, but are guilty of little indelicacies: they pick their teeth with a fork.—No fruit shops in Paris, but fruit cellars—

Pine apples far inferior to ours ; even the grapes of Fontainebleau are inferior to those of our hot houses ! Grange's and Owen's in Piccadilly and Bond Street, have a finer display than any I have met with at Paris.—At breakfast they affect this hobby-horse : It is common to have a cup of coffee, without either milk or sugar, before they get up. Coffee always after dinner.—Religion almost confined to the *ancienne noblesse*.—Every woman of rank or fashion in France has her right to receive company. The party naturally divides into two : the old ones play cards ; the young ones dance and romp under the inspection of each married woman.

#### BELLS.

The Venetians pretend that they introduced bells at Constantinople, in the ninth century ; but the oldest mention we can find in the Byzantine writers, is of the year 1040.

#### DUELLING.

There is scarcely any subject on which more discordant opinions are entertained than on that of duelling ; and, whilst one party condemn it as a flagrant violation of all the laws both of God and man, others are contented to represent it as a necessary evil. Without, however, discussing at present the expediency of the practice, it appears that if an appeal must, in any case, be made to arms, the great object should be to place the champions on an equal footing, and prevent, as far as possible, the better cause from yielding to the more skilful combatant. In one single solitary instance has this been attained. On the borders of Austria and Turkey, where a private pique, or private quarrel of a single individual, might occasion the massacre of a family or village, the desolation of a province, and perhaps even the more extended horrors of a national war, whensoever any serious dispute arises between two subjects of the different empires, recourse is had to terminate it, to what is called "the custom of the frontier." A spacious plain or field is selected, whither, on an appointed day, judges of the respective nations repair, accompanied by all those whom curiosity or interest may assemble. The combatants are not re-

stricted in the choice or number of their arms, or in their method of fighting, but each is at liberty to employ whatsoever he conceives is most advantageous to himself, and avail himself of every artifice to ensure his own safety, and destroy the life of his antagonist. One of the last times that this method of deciding a quarrel on the frontiers was resorted to, the circumstances were sufficiently curious, and the recital of them may serve to illustrate what is mentioned above.

The phlegmatic German, armed with the most desperate weapon in the world—a rifled pistol mounted on a carbine stock, placed himself in the middle of the field ; and, conscious that he would infallibly destroy his enemy, if he could once get him within shot, began coolly to smoke his pipe. The Turk, on the contrary, with a pistol on one side and a pistol on the other, and two more in his holsters, and two more in his breast, and a carbine at his back, and a sabre by his side, and a dagger in his belt, advanced like a moving magazine, and, galloping round his adversary, kept incessantly firing at him. The German conscious that little or no danger was to be apprehended from such a marksman with such weapons, deliberately continued to smoke his pipe. The Turk at length perceiving a sort of little explosion, as if his antagonist's pistol had missed fire, advanced like lightning to cut him down, and almost immediately was shot dead. The wily German had put some gunpowder into his pipe, the light of which his enemy mistook, as the other had foreseen would be the case, for a flash in the pan ; and no longer fearing the superior skill and superior arms of his adversary, he fell a victim to them both when seconded by artifice.

#### THE AMAZONS.

The attention of the learned has been for a long time fixed upon the existence of the Amazons ; and the following result, deduced from the profound researches and extended investigations to which the subject has given rise, appears interesting and probable, and accords with the general tenor of history. An army of Sauromates having traversed Caucasus and Colchis,



penetrated into the lesser Asia, and established themselves on the banks of the river Thermodon; content with finding a plain which recalled to their minds the recollection of their country, and feeling, as the Greeks under Xenophon subsequently felt, apprehensive of not being able to pass the large rivers, such as the Halys, the Parthenius, and the Sangarius, these Nomades lived in the plain of Themiscyra, upon the produce of their flocks, and the booty which they acquired by pillaging their neighbours. In Scythia the women accompanied their husbands to war and to the chase, and were skilful in horsemanship and the use of the bow; here they guarded the shore. Some Greek sailors having met, fought with, and been conquered by them, reported these coasts to be entirely inhabited by women, who put every man who came amongst them to death; and hence arose the fables so prevalent in Greece. But that these pretended heroines at

first took arms to avenge the death of their husbands, then to defend themselves, and at last to subjugate their neighbours; that they had attempted an expedition against Athens; and that their queen Thalestris had gone herself, or sent ambassadors, to the camp of Alexander,—is what, in defiance of the authority of many poets, philosophers, and historians of antiquity, we are no longer permitted to believe. We may remember the expression of Lysimachus, when Oneryeritus read to him the history of Thalestris, with which he had embellished his work upon the exploits of Alexander—"Oh! where was I at that time?" said Lysimachus to him, smiling.

It is worthy of remark, that the names of Menalippa, Hyppolita, &c. given to these Sauromatides, these Amazons, are all Greek names; although it is manifest that these women must have borne barbarian names and derived from the language which they spoke.

## New Works.

A member of the indefatigable *Taylor Family*, of Ongar, has produced a volume, called the *Elements of Thought*. It compresses, in good modern language, and in an inviting form, the theoretical and practical doctrines contained in Watts's "Improvement of the Mind," and in the same author's work on Logic; and, as Watts in substance will live for ever, so Mr. Taylor, in giving us his substance in a neat volume, has rendered an useful service to all studious and inquisitive persons.

An Analytical Investigation of the Scriptural Claims of the Devil, and a similar enquiry into the meaning of the terms Sheol, Hades, and Gehenna, as used by the Scripture writers, by the Rev. RUSSELL SCOTT, of Portsmouth, which have been unavoidably delayed in passing through the press, will be published in the course of the present month.

A History of a severe Case of Neuralgia, commonly called Tic Douloureux, will speedily be published, occupying the nerves of the Right Thigh, Leg, and Foot, successfully treated; with some observations on that complaint, and on its causes, as they vary in different individuals; by G. D. YEATS, M. D. F. R. S.

We seldom interfere with theological works of a controversial nature, but we gladly make an exception in favour of *Letters addressed to the Calvinistic Christians of Warwick*, by an UNITARIAN CHRISTIAN, written, as appears from its advertisements,

by the Rev. WM. FIELD. This treatise has certainly fulfilled its professed object of answering a few calumnious pages of some ignorant person of that place; but it is not to its local topics that we wish to call the attention of our readers. The author has taken the present occasion to give an outline of the history of his sect, and has supported all their distinguishing doctrines with much ability. In the list of Unitarians which he gives, containing many great names, we were at first surprised to see some included who are not generally supposed to have entertained those views, though the author seems to adduce sufficient authority for inserting them. Amongst the most eminent, we observe Whiston, Newton, Locke, Dr. Watts, Wm. Penn, and Bishop Law. The Unitarian sect is, we believe, at present increasing with great rapidity. In the author of the work in question it certainly possesses a very spirited and efficient advocate; and, if we find any thing in his pages to alloy the pleasure of perusing them, it is, perhaps, that sometimes the author is in danger of falling into that error which he blames so much in his opponents—uncharitable feeling.

The Rev. WM. JAY has in the press, a new edition of his *Short Discourses for Families*.

A colossal statue of BURNS, the modern Scottish bard, is about to be erected in Edinburgh by Mr. Flaxman. We hope to be enabled to give a sketch of it.

## Original Poetry.

## LINES.

I sat in my bower alone, at night  
While o'er it the moonbeams sweetly  
shone ;

I look'd on the sky, with their glory bright,  
And worshipp'd the God of that starry  
throne.

I gazed on earth : that pure light blending  
With night's deep shade, so mellow'd the  
scene,

That I felt its beauty to sadness tending,  
And pondered o'er the errors and woes  
which had been.

Oh ! bitter was then the thought that sprung,  
Of my youth's bright promise by passion  
blighted ;

And keenly the arrows of conscience stung  
For deeds of folly, and duties slighted.

I wept, too, o'er moments of joy and glad-  
ness,

That, scorching like solar heat, had flown ;  
And I sigh'd, that my life, all rapture or  
sadness,  
So little the moonlight of pleasure had  
known.

I started—for music of tenderest strain  
Broke on the gloom of that pensive dream,  
Which thrill'd my heart with softer pain,  
And sooth'd it, though not with Hope's  
bright gleam.

I gazed once more on the vault of Heaven,  
Shining with stars, and from dark clouds  
free ;

And I pray'd that, my sins and faults for-  
given,  
One star of mercy might rise for me.

## OLD NICK'S PROMENADE.

[The late celebrated but unfortunate Pro-  
fessor Porson being once solicited in  
company to give some jocular proof of  
his abilities, complied by producing the  
following lines.]

From his brimstone bed, at break of day,  
A-waking the Devil is gone,  
To visit his snug little farm of the earth,  
And see how his stock goes on.  
And over the hill and over the dale  
He walked, and over the plain ;  
And backwards and forwards he switch'd  
his long tail,  
As a gentleman switches his cane.

And pray how was the devil drest,  
Oh ! he was in his Sunday best.  
His coat was red and his breeches were  
blue,  
With a hole behind where his tail came  
through.

He saw a lawyer killing a viper,  
On a dunghill beside his own stable,  
And the devil smil'd, for it put him in mind  
Of Cain and his brother Abel.

An apothecary, on a white horse,  
Rode by on his avocations :  
"Oh ! (says the devil,) there is my old  
friend,

Death in the Revelations."  
He saw a cottage with a double coach-house,  
A cottage of gentility !

And the Devil was pleased, for his darling  
vice

Is the pride that apes humility.  
He stepp'd into a rich bookseller's shop,  
Says he, "We are both of one college,  
For I myself sat, like a cormorant, once,  
Hard by on the tree of knowledge."

As he pass'd thro' Coldbath-fields he saw  
A solitary cell !

And the Devil was charm'd, for it gave him  
a hint

For improving the prisons of hell.  
He saw a turnkey in a trice  
Fetter a troublesome jade ; \*

"Ah ! nimble (quoth he,) do the fingers  
move

Whenever they are us'd to their trade."

He saw the same turnkey unfetter the same,  
But with little expedition,

And the Devil thought of the long debates  
On the slave-trade abolition.

Down the river did glide, with wind and  
with tide,

A pig with vast celerity !  
And the Devil grinn'd, for he saw all the  
while

How it cut its own throat, and he thought,  
with a smile,

Of England's commercial prosperity.

He saw a certain minister  
(A minister to his mind,)

Go up into a certain house,  
With a majority behind ;

The Devil quoted Genesis,  
Like a very learned clerk,

How "Noah and his creeping things  
Went up into the ark."

General Gascoigne's burning face  
He saw with consternation,

And back to hell his way did take ;  
For the Devil thought, by a slight mistake,

'Twas the general conflagration.

*On the Duke of York's horse Moses winning  
at Ascot Heath Races.*

At Ascot, when swift Moses won  
(A thing not done by slow fits !)  
What thought his royal owner on ?  
He thought, the joke I tell to you,  
His Highness is a Bishop too,  
On Moses and the Profits.

\* This gentleman had been very face-  
tious whilst soliciting some proof of the  
Professor's poetical talents.

# SPIRIT

OF THE

## ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

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BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 1, 1822.

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(London Time's Telescope for Sept. 1822.)

### September.

SEPTEMBER, like the following month, boasts many fine days, at least till the commencement of the autumnal equinox on the 22d, when a change in the weather generally takes place. The mornings and evenings are cool, but possess a delightful freshness, while the middle of the day is pleasantly warm and open. The sportsman is an early riser, and does not fail to enjoy the 'incense-breathing morn,' in all her native freshness. There are but few, we fear, who 'the melodies of morn can tell;' to such we would exclaim, in the language of Ramsay in the *Faithful Shepherdess* :—

See the day begins to break,  
And the light shoots like a streak  
Of subtle fire; the wind blows cold  
While the morning doth unfold;  
Now the birds begin to rouse,  
And the squirrel from the boughs  
Leaps, to get him nuts and fruit;  
The early lark, that erst was mute,  
Carols to the rising day  
Many a note and many a lay.

A morning's walk at this season is replete with gratification to the admirer of Nature's beauties. What a magnificent phenomenon is every day exhibited in the rising of the Sun! yet how common is the observation, that indolence and the love of sleep prevent a great part of mankind from contemplating this beauteous wonder of the creation! What numbers are there, in high

life especially, who prefer a few more hours of sleep to all the pleasures of a morning walk.

This circumstance has been ridiculed with great propriety by Addison, in the *Spectator*. 'The unaccountable disposition in mankind to continue awake in the night, and sleep in the sunshine, has made me inquire, whether the same change has happened to any other animals? For this reason, I desired a friend of mine in the country to let me know whether the lark rises as early as it did formerly, and whether the cock begins to crow at his usual hour? My friend has answered me, That his poultry are as regular as ever, and that all the birds and the beasts of his neighbourhood keep the same hours that they have observed in the memory of man; and the same which, in all probability, they have kept for these five thousand years.' The same excellent author continues, in a more serious strain, 'Who would not wonder at this perverted relish of those who are reckoned the most polite part of mankind, that prefer coal and candles to the Sun, and exchange so many cheerful morning hours for the pleasures of midnight revels and debauches? If a man were only to consult his health, he would choose to live his whole time, if possible, in daylight, and to retire out of the world into silence and sleep, while the raw damps and unwholesome vapours

fly abroad, without a sun to disperse, moderate, or control them. For my own part, I value an hour in the morning, as much as common libertines do an hour at midnight. When I find myself awakened into being, and perceive my life renewed within me, and at the same time see the whole face of nature recovered out of the dark uncomfortable state in which it lay for several hours, my heart overflows with such secret sentiments of joy and gratitude, as are a kind of implicit praise to the great Author of Nature. The mind, in these early seasons of the day, is so refreshed in all its faculties, and borne up with such new supplies of animal spirits, that she finds herself in a state of youth, especially when she is entertained with the breath of flowers, the melody of birds, the dews that hang upon the plants, and all those other sweets of Nature that are peculiar to the morning. But it is impossible for a man to have this relish of being, this exquisite taste of life, who does not come into the world before it is in all its noise and hurry; who loses the rising of the Sun, the still hour of the day, and immediately upon his first getting up, plunges himself into the ordinary cares or follies of the world.'

But it is not indolence and the love of sleep only that give rise to these observations. Beauty ceases to charm, and magnificence to strike, when the object, however perfect it may be, is become familiar to a mind unaccustomed to reflect on the order and harmony of the creation, and on those wonderful relations between all the objects of it which naturally lead the devout man to the contemplation of a First Cause, the Life, and Soul, and Energy of All. Hence we observe a kind of culpable inattention and indifference, even in those who are most habituated to rural scenes, and who, consequently, must enjoy the most frequent opportunities of admiring and contemplating the works of Nature. Satisfied, for instance, that the sun enlightens the world, and dispenses the most essential benefits to mankind, they have no solicitude to explore the cause of these wonderful effects. They view, every day, the most glorious object in Na-

ture, without one emotion of grateful pleasure, without one idea or reflection. How different the feelings of the poet, as expressed in these charming lines:—

Sweet is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet,  
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the Sun,  
When first on this delightful land he spreads  
His orient beams on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,  
Glist'ring with dew. Milton.

It is certain that we nowhere meet with a more glorious or more pleasing show of Nature, than what appears in the heavens at the rising of the Sun. The richest decorations, the most variegated and the most gorgeous scenery, that human fancy can imagine, must vanish into nothing when compared with a spectacle in which radiance and beauty are so pre-eminent.

The oak begins to shed its acorns, and the beech nuts fall; both of which are termed mast. A luxurious pasturage is afforded for such hogs as are kept on the borders of forests, for about six weeks, from the end of September.

The method of treating hogs at this season of migration, and of reducing a large herd of these ungovernable brutes to perfect obedience and good government, is very curious. The mode pursued in New Forest is thus detailed:—

'The first step the swine-herd takes, is to investigate some close sheltered part of the forest where there is a conveniency of water, and plenty of oak, or beech-mast, the former of which he prefers, when he can have it in abundance. He fixes next upon some slight circular fence of the dimensions he wants; and, covering it roughly with boughs and sods, he fills it plentifully with straw or fern.

'Having made this preparation, he collects his colony among the farmers, with whom he generally agrees for a shilling a head, and will get together a herd of 5 or 600 hogs. Having driven them to their destined habitation, he gives them a plentiful supper of acorns, or beech-mast, which he had already provided, sounding his horn during the repast. He then turns them into the litter, where, after a long journey, and a hearty meal, they sleep deliciously.

'The next morning he lets them look a little around them; shows them the

pool, or stream, where they may occasionally drink ; leaves them to pick up the offals of the last night's meal ; and, as evening draws on, gives them another plentiful repast under the neighbouring trees, which rain acorns upon them for an hour together, at the sound of his horn. He then sends them again to sleep. The following day he is, perhaps, at the pains of procuring them another meal, with music playing as usual. He then leaves them a little more to themselves, having an eye, however, on their evening hours. But as their bellies are full, they seldom wander far from home, retiring commonly very orderly and early to bed.

‘ After this, he throws his sty open, and leaves them to cater for themselves ; and from henceforward has little more trouble with them during the whole time of their migration. Now and then, in calm weather when mast falls sparingly, he calls them, perhaps, together by the music of his horn to a gratuitous meal ; but in general they need little attention, returning regularly home at night, tho’ they wander in the day two or three miles from their sty. There are experienced leaders in all herds, which have spent this roving life before, and instruct their juniors in the method of it. By this management the herd is carried home to their respective owners

in such condition, that a little dry meal will soon fatten them.’

The autumnal equinox happens on the 22d of September, and, at this time, the days and nights are equal all over the earth. Heavy storms of wind and rain are experienced as at the vernal equinox.

In this month, Nature continues to pour out all her ‘ autumnal fruitery’ from her Amalthean horn, and to present ungrateful man with a store of the most delicious fruit ;—‘ plums, round, and of blooming hue’—‘ golden apples’—‘ glossy nuts’—and

*Wood-berries,*

That blush in scarlet ripeness through the dew.  
The vine her curling tendrils shoots,  
Hangs out her clusters, glowing, to the south,  
And scarcely wishes for a warmer sky.

The Persian vine-dressers do all in their power to make the vine run up the wall, and curl over on the other side, which they do by tying stones to the extremity of the tendril. May not this illustrate that beautiful passage used in Genesis xlix. 22 ? *Joseph is a fruitful bough ; even a fruitful bough by a well, whose branches run over the wall.* The vine, particularly in Turkey and Greece, is frequently made to entwine on trellises, around a well, where in the heat of the day, whole families collect themselves, and sit under the shade.

(English Magazines, July.)

### A VOICE FROM SAINT HELENA.

BY BARRY E. O'MEARA, ESQ. LATE SURGEON TO THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

THIS work, from which, our readers will recollect, some extracts were given in our last, is on the eve of publication, but has not yet made its appearance. We avail ourselves therefore of the copy in our possession to lay before our readers a further selection from its contents. The work purports to be a compilation of Napoleon's private observations during the first three years of his captivity at St. Helena, taken down upon the spot each day, immediately after the narrator parted from his company. It is a simple, unadorned narrative of the conversations

of Napoleon, not spoiled or brought into suspicion by any attempt at finery,—it is the *Boswellina* of Bonaparte, unalloyed by the (certainly amusing) egotism of the northern biographer. To the work is prefixed a fac-simile of Napoleon's manuscript of the following sentence, the original of which is in the author's possession.

Je prie mes parens et amis de croire tout ce que le Docteur O'Meara leur dira relativement a la position ou je me trouve et aux sentimens que je conserve. S'il voit ma bonne Louise je la prie de permettre qu'il lui baise les mains.

Le 25 Juillet, 1818.

NAPOLEON.

This speaks clearly the high confidence which Napoleon placed in the person to whom it was given, and confirms the strong internal evidence which every page presents of its authenticity. In addition to this, there is the attestation of Mr. Holmes, the agent of Napoleon in this country, that he received the original manuscript from St. Helena long before the arrival of Mr. O'Meara in England, a proof that the compilation was no afterthought. We think Mr. O'Meara has only acted justly towards himself, and respectfully towards the public, in producing those vouchers for the credit which he demands from them : but the trouble was scarcely necessary ; there are so many anecdotes which none but Napoleon could tell—so many phrases, which none but Napoleon could use—such *intensity* of diction, and varieties of singular and interesting disclosure, that it is difficult to refuse assent. The very nature of the work renders it necessarily most curious—there has not been a public event for the last thirty years—an actor of any distinction upon the political scene—a general of any fame—a minister of any eminence—a battle—a court—a treaty, or in short, an occurrence of any national interest whatever, which we have not Napoleon sketching for us in his own proper person, with all the rapidity and familiarity of conversation. The most minute details of his youth, his elevation, his prosperity, and his fall—the characters with whom he either combated or associated—the different members of his own family, their faults and capabilities—the crimes of which he was accused with his own defences, the failures which he fell into, the achievements which he executed, and the plans which he had in prospect, are all developed with most interesting minuteness. One circumstance has struck us forcibly, as we have no doubt it will every one else on a perusal of this book, and that is, the facility of intercourse which Napoleon admitted, and his extreme communicativeness upon every subject ; to be sure, it is natural enough that a man like him, after the surprising activity of the life he led, might wish to relieve the rigours of his confinement

by a recurrence to the scenes in which he was so distinguished, thus as it were stealing a balm for the present from the memory of the past ; still we did not expect to meet with so entire an absence of reserve. It is time, however, to allow the reader to judge for himself by some out of the numberless entertaining anecdotes with which these volumes abound. We should perhaps mention that the book is written in the unassuming but natural form of a diary. The following are some of his opinions of the persons to whom perhaps in the world he was most attached—the Empress Josephine.

“ Had some conversation with him relative to the Empress Josephine, of whom he spoke in terms the most affectionate. His first acquaintance with that amiable being, commenced after the disarming of the sections in Paris subsequently to the 13th of Vendémiaire, 1765. ‘ A boy of twelve or thirteen years old presented himself to me,’ continued he, ‘ and entreated that his father’s sword (who had been a general of the republic) should be returned. I was so touched by this affectionate request, that I ordered it to be given to him. This boy was Eugene Beauharnois. On seeing the sword, he burst into tears. I felt so much affected by his conduct, that I noticed and praised him much. A few days afterwards his mother came to return me a visit of thanks. I was much struck with her appearance, and still more with her *esprit*. This first impression was daily strengthened, and marriage was not long in following.’ And again—“ Josephine was subject to nervous attacks when in affliction. She was really an amiable woman—elegant, charming and affable. *Era la dama la piu graziosa di Francia*. She was the goddess of the toilet ; all the fashions originated with her ; every thing she put on appeared elegant ; and she was so kind, so humane—she was the best woman in France.” In another place he says of her,—“ Josephine died worth about eighteen millions of francs. She was the greatest patroness of the fine arts that had been known in France for a series of years. She had frequently little disputes with Denon and

even with myself, as she wanted to procure fine statues and pictures for her own gallery instead of the Museum. Now I always acted to please the people; and whenever I obtained a fine statue or a valuable picture I sent it there for the benefit of the nation. Josephine was Grace personified. Every thing she did was with a peculiar grace and delicacy. I never saw her act inelegantly during the whole time we lived together. She had grace *en se couchant*. Her toilet was a perfect arsenal, and she effectually defended herself against the assaults of time."

Of Marie Louise also he seems to have been very fond. The author relates that, he made him read to him three several times, out of the Observer Newspaper, an account of her having fallen off her horse into the Po and narrowly escaped drowning; an accident by which he appeared much affected. We have already seen that her own picture and that of her son decorated his mantel-piece; he had subsequently received from Europe a bust of young Napoleon, upon which he used to gaze at times with the most tender expression of affection. Napoleon seemed fully impressed with an opinion that his affection for Marie Louise was returned to the last; and if the story which he relates be true, it is indeed highly to her honour.

"I have," continued he, "been twice married. Political motives induced me to divorce my first wife, whom I tenderly loved. She, poor woman, fortunately for herself, died in time to prevent her witnessing the last of my misfortunes. Let Marie Louise be asked with what tenderness and affection I always treated her. After her forcible separation from me, she avowed in the most feeling terms to \* \* \* her ardent desire to join me, extolled with many tears both myself and my conduct to her, and bitterly lamented her cruel separation, avowing her ardent desire to join me in my exile."

Of his own family, and particularly of the females, he appears to have been fond of indulging the recollection.

"My excellent mother," said he, "is a woman of courage and of great talent, more of a masculine than a

feminine nature, proud and high minded. She is capable of selling every thing even to her chemise for me. I allowed her a million a year, besides a palace, and giving her many presents. To the manner in which she formed me at an early age I principally owe my subsequent elevation. My opinion is, that the future good or bad conduct of a child depends entirely upon the mother. She is very rich. Most of my family considered that I might die, that accidents might happen, and consequently took care to secure something. They have preserved a great part of their property." Of Joseph he thus speaks. "His virtues and talents are those of a private character; and for such nature intended him: he is too good to be a great man. He has no ambition. He is very like me in person, but handsomer. He is extremely well informed, but his learning is not that which is fitted for a king; nor is he capable of commanding an army."

It is a curious fact, that Napoleon besought Mr. O'Meara to collect for him every book he could in which he was libelled, and read and commented on them continually, sometimes seriously refuting them, but oftener in strains of ridicule. Occasionally some very awkward stories came out about their authors. We shall only extract one relating to Madame de Stäel.

"Madame de Stäel," said he, "was a woman of considerable talent and great ambition; but so extremely intriguing and restless, as to give rise to the observation, that she would throw her friends into the sea, that she might have an opportunity of saving them. I was obliged to banish her from court. At Geneva, she became very intimate with my brother Joseph, whom she gained by her conversation and writings. When I returned from Elba, she sent her son to be presented to me on purpose to ask payment of two millions, which her father Neckar had lent out of his private property to Louis XVI. and to offer her services, provided I complied with this request. As I knew what he wanted, and thought that I could not grant it without ill-treating others who were in a similar predicament, I did not wish to see him,

and gave directions that he should not be introduced. However, Joseph would not be denied, and brought him in in spite of the order, the attendants at the door not liking to refuse my brother, especially as he said that he would be answerable for the consequences. I received him very politely, heard his business, and replied, that I was very sorry it was not in my power to comply with his request, as it was contrary to the laws, and would do an injustice to many others. Madame de Staël was not however contented with this. She wrote a long letter to Fouché, in which she stated her claims, and that she wanted the money in order to portion her daughter in marriage to the Duc de Broglie, promising that if I complied with her request, I might command her and hers; that she *would be black and white for me*. Fouché communicated this, and advised me strongly to comply, urging that in so critical a time she might be of considerable service. I answered, that I would make no bargains.

"Shortly after my return from the conquest of Italy," continued he, "I was accosted by Madame de Staël in a large company, though at that time I avoided going out much in public. She followed me every where, and stuck so close that I could not shake her off. At last she asked me, 'who at this moment is *la première femme du monde*?' intending to pay a compliment to me, and expecting that I would return it. I looked at her, and coldly replied, 'she who has borne the greatest number of children,' turned round, and left her greatly confused and abashed. He concluded by observing, that he could not call her a *wicked woman*, but that she was a *restless intrigante*, possessed of considerable talent and influence."

Napoleon, however, did not content himself with merely retorting on the motives of his traducers. Wherever there appeared any colour for the accusation he went at length into the real facts, stating what took place, and what he had to say in his vindication. Thus the three great accusations against him, the poisoning of the soldiers, the massacre of the Turks, and the death of

the Duke D'Enghien, he minutely enters into. He states the circumstances which gave rise to the report of the first, which he asserts never happened at all, and adds that there is no person in England now more convinced of its falsehood than the person who gave it the greatest circulation here, Sir Robert Wilson. If this be the fact, Sir R. Wilson is called upon by every feeling which ought to actuate an honourable man to come forward manfully and confess his misinformation. The destruction of 1200 Turks he avows and justifies; appealing to every military man for his justification: but war, we are afraid, has little connection with morality. Alluding to the death of the Duke D'Enghien, he says he was clearly implicated in the conspiracy of Pichegru and Moreau. We take at random one passage on this subject; which is, however, frequently discussed by Napoleon at much greater length. We must premise that he uniformly imputes the denouement to the persevering instigation of Talleyrand.

"It was found out," continued Napoleon, "by the confession of some of the conspirators, that the Duc d'Enghien was an accomplice, and that he was only waiting on the frontiers of France for the news of my assassination, upon receiving which he was to have entered France as the king's lieutenant. Was I to suffer that the Count d'Artois should send a parcel of miscreants to murder me, and that a prince of his house should hover on the borders of the country I governed, in order to profit by my assassination? According to the laws of nature, I was authorized to cause him to be assassinated in retaliation for the numerous attempts of the kind that he had before caused to be made against me. I gave orders to have him seized. He was tried and condemned by a law made long before I had any power in France. He was tried by a military commission formed of all the colonels of the regiments then at Paris. He was accused of having borne arms against the republic, which he did not deny. When before the tribunal, he behaved with great bravery. When he arrived at Strasburg, he wrote a letter to me, in



which he offered to discover every thing if pardon were granted to him, said that his family had lost their claims for a long time, and concluded by offering his services to me. This letter was delivered to Talleyrand, who concealed it until after his execution. Had the Count d'Artois been in his place, he would have suffered the same fate ; and were I now placed under similar circumstances, I would act in a similar manner. As the police," added Napoleon, " did not like to trust to the evidence of Mehée de la Touche alone, they sent Captain Rosey, a man in whose integrity they had every confidence, to Drake at Munich, with a letter from Mehée, which procured him an interview, the result of which confirmed Mehée's statement, that he was concerned in a plot to *terrasser le premier consul*, no matter by what means."\*

But we gladly turn from these topics to the sketches of character with which the book is filled. Nothing can be more amusing than some, or more intensely interesting than others. We question much whether they are not far better hit off in conversation as they appear, than if they had been the result of labour and deliberation. The character of Murat thus thrown off could not be improved by any polish :—

"I informed him that Colonel Macirone, aid-de-camp to Murat, had published some anecdotes of his late master. "What does he say of me?" said Napoleon. I replied, that I had not seen the book, but had been informed by Sir Thomas Reade that he spoke ill of him. "Oh," said he, laughing, "that is nothing ; I am well accustomed to it. But what does he say?" I answered, it was asserted that Murat had imputed the loss of the battle of Waterloo to the cavalry not having been properly employed, and had said, that if he (Murat) had commanded them, the French would have gained the victory. "It is very probable," re-

plied Napoleon ; "I could not be every where ; and Murat was the best cavalry officer in the world. He would have given more impetuosity to the charge. There wanted but very little, I assure you, to gain the day for me. *Enfoncer deux ou trois bataillons*, and in all probability Murat would have effected that. There were not I believe two such officers in the world as Murat for the cavalry, and Drouot for the artillery. Murat was a most singular character. Four and twenty years ago, when he was a captain, I made him my aid-de-camp, and subsequently raised him to be what he was. He loved, I may rather say, adored me. In my presence he was as it were struck with awe, and ready to fall at my feet. I acted wrong in having separated him from me, as without me, he was nothing. With me, he was my right arm. Order Murat to attack and destroy four or five thousand men in such a direction, it was done in a moment ; but leave him to himself he was an *imbécile* without judgment. I cannot conceive how so brave a man could be so *lâche*. He was no where brave unless before the enemy. *There* he was probably the bravest man in the world. His boiling courage carried him into the midst of the enemy, *couvert de pennes jusqu'au clocher*, and glittering with gold. How he escaped is a miracle, being as he was always a distinguished mark, and fired at by every body. Even the Cossacs admired him on account of his extraordinary bravery. Every day Murat was engaged in single combat with some of them, and never returned without his sabre dropping with the blood of those whom he had slain. He was a Paladine, in fact a Don Quixote in the field ; but take him into the cabinet, he was a poltroon without judgment or decision. Murat and Ney were the bravest men I ever witnessed. Murat, however, was a much nobler character than Ney. Murat was generous and open ; Ney partook of the *canaille*. Strange to say, however, Murat, though he loved me, did me more mischief than any other person in the world. When I left Elba, I sent a messenger to acquaint him with what I had done. Immedi-

\* While the Duc d'Enghien was on his trial, Madame la Marechale Bessiere said to Colonel Ordener, who had arrested him, "Are there no possible means to save that *malheureux* ? Has his guilt been established beyond a doubt?" "Madame," replied Colonel Ordener, "I found in his house sacks of papers sufficient to compromise the half of France."—The duke was executed in the morning, and not by torch-light as has been represented.

ately he must attack the Austrians. The messenger went upon his knees to prevent him ; but in vain. He thought me already master of France, Belgium, and Holland, and that he must make his peace, and not adhere to *demi-mesures*. Like a madman, he attacked the Austrians with his *canaille*, and ruined me. For at that time there was a negociation going on between Austria and me, stipulating that the former should remain neuter, which would have been finally concluded, and I should have reigned undisturbed. But as soon as Murat attacked the Austrians, the emperor immediately conceived that he was acting by my directions, and indeed it will be difficult to make posterity believe to the contrary. Metternich said, ‘ Oh, the Emperor Napoleon is the same as ever. A man of iron. The trip to Elba has not changed him. Nothing will ever alter him ; all or nothing for him.’ Austria joined the coalition, and I was lost. Murat was unconscious that my conduct was regulated by circumstances and adapted to them. He was like a man gazing at the scenes shifting at the opera, without ever thinking of the machinery behind, by which the whole is moved. He never however thought that his secession in the first instance would have been so injurious to me, or he would not have joined the allies. He concluded that I should be obliged to give up Italy and some other countries, but never contemplated my total ruin.”

There are many sketches of Murat, but this is the best. It was Mr. O’Meara who communicated to Napoleon the intelligence of Murat’s death. “ He heard it,” says he, “ with calmness, and immediately demanded if he had perished on the field of battle.” He afterwards remarked that the conduct of the Calabrese towards Murat was mercy compared with the treatment which *he* was experiencing. The following are descriptions of some of his generals and ministers.

“ Moreau,” said he, “ was an excellent general of division, but not fit to command a large army. With a hundred thousand men, Moreau would divide his army in different positions,

covering roads, and would not do more than if he had only thirty thousand. He did not know how to profit either by the number of his troops, or by their positions. Very calm and cool in the field, he was more collected and better able to command in the heat of an action than to make dispositions prior to it. He was often seen smoking his pipe in battle. Moreau was not naturally a man of a bad heart ; *Un bon vivant, mais il n’avait pas beaucoup de caractère*. He was led away by his wife and another intriguing Creole. His having joined Pichegru and Georges in the conspiracy, and subsequently having closed his life fighting against his country, will ever disgrace his memory. As a general, Moreau was infinitely inferior to Desaix, or to Kleber, or even to Soult. Of all the generals I ever had under me, Desaix and Kleber possessed the greatest talents ; especially Desaix, as Kleber only loved glory, inasmuch as it was the means of procuring him riches and pleasures, whereas Desaix loved glory for itself and despised every thing else. Desaix was wholly wrapt up in war and glory. To him riches and pleasure were valueless, nor did he give them a moment’s thought. He was a little black-looking man, about an inch shorter than I am, always badly dressed, sometimes even ragged, and despising comfort and convenience. When in Egypt, I made him a present of a complete field-equipage several times, but he always lost it. Wrapt up in a cloak, Desaix threw himself under a gun, and slept as contentedly as if he were in a palace. For him luxury had no charms. Upright and honest in all his proceedings, he was called by the Arabs, *the just sultan*. He was intended by nature for a great general. Kleber and Desaix were a loss irreparable to France. Had Kleber lived, your army in Egypt would have perished. Had that imbecile Menou attacked you on your landing with twenty thousand men, as he might have done, instead of the division Lanusse, your army would have been only a meal for them. Your army was seventeen or eighteen thousand strong, without cavalry.”

I asked his opinion of Clarke. He replied, "he is not a man of talent, but he is laborious and useful in the *bureau*. He is, moreover, incorruptible, and saving of the public money, which he never has appropriated to his own use. He is an excellent *redacteur*. He is not a soldier, however, nor do I believe that he ever saw a shot fired in his life. He is infatuated with his nobility. He pretends that he is descended from the ancient kings of Scotland, or Ireland, and constantly vaunts of his noble descent. A good clerk. I sent him to Florence as ambassador, where he employed himself in nothing but turning over the old musty records of the place, in search of proofs of the nobility of my family, for you must know that they come from Florence. He plagued me with letters upon this subject, which caused me to write to him to attend to the business for which he had been sent to Florence, and not to trouble his head or mine with his nonsense about nobility; that I was the *first* of my family. Notwithstanding this, he still continued his inquiries. When I returned from Elba, he offered his services to me, but I sent him word that I would not employ any traitors, and ordered him to his estates." I asked if he thought that Clarke would have served him faithfully. "Yes," replied the emperor, "as long as I was the strongest, like a great many others."

The characters of Fouché and Talleyrand are strongly and unfavourably drawn. The following anecdote, if not probable, is at least amusing.

"Madame Talleyrand was a very fine woman, English or East Indian, but *sotte* and grossly ignorant. I sometimes asked Denon, whose works I suppose you have read, to breakfast with me, as I took a pleasure in his conversation, and conversed very freely with him. Now all the intriguers and speculators paid their court to Denon, with a view of inducing him to mention their projects or themselves in the course of his conversation with me, thinking that even being mentioned by such a man as Denon, for whom I had a great esteem, might materially serve

them. Talleyrand, who was a great speculator, invited Denon to dinner. When he went home to his wife, he said, 'my dear, I have invited Denon to dine. He is a great traveller, and you must say something handsome to him about his travels, as he may be useful to us with the emperor.' His wife being extremely ignorant, and probably never having read any other book of travels than that of Robinson Crusoe, concluded that Denon could be nobody else than Robinson. Wishing to be very civil to him, she, before a large company, asked him divers questions about his man Friday! Denon, astonished, did not know what to think at first, but at length discovered by her questions that she really imagined him to be Robinson Crusoe. His astonishment and that of the company cannot be described, nor the peals of laughter which it excited in Paris, as the story flew like wildfire through the city, and *even* Talleyrand himself was ashamed of it.

"At one time I had appointed Talleyrand," said he, "to proceed on a mission to Warsaw, in order to arrange and organize the best method of accomplishing the separation of Poland from Russia. He had several conferences with me respecting this mission, which was a great surprise to the ministers, as Talleyrand had no official character at the time. Having married one of his relations to the Duchess of Courland, Talleyrand was very anxious to receive the appointment, in order to revive the claims of the Duchess's family. However, some money transactions of his were discovered at Vienna, which convinced me that he was carrying on the old game and determined me not to employ him on the intended mission. I had designed at one time to have made him a cardinal, with which he refused to comply. Madame Grand threw herself twice upon her knees before me, in order to obtain permission to marry him, which I refused; but through the intreaties of Josephine, she succeeded on the second application. I afterwards forbade her the court, when I discovered the Genoa affair, of which

I told you before. Latterly," continued he, "Talleyrand sunk into contempt."

The following is his description of Carnot.

"A man laborious and sincere, but liable to the influence of intrigues and easily deceived. He had directed the operations of war, without having merited the eulogiums which were pronounced upon him, as he had neither the experience, nor the habitude of war. When minister of war, he shewed but little talent, and had many quarrels with the ministers of finance and the treasury; in all of which he was wrong. He left the ministry, convinced that he could not fulfil his station for want of money. He afterwards voted against the establishment of the empire, but as his conduct was always upright, he never gave any umbrage to the government. During the prosperity of the empire, he never asked for any thing; but after the misfortunes of Russia, he demanded employment, and got the command of Antwerp, where he acquitted himself very well. After Napoleon's return from Elba, he was minister of the interior; and the emperor had every reason to be satisfied with his conduct. He was faithful, a man of truth and probity, and laborious in his exertions. After the abdication, he was named one of the provisional government, but he was *joué* by the intriguers by whom he was surrounded. He had passed for an original amongst his companions when he was young. He hated the nobles, and on that account had several quarrels with Robespierre, who latterly protected many of them. He was member of the committee of public safety along with Robespierre, Couthon, St. Just, and the other butchers, and was the only one who was not denounced. He afterwards demanded to be included in the denunciation, and to be tried for his conduct, as well as the others, which was refused; but his having made the demand to share the fate of the rest, gained him great credit."

The last character which we can afford to take out of these volumes, is that of his Majesty of Prussia.

I asked him, if the king of Prussia was a man of talent. "Who," said he, "the king of Prussia?" He burst into a fit of laughter. "He a man of talent! The greatest blockhead on earth. *Un ignorantaccio che non ha nè talente, nè informazione.* A Don Quixote in appearance. I know him well. He cannot hold a conversation for five minutes."

"When," continued Napoleon, "I was at Tilsit, with the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia, I was the most ignorant of the three in military affairs. These two sovereigns, especially the King of Prussia, were completely *au fait*, as to the number of buttons there ought to be in the front of a jacket, how many behind, and the manner in which the skirts ought to be cut. Not a tailor in the army knew better than King Frederic, how many measures of cloth it took to make a jacket. In fact," continued he, laughing, "I was nobody in comparison with them. They continually tormented me with questions about matters belonging to tailors, of which I was entirely ignorant, though in order not to affront them, I answered just as gravely as if the fate of an army depended upon the cut of a jacket. When I went to see the King of Prussia, instead of a library, I found he had a large room, like an arsenal, furnished with shelves and pegs, in which were placed fifty or sixty jackets of various modes. Every day he changed his fashion, and put on a different one. He was a tall, dry looking fellow, and would give a good idea of Don Quixote. He attached more importance to the cut of a dragoon or a hussar uniform, than was necessary for the salvation of a kingdom. At Jena, his army performed the finest and most showy manœuvres possible, but I soon put a stop to their *coglionerie*, and taught them, that to fight, and to execute dazzling manœuvres and wear splendid uniforms, were very different affairs. If," added he, "the French army had been commanded by a tailor the King of Prussia would certainly have gained the day, from his superior knowledge in that art; but as victories depend more upon the skill of the gen-

eral commanding the troops, than upon that of the tailor who makes their jackets, he consequently failed."

It is a curious fact, and one mortifying enough to human greatness, that Napoleon declared, that the happiest days he ever passed were when he was but a private man, "living in a lodging near Paris." Being asked by Mr. O'Meara, what was his happiest point of time after his accession to the throne he instantly replied, "the march from Cannes to Paris." This our readers will doubtless recollect, was after the expedition from Elba. He declares, that he had no idea of departing from Elba, at first; and that, on the contrary, he would have contentedly remained there, had it not been for the numberless violations of the treaty of Fontainebleau by the allies; amongst the most prominent of which he enumerates the following. He says, it was stipulated that all the members of his family should be permitted to follow him, and that this was violated by the almost instant seizure of his wife and child; that they were to have had the duchies of Parma, Placentia, and Guastalla, of which they were deprived; that prince Eugene was to have had a principality in Italy, which was never given; that his mother and brothers were to receive pensions, which were withheld; that his own private property, and the savings which he had made on the civil list, were to be preserved to him, but on the contrary they were seized; that the private property of his family was to be held sacred, but it was confiscated; that the dotations assigned to the army, on the Mont Napoleon, were to be preserved, but they were suppressed; that 100,000 francs, which were to be paid as pensions, to persons pointed out by him, were never paid; and last, that assassins were sent to Elba to murder him.

It must by no means be understood, that Napoleon uttered sweeping and indiscriminate censures upon those Englishmen who were opposed to him; even in acknowledging a repulse at Acre from Sir Sidney Smith, he speaks of him in terms of commendation, and

says, "he liked his character."—Of Lord Cornwallis his sentiments are quite enthusiastic—of Sir John Moore he said, that he was "a brave soldier, an excellent officer, and a man of talent, and that the few mistakes he made were probably inseparable from the difficulties by which he was surrounded."—Mr. Fox, he said, was so great and so good a man, that every member of his family seemed to have taken a tinge from his virtues.—Speaking of Admiral Sir Pulteney Malcolm he said—"his countenance bespeaks his heart, and I am sure he is a good man; I never yet beheld a man of whom I so immediately formed a good opinion as of that fine, soldier-like old man—*there is the face of an Englishman*—a countenance, pleasing, open, intelligent, frank, sincere."—Of Sir George Cockburn also, who appears to have done his duty strictly, but like a gentleman, he spoke in terms of commendation.—On the subjects both of his elevation and his fall, he is extremely minute and interesting. Our readers may recollect two reports, which in this country certainly gained considerable currency; one, that Napoleon owed much of his rise to Barras; and the other, that he at one time in his early life offered his services to England. Both of these he declares to be "romans," and says, he did not know Barras till long after the siege of Toulon, where he was chiefly indebted to Gasparin, the deputy for Orange, who protected him against the *ignorantacci* sent down by the Convention; he goes on to say, that Paoli always anticipated his elevation, and when he was a boy used frequently to pat him on the head and say, *You are one of Plutarch's men*. On the subject of his fall, in answer to a question from Mr. O'Meara, whether he did not consider Baron Stein as mainly instrumental to it? he said immediately—"No—none but myself ever did me any harm; I was, I may say, the only enemy to myself; my own projects—that expedition to Moscow, and the accidents which happened there, were the causes of my fall. I may, however, say, that those who made no opposition to me, who read-

ily agreed with me, entered into all my views, and submitted with facility, were my greatest enemies ; because, by the facility of conquest they afforded, they encouraged me to go too far." How happy would it be for the world if kings reflected upon this in time ! In his exile, Napoleon seems to have solaced himself much with the idea that Marie Louise was strongly attached to him, and he was repeatedly recurring to the mention of the King of Rome.

I ventured, said Mr. O'Meara, upon another occasion, to express my surprise to Napoleon, that the Empress Marie Louise had not made some exertion in his behalf. "I believe," replied the Emperor, "that Marie Louise is just as much a state prisoner as I am myself, except that more attention is paid to decorum in the restraints imposed upon her. I have always had

occasion to praise the conduct of my good Louise, and I believe that it is totally out of her power to assist me ; moreover, she is young and timorous. It was, perhaps, a misfortune to me, that I had not married a sister of the Emperor Alexander, as proposed to me by Alexander himself, at Erfurth. But there were inconveniencies in that union, arising from her religion. I did not like to allow a Russian priest to be the confessor of my wife, as I considered that he would have been a spy in the Thuilleries for Alexander. It has been said, that my union with Marie Louise was made a stipulation in the treaty of peace with Austria, which is not true. I should have spurned the idea. It was first proposed by the Emperor Francis himself, and by Metternich to Narbonne.

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BRACEBRIDGE-HALL. BY GEOFFREY GRAYON, GENT.

THE public often appears an ungenerous, at all times a suspicious patron, warm as a child in the first burst of its enthusiasm, and still displaying its infantine temper in its capricious mode of treating old favourites. But after all, its ungraciousness is more in semblance than in reality—its stock of favour and compliment has been already exhausted—and, too sincere to keep a reserve of admiration, it feels itself quite unable to meet a renewed demand. Hence, if the early publications of an author have met with eminent success, his later ones are sure to meet with rebuffs *in seeming*. The reader cannot abandon himself to admiration exclusively : comparisons are forced on him ; and if he have too much good nature to set about comparing the author with his brethren, he cannot avoid comparing him with himself—his present with his past productions. This is not likely to be in favour of the latter, since predilection for old favourites is only to be overcome by a very palpable degree of improvement.

If subsequent publications meet with such a reception from the mere reader, what must they expect from the critic ?

from him, who cannot utter his *dicta* in ejaculations and monosyllables, but must lay down his *pros* and *cons* at length in dreadful legibility. From him the twice-told tale of unqualified admiration will not be suffered—"he is nothing, if not critical," and the new qualities put forth by the authors in review, must be the burden of his strain. Unfortunately, however, as a writer proceeds, he develops more defects than beauties—the defects thicken upon us, as he grows more confident and careless—while the beauties get threadbare by degrees, and become trite and mawkish by being harped upon. Hence criticism often seems to indulge in ungenerous "after-thought," and to recal spitefully the meed of praise it formerly bestowed, while, in truth, it is but censorious from necessity, and "severe from too much love."

Besides, we may take liberties with an old and established friend, and abuse him good-naturedly to his face, while we leave our esteem and good opinion of him unspoken—as sentiments he might safely reckon upon, though never a word concerning them were uttered. After this, without mentioning the

pleasure received in the perusal of "Bracebridge Hall," we will come at once to the point, and say, that we consider it much inferior to the Sketch Book. A kind of languor prevails through the volumes, amidst which we in vain look for the spirit of their predecessors. The pictures, especially the wild scenes of America are wrought with more pain, but by no means with the felicity of former stories. Dolph Heyliger is but a clumsy shadow of Rip Van Winkle, and the scenes of the latter were given with a taste and keeping, that seems to have escaped the author in the more laboured descriptions of the former. The Storm-Ship is however very well told; there is a curious and most original intermixture of the ludicrous and the terrible in those old Dutch superstitions. We know not a more puzzling character in romance than a Dutch ghost; and had we encountered one in the pages of Radcliffe, we certainly should not know what to have thought. Geoffrey is extremely happy in the delineation of these non-descripts, and, however our friend may impugn the originality of Rip Van Winkle, the author has Dutchified it in a most admirable style.

The opening of "Bracebridge Hall" introduces us to a family party, which we before had the pleasure of meeting in the Sketch Book. The cause and end of their meeting is a wedding, about to take place between "the fair Julia" and "the Captain." This affords the author an opportunity of sketching various characters; and an accident that conveniently befalls the heroine, enables him to dwell upon the matter till the two volumes are completed. The chief character is the squire himself, a good-humoured and agreeable old gentleman, whom Geoffrey meant seemingly to depict as an original. But in this he has overshot the mark, and has made him more of the cloistered pedant than the country squire. He is tiresomely conversant with old volumes; has taken a strange fancy to falconry; and the other peculiarities with which he is marked, are too common-place to shed any novelty or interest upon the character. Lady Lillycraft is the best

drawn and the most original, though, we much fear, such beings are exceedingly rare. Master Simon is humorous enough, a second Will Wimble, but rather more starched than his prototype. The defeat, which he and the general suffer from the radical, during the May sports, is well sketched. The bride and bridegroom are true to nature, being, like all people in their situation, sufficiently insipid. But our heaviest censure must fall on Ready-Money Jack: this personage is a living character, of the name of Tibbets, very well known by the nickname here bestowed on him. He is a resident in Islington, and is no doubt the gay, frank, ready-moned man represented. But, to make use of a hackneyed term, it is too *cockneyish* to sketch a character from a suburb of the metropolis, and give it forth as a sample of the rural John Bull. The incongruity is quite evident, and a similar defect is visible through all the characters: the squire is a pedant, the general a militia-man, the yeoman a cockney. Yet with all this, the work is exceedingly well written, and entertaining: it is a pity that the author did not add to its intrinsic talent, that truth to nature, which a little time and observation might have enabled him to do. Perhaps this was not his design—perhaps hurry prevented him; but it is necessary to mark strongly the want of this truth, as the work may be considered in other countries to represent a faithful picture of our country life and manners.

But these objections are applicable merely to the vehicle; the matter contained is for the most part excellent. The "Stout Gentleman" is a capital quizz, and the pictures of the Schoolmaster and his Assistant are faithfully sketched. The Spanish tale is pretty, but rather in the ordinary track of romance writing. "Annette Delarbre" is beautifully told. But Mr. Crayon must pardon "certain writers in Magazines" (as he terms a friend or two of ours with precise civility) for reiterating the charge, that his best tales are not original. Had not the story of "Hina" previously existed, we should indeed want words to express our admiration for "Annette Delarbre."

But our denying the credit of the original thought, by no means interferes with the just tribute of praise due to the raising of the superstructure. The "Rookery" is a very amusing paper, but as it is one likely to be well-known and quoted, we shall choose for our extracts some portions of "The storm-Ship."

"In the golden age of the province of the New Netherlands, when it was under the sway of Wouter Van Twiller, otherwise called the Doubter, the people of the Manhattoes\* were alarmed one sultry afternoon, just about the time of the summer solstice, by a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning. The rain descended in such torrents as absolutely to spatter up and smoke along the ground. It seemed as if the thunder rattled and rolled over the very roofs of the houses: the lightning was seen to play about the church of St. Nicholas, and to strive three times in vain to strike its weathercock. Garret Van Horne's new chimney was split almost from top to bottom; and Doffue Mildeberger was struck speechless from his bald-faced mare, just as he was riding into town. In a word, it was one of those unparalleled storms that only happen once within the memory of that venerable personage, known in all towns by the appellation of 'the oldest inhabitant.'

"Great was the terror of the good old women of the Manhattoes. They gathered their children together, and took refuge in the cellars, after having hung a shoe on the iron point of every bed-post, lest it should attract lightning. At length the storm abated, the thunder sunk into a growl, and the setting sun breaking from under the fringed borders of the clouds, made the broad bosom of the bay to gleam like a sea of molten gold. The word was given from the fort that a ship was standing up the bay." \* \* \* \* \*

"In the mean time the ship became more distinct to the naked eye: she was a stout, round, Dutch-built vessel, with high bow and poop, and bearing Dutch colours. The evening sun gilded her bellying canvass, as she came riding over the long-waving billows.

\* New York.

The sentinel, who had given notice of her approach, declared, that he first got sight of her when she was in the centre of the bay; and that she broke suddenly on his sight just as if she had come out of the bosom of the black thunder-cloud. The bystanders looked at Hans Van Pelt, to see what he would say to this report: Hans Van Pelt screwed his mouth close together, and said nothing; upon which some shook their heads, and others shrugged their shoulders.

"The ship was now repeatedly hailed, but made no reply, and passing by the fort, stood on up the Hudson. A gun was brought to bear on her, and, with some difficulty, loaded and fired by Hans Van Pelt, the garrison not being expert in artillery. The shot seemed absolutely to pass through the ship, and to skip along the water on the other side, but no notice was taken of it!—What was strange, she had all her sails set, and sailed right against wind and tide which were both down the river. Upon this Hans Van Pelt, who was likewise harbour-master, ordered his boat, and set off to board her, but after rowing two or three hours he returned without success; sometimes he would get within one or two hundred yards of her, and then, in a twinkling, she would be half a mile off. Some said it was because his oars'-men, who were rather puny and short-winded, stopped every now and then to take breath, and spit on their hands; but this it is probable was a mere scandal. He got near enough, however, to see the crew, who were all dressed in the Dutch style, the officers in doublets and high hats and feathers: not a word was spoken by any one on board; they stood as motionless as so many statues, and the ship seemed as if left to her own government. Thus she kept on, away up the river, lessening and lessening in the evening sunshine, until she faded from sight, like a little white cloud melting away in the summer's sky." \* \* \* \* \*

"Messengers were despatched to different places on the river; but they returned without any tidings—the ship had made no port. Day after day and week after week elapsed, but she never



returned down the Hudson. As, however, the Council seemed solicitous for intelligence, they had it in abundance. The captains of the sloops seldom arrived without bringing some report of having seen the strange ship at different parts of the river; sometimes near the Pallisadoes, sometimes off Croton Point, and sometimes in the highlands; but she never was reported as having been seen above the highlands. The crews of the sloops, it is true, generally differed among themselves in their account of this apparition; but that may have arisen from the uncertain situations in which they saw her. Sometimes it was by the flashes of the thunder-storm lighting up a pitchy night, and giving glimpses of her careering across Tappan Zee, or the wide waste of Haverstraw Bay. At one moment she would appear close upon them, as if likely to run them down, and would throw them into great bustle and alarm; but the next flash would shew her far off, always sailing against the wind. Sometimes, in a quiet moonlight night, she would be seen under some high bluff of the highlands, all in deep shadow excepting her topsails glittering in the moon-beams; by the time, however, that the voyagers would reach the place, there would be no ship to be seen: and when they had passed on for some distance, and looked back, behold! there she was again with her top-sails, in the moonshine!—Her appearance was always just after, or just before, or just in the middle of unruly weather; and she was known by all the skippers and voyagers of the Hudson by the name of ‘the Storm Ship.’”

There is one observation we must not omit; it is that the style of the work under review is not so pure and

select as that of the “Sketch Book.” We could multiply instances—the frequent use of the word *get*, of *bloody* as a verb, &c. We press this on the author’s attention, not only for his own sake but for that of literature in general, which his former work has so much benefitted. Before the appearance of the “Sketch Book,” all writers seem to have been either above or below considerations about style, diction, and such things. Poetry had just succeeded, not only in throwing off its trammels, but was endeavouring to rid itself even of a decorous garb. Prose had begun to follow the example; and the lighter departments of literature, especially those of criticism and essay-writing, were abandoning rapidly all qualities of purity or elegance, whilst they sought novelty in singularity, and strength in abruptness. The success of the “Sketch Book” was a reproof to some random writers, of talents at least equal to those of its author; but whose publications were lying on the shelf. The beneficial consequences of this practical lesson appear to us manifest in the periodical literature of the day; which in such a light-reading age as the present, must be of paramount importance, being the first to lead the way in deterioration or improvement. The essays of the “Sketch-Book” and “Bracebridge Hall” we reckon under the class of periodical literature, and indeed they answer the description much better than most articles of Magazine and Review. Therefore whatever progress the author makes in future, and we have no doubt it will be of improvement, he should at least look to preserve that peculiar species of excellency to which he is certainly most indebted for the rise of his fame.

## Sketches of Society.

(Literary Gazette.)

### THE SPREE AND BULL HANK!

IT was announced in that venerable and moral Sabbath paper, the *Weekly Despatch*, or *Fancy Gazette*, of Sunday last, that on Tuesday there would be a “Spree”, within six miles of

town, in which *Stockton* would have a *set-to* with the *Sailor Lad*; and, so as no gemman might go without a day’s sufficiency of amusement, a *Bull hank* & other *Sports* would succeed the fight.

It so happened that the meeting was appointed near the residence of a gentleman with whom we are acquainted, and who kindly invited us to take this opportunity for witnessing an exhibition of what is, if not a national feature, distinctly a London characteristic. It was therefore a *Show*, which having seen, we are inclined to think that a journal of our motions may have a good deal of novelty and amusement in it, not merely for our country and foreign readers, but for ninety-nine in a hundred of those who delight in our eightpenny impressions.

Having taken instructions from a connoisseur of scientific attainments, we exchanged our usual sober literary suit of black for one which would save us from being *smoked* and *plundered* by the companions with whom we were about to associate. We indeed thought this unnecessary, as we were to be under the guidance and protection of several Leaders in the Ring; but on being assured that it was a point of principle with many of even the *first men*, "not to throw a chance away," or in other words, to appropriate whatever valuables a *friend* displayed, when they could do so skilfully, we yielded to the expediency of the case, and left at home our watch and purse, taking only, as advised, a few "whites and browns," (shillings and pence,) for current expences. Our equipment consisted of a canary, or yellow Barcelona, about the neck; the hat last laid aside for impropriety of appearances; a plant, alias cudgel, in hand; and a poodle upper Benjamin, or rough white great coat, with prodigious pearl buttons, and pockets on each side to stick the hands into in a knowing fashion. Thus fitted for the scene, we took our seat on the box of the barouche, the inside containing half a dozen as raw as ourselves, and as curious to be spectators of the *Sports*. Except, however, one individual, namely, Mr. Eales the celebrated pugilist, one of the most beautiful sparrers, say the amateurs, and in reality one of the best behaved persons which the profession of the Fancy has to boast within its circle, (we beg pardon, ring.) He was our Mentor in the plan of operations, and, what was as essential, our

safeguard in the hour of peril; a glance from his eye warned off the expertest pick-pocket, and the uplifting of his arm threw to a distance the boldest intruder. A gemman rigged like ourselves, in the poodle coat, &c. got up behind the carriage to take care that we had not more lacqueys than Cinderella, when she went to the Prince's grand ball; and away we rattled about high noon.

Between town and Kilburn our mind was cogitative upon the *Gladiatorii ludi* of Rome—those bloody massacres of *Athletæ* in conflicts with each other and with animals; upon the bull fights of Spain,—the dearest enjoyments of the dark-eyed and tender-souled ladies of that brilliant land; upon the like exhibitions in modern Italy,—where the shadow alone remains, and the mockery of combat is as nerveless and effeminated as the people.\*

The English practice, (said we to ourselves, in a private manner,) does comprehend a redeeming quality or two, however slight they may be in the balance against the array of objections which start up to oppose them. It has some alliance with independency of spirit and action; in the better ranks of life it affords a healthful exercise, and even in the lowest inspires a sort of mercy and honour which might have worse substitutes among the human passions. It may seem strange that we enumerate *mercy* where the most obvious feature is *brutality*; but when we observe the forbearance towards a fallen adversary, and the repugnance to do really serious injury to another, which these uninstructed blackguards exercise, we must make this allowance; and as for the honour, though it is of the bastard kind, it is at any rate better than no honour at all. Compared with the butcheries of the Roman theatres, the barbarous chivalry of the Spanish bull-fight, and the emasculated *hanks* of classic Italy, the very ruffianism of England is humane, manly & generous.

\* Bear hunts in Germany, such as our King recently enjoyed; Whale hunts in Shetland, such as Sir Walter Scott describes: Elephant hunts in India, such as Governors General patronize; Lion hunts in Africa, cock and quail-fighting, and ideas of a hundred other rational amusements, ancient and modern, also flitted across our brain, but left no impression, seeming as it were to turn with the barouche wheels.

At Kilburn, an event of importance befel us. We there took up Mr. Frederick Stockton, the young *Sprig*, destined by fate to carry off the pugilistic glories of a day, rendered also memorable by the accession of George IV. to the throne of this kingdom, by the presidency of Sir William Curtis at the London Tavern Dinner in anniversary commemoration of that circumstance, and by other lesser events which demand not the pen of the historian. Mr. Stockton is a promising pupil of Mr. Eales, and as he was the first prize-fighter of our intimacy, we made prize of him, and planted him beside us on the barouche box. Whether it was that his magnanimous heart was so wrapped in the anticipation of the strife and victory before him, or that his language and ours rendered an interpreter necessary for our mutual understanding of each other, we cannot tell; but the fact is, that we were not able to gather much of his biography. Where he was born and who were his parents he did not seem very clearly to know. He knew that he had worked as a plasterer till near last Christmas, when employment ceased, that he was about seventeen years of age, that he weighed eight stone, and that he had exerted his fists and prowess on many occasions, and once even in a regular ring with a Baker at Paddington. The baker, he told us, beat him, but though a stone and a half more weight, he stood up to him an hour and twenty minutes, and was finally borne away blind from the field. His adversary was now in the Penitentiary; having used his hands less honourably elsewhere. Thus conversing with an intelligent friend, it is astonishing how the road is shortened; but such a road! not in the company of Stockton himself can we consent to pass it over unnoticed. For several miles the broad foot-path was covered with pedestrians hurrying to the fight. The centre was occupied with many carts of coster-mongers and personages of that order, who were enabled to keep or hire equipages. Only a few horsemen, hackney and other coaches (this being but a second-rate concern) attended; but the weather was fine and the whole presented an animated pic-

ture. The costermongers, &c. generally maintained attitudes of dignified repose; reclining in various picturesque positions, and smoking their pipes with ineffable complacency. Their vehicles might be compared to moving altars, each sending up its clouds of fragrant shag in grateful odour to the heathen Gods. Hercules was perhaps their immediate patron, for they bore clubs in emblem of his worship, and in defiance of their worships (the magistrates, of whom more anon;) while Taurus was evidently the sign, in opposition to which they were *born* (*quææ borne*,) for they paid their devotions to every other sign on their way, while a bull-dog's head, popping up occasionally from the bottom of the car between the knees of his owner, declared their hostile intent against that stout animal. The walkers were still more motley, whether they trudged along in single sulkiness or in gabbling groupes, worthy of Hogarth, of Gilray, of Rowlandson, or of Cruikshank. Falstaff's soldiers must have been richly habited gentlemen in comparison with the majority of these. We could not have imagined that the wealth of London embraced so immense a quantity of rags. The tatterdemalious rushed along, scenting the fair atmosphere with so many villainous compounds of offence to the nostrils, that all the incense of all the tobacco, evaporated there, served not to overcome but the rather to increase the effluvial horror. As we moved country-wards, however, purification gradually gained ground, and either our sense was blunted by use, or our neighbours were sweetened by the breeze into perfect Narcissuses. Meanwhile their countenances offered wide subject for physiognomical speculation and for laughter. Some were full of dark character—we do not allude to the chimney sweepers, who were notorious in the crowd, but to white men of evil aspect and malignant expression. Others were pale and sickly-looking; such as are often seen among artificers and manufacturers of dissolute habits, whose occupations are hurtful to the constitution. Many were young idle boys, training, too probably, for the gall and gibbet. The whole

combined as large a proportion of worthless characters, of pick-pockets, and of felons, as could enter into the composition of any like given number which this vicious Metropolis could spew forth from its contagious sinks. It was wonderful, where so many wicked passions were congregated, that no shocking excess, no revolting ebullition ensued ;—are we right in supposing, that had the occasion been any other than a boxing match or a bull-bait such must have been the consequence ? But the rabble were amused ; their language was disgusting, from its oaths, and their manners were coarse : yet it is but justice to them to say that this was the head and front of their offending, for good humour pervaded their practical jokes or *larking*, and mischief never seemed to enter into their heads. They jested at each other's muddy misfortunes, threw out their slang salutations merrily ; and we will bear witness, conducted themselves better than a similar body of the lowest ranks (not of bad repute or known infamy) of any other country in the world would have done if so assembled together. This was most manifest when the *beaks* or police officers interfered with them ; for though their expected sports were frustrated, for aught they could tell, entirely, they submitted with laughter, not resentment, and retired, up to their middles in dirt and fatigued with a long march, without an angry murmur, far less the resistance they were strong enough effectually to offer. It is with uncommon pleasure we can say so much for our companions : it confirms us in a gracious opinion we have ever wished to cherish regarding poor human nature, videlicet, that there is no one so absolutely depraved as to be destitute of every virtue. But it is time we were in the field ;—the field near Roehampton.

As we approached this spot, our eyes were attracted by large placards, signifying that if any person or persons assembled there in a tumultuous or riotous manner,—to box, or do any thing tending to a breach of the public peace, they should be dealt with according to law. This was rather appalling to such young sinners as our party consisted of, and we held a council, which

ended as most councils do, in our resolving to prosecute our iniquitous course, because the paper had no signature of a magistrate, and might be therefore (one never wants excuses for following his own inclinations) the unauthorized act of some meddling, impertinent, envious individual, who had no business to hault us in our purposed recreation. We accordingly proceeded to the field where the crowd was, passing ten or dozen Bow-street officers in a cluster on the road, with a firm step, and only casting a side glance over our shoulders to see whether or not they were doing us the pleasure to form a part of our cortege. We were not grievously disappointed when we noticed they did not do us this favour. The field presented a striking appearance. The trees round had living branches, and were laden with fruit (a simile of dissimilitude) like those in the garden of the Hesperides. It is true that many of these human apples were fit for the drop ; but why should *we* libel our comrades of the 29th of January. A sort of theatre was formed, of carts and waggons, hurdles, &c. and all who entered by the gate on horseback or in carriages of every sort, (the pedestrians leaping over hedges and ditches) were obliged to pay for admission. Among the number thus taxed, were sundry magistrates of the county and the clerk of the peace, who, having severally paid their shillings, joined our assembly. But, alas ! these dragons had not come to guard the fruit or to partake of the revels : they came to forbid the *spree* ! The ring was just being sweetly *beat out*, when, not particularly anxious, as we guessed, that this operation should be completed, probably not conceiving that a perfect ring was necessary for their performances, these magistrates rode into the centre of the ungeometrical figure, (such as it was) and politely intimated to us that we must disperse, as they could suffer no fight, nor no bull-hunk neither, to take place there. They moreover made some genteel inquiries about our especial friend Mr. Eales ; but as he was not ambitious of better company than that in which he barouched it from London, he kept his

station among us on a waggon, without pushing himself obtrusively or impudently forward. We were, of course, extremely pleased with this modesty, and having ourselves little inclination to become personally intimate, at this time, with the gentlemen in question, we descended from our elevation and began to retrograde. Our motions were watched by the multitude, and in a minute every face was turned towards London. But the game was not up. Much advice was given from various quarters; the most feasible of which was to get out of the district over which our visitors presided, and do *as well as we could*. This intention was confirmed by a very civil message (it could not be less from Civil Authorities) delivered to us from the magistrates. It said they were sorry to interrupt our diversion, which they hoped would be harmless, but an information having been laid, it was their duty, unless they made themselves responsible for all the ill consequences that might happen. Out of their jurisdiction they had no wish to interfere, and the good natured messenger (we believe the Clerk of the Peace, *not forbid to do so*) pointed out a convenient spot, in this respect, about a couple of miles distant, over Kingsbury bridge. Thus fortified, the bull was put in movement agreeably to the direction received,—the raggamuffins followed him, and we adjourned to lunch. Another whimsical scene was acted in the parlour of our hospitable entertainer. Our own squad embraced the odd mixture of independent fortune, of the medical, military, and mercantile professions, of pugilist, foreign diplomate, and Editor; and we were reinforced by gentlemen and tradesmen, bullward, and citizen of the world! Cold meats, a barrel of excellent ale, broached on a side-table, and several bottles of sound brandy to keep out the cold, were rapidly vanishing before our united attacks, when it was announced that the *beaks* (such was the phrase) were at the gate. Men lawfully employed as we then were, are not so easily frightened as if their provender ran short; and the magistrates were invited in. Away from the ring, the liberality and urbanity of English gen-

tlemen were what we had to expect from them,—nor were we disappointed. They enjoyed our *meté*, and tasted our refreshments; did not contradict the information touching the ultra-judicial bounds of their province, and, no doubt, in order to see that no impropriety was committed, promised to ride over the bridge and take a look at the fight! In fact they were not afraid of the *Beaks*, though one of them had been kindly warned by a stranger to beware of these spoil-sports, who (he told him) were just coming up!

We were all again in motion, and soon reached the rendezvous, a small common about four miles from Town, where the mob had already collected. The ground was bad for pugilism, being wet and covered with small hillocks. The ring was however made,—a singular process. Ten or a dozen of fellows with long whips lash away like furies, yelling, swearing, and belabouring the multitude till they have retreated to a right distance, and formed a circle of thirty or forty yards in diameter. The foremost ranks link their arms together, and become a sort of chain against encroachment; but still the eagerness of the spectators now and then breaks through or discomposes this cordon, and the whole number submit to be mercilessly whipped out as before. We suspect indeed that resistance would be a dangerous resort, for the floggers are often bruisers of note, and would *instantly* inflict a punishment on the contumacious not so transitory in its effects as the smart of a cut of cord. There is something exceeding diverting too in this *keeping the ring*. The rage of the operator, his denunciations of vengeance, his oaths and scurrility, in a moment subside; and you have him in a wheedling tone and good theatrical attitude of entreaty, begging gentlemen to stand back a little or — his eyes, he'll lay it on them. Then the storm again—then the calm; the plying of the lash and elegant beseeching.

Previous to the fight, a hat was carried round to make a purse: it procured a few pounds in contributions of half-crowns, shillings, and sixpences. Some delay ensued, in which we un-

derstood preliminaries were settled, the mode of battle to be half minute time (i. e. with only half minute intervals between falls and setting to again) the ground tossed for, or heads or tails whose face was to be towards the sun, and other needful preparations. The lads then stripped, and had their small-clothes tied round their waists with silk handkerchiefs. A coat was loosely thrown over their shoulders till every thing was ready, a person stepped into the ring with a stop-watch in his hand to give the time, and all else were cleared out, except a Second and Bottle-holder for each of the combatants. The signal of defiance, hurling his hat in the air, was given by the Sailor-lad, and very promptly answered in a like manner by our new acquaintance. The *rounds*, as they are called, of prize-fights have been so often described, that we shall not enter upon the details. Suffice it to state that the parties engaged spar, interchange blows, wrestle and fall in a variety of ways, as force or accident determines. The instant this happens, the Second, who has been watching in a crouching posture and with the eye of a hawk a few paces off, catches up his principal, throws a covering over him including his head, sets him on his knee, and employs every effort to refresh and solace him. He has his arms thrown round his neck for support; his face and mouth are moistened with a sponge; his hands are gently rubbed and animated; he has a little water slightly impregnated with brandy occasionally administered; and, in short, during these brief pauses from exertion, a great many expedients are used to comfort and invigorate the fighter. "Time" is called, and he must be ready "for the scratch," or is declared beaten. The Bottle-holders assume similar attitudes to the Seconds, and the groupe when in action is always formed of the two combatants standing up to each other, of the four attendants nearly at equi-distant points, "looting low" and watching eagerly as we mentioned, and the giver of the time a little farther off. The Battle lasted a considerable while, and was not so painful to us as we anticipated; for we were convinced that neither of

the lads would suffer a grave injury, and they contended bravely as well as skilfully (considering the unfavourable state of the ground) till our friend Stockton gave his adversary a blow below the ear, which stunned him so much that he was compelled to yield the victory.

The change of place had occupied so much of the day that it was now becoming dusk. The Bull however must have a little amusement after walking about so much; it would be quite cruel to disappoint him! (he had only walked from Roehampton, whither he walked a day or two before.) This creature was standing quietly a few hundred yards from the ring during the fight. The moment he was led towards it, the agitation, growling, and vivacity of a hundred bull-dogs round about, exhibited a singular example of animal ferocity and character. Their masters could with difficulty restrain them; their eyes flashed, they struggled to get loose, they howled with savage eagerness. A stake was meanwhile driven into the ground, and the bull fastened to it with a thick rope (to the eye about an inch and a half in diameter) about twenty yards long. We were prepared for a ferocious and barbarous spectacle, and found ourselves agreeably mistaken. The horns of the bull are covered at the tips with a kind of composition which rounds them off, and prevents their goring the dogs. There is no laceration nor horrid wounds, but altogether a curious animal contest, softened by ingenuity of its revolting circumstances. Whether the dames of Spain may or may not be absolved from the charge of cruelty for the fondness with which they dwell on the examples and sufferings of *Cacadores*; sure we are that even an English lady might witness such a *Hank* as we saw on Tuesday, without experiencing an unpleasant feeling. The bull (Pritchard's) was a "master of fence," and it was absolutely astonishing to see the tact with which he disposed of his bold assailants. A dog was freed, and rushed at the head, or rather nose, of the animal, with fierce activity. The latter was on his guard in a moment. His nose was so far in-

curved as to put his face on a parallel line with the ground at a distance of an inch or two : thus, in front, nothing appeared but his shaggy foretop and protecting horns. On these the brave dog rushes, and is thrown aloft in air, or along the earth horizontally, by the more powerful defendant. He recovers and returns to the charge, but the same fate awaits him ; till, exhausted, he is taken off to make room for a fresh canine hero. Sometimes two at once are permitted, and the bull, more harassed, repulses them with greater force. Away they fly from his horns, right and left, or together ascend the clouds. One descends on the back of his enemy ; the other is caught by his master (stirring about as near as he dares for that purpose) ere he regains the soil where such as he

- - - - are tumbled down amain,  
And fall so hard, they bound and rise again.

The bull does not pursue, but coolly waits, and as coolly ejects his puny opponents. If one got hold of his dewlap, his feet were brought into action, and he trampled down the foe ; at other times the horn sufficed, and it was extraordinary to see with how slight an effort he tossed a heavy dog, sprawling, to the distance of many yards. We should have been distressed had these courageous creatures been much hurt, but though occasionally stunned for a few seconds, the most furiously repelled were well enough to follow their masters home, without apparent damage.

We are afraid that our canvas for this Show has stretched too far. Were it not so, we could paint in a number of other figures : There was a host of

evil passions in this day's pastimes ; but happily not one of them was called forth. The brutality of the exhibition was nothing to our preconception of it ; and at night, as we were driven back to London, the inspiration of "heavy wet" (*porter*, in libations of which it is the custom after such meetings to indulge to the utmost of their means) had produced no worse effect than the singing along the road of a strange-measured chant, denominated "The Newgate Tune," and of as peculiar a character as any Gondolier's song in Venice. The chorus of "Tudie, tudie, tudie," is unlike aught else of music with which we are acquainted. But this as well as the rest had its apology, if not justification in the general good humour. While on the top of the carriage looking at the fight, a hawker of *Max* offered a glass of gin to one of our party. "No ! thank ye, I am full," was the answer,—“If you are full of good I should like to tap you,” the rejoinder. Such were the waggeries of this black-guard saturnalia. One gentleman invited us to a dog-fight, between the "Chalk-farm dog, whose fame needed no comment," and a *brendle* cur from Manchester, 75 lbs. weight." Another thought we should like to see a rat-trial at the Cockpit, Westminster (not where the Court of Privy Councillors is held :) he assured us that his 'tyke' had slain the twenty rats in 3 minutes and 10 seconds ; and had it not been for one 'old soger' that shammed dead, would have done in 22 seconds less time : but all these inducements we resisted, hoping our readers will be satisfied that we have done enough in these *New Pursuits of Literature* !!

## Original Poetry.

### SONG.

BY T. CAMPBELL.

Earl March look'd on his dying child,  
And smit with grief to view her—  
The youth, he cried, whom I exil'd,  
Shall be restored to woo her.

She's at the window many an hour  
His coming to discover ;  
And her love look'd up to Ellen's bower,  
And she look'd on her lover—

But ah ! so pale he knew her not,  
Though her smile on him was dwelling—  
And am I then forgot—forgot ?—  
It broke the heart of Ellen.

In vain he weeps, in vain he sighs,  
Her cheek is cold as ashes ;  
Nor love's own kiss shall wake those eyes  
To lift their silken lashes.

## LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF SCOTTISH LIFE.†

**H**ERE is a very thick post-octavo volume of upwards of 430 pages, printed in the best manner, by Ramsay. Twenty-four separate tales are discussed within these limits; and the whole, laying other merits out of view, is certainly one of the prettiest "story books" that any man can put into his library, or lay upon his drawing-room table, for the benefit of the "youths and virgins" of his household. It is a "story book," however, of a kind quite new, at least in English literature; for we rather suspect that the Germans have several nearly of the same sort; and these written by the very greatest of their authors. It is a book full of power, and full, which every book of tales ought to be, though few of them are so, of VARIETY. The narrow limits within which each tale is confined, have prevented the author from entering into any thing like complex or artificial *denouements*. The structure of many of them reminds us of our old simple ballads. We have generally two, or at the most three characters in a piece; these are not elaborately brought out, but generally well defined, and at times most clearly defined, by a few apparently unlaboured epithets.

But we must make a few extracts, to give some notion of the author's way of writing; and these shall be from a tale in the middle of the volume, which is one of our chief favourites,—that of **BLIND ALLAN**.

Allan Bruce, a worthy young man betrothed to Fanny Raeburn, a kind good-hearted girl, has the terrible misfortune to become quite blind; and he, for he is above all selfishness, listens to the voice of all the friends on both sides, who represent to him how foolish and imprudent a thing it would be for him, condemned to blindness and helplessness, to marry Fanny Raeburn. She, too, in so far listens to the same not unkind suggestions—but at length her generous heart teaches her what is her duty.

"She was willing to obey them in all things in which it was her duty to obey—but here she knew not what was

her duty. To give up Allan Bruce was a thought far worse to her than to give up life. It was to suffer her heartstrings to be hourly torn up by the roots. If the two were willing to be married, why should any one else interfere? If God had stricken Allan with blindness after their marriage, would any one have counselled her to leave him? Or pitied her because she had to live with her own blind husband? Or would the fear of poverty have benumbed her feelings? Or rather would it not have given new alacrity to her hands, and new courage to her heart? So she resolved meekly and calmly, to tell Allan that she would be his wife, and that she believed that such was, in spite of this infliction, the will of God.

"Allan Bruce did not absent himself in his blindness, from the House of God. One Sabbath, after Divine service, Fanny went up to him in the church-yard, and putting her arm in his, they walked away together, seemingly as cheerful as the rest of the congregation, only with somewhat slower and more cautious steps. They proceeded along the quiet meadow-fields by the banks of the stream, and then across the smooth green braes, till they gently descended into a holm, and sat down together in a little green bower, which a few hazels, mingling with one tall weeping birch, had of themselves framed; a place where they had often met before Allan was blind, and where they had first spoken of a wedded life. Fanny could almost have wept to see the earth, and the sky, and the whole day so beautiful, now that Allan's eyes were dark; but he whispered to her, that the smell of the budding trees, and of the primroses that he knew were near his feet, was pleasant indeed, and that the singing of all the little birds made his heart dance within him—so Fanny sat beside her blind lover in serene happiness, and felt strengthened in her conviction that it was her duty to become his wife.

"Allan—I love you so entirely—that to see you happy is all that I de-

† See p. 320.



sire on earth. Till God made you blind, Allan, I knew not how my soul could be knit into yours—I knew not the love that was in my heart. To sit by you with my work—to lead you out thus on pleasant Sabbaths—to take care that your feet do not stumble—and that nothing shall ever offer violence to your face—to suffer no solitude to surround you—but that you may know, in your darkness, that mine eyes, which God still permits to see, are always open upon you—for these ends, Allan, will I marry thee, my beloved—thou must not say nay, for God would not forgive me if I became not thy wife.’ And Fanny fell upon his neck and wept.

“There was something in the quiet tone of her voice—something in the meek fold of her embrace—something in the long weeping kiss that she kept breathing tenderly over his brow and eyes—that justified to the Blind Man his marriage with such a woman. ‘Let us be married, Fanny, on the day fixed before I lost my sight. Till now I knew not fully either your heart or my own—now I fear nothing. Would, my best friend, I could but see thy sweet face for one single moment now—but that can never be!’—‘All things are possible to God—and although to human skill your case is hopeless—it is not utterly so to my heart—yet if ever it becomes so, Allan, then will I love thee better even than I do now, if indeed my heart can contain more affection than that with which it now overflows.’

“Allan Bruce and Fanny Raeburn were married. And although there was felt, by the most careless heart, to be something sad and solemn in such nuptials, yet Allan made his marriage-day one of sober cheerfulness in his native village. Fanny wore her white ribbands in the very way that used to be pleasant to Allan’s eyes; and blind as he now was, these eyes kindled with a joyful smile, when he turned the clear sightless orbs towards his bride, and saw her within his soul arrayed in the simple white dress which he heard all about him saying so well became her sweet looks. Her relations and his own partook of the marriage feast in

their own cottage—there was the sound of music and dancing feet on the little green plat at the foot of the garden, by the river’s side—the bride’s youngest sister, who was henceforth to be an inmate in the house, remained when the party went away in the quiet of the evening—and peace, contentment, and love, folded their wings together over that humble dwelling.”

Their married life is happy far beyond what they themselves could have expected on their bridal-day. Allan is favoured by his neighbours, and music, that gift of heaven to the blind, furnishes him with the means of supporting his wife and the children that grow up, one after another beside his knees. There is a beautiful passage describing the blind man’s feelings, which we must extract.

“Whatever misgivings of mind Allan Bruce might have experienced—whatever faintings and sickenings and deadly swoons of despair might have overcome his heart,—it was not long before he was a freedman from all their slavery. He was not immured, like many as worthy as he, in an asylum; he was not an incumbrance upon a poor father, sitting idle and in the way of others, beside an ill-fed fire, and a scanty board; he was not forced to pace step by step along the lamp-light ed streets and squares of a city, forcing out beautiful music to gain a few pieces of coin from passers by, entranced for a moment by sweet sounds, plaintive or jocund; he was not a boy-led beggar along the high-way under the sickening sunshine or chilling sleet, with an abject hat abjectly protruded with a cold heart for colder charity;—but he was, although he humbly felt and acknowledged that he was in nothing more worthy than these, a man loaded with many blessings, warmed by a constant ingie, laughed round by a flock of joyful children, love-tended and love-lighted by a wife who was to him at once music and radiance,—while his house stood in the middle of a village of which all the inhabitants were his friends, and of all whose hands the knock was known, when it touched his door, and of all whose voices the tone was felt when it kindly accosted him in

the wood, in the field, in the garden, by the river's side, by the hospitable yard of neighbour, or in the churchyard assemblage before entering into the House of God."

The end of the story is the recovery of Allan's sight by means of couching, and remembering, as we all must do perfectly well, the inimitable description of the first operation of the kind by Addison, and its consequences, who is there that can be insensible to the softness, beauty, and wisdom of the following passage?

"There was no uncontrollable burst of joy in the soul of Allan Bruce, when once more a communication was opened between it and the visible world. For he had learned lessons of humility and temperance in all his emotions during ten years of blindness, in which the hope of light was too faint to deserve the name. He was almost afraid to believe that his sight was restored. Grateful to him was his first uncertain and wavering glimmer, as a draught of water to a wretch in a crowded dungeon. But he knew not whether it was to ripen into the perfect day, or gradually to fade back again in the depth of his former darkness.

"But when his Fanny—she on whom he had so loved to look when she was a maiden in her teens, and who would not forsake him in the first misery of that great affliction, but had been overjoyed to link the sweet freedom of her prime to one sitting in perpetual dark—when she, now a staid and lovely matron, stood before him with a face pale in bliss, and all drenched in the floodlike tears of an unsupportable happiness—then truly did he feel what a heaven it was to see! And as he took her to his heart, he gently bent back her head, that he might devour with his eyes that benign beauty which had for so many years smiled upon him unbeheld, and which now that he had seen once more, he felt that he could even at that very moment die in peace.

"In came with soft steps one after another, his five loving children, that for the first time they might be seen by their father. The girls advanced timidly with blushing cheeks and bright

shining hair, while the boys went boldly up to his side, and the eldest looking in his face, exclaimed with a shout of joy, 'Our father sees!—our father sees!'—and then checking his rapture, burst into tears. Many a vision had Allan Bruce framed to himself of the face and figure of one and all his children. One, he had been told, was like himself, another the image of its mother, and Lucy, he understood was a blended likeness of them both. But now he looked upon them with the confused and bewildered joy of parental love, seeking to know and distinguish in the light the separate objects towards whom it yearned; and not till they spoke did he know their Christian names. But soon, soon, did the sweet faces of all his children seem, to his eyes, to answer well, each in its different loveliness, to the expression of the voices so long familiar to his heart.

"Pleasant too, no doubt, was that expansion of heart, that followed the sight of so many old friends and acquaintances, all of whom, familiar as he had long been with them in his darkness, one day's light now seemed to bring farther forward in his affection. They came towards him now with brighter satisfaction—and the happiness of his own soul gave a kinder expression to their demeanour, and represented them all as a host of human beings rejoicing in the joy of one single brother. Here was a young man, who, when he saw him last, was a little school boy—here a man beginning to be bent with toil, and with a thoughtful aspect, who had been one of his own joyous and laughing fellow-labourers in field or at fair—here a man on whom, ten years before, he had shut his eyes in advanced but vigorous life, now sitting with a white head, and supported on a staff—all this change he knew before, but now he saw it; and there was thus a somewhat sad, but an interesting, delightful, and impressive contrast and resemblance between the past and the present, brought immediately before him by the removal of a veil. Every face around him—every figure was instructive as well as pleasant; and humble as his sphere of life was, and limited its range, quite enough of chance

gazing down into the pool, in which the whole scene was reflected, and now and then, in spite of the grave looks, or admonishing whispers of their elders, letting fall a pebble into the water, that they might judge of its depth from the length of time that elapsed before the clear air-bells lay sparkling on the agitated surface. The rite was over, and the religious service of the day closed by a Psalm. The mighty rocks hemmed in the holy sound, and sent it in a more compacted volume, clear, sweet, and strong, up to Heaven. When the Psalm ceased, an echo like a spirit's voice, was heard dying away high up among the magnificent architecture of the cliffs, and once more might be noticed in the silence the reviving voice of the sweet waterfall.

"Just then a large stone fell from the top of the cliff into the pool, a loud voice was heard, and a plaid hung over on the point of a Shepherd's staff. Their watchful Sentinel had descried danger, and this was his warning. Forthwith the congregation rose. There were paths dangerous to unpractised feet, along the ledges of the rocks, leading up to several caves and places of concealment. The more active and young assisted the elder—more especially the old Pastor, and the women with their infants; and many minutes had not elapsed, till not a living creature was visible in the channel of the stream, but all of them hidden, or nearly so, in the clefts and caverns.

"The Shepherd who had given the alarm had laid down again in his plaid instantly on the greensward upon the summit of these precipices. A party of soldiers were immediately upon him, and demanded what signals he had been making, and to whom; when one of them, looking over the edge of the cliff, exclaimed, 'See, see! Humphrey, we have caught the whole Tabernacle of the Lord in a net at last. There they are, praising God among the stones of the river Mouss. These are the Cartland Craigs. By my soul's salvation, a noble Cathedral!' 'Fling the lying Sentinel over the cliffs. Here is a canting Covenanter for you, deceiving honest Soldiers on the very Sabbath-day. Over with him, over with him—

out of the gallery into the pit.' But the Shepherd had vanished like a shadow; and mixing with the tall green broom and bushes, was making his unseen way towards a wood. 'Satan has saved his servant; but come, my lads—follow me—I know the way down into the bed of the stream—and the steps up to Wallace's cave. They are called the "Kittle Nine Stanes." The hunt's up.—We'll be all in at the death. Halloo—my boys—halloo!'

"The soldiers dashed down a less precipitous part of the wooded banks, a little below the 'craigs,' and hurried up the channel. But when they reached the altar where the old gray-haired minister had been seen standing, and the rocks that had been covered with people, all was silent and solitary—not a creature to be seen. 'Here is a Bible dropt by some of them,' cried a soldier, and, with his foot, spun it away into the pool. 'A bonnet—a bonnet,'—cried another—'now for the pretty sanctified face that rolled its demure eyes below it.' But, after a few jests and oaths, the soldiers stood still, eyeing with a kind of mysterious dread the black and silent walls of the rock that hemmed them in, and hearing only the small voice of the stream that sent a profound stillness thro' the heart of that majestic solitude. 'Curse these cowardly Covenanters—what, if they tumbled down upon our heads pieces of rock from their hiding-places? Advance? Or retreat?' There was no reply. For a slight fear was upon every man; musket or bayonet could be of little use to men obliged to clamber up rocks, along slender paths, leading, they knew not where; and they were aware that armed men, now-a-days, worshipped God,—men of iron hearts, who feared not the glitter of the soldier's arms—neither barrel nor bayonet—men of long stride, firm step, and broad breast, who, on the open field, would have overthrown the marshalled line, and gone first and foremost if a city had to be taken by storm.

"As the soldiers were standing together irresolute, a noise came upon their ears like distant thunder, but even more appalling; and a slight current of air, as if propelled by it, passed whis-

pering along the sweet-briars, and the broom, and the tresses of the birch-trees. It came deepening, and rolling, and roaring on, and the very Cartland Craigs shook to their foundation as if in an earthquake. 'The Lord have mercy on us—what is this?' And down fell many of the miserable wretches on their knees, and some on their faces, upon the sharp-pointed rocks. Now, it was like the sound of many myriad chariots rolling on their iron axles down the stony channel of the torrent. The old grey-haired minister issued from the mouth of Wallace's Cave, and said, with a loud voice, 'The Lord God terrible

reigneth.' A water-spout had burst up among the moorlands, and the river, in its power, was at hand. There it came—tumbling along into that long reach of cliffs, and in a moment filled it with one mass of waves. Huge agitated clouds of foam rode on the surface of a blood-red torrent. An army must have been swept off by that flood. The soldiers perished in a moment—but high up in the cliffs, above the sweep of destruction, were the Covenanters—men, women, and children, uttering prayers to God, unheard by themselves, in that raging thunder."

Here we close our extracts. The volume from which they have been made stands in no need of our praise, and therefore we shall leave these few passages to speak for themselves. The author appears throughout in the most amiable character. Every page overflows with images of the most pure and beautiful tenderness. Occasionally he displays a deep knowledge of the sterner and more troubled passions. His faults are the faults of exuberance—never of poverty; and we have a confident hope that ere long, by exerting all his great powers *together*, and concentrating their energies on some work of a more extensive character, he will take boldly the high place that is his due. The intelligent reader of these little tales will be delighted, but certainly will not be surprised, in receiving a MASTERPIECE from his hands.\*

#### CONSOLATIONS FOR HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

*He is odd*,—so much the better:—there are few oddities which may not claim noble precedents.—The Emperor Julian inked his fingers on purpose, Commodus powdered his wig with gold dust, and Julius Caesar wore a green one. Fontenelle cared for nothing but asparagus fried in oil; Sir Isaac Newton forgot his dinner, and Moliere consulted an old gentlewoman.

*He is a Sloven*,—Better still—he is no worse than eight or ten learned men now living, and half a hundred dead. It is a sign he does not admire himself too much, and a comfortable security that nobody else will.

*He is always abroad*.—He will come home when he is tired. Birds return to their nests, but seldom to their cages.

*He loves bustle*.—Good!—People in a hurry are like hailstones, which leap about with great noise, and then settle very quietly. Bustle is a healthy exercise in all climates; even savages have their game, called "worree." Besides, a fidgetting person is only an idle one in a fever. He has lost half an hour

in the morning, and runs after it the whole day.

*He loves money*.—That is a great comfort. Flints yield oil sometimes, and the greatest misers may be talked out of it. Old Elwes used to say, young Pitt could have persuaded him to empty his purse at any time:—besides, the money itself is good, and a miser is no more to be considered than the bag which holds it. One may find the opening if one can.

*He loves wine*.—Another comfort for then the money will not be kept very safely; and it causes interregnums of intellect which make the wife regent. Besides, if he will reduce himself to a brute, he can have no reasonable objection to being beaten. A noted bibber returning *non compos* one day, found his wife's cloak, rolled himself in it, and fell asleep. Her father came in, and seeing her thus disgraced, remembered the Russian law which inflicts the *batozs* on ladies who drink before nine o'clock. Thinking he had not ceded his right to chastise, as Russian fathers do, he brought two sticks and applied

\* The "*Lights and Shadows*" are now in press by Munroe & Francis.

and change was now submitted to his meditation, to give his character, which had long been thoughtful, a still more solemn cast, and a temper of still more homely and humble wisdom.

“Nor did the addition to his happiness come from human life. Once more he saw the heavens and the earth. By men in his lowly condition, nature is not looked on very often perhaps with poetical eyes. But all the objects of nature are in themselves necessarily agreeable and delightful; and the very colours and forms he now saw filled his soul with bliss. Not for ten dark years had he seen a cloud, and now they were piled up like castles in the summer heaven. Not for ten dark years had he seen the vaulted sky, and there it was now bending majestically in its dark, deep, serene azure, full of tenderness, beauty, and power. The green earth, with all its flowers, was now visible beneath his feet. A hundred gardens blossomed—a hundred hedge-rows ran across the meadow and up the sides of the hills—the dark grove of sycamore, shading the village church on its mount, stood tinged with a glitter of yellow light—and from one extremity of the village to the other, calm, fair, and unwavering, the smoke from all its chimneys went up to heaven on the dewy morning-air. He felt all this just by opening his eye-lids. And in his gratitude to God he blessed the thatch of his own humble house, and the swallows that were twittering beneath its eaves.

“Such, perhaps, were some of the feelings which Allan Bruce experienced on being restored to sight. But faint and imperfect must be every picture of man’s inner soul. This, however, is true, that Allan Bruce now felt that his blindness had been in many respects, a blessing. It had touched all hearts with kindness towards him and his wife when they were poor—it had kept his feet within the doors of his house, or within the gate of his garden, often when they might otherwise have wandered into less happy and innocent places—it turned to him the sole undivided love of his sweet contented Fanny—it gave to the filial tenderness of his children something of fondest

passion—and it taught him moderation in all things, humility, reverence, and perfect resignation to the Divine Will. It may therefore, be truly said, that when the blameless man once more lifted up his seeing eyes, in all things he beheld God.

“Soon after this time, a small Nursery-garden between Roslin and Laswade—a bank sloping gently down to the Esk—was on sale, and Allan Bruce was able to purchase it. Such an employment seemed peculiarly fitted for him, and also compatible with his other professions. He had acquired, during his blindness, much useful information from the readings of his wife or children; and having been a gardener in his youth, among his many other avocations, he had especially extended his knowledge respecting flowers, shrubs, and trees. Here he follows that healthy, pleasant, and intelligent occupation. Among his other assistant Gardeners there is one man with a head white as snow, but a ruddy and cheerful countenance, who, from his self-importance seems to be the proprietor of the garden. This is Allan’s Father, who lives in a small cottage adjoining—takes care of all the garden-tools—and is master of the bee-hives. His old mother, too, is sometimes seen weeding; but oftener with her grandchildren, when in the evenings, after school, they are playing on the green plat by the Sun Dial, with flowers garlanded round their heads, or feeding the large trout in the clear silvery well near the roots of the celebrated Pear Tree.”

From “the Hour in the Manse,” “the Forgers,” “Simon Gray,” and various other tales in the volume, we could easily quote passages enough to shew that the awful, the terrible dark parts of man and his nature, are as much within the grasp of our author, as the passages we have now quoted shew the pathetic and the beautiful to be. But we despair of being able to quote any passages from the tales of that class, without in some measure injuring the after effect of what we only wish to introduce to our readers’ notice. We shall therefore make but one extract more, and it shall be from a story

that stands almost alone in the book—a fragment from the noble traditional History of the days of religious persecution in Scotland—the memory of which days is yet fresh in the minds of our old shepherds and cottage matrons upon the moors of Clydesdale and Dumfries-shire.

After describing at some length the state of the people at Lanark, at the time when the Presbyterian worship was not permitted to be celebrated in their parish church, the author introduces us to the persecuted congregation assembled in the midst of the sublime scenery of Cartland Craigs on the morning of a beautiful summer Sabbath, chiefly for the purpose of having the children, who had been born during the suspension of the public worship of God in the place, admitted into the body of the church by the rite of baptism.

“The church in which they were assembled was hewn, by God’s hand, out of the eternal rocks. A river rolled its way through a mighty chasm of cliffs, several hundred feet high, of which the one side presented enormous masses, and the other corresponding recesses, as if the great stone had been rent by a convulsion. The channel was overspread with prodigious fragments of rock or large loose stones, some of them smooth and bare, others containing soil and verdure in their rents and fissures, and here and there crowned with shrubs and trees. The eye could at once command a long stretching vista, seemingly closed and shut up at both extremities by the coalescing cliffs. This majestic reach of river, contained pools, streams, rushing shelves, and waterfalls innumerable; and when the water was low, which it now was in the common drought, it was easy to walk up this scene, with the calm blue sky overhead, an utter and sublime solitude. On looking up, the soul was bowed down by the feeling of that prodigious height of unscaleable and often overhanging cliff. Between the channel and the summit of far extended precipices were perpetually flying rocks and wood-pigeons, and now and then a hawk, filling the profound abyss with their wild cawing,

deep murmur, or shrilly shriek. Sometimes a heron would stand erect and still on some little stone island, or rise up like a white cloud along the black walls of the chasm, and disappear. Winged creatures alone could inhabit this region. The fox and wild cat choose more accessible haunts. Yet here came the persecuted Christians and worshipped God, whose hand hung over their heads those magnificent pillars and arches, scooped out those galleries from the solid rock, and laid at their feet calm water in its transparent beauty, in which they could see themselves sitting in reflected groups, with their Bibles in their hands.

“Here, upon a semicircular ledge of rocks, over a narrow chasm, of which the tiny stream played in a murmuring waterfall, and divided the congregation into two equal parts, sat about a hundred persons all devoutly listening to their Minister, who stood before them on what might well be called a small natural Pulpit of living stone. Up to it there led a short flight of steps, and over it waved the canopy of a tall graceful birch tree. This pulpit stood on the middle of the channel, directly facing that congregation, and separated from them by the clear deep sparkling pool into which the scarce-heard water poured over the blackened rock. The water, as it left the pool, separated into two streams, and flowed on each side of the Altar, thus placing it in an island, whose large mossy stones were richly embowered under the golden blossoms and green tresses of the broom. Divine service was closed, and a row of maidens, all clothed in purest white, came gliding off from the congregation, and crossing the stream on some stepping stones, arranged themselves at the foot of the pulpit, with the infants about to be baptized. The fathers of the infants, just as if they had been in their own Kirk, had been sitting there during worship, and now stood up before the Minister. The baptismal water, taken from that pellucid pool, was lying consecrated in a small hollow of one of the upright stones, that formed one side or pillar of the pulpit, and the holy rite proceeded. Some of the younger ones in that semicircle kept

he left me only to ensure the means of my preservation. He will return to yonder hut which you perceive between the trees of the forest. Hasten to inform him how Ezilda has saved me.'— 'Adieu! (said the bard of the mountain,) I will direct Alaor to your retreat.' With these words he ascended the mountain and proceeded to the hut of the wood-cutter.

Guided by Ezilda, the boat glided lightly over the surface of the water, and passing through a cavern issued from the bowels of the earth, and the persecuted pair once more beheld the glories of day. [The valley of Fontanias is like the Happy Valley in Rasselas.]

Here Agobar and Ezilda found an asylum, and in the course of a few days the prince was recovered by the skilful application of medical herbs. One evening, seated at the door of Roderick's cottage, Ezilda called the attention of the hero to the magnificent spectacle of the setting sun, whose last rays spread a veil of gold over the lofty trees which covered the surrounding hills. Agobar pressed the hand of Ezilda. He gazed passionately on his liberatrix and his bride, and the Princess of Cevennes, more beautiful than ever, seemed to live only for him. 'Oh my beloved Ezilda (he exclaimed,) I have long wandered in the burning desert of life; but I have now found the enchanted Oasis. Behold the invincible Agobar, the untamed tiger, trembling and prostrate at your feet!' A tear dropped from the eye of the princess, a deep flush suffused her cheeks, and in a faltering accent she said, 'Clodomir, do you love me?'— 'Love you?' (exclaimed Agobar,) more than man ever loved.'— 'Yonder is the church of the happy valley! (said Ezilda.) If I really possess your heart, to-morrow we may be united.'— 'Have I not received your ring? (resumed the prince;) at the royal chapel of Lutetia have I not plighted my faith! What is wanting to complete our union?'— 'The nuptial benediction,' replied the princess. 'And who can pronounce it here?'— 'The priest of Fontanias.'— 'The priest of Fontanias! (repeated Agobar in a transport of fury;) and can you regard as sacred bounds a few

mysterious words uttered by a stranger, and scarcely heard or understood.— Priests! (he continued,) I know them and I abhor them. I was the victim of wretches who were styled the ministers of Heaven. No, Clodomir will never bend his knee before a priest!'— 'Son of Thierri, (replied the princess,) at the foot of the holy altar you will not bend before a priest, but before your Creator. It is the blessing of Heaven and not of man that we shall implore. As when surrounded by these enchanting scenes of nature, I see only Clodomir, so in the Christian temple I see only the Almighty.' Agobar promised to meet his mistress on the following evening in the church of Fontanias, and Fate seemed at length to be propitious to the lovers.

But, alas! a moment of happiness is too frequently only the forerunner of sorrow. The Princess of Cevennes retired to rest, surrounded by hopes of felicity; but she awoke amidst the bitterness of grief. At day-break, the sound of the trumpet, hitherto unknown to the shepherds of Fontanias, echoed through the valley. The astonished Agobar suddenly started from his couch. At the sound of the warlike instrument, his martial spirit, which had been for a moment extinguished, was rekindled with twofold ardour. The door of his apartment suddenly opened, and with a transport of joy he beheld his brother in arms. What a moment for the Renegade! Alaor, a secret messenger from the Saracen camp, had come to summon him to glory and revenge. 'Athim still commands, (said Alaor;) but the Mussulmans and their chiefs regard him with horror, and are ready to rise against him. They loudly call for Agobar, and as soon as their former chief shall appear among them, the thunderbolt will break on the head of Athim.'— 'The valley of Fontanias had lost its enchantments. Glory and revenge now filled the mind of Agobar.

[He quits the valley for a castle called Miltaid, situated between Cevennes and Angustara, and occupied by Mohamad, a powerful chief of the Mussulman army, no less perfidious than Athim himself, who has deluded Alaor to get Agobar into their power.]

The prince and his faithful brother in arms were already far from Fontanias, and at sunset the travellers arrived within sight of the towers of Miltaid. On reaching the draw-bridge, they sounded the horn: the gates were speedily opened and the bridge was lowered behind them. They were conducted to the grand gallery of the castle; the immense space was filled with Mussulman warriors, whose swarthy and ferocious countenances presented an appalling spectacle. 'It is he! It is Agobar!' exclaimed a voice: it was the voice of Mohamud. A fierce cry resounding from the extremities of the gallery, answered the signal, and the satellites of the traitor rushed forward and seized Agobar and his friend. 'At length (said Mohamud, addressing the prince,) your career is at an end. In this castle, and by my hands the world shall be delivered of a monster, who has long been the scourge of his fellow-creatures.'

The captives were conducted from the gallery of the castle, and conveyed to a subterraneous vault, lighted here and there by sepulchral lamps. The janissaries withdrew. Agobar threw himself on the stone floor of his dungeon. His sufferings were at their height; but he was no longer possessed by that impious spirit which in his former days of adversity had induced him to vent imprecations on his fate, and to utter blasphemy against his God. Alaor was on his knees before him. He could no longer withhold his expressions of despair: 'My brother! (said he,) am I worthy to bear that name: I brought you from the Happy Valley to plunge you into the abyss of perdition, to deliver you into the hands of assassins.'—'Do not break my heart (said Agobar.) Let us not give this new triumph to our enemies. Let us meet our fate with fortitude!' The door of the dungeon opened, and a party of janissaries armed with javelins, entered. 'Young Saracen, (said one of the agents of Mohamud,) prepare for death. The sentence of Athim, which was long since pronounced on you, is now to be executed before the eyes of your chief.' The janissaries

bound Agobar hand and foot to the wall of the dungeon, and, deprived of all power of resistance, he was compelled to witness the atrocious execution of his friend. Alaor was tied to the fatal stake: the perfection of his form, the beauty of his features, his youth, his resignation, nothing could soften the hearts of his murderers. They drew their javelins, and pierced the pure and devoted heart of the young soldier. Mohamud and his janissaries retired, and Agobar fell motionless before the bleeding corpse of the companion of his past glory. A week elapsed, and a messenger arrived from the camp of Athim with the following letter. 'To-morrow a decisive battle will be fought. It is my intention to convey the Renegade in chains to Iberia, and until the period of my departure I proposed to leave him at Miltaid. But it is possible that the warriors of Segorum may make an attempt to rescue the prisoner; therefore, immediately on the receipt of this dispatch, transport Agobar and all the Christian captives to the pyramid of Fabias. Should victory crown the Mussulman banner, we will convey them back to Miltaid; but should fortune betray, they must be put to the sword.'

[Ezilda is recalled by Charles Martel on the eve of this great battle, as the heroes of Segorum refuse to obey any leader but her. Her reinforcement arrives as the French are retreating, and changes the fate of the day.] The Saracens retreated in their turn: torrents of blood inundated the plain, and amidst the deadly conflict Athim perished by the hand of Charles Martel. But, alas! his death came too late. The perfidious African at the appearance of Ezilda foresaw his defeat, and dreading the thought of dying without being avenged on Agobar, he despatched an order to Mohamud for his execution.

[Ezilda is carried by her horse to the monument of Fontanias.] She hastened to the pyramid. But what was the spectacle that presented itself to her eyes! Agobar weltering in his blood! Ezilda uttered a shriek of hor-



them with great perseverance and effect. So the lady told the story, but her husband never did, not being quite sure who gave him the *batogs*.

*He is passionate.*—No bad thing. Such people, says the Marquis of Halifax, always make amends at the foot of the account. Be not witty, make no replies, and good humour will follow. The dew is sweetest and most plentiful in hot climates. M. De Luc always carried a lump of sugar in his pocket to hold in his mouth when he or his companions grew angry. There are places where quarrelsome people are put into cold baths till they cease talking, but we have not water enough in England. A wife reasoning with an impatient husband is as silly as the eglantine in the fable arguing with a waterfall, when it might have looked quietly on and sparkled after the sprinkling.

*He is proud.*—Take comfort—so are all hasty men. Whoever is passionate is so partial to himself that he will not bear contradiction. But if those who live with him are patient, his weakness will be their strong-hold, for he will let nobody else molest them.

*He is churlish.*—Still there is comfort. If he has good sense, it will be so often waked by other people's follies, that, like a good house-dog, it must bark a little; and honest Englishmen, like their favourite hounds, have a good deal of surliness about them. But, either with over much rudeness or excessive civility, nothing is so useful as quiet indifference. A flatterer is sooner shamed and a ruffian tamed by this than by grand airs. Besides, what seems peevishness may be sickness. Poets pretend, Prometheus was sentenced to endure the gnawings of a vulture, but it was, probably, a fashionable liver complaint, or a stitch in the side. However, let a churlish temper alone: nothing good can be forced from it. The wine squeezed from grape-stones and husks is always sour.

*He is indifferent.*—This is almost an inconsolable matter; but if you think aversion a better fault, take a particular friend into your house. Let her be very beautiful, poor, and fashionable; or very ugly, witty, and eloquent.

The first will take care that he shall know all your faults, and the other that his shall never pass unnoticed by you. There will be telegraphs on both sides, and produce a deep, broad, open hatred, as much preferable to indifference as a thick ice is to a little hoar frost. If this is not enough, hire a companion. In old times, all families kept a tame knave; and people in India still think a tame snake lucky in their houses. Last of all, take a prying cousin or an instructive aunt; then you will have a third person to hate, and sufficient business for you both to remove her again.

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*She is a shrew.*—Very consoling:—a shrew is always a good manager and a little eater. Keep a mischievous dog and a stupid footboy, and her anger will never trouble you. Her tongue is the safety-valve of the steam engine.

*She is too busy.*—Better still. Busy people are apt to be short sighted, which preserves peace in families. Bees see only an inch before their noses.

*She talks too much.*—'Tis a better fault than sulkiness and never ends so ill. An honest gentleman may stop his ears, but he cannot see through a fog. Archbishop Cranmer proposed to make a sullen temper a claim for divorce, because he thought a silent woman a thing not fit to enter heaven. "For," says he, "we are never told that angels hold their tongues.—They must be women, for they are always talking and singing."

*Nobody knows her mind.*—She is not to blame for knowing more than other people. Woman's mind should never be seen except in profile, for she is wisest when she shews only half her graces and her thoughts. What should we think of a jeweller if he never shut his windows?—And as some great man said on a similar occasion. "It proves she might be trusted with a secret."

*She brings no money.*—There is comfort instead. Next to marrying an heiress, a penniless girl is the best, for you may have the credit and authority of an obliger, and she the servitude of an obligée.—Most probably, if you please, she will spend your for-

tune with more fancy and glee than ten heiresses.—Only take her far off, or you must marry all her relations.

*She is jealous.*—A certain cure for all other plagues, because, like Aaron's rod, it swallows them up. Of all the 2,500 diseases acknowledged by physicians, it is the most painful, but the most economical. For it spares no time, it heeds no amusement, and takes no food except of its own making. It cures all delight in dress, all love of feasts and company, and makes all the senses sharp, except common sense, which it has no concern with.

*She loves flattery.*—Best of all:—it is the cheapest, the pleasantest, and may be the most elegant taste—that is, if she knows how to administer as well as to receive it. For it is to the temper

like oil poured on the sea, not only smoothing, but giving it a thousand bright colours. It is the most elegant, for it requires a polite fancy; the pleasantest, for it pleases every body; and the cheapest, for a little serves the wise.

*She is nervous.*—This is the sum total of a wife's defects, and I only know one consolation. Let her find in her husband's portfolio his horoscope carefully drawn with an intimation of the year when he may become a widower, receive ten thousand pounds from his godmother and marry again. If she does not survive the time through spite, she will die through fear, and either way will serve. Here my art of consoling ends, for more must be needless. V.

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THE RENEGADE. A ROMANCE. BY THE VICOMTE D'ARLINCOURT.

Concluded.

THE Princess of Cevennes was only at a short distance from the torrent of Fontanias. Followed by the Prophet of the Mountain, she directed her footsteps to the spot whence the plaintive moan had issued; and penetrating through the thickets, she soon reached the brink of the torrent.—There, beneath an old willow-tree, a Saracen soldier lay asleep. At a little distance, stretched on a litter, appeared the body of a warrior. The features of the victim were pale and smeared with blood. Ezilda approached, and recognized . . . the Renegade.—‘Oh Heaven! (she exclaimed,) Agobar! and have I then lost him for ever!’ Goudair was lost in amazement; but the daughter of Theobert, having ascertained that Agobar still lived, thus addressed the bard, whose thoughts she already guessed:—‘Goudair, promise not to reveal the secret which I am now about to confide to you. Know that Clodomir is before you, and that an inconceivable fatality has rendered the son of Thierry the chief of the infidel army.’—‘Heavens! (exclaimed Goudair,) can it be possible! . . . Agobar! . . .’—‘Is your monarch and my husband, (resumed the Princess;) and our duty is to save

him. Let us not waste time in words. Bring your boat hither. Let us rescue Agobar from the hands of his enemies, and Heaven will do the rest.’

While Goudair hastened for his boat, Ezilda cut the cords which bound the limbs of Agobar, and sprinkled some drops of water on his pale forehead. The son of Thierry raised his languid eyes: his first glance met that of the princess.—‘Where am I? (exclaimed the hero.) Have I then quitted the abode of darkness!—Ezilda here!’—Goudair returned, and the boat was in readiness. ‘Fly (said the Prophet of the Mountain,) I hear voices at a distance. The enemy perhaps approaches.’ Assisted by Goudair, the prince rose and took his seat in the boat. In a moment Ezilda was by his side. She seized the oar, and the bard untying the rope which still bound them to the shore, bade them a last adieu. ‘Stay, old man, (suddenly exclaimed the prince;) in the name of the angelic being who takes an interest in my fate, I conjure you to listen to my prayer. Condemned to death by Abderam, and pursued by the rage of Athim, I am exiled, and treason has deprived me of all power. But my devoted friend Alaor has not forsaken me. This night

ror; but the hero was deaf to her voice, his senses were bewildered. 'Alas! my brother! I follow you, (he said;) but where is Ezilda—where is the angel of Fontanias!'—'Merciful Heaven! save him,' exclaimed the heroine. Agobar started, and, raising his eyes, recognised his bride. 'But his wounds may not be mortal, (resumed the Princess,) let me fly in quest of assistance.'—'Stay, (interrupted Agobar;) the poignard of Mohamud has thrice pierced my heart. Nothing can save me. Deprive me not of this last ray of happiness. Stay, Ezilda, your presence banishes the horror of death.' At this moment the rosary which the princess wore suspended from her neck became unfastened, and her golden crucifix fell on the bosom of Agobar. The hero seized it and raised it to his lips. The princess triumphed. A tear of pity dropped from the eyes of the Saracen chief. He clasped his hands, and invoking the Supreme Judge, 'Oh Thou! (he said,) whom I have so often offended; who seest the repentance that overwhelms me; cast an eye of pity on me, I implore thy mercy!' A deep sigh escaped from his bosom. Death claimed his victim. The noble son of Thierri was no more. The princess

looked stedfastly on the remains of the hero. She shed no tears; the most perfect resignation was painted on her countenance.—'Adieu! (she said,) Oh most unfortunate of princes! All is now dead to Ezilda. Glory, power, country, adieu! My destination is fulfilled!' [The tale concludes with her seeking refuge in the convent of Amalberge, where she presents herself with an urn, is admitted and dies.]

Her remains were deposited in the vault of St. Amalberge. While, according to her promise, the abbess was depositing the mysterious urn in the tomb, the lid became unfastened. Two rings appeared. They were tied together, and laid on a piece of black cloth, which doubtless covered the remains of the son of Thierri. The abbess examined the rings, and to her surprise read the names of *Clodomir* and *Ezilda*. She replaced them, and deposited the urn beside the coffin of the princess. A simple stone, without either name or inscription, covered the tomb; and every evening the pious Abbess of St. Amalberge bathed the silent monument with her tears.\*

\* The great interest which this Romance has excited in France, is partly owing to the circumstance of the Renegade's being a recognized moral portrait of Buonaparte.

### THE SPECTRE BOAT, A BALLAD.

BY T. CAMPBELL.

Light rued false Ferdinand, to leave a lovely maid forlorn,  
Who broke her heart and died to hide her blushing cheek from scorn.  
One night he dreamt he woo'd her in their wonted bower of love,  
Where the flowers sprang thick around them, and the birds sang sweet above

But the scene was swiftly changed into a church-yard's dismal view,  
And her lips grew black beneath his kiss from love's delicious hue.  
What more he dreamt, he told to none; but shuddering, pale, and dumb,  
Look'd out upon the waves, like one that knew his hour was come.

'Twas now the dead watch of the night—the helm was lash'd a-lee,  
And the ship rode where Mount Ætna lights the deep Levantine sea;  
When beneath its glare a boat came, row'd by a woman in her shroud.  
Who, with eyes that made our blood run cold, stood up and spoke aloud.

Come, Traitor, down, for whom my ghost still wanders unforgiven!  
Come down, false Ferdinand, for whom I broke my peace with Heaven!—  
It was vain to hold the victim, for he plung'd to meet her call,  
Like the bird that shrieks and flutters in the gazing serpent's thrall.

You may guess, the holdest mariner shrunk daunted from the sight,  
For the spectre and her win'ling-sheet shone blue with hideous light;  
Like a fiery wheel the boat spun with the waving of her hand,  
And round they went, and down they went, as the cock crew from the land.

## Paragraphs.

### WOODEN ARTILLERY.

Few narratives of sieges are more entertaining than that given in the *Seir Mutakhereen*, of a fort which was defended by the use of wooden artillery, and defended effectually in one of Aurungzebe's campaigns in the Deccan. The commandant was nearly unprovided with cannon, having only one or two defective pieces. The town was, however, a great mart for timber. The governor securing both the timber and the carpenters, garnished his ramparts with wooden imitations of cannon; and being fully supplied with most other requisites when the imperial army arrived, put a good face on the business. He did more too, for he kept the secret within his own walls; and the enemy respecting the number of his train, commenced their approaches in due form, affording him thus abundance of leisure to mature his plan of defence. Every piece, as soon as fired, became of course unserviceable, but he immediately replaced it by a new one. The balls from the imperial batteries were returned with the utmost facility, as, however ponderous these were, our hero was able to supply pieces of any calibre, and send recochet shot, *selon les regles*, even with more effect than his enemy. The labours of the Carron Foundry never produced more guns in a year, than this man's ingenuity did in one siege. The enemy tired out, at last, with the obstinate defence which he made from his batteries, determined to carry the place by escalade in open day. Having failed, however, in some similar enterprizes, a neighbouring saint was procured, who was to head the attack, and by the sanctity of his character, to inspire the soldiers with greater zeal in a desperate cause. The holy man was raised on a platform, and carried in the rear of the forlorn hope. The governor's good luck still adhered to him. A shot from a wooden gun, when the escaladers were nearly close to the walls, knocked down the saint, on which the party took to their heels. A delay ensued; the siege was at last raised; and the commandant covered with glory.

### ALPINE FARMERS.

The farmers of the Upper Alps, though by no means wealthy, live like lords in their houses; while the heaviest portion of agricultural labour devolves on the wife. It is no uncommon thing to see a woman yoked to the plough along with an ass, while the husband guides it. A farmer of the Upper Alps accounts it an act of politeness, to lend his wife to a neighbour who is too much oppressed with work; and the neighbour, in his turn, lends his wife for a few days' work, whenever the favour is requested.

### THE SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND.

It is pretty generally known, that George the First entertained a suspicion of the fidelity of his queen, and that he supposed the object of her affections was Count Koningsmark. So strongly did this opinion work on the monarch's mind, that he doomed her to be confined for life in a castle of his own in Hanover. The reason which he gave for his suspicion was, that having occasion to enter her majesty's closet very late one night, he found her asleep on the sofa, and a man's hat (which he knew to belong to Count Koningsmark) lying by her; and as he thought the circumstance to amount to a full proof of her guilt, he took the barbarous resolution of confining her in the castle where she died.

Some time after this, Dr. Hoadly reflecting on the above circumstance, worked up the comedy of the "Suspicious Husband;" the principal plot of which is the causeless jealousy of Mr. Strictland, which the author artfully confirms, by introducing Ranger's hat in Mrs. Strictland's chamber, which being found by Mr. Strictland, confirms his suspicion, and makes him resolve to part with his lady.

### THE DAMASCENES.

As a parallel to the late horrid Massacre of the Greeks at Scios, and intolerant bigotry of the Mussulmans, the destruction of the Damascenes in the 7th century may be instanced.

In the year 633, the Arabs, encouraged by the conquest of Bosra, four days journey from Damascus, laid

siege to the ancient capital of Syria. At some distance from the walls, they encamped among the groves and fountains of that delicious territory; and the usual option of the Mahometan faith, of tribute or of war, was proposed to the resolute citizens, who had been lately strengthened by a reinforcement of five thousand Greeks.

Many a lance was now shivered in the plain of Damascus; and the personal prowess of Caled, the Saracen leader, was signalized in the first sally of the besieged. The event of some general and partial actions reduced the Damascenes to a closer defence; but a messenger, whom they dropt from the walls, returned with the promise of speedy and powerful succour; and their tumultuous joy conveyed the intelligence to the camp of the Arabs. After some debate, it was resolved to raise, or rather to suspend, the siege of Damascus, till they had given battle to the forces of the emperor.

Caled defeated the imperial army at the battle Aiznadin, with immense loss; and the death of four hundred and seventy Moslems was compensated by the opinion that they had killed fifty thousand infidels.

The sad tidings were carried to Damascus by the speed of grief and terror; and the inhabitants beheld from their walls the return of the heroes of Aiznadin. The Damascenes defended their city with great bravery; but after a siege of seventy days, their patience and their provisions were exhausted, and the bravest of their chiefs submitted to the hard dictates of necessity. In the occurrences of peace and war, they had been taught to dread the fierceness of Caled, and to revere the mild virtues of Abu Obeidah. At the hour of midnight, one hundred chosen deputies of the clergy and people, were introduced to the tent of that venerable commander, who received and dismissed them with courtesy. They returned with a written agreement, on the faith of a companion of Mahomet, that all hostilities should cease, that the voluntary exiles might depart in safety, with as much as they could carry away of their effects; and that the tributary subjects of the Caliph, should enjoy their land

and houses, with the use and possession of seven churches. On these terms, the most respectable hostages, and the gate nearest to his camp, were delivered into his hands. The success of the treaty relaxed the vigour of the Damascenes; and in the same moment, the opposite quarter of the city was betrayed and taken by assault. A party of a hundred Arabs had opened the eastern gate to a more inexorable foe. "No quarter," cried the rapacious and sanguinary Caled, "no quarter to the enemies of the Lord." His trumpets sounded, and a torrent of Christian blood was poured down the streets of Damascus, until the hungry and cruel Arabs were arrested by the benevolence of Abu Obeidah. Throwing himself between the trembling citizens, and the most eager of the barbarians, he abjured them, by the holy name of God, to respect his promise, to suspend their fury, and to wait the determination of their chiefs. After a vehement debate in the church of St. Mary, it was agreed that the sword should be sheathed, that the part of Damascus which had surrendered to Abu Obeidah should be immediately entitled to the benefit of his capitulation, and that the final decision should be deferred to the wisdom of the Caliph.

A large majority of the people accepted the terms of toleration and tribute; but the valiant Thomas, a noble Greek, and the free-born patriots who had fought under his banner, embraced the alternative of poverty and exile. In the adjacent meadow a numerous encampment was formed, of priests and laymen, of soldiers and citizens, of women and children; they collected with haste and terror their most precious moveables; and abandoned with loud lamentations or silent anguish, their native homes, and the pleasant banks of the Pharphar. The inflexible soul of Caled was not touched by the spectacle of their distress; he disputed with the Damascenes the property of a magazine of corn; endeavoured to exclude the garrison from the benefit of the treaty; consented with reluctance, that each of the fugitives should arm himself with a sword, or a lance, or a bow; and sternly declared, that after a res-

pite of three days, they might be pursued and treated as enemies of the Moslems.

The passion of a Syrian youth, completed the ruin of the exiles of Damascus. A nobleman of the city, of the name of Jonas, was betrothed to a wealthy maiden of the name of Eudocia, but her parents delayed the consummation of his nuptials, and their daughter was persuaded to escape with the man she had chosen. They corrupted the nightly watchmen of the gate Keisan; the lover, who led the way, was encompassed by a squadron of Arabs; but his exclamation in the Greek tongue, "the bird is taken," admonished his mistress to hasten her return. In the presence of Caled and of death, the unfortunate Jonas professed his belief in one God and his Apostle Mahomet; and continued till the season of his martyrdom to discharge the duties of a brave and sincere Mussulman.

When the city was taken, Jonas flew to the monastery where Eudocia had taken refuge; but the lover was forgotten; the apostate was scorned; she preferred her religion to her country; and the justice of Caled, deaf to mercy, refused to detain by force a male or a female inhabitant of Damascus. Four days was the general confined to the city, by the obligations of the treaty, and the urgent cares of his new conquest. His appetite for blood and rapine would have been extinguished by the hopeless computation of time and distance; but he listened to the importunities of Jonas, who assured him that the fugitives might yet be overtaken. At the head of four thousand horse, in the disguise of Christian Arabs, Caled undertook the pursuit. They halted only for the moments of prayer; and their guide had a perfect knowledge of the country. For a long way, the footsteps of the Damascenes were plain and conspicuous; they vanished on a sudden; but the Saracens were comforted by the assurance that the caravan had turned aside into the mountains, and must speedily fall into their hands. In traversing the ridge of Libanus, they endured intolerable hardships, and the sinking spirits of the veteran fanatics, were supported

and cheered by the unconquerable ardour of a lover. From a peasant of the country, they were informed, that the emperor had sent orders to the colony of exiles, to pursue without delay the road of the sea coast, and of Constantinople, apprehensive, perhaps, that the soldiers and people of Antioch might be discouraged by the sight and the story of their sufferings. The Saracens were conducted through the territories of Gabala, and Laodicea, at a cautious distance from the walls of cities; the rain was incessant, the night was dark, a single mountain separated them from the Roman army; and Caled, ever anxious for the safety of his brethren, whispered an ominous dream in the ear of his companion. With the dawn of day, the prospect again cleared, and they saw before them, in a pleasant valley, the tents of Damascus. After a short interval of repose and prayer, Caled divided his cavalry into four squadrons, committing the first to his faithful Derar, and reserving the last for himself. They successively rushed on the promiscuous multitude, insufficiently provided with arms, and already vanquished with sorrow and fatigue. Except a captive who was pardoned and dismissed, the Arabs enjoyed the satisfaction of believing, that not a Christian of either sex escaped the edge of their scymitars. The gold and silver of Damascus were scattered over the camp, and a royal wardrobe of three hundred load of silk, might clothe an army of naked barbarians. In the tumult of the battle, Jonas sought and found the object of his pursuit; but her resentment was inflamed by the last act of his perfidy; and as Eudocia struggled in his hateful arms, she struck a dagger to her heart.

#### MERCANTILE ADVENTURE.

Mr. Richard Atkinson was one of the many instances of good sense and persevering industry, well directed in a commercial country like England.—When he first came from the North, he was a mere adventurer, without either fortune, or even friends that could serve him, and with no other acquisitions of education, but common penmanship and arithmetic. Thus circumstanced he came to London, and passing

through different counting-houses as a clerk, he at length commenced speculations, which soon produced that prodigious wealth of which he died possessed.

Although this was the gentleman whom Lord North, in allusion to a contract for rum which he had with the Government, called a *rogue in spirit*, yet he was generous and even magnificent in his bounty. He once, in the gayety of conversation, offered to Lady A. Lindsay, to employ a thousand pounds of her fortune with his own capital in trade, and to give her the due portion of profits. The offer was of course accepted; and in three years, her ladyship received her original thousand pounds, with the splendid addition of nine thousand more.

#### OLD PRACTICES.

In some parts of Scotland, in former times the ploughs used to be drawn by four horses abreast, and required the attendance of three men. The business of one man was to drive. For that purpose he placed himself between the middle horses, with his face towards the plough to guide it straight, and in this position he stepped backwards with the reins in his hand. Another walked behind the horses with a *clecked* staff, which he fastened in the front of the beam, and by means of it regulated the depth of the furrow, by by raising or lowering the plough, as occasion required. The ploughman followed with a hold of the stilts; and in this formidable and ludicrous manner they repeated their attacks on the soil.

In harvest, a basket machine was placed on horseback for carrying home the grain; and persons were employed on each side with forks to keep it in a proper poise. It is said that this practice is yet to be met with in Galloway.

Many practices subsisting even at this day in Ireland are still more ridiculous. Mr. Arthur Young tells us, that in Donegal he has actually seen horses ploughing by the tail!

A Scottish newspaper states that a Dr. John Nicol, of Forres, and a Mr. Black, had travelled across the Cordilleras (by Mendoza) to St. Iago de Chilli. A lady who joined their party perished through cold and

fatigue; and the natives, about nine in number, lost their sight from the intense reflection of the sun's rays by the snow. Our countrymen were preserved by having green veils, and performed the parts of good Samaritans in leading their unfortunate companions to a place of safety, through many dangers and the severest privations.

#### *Strawberries a Cure for the Gout.*

The celebrated Linnaeus, when he was forty-three years of age, was subject to such violent attacks of the gout, that they deprived him of sleep and appetite. During the fit, he happened once to eat some strawberries, after which he had a refreshing sleep. The next day he eat, at intervals, a large quantity, and on the second day after was quite recovered, and able to quit his bed. In the summer of the following year he again dispelled attacks of the disease by taking ripe strawberries. The third year the attacks were renewed, but in a slighter degree than in the preceding years. After this, Linnaeus never neglected to eat strawberries every summer; his blood seemed to be purified by this means; his countenance was more cheerful, his colour fresher, and he was ever after free from the gout, though he lived to the age of seventy years.

*Athens.*—A letter from the Lazaretto of Toulon states that Admiral Halgan has arrived in that port from Athens, where M. Fauvel, the French consul, still resided. The destruction of the Parthenon was hourly expected from the Greek bombardment; and the Admiral had brought with him some fragments of the famous Lantern of Demosthenes, saved from the flames which had already consumed many precious objects.

*Laura's Portrait.*—Italian papers say that the original Portrait of Petrarch's Laura has been found. It is well known that she was painted by Simone Memmi; but the engraving, published by Raphael Morghen, is after an ideal portrait, or perhaps the portrait of another Laura, who lived about 1300. The recovered portrait is in the collection of M. Arrighi at Florence (Piazza SS Trinita, palazzi Buonellmonti,) and has been declared by Count Cicognara to be authentic, after a comparison with the original miniature in the celebrated MS. of Petrarch, preserved in the Laurentian Library at Florence. The possessor has published an engraving of it.

*The Fine Arts.*—Canova's group of Mars and Venus, executed for the King of England, which the artist has just completed, has been exhibited for these few days past. The work was already known by the model, and a drawing after it had been engraved; but now we are made sensible of the immense difference between the first sketch and the most delicately and carefully executed marble. It seems as if the artist had chosen this group at once to shew his skill

in the severe and in the agreeable style ; uniting both figures by an expressive and decent entwining of the arms, he has shewn what he can perform in both. The figure of Mars possesses so much nobleness and purity of form, that it may serve as a model of this class, which is the mean between the Apollo and the Hercules : the light and elegant limbs are finely proportioned, and yet muscular energy is so well expressed, that we readily acknowledge in them the motion and strength of the God of War. The accurate leaning on the left thigh, and the happily expressed motion and wavy contours of the hips, which add so much grace to personal majesty, are particularly worthy of notice. The extremities are in every respect admirable ; and the head, gently inclined towards the goddess, indicates, in the calm features of the face, the power of beauty even over gods. It would have been vulgar and mean to think of expressing martial ardour on the brow of the God of War, who is engaged in soft converse with Venus. The character of each figure is sufficiently developed in the form and admirable proportions. On whatever side the group is surveyed, the two figures display the happiest combinations and contrasts, so that those rigorous demands of art are also fully satisfied. If the beauty of the proportions, the nobleness of the expression, and the excellence of the composition, make this group one of the most distinguished works of the artist, and one of the grandest productions of modern art ; it is likewise a model of the finest taste, from the wonderful perfection of the execution. We observe especially such novelty in the choice of their forms, that they afford a fresh proof that the artist has not exhausted the copious source of his ideas in the great number of his former works. The handling of the chisel has been so judiciously varied, that it might be said the marble had acquired different degrees of hardness and softness by the different treatment of its surface. The tenderness (*morbidezza*) of the fleshy parts is most beautifully contrasted with the polished steel of the helmet and shield, and with the lightness of the draperies, which are so gracefully thrown, that they conceal what the art has surrendered to the claims of decorum, and also the solidity of the material. Lastly, the hair is managed with a freedom of the chisel which we should be inclined to ascribe only to a youthful hand.

The King of France has given 150,000 francs for the Zodiack of Denderah. The civil list is charged with one half of the price.

#### A HEAVY LOSS.

P——, a picture-dealer, met S—— in the street one day, and the following conversation ensued :—S. You look deplorably sad, what is the matter with you ?—P. Oh, I am the unluckiest dog alive ; I am almost ruined ; I have lost fifty pounds this morning.—S. How, how man, I never knew you had so much to lose ?—P. Oh, it

is always my luck, always unfortunate—a heavy loss, a dead loss.—S. (sympathetically) But how happened it ?—P. Why, last week I bought a volume of plates at a sale for forty shillings ; and as they were in the way of Lord G——'s collection, I offered them to him. He appointed to call this morning—I went—his Lordship was engaged, and I sat down in the anti-room. I had resolved to put a good five pounds profit on, and began looking over the prints, that I might see where to insist on their value. It struck me that they looked better than before, and I determined to ask ten pounds for them ! Well, Sir, I waited and waited till almost tired ; and I said to myself, By G——, I won't waste my time so long for nothing, for any Lord in Christendom, —I'll ask fifteen pounds!! Another half hour passed, and I got so mad, that I swore to myself I'd ask thirty, and I had made up my mind to this when I was called in. His Lordship was in a desperate good humour, and behaved so kindly, that when he inquired the price, I plumped it at once *fifty pounds*!!—S. And so by your greed you lost your purchaser ?—P. No, don't it ; he gave me a cheque for the money in a moment without haggling—I might just as easily have got a hundred—but I am always unlucky !—*A true tale.*

#### MANDRAKE.

In the vicinity of Uschakan are found two remarkable roots. With one, called *toron*, is made a red colour, which is used in Russia, and the Russian name of which is *morena* ; the other, *loschtak* or *manrakor* (mandrake) bears an exact resemblance to the human figure, and is used by us medicinally. It grows pretty large. A dog is usually employed to extract it from the ground ; for which purpose the earth is first dug from about it, and a dog being fastened to it by a string, is made to pull till the whole of the root is extracted. The reason of this is, according to the current report, that if a man were to pull up this root he would infallibly die, either on the spot or in a very short time ; and it is also said, that when it is drawn out, the moan of a human voice is always heard.

#### CHARACTER OF THE KARIPIANS (ARABS.)

They are such consummate thieves and rogues, that, according to an ancient tradition still current among them, they once tricked the devil himself. The story is as follows :—The devil had acquired a right to their fields, on which they agreed with him, that when their crops were ripe, they should retain the upper part and the devil should have the lower : they sowed all their lands with wheat, and the devil of course had nothing but the straw for his share. Next year the old gentleman, fully determined not to be again so bamboozled, stipulated that the upper part should belong to him and the lower to the Karpianians : but then they sowed all their grounds with beet, turnips, and other esculent roots, and so the devil got nothing but the green tops for his portion.



**Meteoric Iron.**—Dr. William Zimmerman, Professor of Chemistry, in the University of Giessen, has discovered that all the aqueous atmospherical precipitates and deposits, (dew, snow, rain, and hail,) during that period, contained meteoric iron, which was usually combined, in the same manner as in meteoric stones, with nickel. Almost all the rains contained common salt, and a new organic substance composed of hydrogen, oxygen, and carbon, which the discoverer has called *Pyriue*. In the same manner the rain water was found, on several occasions, indubitably to contain various kinds of earths. The rains in February and March particularly abounded in these ingredients, which are found also in the meteoric stones. From contemporary observations made on various eminences, Diensberg, the Castle of Gleiberg, a tower of the barracks at Giessen, &c. various other results were obtained, several of which are in favour of the opinion, that the stony meteoric masses are of telluric and not of cosmic origin.

**Croup.**—Dr. Reidelin, of Wismar, has communicated to the Royal Society of Göttingen, through Professor Blumenbach, the following successful treatment of Croup, after the usual remedies had been tried without effect:—The patient was a female, aged 19, who, on the third day after being seized with the croup, was unable to swallow, had begun to rattle in the throat, and seemed approaching rapidly her dissolution. Dr. Reddelin insinuated, by means of a quill, a mixture of Spanish snuff and marrocco into her nostrils; and after repeating this mixture a second time, it excited sneezing and vomiting: this occasioned the discharge of two long membranous cylinders from the trachea (windpipe,) upon which the rattling immediately ceased, and the patient was rescued from instantaneous suffocation. One of the tubes, when slit open, measured nine French lines in breadth; they were quite white, and bore a strong extension without injury to their fibrous texture.

**On Liquid Manure.**—In the Bath Agricultural Papers, vol. i. page 172, is related an interesting experiment on the subject of liquid manure, which is certainly too much neglected in this country. A Norfolk gentleman, who rather by compulsion used some putrid water in his garden, found it so beneficial that he tried some experiments with it compared with clean water, in a meadow; the result determined him to increase his supply of putrid water, which he did by enlarging the reservoir, and conducting into it hollow drains from his stables, ox-stalls, kitchen, &c.; besides which he ordered vegetable refuse from the garden to be thrown into it, and emptied the privy into it once a year. From all these resources he obtained a large quantity, which was used with a water-cart, having a trough behind as for watering roads; and this mode of manuring was found greatly preferable to the common one for hay and pasture

land; here was but little cost besides the carting; little labour in filling, (a pump being used,) no spreading or beating, nor any incumbrance upon the soil. Twenty carts of this water on an acre, beginning in May, were found of signal service to the hay crop; and equally beneficial to the after-math in a dry season.

**Weaver's Reeds.**—A gentleman of Manchester has taken out a patent for a very ingenious machine for making weavers' reeds, of either steel or brass. It puts in and finishes no less than 160 dents per minute, and the workmanship is greatly superior to any thing of the kind done by hand, particularly in fine reeds, for every part is mathematically true; added to which there is a considerable reduction of price. The patentee is now erecting a large manufactory. His invention is highly approved of, especially by the silk-weavers.

**Spinning and Weaving.**—"In the year 1745, Mary Powlis, of East Dereham, in Norfolk, spun a pound of wool into a thread of 84,400 yards in length, wanting only 80 yards of 48 English miles; a circumstance which was considered so great a curiosity at the time, as to obtain for itself a situation upon the records of the Royal Society. Since that period, Miss Ives, of Norwich, spun a pound of wool (combed) into a thread of 168,000 yards; which wonderful success in the art of spinning wool, induced her to try her exquisite talent upon cotton, when, out of a pound of that material, she produced a thread that measured the astonishing length of 203,000 yards, equal to 115 1-4 English miles and 160 yards. The last-mentioned thread, woven into cloth, would (allowing 200 inches of it in warp and weft to a square inch of the manufactured article,) give the fair artisan 28 3-4 yards, nearly, of yard-wide cloth, out of her pound of cotton!—25 1-4 lbs. of cotton, spun in that manner, would reach round the Equator."

## New Works.

Miss Anna Maria Porter has a new novel in a state of considerable forwardness, entitled, "*ROCHE BLANC*; or the Hunter of the Pyrennees."

NEW NOVELS, &c.

Scenes in England, for the Amusement and Instruction of little Tarry-at-Home Travellers.

Tales of a Tourist, containing the Outlaw and Fashionable Connexions.

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Edmeston's Sacred Lyrics. vol. 3.

Legends of Scotland. First Series; con

taining Fair Helen of Kirkconnel, and Roslin Castle. By Roland M'Chronicle. 2 vls.

The Curfew; or the Grave of the last Saxon. By the Rev. William Lisle Bowles, Author of the "Missionary," &c.

*Tales of the Manor*, by Mrs. HORLAND, fully support the character already acquired by this lady, for real powers of fancy, simplicity, and truth. There is a pleasing and undeviating moral principle that actuates every thing she writes, extremely applicable to all the varieties, and the several professions of life. Out of the simplest materials, and characters of ordinary and every-day occurrence, very interesting and pathetic narratives are introduced. From her earliest stories, the touching description of the "Son of a Genius," up to the "Tales of the Priory," and the more complete and voluminous work before us, the same qualities of natural pathos, and correct taste and feel-

ing, are every where visible. In the "Divided Lovers," and the "Partial Mother," the peculiar beauties, as well as the defects, of her style of writing, are perhaps best shewn. The latter consist in too great a degree of minuteness and study of detail, by which she sometimes attempts to render common place incidents and characters of more interest and importance than her subject will well admit. In some of her stories, she appears to approach nearer the genius of Mrs. Inchbald, and one or two of the earliest of Mrs. Opie's works, than any living novelist we know. We think there is less sentiment, and more good sense and cleverness, than in some of the works of these latter ladies, without, however, displaying the powers of a Mrs. Brunton, or Hannah More, or the knowledge of character possessed by Mrs. Opie or Miss Edgeworth.

## Original Poetry.

### SONG.\*

Why ask me the cause of my sorrow,  
To thee I its source need not tell;  
Thou know'st at the dawn of to-morrow,  
I bid to this valley farewell.  
Yet I never can utter adieu,  
To speak it would torture my heart;  
For though I the moment shall rue,  
I fear thou art glad I depart.  
Yet sure—thou wilt miss the devotion,  
With which I adore at thy shrine;  
The blushes, the sighs, the emotions,  
Which tell thee how much I am thine—  
The looks which long dwell on each charm,  
Still following wherever thou art;  
And the zeal to protect thee from harm!  
Then wherefore be glad to depart?  
Should he be repaid with deriding,  
Who only in life can now see  
The dwelling, where thou art abiding,  
The door that admits him to thee?  
But wilt thou no pity bestow?  
Yes—tears in those speaking eyes start!  
Thou own'st thou art sorry I go;  
Then now I can bear to depart.

AMELIA OPIE.

### SONG.

#### 1.

And are those hours for ever gone,  
So dear to memory, love, and thee;  
When thou could'st live for me alone,  
And I was all the world to thee?  
Then swiftly flew each circling hour,  
And winter seem'd like summer bright;  
For though the seasons' clouds might lower,  
I gaz'd on thee, and all was light—  
But now thy falsehood bids us sever,  
And we must part—nay, part for ever,

\* Set to an Irish air by Westley Doyle, Esq.

#### 2.

But know the hour may come, ingrate,  
When thou shalt mourn that thus we part!  
For he who now controuls thy fate,  
May leave thee to a breaking heart;  
Then I shall seem a friendly lamp,  
That did thy wandering footsteps guide;  
But he a dark and treacherous swamp,  
That led thee to destruction's tide:  
And thou wilt mourn, 'twas ours to sever,  
And part, deluded girl, for ever!

#### 3.

Yet, such is true affection's zeal,  
That should this fatal time arrive,  
And I the pangs which now I feel  
With languid, joyless heart survive;  
Then while forsaken, sorrow-worn,  
Thou feel'st the pangs 'tis thine to give,  
Oh! seek me where I rove forlorn,  
And I'll to soothe and cheer thee, live:  
Thy friend I'll be—thy lover never,  
But when we meet, we meet for ever!

AMELIA OPIE.

### SONNET ON A ROASTED PIG.

Thou wert this morning as a lily fair,  
When I peep'd at thee thro' the pantry's  
key-hole,  
But basting, and the fire's excessive glare,  
Have made thee quite a quadrupedian  
Creole.  
Still art thou lovely,—and an epicure  
Would now prefer that eyeless face of thine  
To woman's, tho' array'd in smiles divine:  
Would deem thy od'rous fragrance much  
more pure  
Than beauty's sweetest breathings:—would  
recol  
The many tempting charms with which  
thou'rt drest;  
Thy well turn'd neck, plump form and jut-  
ting breast,  
And fondly see that grease was in them all.

# SPIRIT

OF THE

## ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

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BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 15, 1822.

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(English Magazines, July.)

### TRADITIONAL TALES OF THE ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH PEASANTRY.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

THESE volumes can hardly as yet be said to have issued from the press, though we thus early report them to the public. On their author we need offer no remarks, as we had so recently an opportunity of mentioning him with just applause in our review of Sir Marmaduke Maxwell. His talents have since received a higher meed from the pen of the author of *Waverley*, with whom we cordially agree that Allan Cunningham is "a credit to Caledonia;" and that is no mean praise, when we look on the brightness of her literary galaxy.

The tales are sixteen in number, and founded on historical events, such as the Rebellion, &c. on popular superstitions, and on national feelings and manners. We select one of the *Preternatural* cast, which possesses the further excellence of also developing very pathetically the *Natural*: it is called *The Mother's Dream*, and like all the others, neatly and characteristically prefaced.

"Were the mother's dream a traditional fiction, and its predictions unfulfilled, gladness would be diffused round many hearts, and the tears wiped away from many matron's cheeks. It was related to me by a Dumfriesshire lady; her voice was slow and gentle,

and possessed that devotional Scottish melody of expression which gives so much antique richness and grace to speech.

" 'When woman is young,' said she, with a sigh, but not of regret, 'she loves to walk in the crowded streets, and near the dwellings of men—when she becomes wiser, has seen the vanities, and drunk of the miseries and woes of life, she chooses her walk in more lonely places, and seeking converse with her own spirit, shuns the joy and the mirth of the world. When sorrow, which misses few, had found me out, and made me a mateless bird, I once walked out to the margin of that beautiful sheet of water, the Ladye's Lowe. It was the heart of summer; the hills in which the lake lay embosomed were bright and green; sheep were scattered upon their summits; while the grassy sward, descending to the quiet pure water, gave it so much of its own vernal hue, that the eye could not always distinguish where the land and lake met. Its long green water flags, and broad lilies, which lay so flat and so white along the surface, were unmoved, save by the course of a pair of wild swans, which for many years had grazed on the grassy margin, or found food in the bottom of the lake.

‘ This pastoral quietness pertained more to modern than to ancient times. When the summer heat was high, and the waters of the lake low, the remains of a broken but narrow causeway, composed of square stones, indented in a frame-work of massy oak, might still be traced, starting from a little bay on the northern side, and diving directly towards the centre of the lake. Tradition, in pursuing the history of the causeway, supplied the lake with an island, the island with a tower, and the tower with narratives of perils, and bloodshed, and chivalry, and love. These fireside traditions, varying according to the fancy of the peasantry, all concluded in a story too wild for ordinary belief. A battle is invariably described by some grey-headed narrator, fought on the southern side of the lake, and sufficiently perilous and bloody. A lady’s voice is heard, and a lady’s form is seen, among the armed men, in the middle of the fight. She is described as borne off towards the causeway by the lord of the tower, while the margin of the water is strewn with dead or dying men. She sees her father, her brother, fall in her defence ; her lover, to whom she had been betrothed, and from whom she had been torn, die by her side ; and the deep and lasting curse which she denounced against her ravisher, and the tower, and the lake which gave him shelter, is not forgotten, but it is too awful to mingle with the stories of a grave and a devout people. That night, it is said a voice was heard as of a spirit running round and round the lake, and pronouncing a curse against it ; the waters became agitated, and a shriek was heard at midnight. In the morning the castle of the Ladye’s Lowe was sunk, and the waters of the lake slept seven fathoms deep over the copestone.

‘ They who attach credence to this wild legend, are willing to support it by much curious testimony. They tell that, when the waters are pure in summer time, or when the winter’s ice lies clear beneath the foot of the curler, the walls of the tower are distinctly seen without a stone displaced ; while those who connect tales of wonder with

every remarkable place, say that once a year the castle arises at midnight from the lake, with lights, not like the lights of this world, streaming from loophole and turret, while on the summit, like a banner spread, stands a lady clad in white, holding her hands to heaven, and shrieking. This vision is said to precede by a night or two, the annual destruction of some person by the waters of the lake. The influence of this superstition has made the Ladye’s Lowe a solitary and a desolate place, has preserved its fish, which are both delicious and numerous, from the fisher’s net and hook, and its wild swans from the gun of the fowler. The peasantry seldom seek the solitude of its beautiful banks, and avoid bathing in its waters ; and when the winter gives its bosom to the curler or the skater, old men look grave and say, ‘ The Ladye’s Lowe will have its yearly victim ; ’ and its yearly victim, tradition tells us it has had ever since the sinking of the tower.

‘ I had reached the margin of the lake, and sat looking on its wide pure expanse of water. Here and there the remains of an old tree, or a stunted hawthorn, broke and beautified the winding line of its border ; while cattle, coming to drink and gaze at their shadows, took away from the awe and solitude of the place. As my eye pursued the sinuous outline of the lake, it was arrested by the appearance of a form, which seemed that of a human being, stretched motionless on the margin. I rose, and on going nearer, I saw it was a man ; the face cast upon the earth, and the hands spread. I thought death had been there ; and while I was waving my hand for a shepherd, who sat on the hill-side to approach and assist me, I heard a groan, and a low and melancholy cry ; and presently he started up, and seating himself on an old tree-root, rested a cheek on the palm of either hand, and gazed intently on the lake. He was a young man ; and the remains of health and beauty were still about him ; but his locks, once curling and long, which maidens loved to look at, were now matted, and wild, and withered ; his cheeks were hollow and pale, and his eyes, once the

merriest and brightest in the district, shone now with a grey, wild, and unearthly light. As I looked upon this melancholy wreck of youth and strength, the unhappy being put both hands in the lake, and lifting up water in his palms, scattered it in the air; then dipping both hands again, showered the water about his locks like rain. He continued, during this singular employment, to chaunt some strange and broken words, with a wild tone and a faltering tongue.

Cursed be thou, O water, for my sake;  
 Misery to them who dip their hands in thee!  
 May the wild fowl forsake thy margin,  
 The fish leap no more in thy waves;  
 May the whirlwind scatter thee utterly,  
 And the lightning scorch thee up;  
 May the lily bloom no more on thy bosom,  
 And the white swan fly from thy floods!

Cursed be thou, O water, for my sake;  
 The babe unborn shall never bless thee;  
 May the flocks that taste in thee perish;  
 May the man who battles in thy flood  
 Be cross'd and cursed with unrequited love,  
 And go childless down to the grave.  
 As I curse thee with my delirious tongue,  
 I will mar thee with my unhappy hands!

As this water, cast on the passing wind,  
 Shall return to thy bosom no more,  
 So shall the light of morning forsake thee,  
 And night-darkness devour thee up.  
 As that pebble descends into thy deeps,  
 And that feather floats on thy waves,  
 So shall the good and holy curse thee,  
 And the madman mar thee with dust.

Cursed may'st thou continue, for my sake,  
 For the sake of those thou hast slain;  
 For the father who mourn'd for his son,  
 For the mother who wail'd for her child.  
 I heard the voice of sorrow on thy banks,  
 And a mother mourning by thy waters;  
 I saw her stretch her white hands over thee,  
 And weep for her fair-hair'd son.

'The sound of the song rolled low and melancholy over the surface of the lake. I never heard a sound so dismal. During the third verse the singer took up water in the hollow of his hand, and threw it on the wind. Then he threw a pebble and a feather into the lake; and, gathering up the dust, among the margin stones, strewed it over the surface of the water. When he concluded his wild verses, he uttered a loud cry, and, throwing himself suddenly on his face, spread out his hands,

and lay, and quivered, and moaned like one in mortal agony.

'A young woman, in widow's weeds, and with a face still deeper in woe than her mourning dress, now came towards me, along the border of the lake. She had the face and the form of one whom I knew in my youth, the companion of my teens, and the life and love of all who had hearts worth a woman's wish. She was the grace of the preaching, the joy of the dance, through her native valley, and had the kindest and the gayest heart in the wide holms of Annandale. I rode at her wedding, and a gay woman was I; I danced at her wedding as if sorrow was never to come; and when I went to the kirk, and saw her so fair, and her husband so handsome, I said, in the simplicity of my heart, they will live long and happy on the earth. When I saw him again he was stretched in his shroud, and she was weeping with an infant son on her knee, beside the coffin of her husband. Such remembrances can never pass away from the heart, and they came thick upon me as the companion of my early years approached. We had been long separated. I had resided in a distant part, till the loss of all I loved brought me back to seek for happiness in my native place, in the dwellings of departed friends, and the haunts of early joys.

'Something of a smile passed over her face when she saw me, but it darkened suddenly down; we said little for a while; the histories of our own sorrows were written on our faces; there was no need for speech. 'Alas! alas!' said she, 'a kind husband, and three sweet bairns, all gone to the green church-yard! but ye were blest in the departure of your children compared to me. A mother's eye wept over them, a mother's knees nursed them, and a mother's hand did all that a mother's hand could do, till the breath went to heaven from between their sweet lips: O, woman, ye were blest compared with me!' And she sobbed aloud, and looked upon the lake, which lay clear and unruffled before us. At the sound of her voice the young man raised himself from the ground, gave one wild look at my companion, and uttering a

cry, and covering his face with his hands, dropt flat on the earth, and lay mute and without motion.

"See him, see him," said she to me, "his name is Benjie Spedlands, he was once the sweetest youth in the parish, but now the hand of heaven is heavy upon him and sore; he is enduring punishment for a season and a time; and heavy as has been his trespass, so heavy has been his chastening." I entreated her to tell me how he had offended, and also how it happened that her appearance gave him such pain, and made him cry and cover his face. "It is a strange and mournful story," she answered, "but it eases my spirit to relate it. O woman, I was once a merry and a happy creature, with a face as gladsome as the light of day; but for these eight long years I have had nought but cheerless days and joyless nights; sad thoughts and terrible dreams. Sorrow came in a dream to me, but it will not pass from me till I go to the grave.

"It happened during the summer time, after I had lost my husband, that I was very down spirited and lonesome, and my chief and only consolation was to watch over my fatherless son. He was a sweet child; and on the day he was two years old, when I ought to have been glad and praised him who had protected the widow and the orphan, I became more than usually melancholy, for evil forebodings kept down my spirits sorely, and caused me to wet the cheeks of my child with tears. You have been a mother, and may have known the tenderness and love which even an infant will show her when she is distressed. He hung his little arms round my neck, hid his head in my bosom, and raised up such a murmur and a song of sorrow and sympathy, that I blessed him and smiled, and the bairn smiled, and so we fell asleep. It was about midnight that I dreamed a dream.

"I dreamed myself seated at my own threshold, dandling my boy in the sun: sleep gives us many joys which are taken from us when we wake, and shadows out to us many woes which are interpreted by sorrow. I thought my husband was beside

me; but though he smiled, his look was more grave than in life, and there seemed a light about him, a purer light than that of day. I thought I saw the sun setting on the green hills before me. I heard the song of the maidens as they returned from the folds; saw the rooks flying in a long black and wavering train towards their customary pines; and beheld first one large star, and then another, rising in the firmament. And I looked again, and saw a little black cloud hanging between heaven and earth; it became larger and darker, till it filled the air, from the sky down to the bosom of the Ladye's Lowe. I wondered what this might mean, when presently the cloud began to move and roll along the earth, coming nearer and nearer, and it covered all the green fields, and shut out the light of heaven. And as it came closer, I thought I beheld the shapes of men, and heard voices more shrill than human tongue. And the cloud stood still at the distance of a stone-cast. I grew sore afraid, and clasped my child to my bosom, and sought to fly, but I could not move; the form of my husband had fled, and there was no one to comfort me. And I looked again, and, lo! the cloud seemed cleft asunder, and I saw a black chariot, drawn by six black steeds, issue from the cloud. And I saw a shadow seated for a driver, and heard a voice say, 'I am the bearer of woes to the sons and daughters of men; carry these sorrows abroad, they are in number eight.' And all the steeds started forward; and when the chariot came to my threshold, the phantom tarried and said, 'A woe and a woe for the son of the widow Rachel.' And I arose and beheld in the chariot the coffins of seven children; and their names, and their years, were written thereon. And there lay another coffin; as I bent over it, I read the name of my son, and his years were numbered six; a tear fell from my cheek, and the letters vanished. And I heard the Shadow say, 'Woman what hast thou done? Can thy tears contend with me?' and I saw a hand pass, as a hand when it writes, over the coffin again. And I looked, and I saw the name of my son, and his years were

numbered nine. And a faintness came into my heart, and a dimness into mine eye, and I sought to wash the words out with my tears, when the shadow said, 'Woman, woman, take forth thy woe and go thy ways, I have houses seven to visit, and may not tarry for thy tears; three years have I given for thy weeping, and I may give no more.'

"I have often wondered at my own strength, though it was all in a dream; 'Vision,' I said, 'if thy commission is from the evil one, lash thy fiend-steeds and begone.' The shadow darkened as I spoke: 'Vision,' I said, 'if thy mission is from Him who sits on the holy hill,—the Lord giveth and taketh away, blessed be his name; do thy message and depart.' And suddenly the coffin was laid at my door, the steeds and chariot fled, the thick clouds followed, and I beheld them no more. I gazed upon the name, and the years nine; and as I looked, it vanished from my sight; and I awoke weeping, and found my locks drenched in sweat, and the band of my bosom burst asunder with the leaping of my heart.

"And I told my dream, and all the people of the parish wondered; and those who had children waxed sorrowful and were dismayed. And a woman who dwells by the Rowantree-burn came unto me, and said, 'I hear that you have dreamed an evil dream; know ye how ye may eschew it? And I answered, 'I have dreamed an evil dream, and I know not how I may eschew it, save by prayers and humiliation.' And the woman said to me, 'Marvel not at what I may say; I am old, and the wisdom of ancient times is with me; such wisdom as foolish men formerly accounted evil—listen to my words. Take the under garment of thy child, and dip it at midnight in that water called the Ladye's Lowe, and hang it forth to dry in the new moon-beam. Take thy bible on thy knees, and keep watch beside it; mickle is the courage of a woman when the child that milked her bosom is in danger. And a form, like unto the form of a lady, will arise from the lake, and will seek to turn the garment of thy son; see that ye quail not, but arise and say, 'Spirit by all the salvation contained between the

boards of this book, I order thee to depart and touch not the garment.' [We are obliged to omit a scene here in which other neighbour advisers take a part; and pass on to the mother's fearful trial of the superstitious experiment which had been recommended to her. She visits the Ladye's Lowe, and watches at midnight on the third night of her dream.]

"I looked and I thought, and I thought and looked, till mine eyes waxed weary with watching, and I closed them for a time against the dazzling undulation of the water which swelled and subsided beneath the clear moonlight. As I sat, something came before me as a vision in a dream, and I know not yet whether I slumbered or waked. Summer I thought was changed into winter, the reeds were frozen by the brooks, snow lay white and dazzling on the ground, and a sheet of thick and transparent ice was spread over the bosom of the Ladye's Lowe. And, as I looked, the lake became crowded with men; I beheld the faces of many whom I knew, and heard the curling stones rattle and ring, as they glided along the ice or smote upon one another; and the din and clamour of men flew far and wide. And my son appeared unto me a child no more, but a stripling tall and fair and graceful, his fair hair curling on his shoulders—my heart leapt with joy. And seven young men were with him; I knew them all, his school companions; and their seven mothers came, I thought, and stood by my side, and as we looked we talked of our children. As they glided along the ice, they held by each other's hands and sang a song; above them all, I heard the voice of my son, and my heart rejoiced. As the song concluded, I heard a shriek as of many drowning, but I saw nothing, for the ice was fled from the bosom of the lake, and all that was visible was the wild swans with the lesser water fowl. But all at once, I saw my son come from the bottom of the lake; his locks were disordered and drenched; and deadly paleness was in his looks. One bore him out of the water in his arms, and laid him at my feet on the bank. I swooned away; and when I came to

myself, I found the morning light approaching, the lake fowl sheltering themselves among the reeds ; and, stiff with cold, and, with a heavy heart, I returned home.

"Years passed on—my son grew fair and comely, out-rivalled his comrades at school, and became the joy of the young, and the delight of the old. I often thought of my dream as I gazed on the child ; and I said in the fulness of a mother's pride, surely it was a vain and an idle vision, coloured into sadness by my fears ; for a creature so full of life, and strength, and spirit, cannot pass away from the earth before his prime. Still at other times the vision pressed on my heart, and I had sore combats with a misgiving mind ; but I confided in Him above, and cheered my spirit as well I might. I went with my son to the kirk, I accompanied him to the market, I walked with him on the green hills, and on the banks of the deep rivers ; I was with him in the dance, and my heart rejoiced to see him surpass the children of others ; wherever he went, a mother's fears, and a mother's feet, followed him. Some derided my imaginings, and called me the dreaming widow ; while others spoke with joy of his beauty and attainments, and said he was a happy son who had so tender and prudent a mother.

"It happened in the seventh year from my dream, that a great curling bonspiel was to be played between the youths and the wedded men of the parish ; and a controversy arose concerning the lake on which the game should be decided. It was the middle of December ; the winter had been open and green ; till suddenly the storm set in, and the lakes were frozen equal to bear the weight of a heavy man in the first night's frost. Several sheets of frozen water were mentioned : ancient tale, and ancient belief, had given a charm to the Ladye's Lowe, which few people were willing to break ; and the older and graver portion of the peasantry looked on it as a place of evil omen, where many might meet, but few would part. All this was withstood by a vain and froward youth, who despised ancient beliefs as idle superstitions

—traditionary legends as the labour of credulous men ; and who, in the pride and vanity of human knowledge, made it his boast that he believed nothing. He proposed to play the Bonspiel on the Ladye's Lowe—the foolish young men his companions supported his wish ; and not a few among the sedate sort consented to dismiss proverbial fears, and play the game on these ominous waters. I thought it was a sad sight to see so many grey heads pass my threshold, and so many young heads following, to sport on so perilous a place ; but curiosity could not be restrained—young and old, the dame and the damsel, crowded the banks of the lake to behold the contest ; and I heard the mirth of their tongues and the sound of their curling stones as I sat at my hearth fire. One of the foremost was Benjie Spedlands."

The unhappy mother had proceeded thus far, when the demented youth, who till now had lain silent and motionless by the side of the lake, uttered a groan, and starting suddenly to his feet, came and stood beside us. He shed back his long and moistened locks from a burning and bewildered brow, and looking stedfastly in her face, for a moment, said, 'Rachel, dost thou know me ?' She answered only with a flood of tears, and a wave of her hand to be gone. 'Know me ! ay, how can ye but know me—since for me that deadly water opened its lips, and swallowed thy darling up. If ye have a tongue to curse, and a heart to scorn me—scorn me then, and curse me, and let me be seen no more on this blessed earth. For the light of day is misery to me, and the cloud of night is full of sorrow and trouble. My reason departs, and I go and sojourn with the beasts of the field—it returns, and I fly from the face of man ; but wherever I go, I hear the death-shriek of eight sweet youths in my ear, and the curses of mothers' lips on my name.' 'Young man,' she said, 'I shall not curse thee, though thy folly has made me childless ; nor shall I scorn thee, for I may not scorn the image of Him above ; but go from my presence, and herd with the brutes that perish, or stay among men, and seek to soothe thy smitten



conscience by holy converse, and by sincere repentance.' 'Repentance!' he said, with a wildness of eye that made me start, 'of what have I to repent? Did I make that deep lake, and cast thy son, and the sons of seven others, bound into its bosom? Repentance belongs to him who does a deed of evil—sorrow is his who witlessly brings misfortunes on others; and such mishap was mine. Harken, and ye shall judge.'

And he sat down by the side of the lake; and taking up eight smooth stones in his hand, dropped them one by one into the water; then turning round to us, he said: 'Even as the waters have closed over those eight pebbles, so did I see them close over eight sweet children. The ice crashed, and the children yelled; and as they sunk, one of them, even thy son, put forth his hand, and seizing me by the foot, said: 'Oh Benjie, save me—save me; but the love of life was too strong in me, for I saw the deep fathomless water; and far below I beheld the walls of the old tower, and I thought on those doomed to perish yearly in this haunted lake, and I sought to free my foot from the hand of the innocent youth. But he held me fast, and looking in my face, said, 'Oh Benjie, save me, save me!' And I thought how I had wiled him away from his mother's threshold, and carried him and his seven companions to the middle of the lake, with the promise of showing him the haunted towers and courts of the drowned castle; but the fears for my own life were too strong; so putting down my hand, I freed my foot, and escaping over the ice, left him to sink with his seven companions. Brief, brief was his struggle—a crash of the faithless ice—a plunge in the fathomless water, and a sharp shrill shriek of youthful agony, and all was over for him—but for me—broken slumbers, and a burning brain, and a vision that will not pass from me, of eight fair creatures drowning.'

Ere he had concluded, the unhappy mother had leaped to her feet, had stretched forth her hands over him, and with every feature dilated with agony, gathered up her strength to curse

and to confound him. 'Oh! wretched and contemptible creature,' she said, 'were I a man as I am but a feeble woman, I would tread thee as dust aneath my feet, for thou art unworthy to live. God gave thee his own form, and gave thee hands to save, not to destroy his fairest handiworks; but what heart, save thine, could have resisted a cry for mercy from one so fair and so innocent? Depart from my presence—crawl—for thou art unworthy to walk like man—crawl as the reptiles do, and let the hills cover thee, or the deeps devour thee; for who can wish thy base existence prolonged. The mother is unblest that bare thee, and hapless is he who owns thy name. Hereafter shall men scorn to count kindred with thee. Thou hast no brother to feel a brother's shame, no sister to feel for thee a sister's sorrow—no kinsman to mourn for the reproach of kindred blood. Cursed be she who would bear for thee the sacred name of wife. Seven sons would I behold—and I saw one,—wae's me!—dragged from the bottom of that fatal lake; see them borne over my threshold with their long hanks of fair hair wetting the pavement, as the lovely locks of my sweet boy did; and stretch their lily limbs in linen which my own hands had spun for their bridal sheets, even as I stretched my own blessed child,—rather than be the mother of such a wretch as thou!' From this fearful malediction, the delirious youth sought not to escape; he threw himself with his face to the earth, spread out his hands on the turf, and renewed his sobbings and his moans, while the sorrowful mother returned to a cheerless home and an empty fireside.

Such was her fearful dream; and such was its slow, but sure and unhappy fulfilment. She did not long survive the desolation of her house. Her footsteps were too frequent by the lake, and by the grave of her husband and child, for the peace of her spirit; she faded, and sank away; and now the churchyard grass grows green and long above her. Old people stop by her grave, and relate with a low voice, and many a sigh, her sad and remarkable story. But grass will never grow over

the body of Benjie Spedlands. He was shunned by the old, and loathed by the young; and the selfish cruelty of his nature met with the singular punishment of a mental alienation, dead to all other feeling, save that of agony for the death of the eight children. He wandered into all lonesome places, and sought to escape from the company of all living things. His favourite seat was on a little hill top which overlooks the head of the Ladye's Lowe. There he sat watching the water, with an intensity of gaze which nothing could interrupt. Sometimes he was observed to descend with the swiftness of a bird in its flight, and dash into the lake, and snatch and struggle in the water like one saving a creature from drowning.

One winter evening, a twelvemonth from the day of the fatal catastrophe on the lake, he was seen to run round its bank like one in agony, stretching out his hands, and shouting to something he imagined he saw in the water. The night grew dark and stormy—the sleet fell, and thick hail came, and the winds augmented. Still his voice was heard at times far shriller than the tempest—old men shuddered at the sound; about midnight it ceased, and was never heard more. His hat was found floating by the side of the water, but he was never more seen nor heard of—his death-lights, glimmering for a season on the lake, told to many that he had found, perhaps sought, a grave in the deepest part of the Ladye's Lowe."

#### EARLY TRAVELLERS---MOCQUET.

Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,—  
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders.

SIR,  
**A** GOOD deal of amusement is, in my opinion, derived from the perusal of old books of travels. To mark the surprise which attended the first discovery of places and objects which habit has familiarized; and to observe the web of deceit in which the traveller often involves his narrative, either through vanity, or a desire to levy a tax upon the simplicity of his readers, are productive of no small entertainment.

The reproach of credulity and falsehood which attaches to early travellers, however just in most cases, should not always dispose us to discredit what they report merely because it may not have been confirmed by later authorities. No traveller has laboured under a greater share of this reproach than Marco Polo; yet some of his fables have been discovered to be facts, with a little colouring and exaggeration, which circumstances might well be considered to excuse. A correspondent in your journal has referred to the fabrications met with in Tavernier's Travels, where the author states he was assured in India, that "sugar kept for

thirty years became poison." Perhaps it may mitigate that gentleman's censure to state, that the traveller's informant very probably spoke not of the article extracted from the sugar cane, but the concrete saccharine substance found in the bamboo. Humboldt says that the juice of the bamboo-cane in South America (Tabasheer, as it is termed) kept for five months, exhales a strong fetid animal smell; and Dr. Russel observed the same property in the *salt* of the Asiatic bamboo; and it may acquire, by longer keeping, a putrescent quality equal in effect to strong poison.

These remarks may serve as preface to the account of the travels and voyages of John Mocquet. The narrative of this traveller is so exquisite a specimen of the style called the marvellous, that, were not the details oftentimes outrageously indecent, its largest portion would fall under the first division mentioned in the beginning of my letter, namely, the *amusing*. It must be remembered, in extenuation of his want of sincerity, that John Mocquet was not only a traveller, but a courtier and a Frenchman. He was "keeper of

the cabinet of rarities" at the Thuilleries to King Henry the Great. In relating his voyages, one circumstance is remarkable, namely, the lawless proceedings on that element; piratical cruisers, chiefly of the Dutch and English, seem to have swarmed every where.

Arriving in South America, he went ashore in the "land of Yapoco," where he beheld the Indians strike fire with two pieces of wood; he describes their hammocks, or hanging beds, and the wine, "or drink of fruits which inebriates like beer or citre, made by chawing a certain root, and boiling it." They "do not love melancholy and green persons; and if you make sport of them it must be in laughing. They are very hardy and warlike, courteous and liberal, and have cheerful looks. The Caribes are not so, for they would give us, as the saying is, not so much as a potatte (potato); this is a root like a turnip, but longer, and of a red and yellow colour: it is of a very good taste, and they eat it boiled or roasted; but if often eat of, it is very disrelishing and windy."

He describes the cassava or cassada bread very accurately. Of the ceremonies used in inducting the chiefs of Yacopo into office, he gives a whimsical account. A man designed for chief or captain is belaboured with a great switch, "so that the body is all over black and bloody, and blisters rise as high as one's finger;" then he is broiled over a fire until he swoons away with the heat and smoke: he is brought to himself by "plenty of water being cast upon him," and is then qualified to eat *flesh*. Some time after he undergoes another process of belabouring, &c. which fits him to eat *fish*, and he is admitted forthwith to office. Mocquet speaks here of an Indian, "son of the King of Trinidad," who served them for interpreter, as having been carried off "through subtilty," by an Englishman, named "Millord-Rallé," probably no other than the renowned Sir Walter Raleigh.

In his intercourse with the Moors in Morocco, he became acquainted with an alcaide, named Abdassiss, who com-

plained of the conduct of the King of Morocco, Muley Boufairs, who does not appear to have been either cruel or lascivious, but "all his delight was in *comer couscoussous anquam*, that is," he says, "in eating of a certain confection made up into sugar plums." His sweet palate lost him his kingdom: he was deposed in the month of November, 1606, "according as our Noster-dames had predicted his centuries, as I have been shewed since."

Mocquet arrived at Goa in May, 1609, and the first wonder he saw there was "a bird no bigger than a linnet, which never stirred from the sea, and never went on land; but when the female laid her eggs, she mounts up out of sight, and so lays her eggs one at a time, as she mounts up; after, this egg comes down tossing in the air, which is very hot in that country: before it falls into the sea 'tis hatch'd; after which the sea nourisheth it; which," he observes, "I found to be wonderful and rare in nature." He speaks of the custom of the women of India burning themselves with their dead husbands' bodies; but he cannot relate the fact without the following appendage:—" 'Tis remarkable that the body of the woman hath such an oyley property, than one body will serve like oil or grease to consume the bodies of five or six men." This will perhaps afford a clue to discovering the origin of the practice.

The manners of the Portuguese he represents as scandalous; and if half what he reports of them be true, the natives of India have ample cause to bless the change which has placed them under the mild dominion of the British. Their cruelties and enormities of every kind provoked to resentment all the nations from Arabia to Japan, and, when opportunity offered, to retaliation. "The King of Siam," Mocquet says, "when he can catch any Portuguese, puts them stark naked in frying pans of copper upon the fire, and thus roasts them by little and little."

He relates among other stories respecting the kingdom of Siam, the following particulars of a famine in the kingdom of Pegu, next to that of Siam,

"where had happened some years since the most, strange and prodigious thing in the world : some sorcerers and witches so ordered the matter with the King of Pegu, that he took such a hatred against his subjects, that he was resolved utterly to root out and extirpate them ; to bring this to pass, he expressly commanded that none on pain of death should either plough or sow the land for the space of two or three years. The ground having thus continued to be uncultivated for some years, without reaping any thing, there fell out such scarcity and necessity amongst these poor people of Pegu, that having consumed all their victuals and all other things fit to be eaten, they were forced, after the manner of the Anthropophages, to eat one another ; and, what was most prodigious and terrible, and never before heard of, to keep public sham-bles of the flesh of those they could catch about the fields, the strongest killing and massacring their companions to have a share of them : inso-much that they went to hunt after men as some savage beasts, and made parties and assemblies for this end. During this horrible famine, the people of the kingdoms round about being advertised of this extream necessity, equipped a quantity of vessels laden with rice, &c. which they brought to Pegu, and sold it there for what they pleased : amongst the rest there was a merchant of Goa, who arriving there with a boat laden with rice, as he went from house to house to put off his merchandize, taking for payment money, slaves, or other things they could give him ; he happened upon a house where they had not wherewithal to buy so much as a measure of rice, and yet ready to die with rage and hunger, but they shewed this merchant an exceedingly beautiful woman, whom her brethren and sisters had a mind to sell for a slave for certain measures of rice ; the merchant offered two measures, or bushels, and they would have three, remonstrating, that if they killed this girl, the flesh would last them and nourish them much longer than his rice ; at last, when they could not agree, the merchant went his way, but no sooner was he gone, than they killed this young

woman, and cut her to pieces : but the merchant being not a little enamoured with this maid, and besides having compassion on her, soon returned again to give them what they demanded ; but he was mightily astonished and sorry when they shewed him the young woman in pieces, telling him that not thinking he would return, they did it to satisfy hunger. Such was the end of this Peguan damsel ; and many others had the same fate."

Speaking afterwards of China, he says, that at Canton, "one of the greatest cities in all China, where they go through a great river, much bigger than the Sene at Roan, and is joynd with the sea," are three or four thousand boats, wherein a great number of birds of the river retire, leaving them in the morning to go into the fields. "When night comes, the Chinese sound a little horn, which is heard at a great distance, and then these ducks return every one to his boat, where they have their nests, and hatch their young ones." He adds, "a man who shall have a boat garnished with these ducks is rich." I have no doubt that these ducks, which the traveller supposed to be intended to "roast for sale," were the fishing cormorants (*Pelicanus simensis*,) which are employed in great numbers in China, and trained to dive for fish. These birds, not much larger than the common duck, seize and hold fast fishes equal to their own weight. Several thousand boats and bamboo rafts were observed to be occupied in this mode of fishing, by Lord Macartney's suite.

The mention of roast ducks seems to have reminded the traveller of an instance of the "guile and deceits of the Chineses :"—"A Portugal told me at Goa, that going from Macao to Canton he had been cozened after this manner ; for having bought a roasted duck at a cook's shop, seeing it look well, and appearing to be very fat, he carried it with him on board his vessel to eat it ; but when he had put his knife upon it to cut it up, he found nothing but the skin which was upon some paper, ingeniously fitted up with little sticks, which made the body of the duck." They also made, it seems,

"gammons of hogs for sale to those who belong to the sea, especially the Portugals," filled with black earth, and rubbed over with fat, so that it seemed the flesh itself; selling it by weight. Some of the tricks of these people upon the Portuguese were fairly deserved. An instance I shall insert, not only for the ingenuity of the contrivance, but on account of its resemblance to that which Shakspeare has employed to punish that amusing compound of fat, fun, and wickedness, Sir John Falstaff.

"In the Isle of Macao, where the Chineses and Portugals inhabit together, there was a Portugal merchant very rich, who being in love with a Chineses woman that was married, used all the solicitation and courtship he could to oblige her to condescend to his will, but not being able to bring his designs to pass, he continued to importune her, insomuch that she declared it all to her husband, who prudently told her that she should permit him to come at an hour appointed, and that he would make shew of going abroad, and then presently return and would knock at the door. Having thus agreed betwixt them, it was put in execution, and the Portugal had assignation of the lady, who failed not to come at the time appointed, not a little joyful of this good fortune at last; but no sooner was our

gentleman entered the house, the door shut, than the husband knocks at the door, at which the good wife, seeming to be mightily astonished, prayed the Portugal to hide himself in an open tub of *pourcelain fat*, and having caused him to enter therein, and locked it fast, opened the door to her husband, who without making shew of knowing any thing, let him there soak till the next morning, when he ordered this tub to be carried to the market, or *lainan*, as they call it, saying that there was some of the finest sort of *porcelain*, therein to sell, and that there were so many courges or dozen, and carried a sample thereof in his hand. When he had agreed with some one for the price, they opened the fat; and then appeared the poor Portugal, ashamed and almost starved, and every one mightily astonished to see him there in that condition, and the Chinese himself pretending great wonder, and the Portugal had his belly full of jearing and hissing at."

With regard to the want of success attending the religious missions of the Portuguese, Mocquet says, "I have found out in the Indies, that the whoredoms, ambition, avarice, and greediness of the Portugals has been one of the chiefest causes why the Indians become not Christians so easily."

#### ACCOUNT OF THE FEMALE SPIES IN THE SERVICE OF BONAPARTE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

ONE of the greatest faults committed by Napoleon, on his accession to the throne, was that of doubting the stability of his reign, and in having pursued exactly the contrary measures to those which were necessary for the consolidation of his newly-acquired power. Jealous and suspicious, he wished to shackle all private opinion, to know all secrets, and thus to render one half of his subjects spies upon the other.

Even the profligate principles of Machiavel, shrink into nothingness, when contrasted with the institution of *The Imperial Espionage*.

Placemen and characters of distinc-

tion, pamphleteers, mountebanks, mechanics and husbandmen, were secret members of this association. In short, every description of people, and of both sexes, from infancy to decrepitude, were comprehended in the list of spies.

Snares were set by the supreme police, which were very difficult to avoid, because no one could ever suspect them. A number of persons of both sexes whom Bonaparte jestingly called his *Cytherian Cohort*, all that was most seductive in youth, beauty, grace, and pleasing acquirements, was united and trained in this society. Men of engaging address and fascinating manners, and women of superior beauty and

great personal attractions, most of them involved in debt, extravagant in their style of living, and greedy of money, by whatever means acquired, gladly lent their aid without a blush, and without remorse, to further the diabolical machinations of a despot, who himself trembled in the midst of his victims. The following narrative will serve to show the manner in which these nefarious agents were employed by the government.

In the year 1809, a Hollander was preparing at Leipsic, to publish a memorial intended to exhibit in its true colours the extravagant and intolerable ambition of Bonaparte.

Baron D——, who was the first to discover this project, thus expressed himself, in a letter concerning it, which he addressed to the emperor.

“The person who has read the manuscript assures me, that he has never seen any thing better and more forcibly written, or supported by more imposing and ingenuous arguments. This appeal to all the crowned heads of Europe, is calculated to produce an irresistible conviction in every breast. It is fraught with more danger in its consequences, than any writing which has ever before appeared in any language, against the monarch of France.”

It will readily be supposed that Bonaparte would not fail immediately to set all his secret agents and emissaries at work.—Mons. de M——, who was the principal employed on this important occasion, very soon succeeded in taking the unfortunate Hollander in the snare which he had laid for him.

But what was the disappointment of the French Inquisitors! They stripped the unfortunate Hollander, searched his clothes, ransacked and broke in pieces his furniture, ripped up his beds and even destroyed a plaister Venus. But after all, no discovery was made—the manuscript could no where be found. Their rage and vexation exceeded all bounds. None but an eye-witness could describe their violence. He was roughly asked what had become of the manuscript he intended to publish?

“I have neither written nor intended to publish any thing,” was the answer.

“Sir, you are to know that my government is not to be imposed on. My commission is limited to ascertain whether poverty has compelled you to write.—If that is the case, put what price you please upon your work. I have bills with me to a large amount, and will immediately pay you the sum you may require for it.”

“Your offers,” replied the unfortunate Hollander, “are very generous, and I regret extremely that it is not in my power to accept of them. But I again declare to you that I have never written any thing against the French government.—Some one has certainly deceived you.”

Mons. de M—— finding that he was inflexible, and that it was impossible to bribe him, had him conducted into France, where he was thrown into a state prison; and I never afterwards heard any thing more concerning this unfortunate Batavian.

But where was this dreaded memorial? by what means had it escaped the search of these zealous agents of the ministry? This is the explanation:

Some days before his arrest, the author conceived suspicions of a man to whom, in confidence, he had revealed his projects. Impressed with this belief, he deemed it the most advisable measure, to confide his precious manuscript to a particular friend who usually resided near Prague, but who happened at this time, to be in Leipsic.

This circumstance alone prevented the discovery of the manuscript by Mons. de M—— and his creatures. But the affair was far from resting here. The emperor was determined, at all events, and by any means, to get possession of the manuscript, and the obstacles he met with served only the more strongly to fix his determination.

“Take what measures you please—the manuscript must be had.” As he said this, he turned on his heel, and abruptly quitted de M——, who, compelled to set all his wits at work, immediately made a second journey to Leipsic. He visited the person who had betrayed the Hollander. This wretch had received only five hundred crowns as the reward of his treachery. A thousand had been promised him in

case of his succeeding; but the scheme having failed, nothing more was to be had.

Whilst endeavouring to account for the disappearance of the manuscript, they both at length concluded that it must have been entrusted by the author to the care of some confidential friend.

"A lucky thought has just struck me;" said the German. "A few days before the arrest of the Hollander, an intimate friend came to visit him—I know that they entertain the same sentiments of the emperor—I will stake my life that the manuscript is in his possession."

This hint was enough for the wily agent. "Where is this man to be found?" he eagerly inquired. "He lives in the environs of Prague, in Bohemia, his name is Schulster." "What is his rank of life?" "He is only a private citizen, but rich, a man of about forty, a little above the common size, but well shaped, he has been a widower about two years; and has an only child, a daughter about four years old."

"What are his pursuits, and his predominant passions?"

"He is fond of study, and of the fine arts; and particularly attached to women."

"If he is remarkable for his fondness for women, *I am sure of him*," said de M——, with exultation. "If I succeed you shall yet receive your thousand crowns; in the meantime, here are five hundred francs, as a reward for this information."

De M—— immediately returned to Paris. Nothing could be more desirable, and nothing more easy, to a widower in the vigour of life, and strongly attached to the fair sex, than to introduce him to the acquaintance of a young and beautiful woman, possessed of the most fascinating charms and accomplishments. His plan was quickly conceived, and his measures immediately taken.

Among the nymphs of the *Cytherian Cohort*, the young and beautiful Mademoiselle D——s, was particularly distinguished.

In early youth she had lost her parents, who were very respectable.

They left her in possession of a fortune, which, had her desires been moderate, would have been amply sufficient to have satisfied them; but an unrestrained passion for pleasure and expensive luxury, and an excessive love of play, produced her ruin. Nature had lavished on this female all her bounties; her attractions whether of person, or taste, or talents, were perfectly irresistible. What added greatly to the value and force of her attractions, was her seeming unconsciousness of possessing them. To her personal charms and seductive manners, was superadded an intimate knowledge of all the intrigues of high life, and refined society. To obtain the means of gratifying her extravagance and her passion for living, she became for some time, the mistress of a German nobleman, whose means would not allow him to maintain for a long time so expensive a conquest; yet like a gallant and honest lover, he determined she should not be left unprovided for, after his abandonment.

He therefore contrived to place her at the head of those artful syrens, who had sold themselves to the secret police. This post was not the least lucrative in the power of the government to bestow.

As the part to be acted on the present occasion, was one which required superior adroitness, and the exercise of much skill and cunning; she was promised that her salary should be increased to an hundred times its stated amount, in case she should secure the important manuscript.

No person in the world could be found better fitted for the undertaking than Mademoiselle D——s. Besides her other accomplishments, she possessed a perfect knowledge of the German language, which she spoke with great ease and fluency.

After receiving her instructions from de M——, she took a passport in the name of Bridget Adelaide Salnier, representing herself to be a young widow travelling into Germany for her health.

Her secret instructions were as follows:—

"You will immediately proceed to

Prague, in Bohemia. On your arrival, you will secretly obtain a knowledge of the residence of M. Schustler, and all the information in your power respecting him. Under the pretext of enjoying a pure air necessary to your health, you will express a wish to live in the country, and take your measures so as to obtain lodgings as near as possible to his residence. To effect this object you may pursue any means in your power—spare no expense. The management of the rest is left to your own sagacity and discretion.”

On her arrival at Prague, Mademoiselle D——s had no difficulty in obtaining all the information she wished for—and immediately purchased a house near the residence of M. Schustler.

Scarcely was the lovely spy established in the neighbourhood, before an opportunity occurred to commence her operations. Amongst other things, she found out that he was in the habit of going very often to Prague, and she took her measures accordingly. All her domestics consisted of one man and a woman. She bought for her own use, two beautiful horses, and few riders were more dexterous or more skilful than herself, in all the arts of horsemanship.

One day, when she knew that M. Schustler was gone to town, she mounted her horse, and accompanied by her servant, set out with a view of meeting her neighbour, as he should be returning home. As she descried him at a distance, pretending to be overcome with the heat of the weather, she alighted, and reclined on the grassy turf by the road side, with the bridle of her horse dangling on her arm, and her veil artfully drawn over her face. As if alarmed at the noise of the approaching carriage, she suddenly sprung up like one terrified by some unexpected danger. Her horse was actually frightened; and started back some paces, when the gallant M. Schustler, alarmed for the lady, threw himself from his carriage and ran to her assistance. At this moment the fair enchantress withdrew her veil, and displayed to the wondering eyes of the German, the most captivating charms.

At the sight of so much beauty, he gazed in silent admiration. For some moments he was unable to speak. At length recovering from his surprise—“Pardon me, Madam,” said he, “if I have undesignedly disturbed your repose, I should regret the accident most sincerely, had it not afforded me the opportunity of beholding your charms, than which, heaven itself has never produced any thing more lovely.”

“What you call disturbing my repose,” said the fascinating beauty, “is of no sort of consequence. As to the very civil expressions you have been pleased to use, permit me to observe that you are still young, and that I very well know how to estimate them.”

As she said this, she very gracefully remounted her horse. The German, afraid of losing sight of her, seized the reins of her horse, and exclaimed:—

“Why will you be so cruel, as thus suddenly to deprive me of the pleasure of gazing on your charms? If my intrusion is disagreeable to you, I will instantly withdraw, but if you are not reluctant to oblige me, have the goodness to inform me who is the angel whom I have the honour of addressing.”

“The *real gentleman*,” she replied, “can never permit himself in any way to offend an unprotected female. It is very natural you should wish to know who I am. Know then, sir, that I am a French widow, who have occupied for the last two days a mansion in this neighbourhood.”

“What, Madam! are you then the purchaser of Mons. J——’s house?”

“Yes, sir, that is the name of the person from whom I bought it.”

“Thank heaven! we are near neighbours. From my window I can enjoy the view of your residence. How unfortunate, Madam, that I have not yet had the happiness to visit you!”

“In truth, Sir,” she replied, with a fascinating smile, “the loss of time is not a matter of regret to either of us—for my house is hardly yet furnished. But I will candidly confess that as, in a country residence, nothing is so desirable as respectable society, and good neighbours, I am gratified by the hope of becoming better acquainted with you.” She then saluted her enraptured



victim with an enchanting smile, and disappeared.

M. Schustler was in a transport of joy. He was half frantic with the excess of pleasure this accident had afforded him, and his confident anticipations of the future happiness he should enjoy in the society of the lovely Saulnier. This was the name contained in her passport, and under this assumed appellation, she was destined in a short time to make dreadful ravages in the heart of the unsuspecting M. Schustler.

Early the next day, he paid a visit to his captivating neighbour. On seeing him leave his house, she placed herself at her piano, resolved to make use of every stratagem, and all the means of seduction, to secure her prey.

"Madam," said he on entering, "I have once already disturbed your slumbers; do not suffer me now to interrupt your amusements. Yesterday, I was charmed with your beauty, and now the delightful tones I hear thrill me with ecstasy."

"Have done with your flattery, neighbour, the manners of the country should be simple as nature, whose images they should always reflect."

"Nay, madam, do not mistake my honesty for deceit—my soul is unsullied by artifice or falsehood. I always frankly speak what I think, without any disguise; and therefore I cannot now refrain from expressing the feelings of my heart. A few words more, and you shall judge whether an impostor would have acted as I have done. Scarcely four and twenty hours have passed since I first beheld you; and if any cause whatever should compel me to relinquish the favourable sentiments with which you have inspired me, I hardly know whether I should have fortitude enough to survive the disappointment. And yet I am a father—yes! I am a tender and affectionate father. As he said this, tears gushed from his eyes. Madame Saulnier, who was resting on her piano, experienced a feeling which was undefinable; for till now her heart had been a stranger to such emotions. In her perturbation, she knew not how to reply. The language she had heard, and the unaffected sincerity with which it was

uttered, produced an agitation in her bosom which it had never felt before. Her eyes were intently fixed on Mons. Schustler. Never had she seen a man whom she so much admired. Her heart already confessed him the most engaging, and the most accomplished of his sex.

"Come, sir," said she, in a tone of captivating sweetness, "you shall remain and breakfast with me—you have delighted me to an excess, amounting almost to pain. How much do I regret that our acquaintance had not been formed at an earlier period!"

Encouraged by these tender expressions, M. Schustler replied—"Lovely Saulnier! the passion I feel for you needs not to boast of its duration—it is enough that it is irresistibly and forever fixed in my bosom."

During breakfast, the conversation turned on the delights of friendship. On taking his leave M. Schustler said to her—"If you are not displeased with the acquaintance of one who feels for you more than a common interest, I will presume, madam, to solicit the happiness of receiving you at my house, at this hour to morrow."

"Your invitation, sir, is so flattering, and its manner so persuasive that I cannot refuse to accept it."

Left alone to herself, Madame Saulnier began to examine the state of her heart, as regarded her new lover. She did not pretend to resist or to dissemble her feelings. She often said to herself, as she has since acknowledged—"I came hither as a treacherous seducer, and lo! I am myself seduced." The change she underwent in consequence of her new attachment, was no less sincere and permanent, than it was sudden. She became ashamed of the part she had been bribed to act, and of the odious commission with which she was charged. "I wish to be contented with myself—I will not, therefore, consent to be the instrument of deceiving this generous and noble-minded man. I will to-morrow, disclose to him, *who I am, and what I have been.*"

She was received by Mons. Schustler, as if she had been an angel sent from heaven. He presented to her his young daughter, and rapturously ex-

claimed: "Behold, madam, the child, which before I had seen you, was to me the dearest object on earth.—Hereafter, when I see you together, I shall consider that in you, all the blessings of this world are united." Madame Saulnier overwhelmed the child with caresses. It may be supposed they were sincere, for she fondly imagined in the delirium of her feelings, that she was lavishing them on the father. She had fully resolved to open her whole heart to her amiable neighbour in the evening—but when the moment arrived, her heart failed her. In one of her letters to Paris, she thus expresses herself. "In the absence of M. Schustler, I feel the courage and intrepidity of a lion, as if I could freely disclose to him all my failings and all my various intrigues—but in his presence, I am no longer the same creature—my fortitude forsakes me—and I am unable to think of any thing but himself."

For two long months, did our lovers remain in this perplexing state of uncertainty. At length the importunity of Mr. Schustler, produced an eclaireissement to this distressing dilemma.—One day, after dinner, having expressed to her in the most animated terms, the sincerity of his passion he continued,

"If my lovely friend be as free as myself—if her heart own no engagement—and if my person and fortune are not despised—let her frankly avow her sentiments. If they be propitious to my wishes, she shall in two days become my wife, the mother of my child, and the author of my happiness."

"Before I reply to your generous and honourable proposal, permit me, my dear friend, to unfold to you my whole heart—Are you not afraid of regretting your choice? Do you know who I am?"

"Hold, madam; only suffer me to ask if you are free from any engagement."

"Most assuredly I am; as free as the winds."

"Have you no dislike to my person? May not my young daughter appear to you a troublesome charge?"

"Your daughter a charge; I will be to her the most affectionate of mothers. And as for you, my dear Schustler, I

will no longer pretend to conceal my sentiments. I candidly confess that I love you."

"And I," rapturously exclaimed the transported lover, "I adore, I idolize you. In the mean time, I want no further confessions, no more acknowledgments. If what you are about to say is intended to recommend yourself to my esteem, you may spare yourself the trouble—nothing can make me love you more sincerely than I now do—if on the contrary you have been guilty of indiscretions, it will be useless for me now to know them. Nothing can lessen the ardent passion I feel for you.—Thou lovely object of all my wishes—I desired only the confession of one secret—that most precious one has escaped you. I am satisfied."

Eight days after this, she received the hand of M. Schustler, at the foot of the altar. The commission with which she had been charged by the French government, remained as yet unexecuted. She spoke of the author of the manuscript, and of his arrest, as of a circumstance which had come to her knowledge by mere accident.

"What!" said her husband,—"have you then heard of my friend's misfortune! I too was exposed to the most imminent danger, by that cursed business. It was to me he confided the fatal manuscript only a few days before his arrest, but on the first intimation of his seizure, I committed it to the flames."

His wife made no further inquiries—she immediately wrote to the principal agent concerned in her mission, acquainting him with the circumstances, and assuring him that his imperial majesty might make himself perfectly easy in regard to this affair—she had then ascertained that the memorial had been destroyed, and the emperor had nothing to fear.

Under various pretences, she excused herself to her employers for not returning to France; having found, as she said, in Bohemia a degree of happiness which her own country could not afford her.

Her confidential friend in Paris, who is now blind, and residing with her, was directed to dispose of all the effects of Madame Schustler; and she execu-

ted her orders with fidelity. It was from this friend that most of the particulars of this singular adventure have been obtained.

Thus was happily terminated an affair, commenced under auspices not the most favourable to the parties concerned—and thus, a lovely and accomplished woman, who had long regretted her aberrations from the paths of virtue, was restored to the enjoyment of respect and happiness.

Yet it makes one shudder to think how ruinous might have been the con-

sequences. To introduce a woman, of whose life and character he knew nothing, to be the partner of his home and fortunes, was highly culpable; especially as she was to act as mother to a beloved child. The choice of a husband or wife is the most serious circumstance of our lives: the blindness of passion often renders us wretched to the end of our days, when we perhaps, leave a numerous offspring still suffering under the calamities our folly created.

### DON QUIXOTE, WITH NOTES.\*

[Abridged from Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine for June.]

**WE** have no intention or inclination to entertain our readers with any remarks of our own on the great masterpiece of Cervantes. Indeed nothing we think, can be more sickening than the affectation, not uncommon among our modern reviewers, of entering upon long disquisitions concerning the merits of authors quite familiar to all the world—whose fame is settled—whose works are immortal—to be ignorant of whom is to be ignorant of every thing.

We cannot, however, omit the opportunity of calling attention to this new edition of Don Quixote.

We have had in England no less than four distinct translations of the best of all romances, and none of them bad ones; but it strikes us as something very strange, that until now we should never have had any edition whatever of any one of these translations, containing *notes*, to render the text intelligible. The text of Don Quixote, full as it is of allusions to history and romance, remained to all intents and purposes, without annotation, comment, or explanation; and of course, of the readers of Don Quixote, very few ever understood the meaning of Cervantes. A thousand of his happiest *hits* went for nothing.

This great blank has now been ably and fully supplied: and the English

reader is in possession of an edition of Don Quixote, not only infinitely superior to any that ever before appeared in England, but, so far as we are able to judge, much more complete and satisfactory than any one which exists in the literature of Spain herself. Mr. Dunlop, who in his history of fiction, has a most excellent chapter on Don Quixote, speaks as follows:—

“The great excellence, however, of the work of Cervantes lies in the readiness with which the hero conceives, and the gravity with which he maintains, the most absurd and fantastic ideas, but which always bear some analogy to the adventures in romances of chivalry. In order to place particular incidents of these fables in a ludicrous point of view, they were most carefully perused and studied by Cervantes. The Spanish romances, however, seem chiefly to have engaged his attention, and Amadis de Gaul appears to have been used as his text. *Indeed, there are so many allusions to romances of chivalry, and so much of the amusement arises from the happy imitation of these works, and the ridiculous point of view in which the incidents that compose them are placed, that I cannot help attributing some affectation to those, who, unacquainted with the species of writing, pretend to pos-*

\* The History of that ingenious Gentleman, Don Quixote de la Mancha; translated from the Spanish, by Motteux. A new edition, with Copious Notes; and an Essay on the Life and Writings of Cervantes. In five volumes. 8vo. 1822.

sess a lively relish for the adventures of *Don Quixote*. It is not to be doubted, however, that a considerable portion of the pleasure which we feel in the perusal of *Don Quixote*, is derived from the delineation of the scenery with which it abounds—the magnificent sierras—romantic streams and delightful vallies of a land which seems as it were the peculiar region of romance, from Cordoba to Roncesvalles. There is also in the work a happy mixture of the stories and names of the Moors, a people who, in a wonderful degree, impress the imagination and affect the heart, in consequence of their grandeur, gallantry and misfortunes; and partly, perhaps, from the many plaintive ballads in which their achievements and fate are recorded.”

It has been apparently the object of this edition to render all these allusions of which this intelligent critic speaks, intelligible; and we, in so far as a hasty perusal goes, are of opinion that its object has been completely accomplished. The text used is that of MOTTEUX, and this is, we think, out of all sight, the richest and best—although the editor himself seems to hint, now and then, something not unlike a partiality for the much older version of Shelton. Shelton's *Quixote* is undoubtedly well worthy of being studied by the English scholar; but it is far too antiquated an affair to serve the purposes of the English reader. That of Motteux is, if not so literally accurate, quite as essentially and substantially so; and Motteux, the translator of Cervantes and Rabelais, possesses a native humour which no other translator that we ever met with has approached.

It is only by extracts that we can hope to give any idea of the manner in which the present edition has been executed; and, therefore, we shall quote a few specimens without further preamble. The first volume contains an Essay on Cervantes' Life and Writings, in which the author says:—

“Even had Cervantes died without writing *Don Quixote*, his plays, (above all, his *Interludes* and his *Numancia*;) his *Galatea*, the beautiful dream of his

youth; his *Persiles*, the last effort of his chastened and purified taste; and his fine poem of the *Voyage of Parnassus*, must have given him at least the second place in the most productive age of Spanish genius. In regard to all the graces of Castilian composition, even these must have left him without a rival, either in that, or any other age of the literature of his country.

“Mr. Spence, the author of a late ingenious tour in Spain, seems to believe, what I should have supposed was entirely exploded, that Cervantes wrote his books for the purpose of ridiculing knight-errantry; and that, unfortunately for his country, his satire put out of fashion, not merely the absurd misdirection of the spirit of heroism, but that sacred spirit itself. But the practice of knight-errantry, if ever there was such a thing, had, it is well known, been out of date long before the age in which *Don Quixote* appeared; and as for the spirit of heroism, I think few will sympathize with the critic who deems it possible that an individual, to say nothing of a nation, should have imbibed any contempt, either for that or any other elevating principle of our nature, from the manly page of Cervantes. One of the greatest triumphs of his skill is the success with which he continually prevents us from confounding the absurdities of the knight-errant with the generous aspirations of the cavalier. For the last, even in the midst of madness, we respect *Don Quixote* himself. We pity the delusion, we laugh at the situation, but we revere, in spite of every ludicrous accompaniment, and of every insane exertion, the noble spirit of the Castilian gentleman.

“In the Notes appended to these volumes, an attempt has been made to furnish a complete explanation of the numerous historical allusions in *Don Quixote*, as well as of the particular traits in romantic writing, which it was Cervantes' purpose to ridicule in the person of his hero. Without having access to such information as has now been thrown together, it may be doubted whether any English reader has ever been able thoroughly to seize and

command the meaning of Cervantes throughout his inimitable fiction."

We shall now proceed to give a few specimens of the notes appended to these volumes. They are very copious; commonly as much as 40 or 50 closely printed pages to each of the 5 volumes of which the edition consists.

The name of BERNARD DE CARPIO, appears continually in the text of Don Quixote; but, except the satisfactory *nota bene*, given at the foot of one page, viz. "This was an old Spanish Captain, much renowned in their ballads and chronicles," no attempt had ever been made to introduce the English reader into any acquaintance with him. Among these notes, we find a great many curious particulars concerning him, collected from chronicles and ballads. We shall quote part of the first note in which he is mentioned.

"*Bernardo del Carpio*.—Of this personage, we find little or nothing in the French romances of Charlemagne. He belongs exclusively to Spanish History, or rather to Spanish Romance; in which the honour is claimed for him of slaying the famous Orlando, or Roland, the nephew of Charlemagne, in the fatal field of Roncesvalles. His history is as follows:—

"The continence which procured for Alonzo, who succeeded to the precarious throne of the Christians, in the Asturias, about 795, the epithet of The Chaste, was not universal in his family. By an intrigue with Sancho, Count of Saldenha, Donna Ximena, sister of this virtuous prince, bore a son. Some historians attempt to gloss over this incident by alleging that a private marriage had taken place betwixt the

lovers: but King Alphonso, who was well nigh sainted for living only in platonic union with his own wife Bertha, took the scandal greatly to heart. He shut the peccant princess up in a cloister, and imprisoned her gallant in the Castle of Luna, where he caused him to be deprived of sight. Fortunately, his wrath did not extend to the offspring of their stolen affections, the famous Bernardo del Carpio. When the youth had grown up to manhood, Alphonso, according to the Spanish historians, invited the Emperor Charlemagne into Spain, and having neglected to raise up heirs for the kingdom of the Goths in the ordinary manner, he proposed the inheritance of his throne as the price of the alliance of Charles. But the nobility, headed by Bernardo del Carpio, remonstrated against the king's choice of a successor, and would on no account consent to receive a Frenchman as heir of their crown. Alphonso himself repented of the invitation he had given to Charlamagne, and when that champion of Christendom came to expel the Moors from Spain, he found the conscientious and chaste Alphonso had united with the infidels against him. An engagement took place in the renowned pass of Roncesvalles, in which the French were defeated, and the celebrated Roland, or Orlando, was slain. The victory was ascribed chiefly to the prowess of Bernardo del Carpio.

"In several of the old ballads, which record the real or imaginary feats of Bernardo, his royal uncle is represented as having shewn but little gratitude for the great champion's services, in the campaign against Charlemagne. It appears that the king had not relented in favour of Don Sancho, although he had come under some promise of that sort to his son, at the period when his (the son's) services were most necessary. The following is a translation of one of the oldest of the Spanish ballads in which this part of Carpio's story is told:

#### BERNARDO AND ALPHONSO.

"With some good ten of his chosen men, Bernardo hath appear'd  
Before them all in the palace hall, the lying King to beard;  
With cap in hand and eye on ground, he came in reverend guise,  
But ever and anon he frown'd, and flame broke from his eyes.

'A curse upon thee, cries the King, 'who comest unbid to me;  
But what from traitor's blood should spring, save traitors like to thee?  
His sire, Lords, had a traitor's heart; perchance our Champion brave  
May think it were a pious part to share Don Sancho's grave.'

'Whoever told this tale the King hath rashness to repeat,  
Cries Bernard, 'here my gage I fling before THE LIAR's feet!  
No treason was in Sancho's blood, no stain in mine doth lie—  
Below the throne what knight will own the coward calumny?

'The blood that I like water shed, when Roland did advance,  
By secret traitors brought and led, to make us slaves of France;  
The life of King Alphonso I saved at Ronseval,—  
Your words, Lord King, are recompence abundant for it all.

'Your horse was down—your hope was flown—ye saw the faulchion shine,  
That soon had drunk your royal blood, had I not ventured mine ;  
But memory soon of service done deserteth the ingrate,  
And ye've thank'd the son for life and crown by the father's bloody fate.

'Ye swore upon your kingly faith, to set Don Sancho free,  
But curse upon your paltring breath, the light he ne'er did see ;  
He died in dungeon cold and dim, by Alphonso's base decree,  
And visage blind, and mangled limbs, were all they gave to me.

'The King that swerveth from his word hath stain'd his purple black,  
No Spanish Lord will draw the sword behind a liar's back ;  
But noble vengeance shall be mine, an open hate I'll show—  
The King hath injured Carpio's line, and Bernard is his foe.'---

'Seize—seize him !'—loud the King doth scream—'There are a thousand here—  
Let his foul blood this instant stream,—What ! Caitiffs, do ye fear ?  
Seize—seize the traitor !'—But not one to move a finger dareth,—  
Bernardo standeth by the throne, and calm his sword he bareth.

He drew the faulchion from the sheath, and held it up on high,  
And all the hall was still as death—cries Bernard, 'Here am I,  
And here's the sword that owns no lord, excepting heaven and me ;  
Fain would I know who dares his point—King, Conde, or Grandee.'

Then to his mouth his horn he drew—(it hung below his cloak)  
His ten true men the signal knew, and through the ring they broke ;  
With helm on head, and blade in hand, the knights the circle brake,  
And back the lordlings 'gan to stand, and the false King to quake.

'Ha ! Bernard,' quoth Alphonso, 'what means this warlike guise ?  
Ye know full well I jested—ye know your worth I prize.'---  
But Bernard turn'd upon his heel, and smiling pass'd away—  
Long rued Alphonso and Castile the jesting of that day."

Concerning THE CID,—Count Fernan Gonzalez of Castile,—Pedro the Cruel—the Infanta Oracca—the Moor Abindarraez—the Admiral Guarinos—Calainos the Moor—"The Great Captain"—and, in short, concerning the almost innumerable personages of Spanish history or romance, whose deeds are alluded to, and the ballads about them quoted by Don Quixote—we find notes in the same sort of style and fulness. The imitations or parodies of Amadis, Belianiss, &c. are always pointed out in a manner equally satisfactory—thus :

"*Amadis retiring from his disdainful Oriana, to do penance on the poor rock.*—This is one of the most beautifully told of all the adventures of Amadis. The penitence of Don Quixote is one of the principal points of his imitation of Amadis—and the imitation is carried as close as is consistent with the general purposes of Cervantes. Amadis had just finished the conquest of the Firm Island—an enchanted region, seven leagues long by five broad, which was called *Insola*, or *Insula*, because it was almost surrounded by the sea, and *Firma Insula*, by reason of an isthmus connecting it with the Mainland. From this he departed for the court of Sobradisa, the

sovereignty of which country was then in the hands of the beautiful Queen Briolanja. The peerless Oriana being informed of this new expedition, conceived certain feelings of jealousy, and sent him, by her page Burin, a letter full of haughty complaints, forbidding him ever to appear again in her presence. The letter was superscribed, 'I am the damsel wounded with the point of the sword through the heart, and thou art he that hast wounded me.' Amadis, on receiving this communication, sunk forthwith into the profoundest melancholy, left all his adventures 'cut off in the middle,' and withdrew to do penance in solitude. Having no farther occasion for the services of his Esquire Gandalin, he appointed him governor of the Firm Island—as in due time Sancho himself becomes governor of Barataria. Amadis chose to consult Andalod, a certain hermit, who inhabited a dismal place, called the Poor Rock, in the midst of the sea, and, by his direction, he established there the seat of his miseries, assuming at the same time, for the reasons above mentioned, the name of Beltenebros. Here Amadis devoted himself to a life of the most exemplary piety, hearing the matins and vespers of the ancient Andalod, confessing himself every noon, and spending all the rest of the four-and-twenty hours in tears and lamentations. Now and then, however, he composed poems on the rigour of Oriana ; and accordingly we find, that Don Quixote also develops a

vein both of music and poetry in the sequel when he sings to the guitar a canzonet of his own composition, for the purpose of being overheard by Altesidora, the duchess' maid. The deliverance of the Don from his

afflictions on the Sierra Morena is also copied from Amadis, in whose history the Damsell of Denmark plays a part, not unlike that which is devised for the fair Dorothea in this book of Don Quixote.

Even after all that Mr. Southey and Mr. Frere have done, every thing about the Cid is delightful, so we shall give one of the many ballads concerning him as translated in this edition. The story of it is evidently a very apocryphal one; but that is no great matter. Don Quixote quotes it as gravely as it were gospel.

#### THE EXCOMMUNICATION OF THE CID.

“ It was when from Spain across the main the Cid had come to Rome,  
He chanced to see chairs four and three beneath Saint Peter's dome.  
‘ Now tell, I pray, what chairs be they ?’—‘ Seven kings do sit thereon,  
As well doth suit, all at the foot of the holy father's throne.

‘ The Pope he sitteth above them all, that they may kiss his toe,  
Below the keys the Flower-de-lys doth make a gallant show ;  
For his great puissance, the King of France next to the Pope may sit,  
The rest more low, all in a row, as doth their station sit.’—

‘ Ha !’ quoth the Cid, ‘ now God forbid ! it is a shame, I wiss,  
To see the Castle\* planted beneath the Flower-de-lys.†  
No harm, I hope, good father Pope, although I move thy chair.’  
In pieces small he kick'd it all, (’twas of the ivory fair.)

The Pope's own seat he from his feet did kick it far away,  
And the Spanish chair he planted upon its place that day ;  
Above them all he planted it, and laugh'd right bitterly,  
Looks sour and bad I trow he had, as grim might be.

Now when the Pope was aware of this, he was an angry man,  
His lips that night, with solemn rite, pronounc'd the awful ban ;  
The curse of God, who died on rood, was on that sinner's head—  
To hell and woe man's soul must go, if once that curse be said.

I wot when the Cid was aware of this, a woeful man was he,  
At dawn of day he came to pray at the blessed father's knee :  
‘ Absolve me, blessed father, have pity upon me,  
Absolve my soul, and penance I for my sin will dree.’—

‘ Who is this sinner,’ quoth the Pope, ‘ that at my foot doth kneel ?’—  
‘ I am Rodrigo Diaz, a poor Baron of Castille.’  
Much marvell'd all were in the hall, when that name they heard him say,  
‘ Rise up, rise up,’ the Pope he said, ‘ I do thy guilt away.

‘ I do thy guilt away,’ he said, ‘ and my curse I blot it out ;  
God save Rodrigo Diaz, my Christian champion stout.  
I trow if I had known thee, my grief it had been sore,  
To curse Ruy Diaz de Bivar, God's scourge upon the Moor.’ ”

The following is of a different class.

“ *Castille had a Count Fernan Gonzalez, Valentia, a Cid, &c.*—The story of Fernan Gonzalez is detailed in the *Chronica Antiqua de Espana*, with so many romantic circumstances, that certain modern critics have been inclined to consider it as entirely fabulous. Of the main facts recorded, there seems, however, to be no good reason to doubt ; and it is quite certain, that, from the earliest times, the name of Fernan Gonzalez has been held in the highest honour by the Spaniards themselves, of every degree. He lived at the beginning of the 10th

century. It was under his rule, according to the chronicles, that Castille first became a powerful and independent state, and it was by his exertions that the first foundations were laid of that system of warfare, by which the Moorish power in Spain was at last overthrown. He was so fortunate as to have a wife as heroic as himself, and both in the chronicles and in the ballads abundant justice is done to her merits. She twice rescued Fernan Gonzalez from confinement, at the risk of her own life. He had asked her hand in marriage of her father, Garcias, King of Navarre, and had proceeded so far on his way to that prince's court, when he

\* The arms of Castille.

† The arms of France.

was seized and cast into a dungeon, in consequence of the machinations of his enemy the Amazonian Queen of Leon, sister to the King of Navarre.—Sancha, the young princess, whose alliance he had solicited, being informed of the cause of his journey, and of the sufferings to which it had exposed him, determined, at all hazards, to effect his liberation; and having done so by bribing his jailor, she accompanied his flight to Castille. Many years after, he fell into an ambush prepared for him by the same implacable enemy, and was again a fast prisoner in Leon. His countess, feigning a pilgrimage to St. James of Compostello, obtained leave, in the first place, to pass through the hostile territory, and af-

terwards, in the course of her progress, permission to pass one night in the castle where her husband was confined. She exchanged clothes with him; and he was so fortunate as to pass in his disguise through the guards who attended on him—his courageous wife remaining in his place—exactly in the same manner in which the Countess of Nithsdale effected the escape of her lord from the tower of London, on the 23d, of February, 1715. There is, as might be supposed, a whole body of old ballads, concerning the adventures of Fernan Gonsalez. I shall, as a specimen, translate one of the shortest of these—that in which the first of his romantic escapes is described.

#### COUNT FERNAN GONSALEZ.

‘ They have carried afar into Navarre the great Count of Castille,  
And they have bound him sorely, they have bound him hand and heel;  
The tidings up the mountains go, and down among the valleys,  
‘ To the rescue! to the rescue, ho! they have ta’en Fernan Gonsalez.’

A noble knight of Normandy was riding through Navarre,  
For Christ his hope he came to cope with the Moorish scymitar;  
To the Alcayde of the tower, in secret thus said he,  
‘ These bezaunts fair with thee I’ll share, so I this lord may see.’

The Alcayde was full joyful, he took the gold full soon,  
And he brought him to the dungeon, ere the rising of the moon;  
He let him out at morning, at the grey light of the prime,  
But many words between these lords had pass’d within that time.

The Norman knight rides swiftly, for he hath made him bowne  
To a king that is full joyous, and to a feastful town;  
For there is joy and feasting, because that lord is ta’en,  
King Garci in his dungeon holds the doughtiest lord in Spain.

The Norman feasts among the guests, but at the evening tide  
He speaks to Garci’s daughter, within her bower aside;  
‘ Now God forgive us, lady, and God his mother dear,  
For on a day of sorrow we have been blithe of cheer.

‘ The Moors may well be joyful, but great should be our grief,  
For Spain has lost her guardian when Castille has lost her chief;  
The Moorish host is pouring like a river o’er the land;  
Curse on the Christian fetters that hind Gonsalez’ hand!

‘ Gonsalez loves thee, lady, he loved thee long ago,  
But little is the kindness that for his love you show;  
The curse that lies on Cava’s head, it may be shared by thee;  
Arise, let love with love be paid, and set Gonsalez free.’

The lady answer’d little, but at the mirk of night,  
When all her maids are sleeping, she hath risen and ta’en her flight;  
She hath tempted the Alcayde with her jewels and her gold,  
And unto her his prisoner that jailor false hath sold.

She took Gonsalez by the hand at the dawning of the day,  
She said, ‘ Upon the heath you stand, before you lies your way;  
But if I to my father go, alas! what must I do?  
My father will be angry—I fain would go with you.’

He hath kissed the Infanta, he hath kiss’d her, brow and cheek,  
And lovingly together the forest path they seek;  
Till in the greenwood hunting they met a lordly priest,  
With his bugle at his girdle, and his hawk upon his wrist.

‘ Now stop! now stop!’ the priest he said, (he knew them both right well,)  
‘ Now stop and pay your ransom, or I your flight will tell;  
Now stop, thou fair Infanta, for if my words you scorn,  
I’ll give warning to the foresters with the blowing of my horn.’

\* \* \* \* \*



The base priest's word Gonzalez heard, 'Now, by the rood !' quoth he,  
 'A hundred deaths I'll suffer, or ere this thing shall be.'  
 But in his ear she whisper'd, she whisper'd soft and slow,  
 And to the priest she beckon'd within the wood to go.

It was ill with Count Gonzalez, the fetters press'd his knees,  
 Yet as he could he follow'd within the shady trees.  
 'For help, for help, Gonzalez ! for help,' he hears her cry,  
 'God aiding, fast I'll hold thee, until my lord come nigh.'

He has come within the thicket, there lay they on the green,  
 And he has pluck'd from off the grass the false priest's javelin ;  
 Firm by the throat she held him bound, down went the weapon sheer,  
 Down through his body to the ground, even as the boar ye spear.

They wrapp'd him in his mantle, and left him there to bleed,  
 And all that day they held their way ; his palfrey served their need :  
 Till to their ears a sound did come, might fill their hearts with dread—  
 A steady whisper on the breeze, and horsemen's heavy tread.

The Infanta trembled in the wood, but forth the Count did go,  
 And gazing wide, a troop descried upon the bridge below ;  
 'Gramercy !' quoth Gonzalez, 'or else my sight is gone,  
 Methinks I know the pennon yon sun is shining on.

'Come forth, come forth, Infanta, mine own true men they be,  
 Come forth, and see my banner, and cry *Castille!* with me ;  
 My merry men draw near me, I see my pennon shine,  
 Their swords shine bright, Infanta, and every blade is thine. ' "

We have quoted so many of these fine ballads, that we are sure it is unnecessary for us to comment on their merits. We shall, therefore extract one more, and have done. It shall be "the Song of the Admiral Guarinos,"—the same which Don Quixote and Sancho Panza are described as hearing sung by "*a labourer going to his work at day-break,*" in one of the most beautiful passages that can be pointed out in the whole of the Romance.

#### GUARINOS.

"The day of Roncesvalles was a dismal day for you,  
 Ye men of France, for there the lance of King Charles was broke in two.  
 Ye well may curse that rueful field, for many a noble peer,  
 In fray or fight the dust did bite, beneath Bernardo's spear.

There captured was Guarinos, King Charles's admiral ;  
 Seven Moorish kings surrounded him, and seized him for their thrall ;  
 Seven times, when all the chace was o'er, for Guarinos lots they cast ;  
 Seven times Marlotes won the throw, and the knight was his at last.

Much joy had then Marlotes, and his captive much did prize,  
 Above all the wealth of Araby he was precious in his eyes.  
 Within his tent at evening he made the best of cheer,  
 And thus, the banquet done, he spake unto his prisoner.

'Now, for the sake of Alla, Lord Admiral Guarinos,  
 Be thou a Moslem, and much love shall ever rest between us.  
 Two daughters have I ; all the day thy handmaid one shall be,  
 The other, (and the fairer far) by night shall cherish thee.

The one shall be thy waiting-maid, thy weary feet to lave,  
 To scatter perfumes on thy head, and fetch thee garments brave ;  
 The other—she the pretty—shall deck her bridal-bower,  
 And my field and my city they both shall be her dower.

'If more thou wishest, more I'll give—speak boldly what thy thought is.'  
 Thus earnestly and kindly to Guarinos said Marlotes ;  
 But not a moment did he take to ponder or to pause,  
 Thus clear and quick the answer of the Christian Captain was :

'Now, God forbid ! Marlotes, and Mary, his dear mother,  
 That I should leave the faith of Christ, and bind me to another ;  
 For women—I've one wife in France, and I'll wed no more in Spain ;  
 I change not faith, I break not vow, for courtesy or gain.'

Wroth waxed King Marlotes, when thus he heard him say,  
And all for ire commanded he should be led away ;  
Away unto the dungeon-keep beneath its vault to lie,  
With fetters bound in darksome deep, far off from sun and sky.

With iron bands they bound his hands. That sore unworthy plight  
Might well express his helplessness, doom'd never more to fight.  
Again, from gincture down to knee, long bolts of iron he bore,  
Which signified the knight should ride on charger never more.

Three times alone, in all the year, it is the captive's doom  
To see God's day-light bright and clear, instead of dungeon-gloom ;  
Three times alone they bring him out, like Sampson long ago,  
Before the Moorish rabble-rout, to be a sport and show.

On three high-feasts they bring him forth, a spectacle to be,  
The feast of Pasque, and the great day of the Nativity,  
And on that morn, more solemn yet, when maidens strip the bowers,  
And gladden mosque and minaret with the first fruits of the flowers.

Days come and go of gloom and show. Seven years are come and gone,  
And now doth fall the festival of the holy Baptist, John ;  
Christian and Moslem tilts and jousts, to give it homage due,  
And rushes on the paths to spread they force the sulky Jew.

Marlotes, in his joy and pride, a target high doth rear,  
Below the Moorish knights must ride, and pierce it with the spear ;  
But 'tis so high up in the sky, albeit much they strain,  
No Moorish shaft so far may fly, Marlotes' prize to gain.

Wroth waxed King Marlotes, when he beheld them fail,  
The whisker trembled on his lip, and his cheek for ire was pale ;  
And heralds proclamation made, with trumpets, through the town,  
Nor child should sack, nor man should eat, till the mark was tumbled down.

The cry of proclamation, and the trumpet's haughty sound,  
Did send an echo to the vault where the Admiral was bound.  
' Now, help me, God ! ' the captive cries, ' what means this din so loud ?  
O, Queen of Heaven ! be vengeance given on these thy haters proud ;

' O, is it that some Pagan gay doth Marlotes' daughter wed,  
And that they bear my scorn'd Fair in triumph to his bed ?  
Or is it that the day is come, one of the hateful three,  
When they, with trumpet, fife, and drum, make Heathen game of me ?'

These words the jailor chanced to hear, and thus to him he said,  
' These tabours, Lord, and trumpets clear, conduct no bride to bed,  
Nor has the feast come round again, when he that has the right  
Commands thee forth, thou foe of Spain, to glad the people's sight.

' This is the joyful morning of John the Baptist's day,  
When Moor and Christian feasts at home, each in his nation's way ;  
But now our king commands that none his banquet shall begin,  
Until some knight, by strength or sleight, the spearman's prize do win.'

Then out and spake Guarinos, ' O ! soon each man should feed,  
Were I but mounted once again on my own gallant steed.  
O ! were I mounted as of old, and harness'd cap-a-pee,  
Full soon Marlotes' prize I'd hold, whate'er its price may be.

' Give me my grey, old Trebizond, so be he is not dead,  
All gallantly caparison'd, with mail on breast and head,  
And give me the lance I brought from France, and if I win it not,  
My life shall be the forfeiture—I'll yield it on the spot.'

The jailor wonder'd at his words. Thus to the knight said he,  
' Seven weary years of chains and gloom have little humbled thee ;  
There's never a man in Spain, I trow, the like so well might bear ;  
An' if thou wilt, I with thy vow will to the king repair.'

The jailor put his mantle on, and came unto the king,  
He found him sitting on the throne, within his listed ring ;  
Close to his ear he planted him, and the story did begin,  
How bold Guarinos vaunted him the spearman's prize to win.

That, were he mounted but once more on his own gallant grey,  
And arm'd with the lance he bore on the Roncesvalles' day,

What never Moorish knight could pierce, he would pierce at a blow,  
Or give with joy his life-blood fierce, at Marlot's feet to flow.

Much marvelling, then said the king, 'Bring Sir Guarinos forth,  
And in the Grange go seek ye for his old grey steed of worth ;  
His arms are rusty on the wall—seven years have gone, I judge,  
Since that strong horse has bent his force to be a carrion drudge.

Now this will be a sight indeed, to see the enfeebled lord  
Essay to mount that ragged steed, and draw that rusty sword ;  
And for the vaunting of his phrase he well deserves to die,  
So, Jailer, gird his harness on, and bring your champion high.'

They have girded on his shirt of mail, his cuissers well they've clasp'd,  
And they've harr'd the helm on his visage pale, and his hand the lance hath grasp'd  
And they have caught the old grey steed, the horse of Trebizond,  
And he stands bridled at the gate—once more caparison'd.

When the knight came out, the Moors did shout, and loudly laugh'd the king,  
For the horse he pranced and caper'd, and furiously did fling ;  
But Guarinos whisper'd in his ear, and look'd into his face,  
'Then stood the old charger like a lamb, with a calm and gentle grace.

Oh ! lightly did Guarinos vault into the saddle-tree,  
And slowly riding down made halt before Marlot's knee ;  
Again the heathen laugh'd aloud,—“ All hail, sir knight,” quoth he,  
' Now do thy best, thou champion proud. Thy blood I look to see.'

With that Guarinos, lance in rest, against the scoffer rode,  
Pierced at one thrust his envious breast, and down his turban trod.  
Now ride, now ride, Guarinos—nor lance nor rowel spare—  
Slay, slay, and gallop for thy life.—The land of France lies *there* !

We have now done enough to make known to our readers the literary character of this edition.—But why deprive the noble Don of his usual accompaniments of engravings ? We cannot away with the want of Sancho's flying out of the carpet—Don Quixote hanging from the hole in the wall, &c. Smirke's designs are admirable ; but the native old Spanish ones of Castillo, engraved in the academy's large edition of 1781, are infinitely the best.

The notes, read continuously, and without reference to the text they so admirably illustrate, would form a most delightful book. Indeed, what can be more interesting than such a collection of rare anecdotes, curious quotations from forgotten books, and beautiful versions of most beautiful ballads ? Printed in a volume by themselves, these notes would constitute one of the most entertaining *Ana* in our language, or in any other that we are acquainted with.

#### APHORISMS, THOUGHTS, AND OPINIONS ON MORALS.

(European Magazine.)

OUR duties are so closely linked together that, as the breaking one pearl from a string of pearls hazards the loss of all, so the violation of one duty endangers the safety of every other.

Where is the mortal, who can venture to pronounce that his actions are of importance to no one, and that the consequences of his virtues and his vices will be confined to himself alone ?

Women reason, and men feel, when passing judgment on female beauty ; and when a woman declares another

to be plain, the chances are that she is right in her opinion ; as she cannot, because she is a woman herself, feel that charm, “ that something than beauty dearer,” which often throws a veil over irregularity of features, and sometimes obtains for even a plain woman, from men at least, the appellation of pretty.

A woman is never so likely to be the fool of love, as when it assails her late in life ; especially if a lover be as great a novelty to her as the passion itself—“ Love,” it has been wittily ob-

served, "like the small-pox, pits deepest in old subjects."

Any connexion between the sexes, that is founded on a guilty disregard of sacred and positive institutions, cannot long be productive of happiness; even though the reasonings of perverted intellect, and the persuasions of self-love, have convinced the offending parties that such an union is wise and virtuous.

Such offenders, while secluded from society, may fancy themselves happy; but as soon as society resumes, in any way, its power and opportunity of operating on their happiness, that happiness must necessarily vanish; as a dead body, which has been preserved from decay by being entirely excluded from the external air, moulders into dust as soon as ever it is exposed to its influence.

The wish to say lessening things of those, of whom one hears extravagant commendations, is, I fear, common to almost every one; even where the object praised comes in no competition with oneself.

The strongest of all ties is the consciousness of mutual benefit and assistance.

We are all of us too apt to repeat stories to the prejudice of others, even though we do not believe them.—Well indeed does St. James say, that, "the tongue is an unruly member."

There are defects in character, which can be known only by means of an intimate connection, and which co-habitation can alone call forth—for inattention to trifles is a general and a most destructive failing, and many a conjugal union, which has never been assailed by the battery of crime, has fallen a victim to the slowly undermining power of petty quarrels, trivial unkindnesses, and thoughtless neglect; like the gallant officer, though escaping unhurt from the rage of battles both by land and water, tempest, or sea, and earthquake on shore, returns perhaps to his native country, and perishes by the power of a slow fever.

Some persons are so deficient in what may be called delivery of *mental talk*, that they are nearly unconscious of the wounds, which they inflict by

"———The word whose meaning kills, yet told,  
The speaker wonders that you thought it cold."

They are unconscious that opportunities of conferring large benefits, like bank bills for £1,000, rarely come into use; but that little attentions, friendly participations, and kindnesses are wanted daily, and, like small change, are necessary to carry on the business of life and happiness.

Where the conduct is not founded on religious, and consequently, on immutable principles, we may not err while temptation is absent; but when once we are exposed to its presence, and its power, we are capable of falling even into the very vices the most abhorrent to our nature.

It is only too true that wounds however little, which are inflicted on our self-love, are never forgotten or forgiven, and that it is safer to censure the morals of our acquaintance, than to ridicule a defect in their dress, a peculiarity in their manners, or a fault in their persons.

To bear and forbear is the grand surety of happiness, and therefore ought to be the great study of life, and what is it but that charity which "suffereth long and is kind, and is not easily provoked."

What a forcible lesson, and what an impressive warning to the tempted amongst women, are contained in the following extracts from a work of Madame de Stael! "Though it is possible to love and esteem a woman, who has expiated the faults of her youth by a sincere repentance; and though before God and man her errors may be obliterated, still there exists one being, in whose eyes she can never hope to efface them—and that is, her lover or her husband." No—she has obscured her own image in his bosom, and tho' he must as a fellow-sinner forgive, he can never forget her degradation.

It is certain that though the agency of the passions be necessary to the *existence* of society, it is on the cultivation and influence of the affections, that the happiness and improvement of social life depend.

A child's education ought to begin from the first hours of its existence; and the mother, who understands her

task, knows that the circumstances which every moment calls forth, are the tools with which she is to work, in order to fashion her child's mind and character.

How pernicious is an aptitude to call the experience of ages, contemptible prejudices—how dangerous is it to our well being, to embrace and possess opinions, which tend to destroy our sympathies with general society, and which are likely to make us aliens to the hearts of those amongst whom we live.

Whatever may be the ill conduct of a husband, that wife must be deluded indeed, who thinks his culpability an excuse for her's, or seeks to revenge herself on her tormentor by following the bad example which he sets her. She is not wiser than the child, who, to punish the wall against which he has struck his head, dashes his fist against it in the vehemence of his vengeance, and is himself the only sufferer from the blow.

Natural affection, as it is called, is chiefly in human beings the result of habit, and a series of care, tenderness, mutual kindness, and good offices.

There is nothing more dangerous to the virtuous, and to the interests of virtue, than association with the guilty, who possess amiable and attractive qualities—for that salutary hatred, which we feel towards vice itself, must necessarily be destroyed by it; and I believe that our detestation of vice can be securely maintained, only by keeping ourselves at a degree of distance from the vicious.

Love, like some fair plants of rare quality, flourishes most in retired

places. It flies the glaring sunshine of crowded scenes, or puts forth a few gaudy feeble flowers there, which live their little hour, then droop and die. But in retirement, and in the still shade of solitude, it strikes a deep and lasting root—it requires no hand to plant it there, no care to nourish it, no rich soil to manure it.

The pen of the anonymous letter is held by a hand that would, but for the fear of the law, delight to wield the stiletto of the assassin; for in his heart lurk feelings the most terrible and depraved, while he cruelly calumniates the unoffending innocent, by accusing them either to themselves or others, of crimes the most abhorrent to their natures; and pores over his baleful manuscript with the grin of a fiend, as he is about to impel a poisoned arrow into the breast of those, who never perhaps, even in thought, offended him.

Every one has some kind friend who, on pretence of expressing his or her sorrow for one's injuries, takes care to inform one of some detracting observation of which one has been the object; and, which, but for their odious officiousness, one should never have known.

*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute*, and those, who have once so far compromised with their consciences as to resist its pleadings to sincerity, and can be contented to be praised for actions which they have not performed, have laid the foundation stone of future vice; and obscured, perhaps for life, the fair image of virtue in their bosom.

## Sketches of London Society.

### BELZONI'S EGYPTIAN TOMB.

BY LADY BLESSINGTON.

**A**FTER mounting a steep and dark staircase, the first sentence we heard was uttered by a lady, who exclaimed, 'O dear, how hot the Tomb is!' and another remarked 'That there was not light sufficient to see the gods.' The groups scattered round formed a striking contrast to the scene itself:—at the entrance were two large animals,

of the Sphinx species, formed of granite, with lion's heads, and between them was an elderly man, in the act of masticating tobacco, whose countenance bore a strong likeness to them. Two or three young women, simply but elegantly attired, with their graceful attitudes, and undulating draperies, formed an agreeable contrast to the

stiff and disproportioned forms of the grotesque Egyptian female figures.

"A party of school boys were amusing themselves by discovering likenesses to each other in the monstrous deities displayed on the wall; and a governess was answering the inquiries of her young pupils, 'If there ever existed men with lion's, apes', and foxes' heads?' by sententiously reading extracts from Belzoni's Description, not a word of which the little innocents could understand. One old lady remarked, that 'The Tomb was not at all alarming, when people got used to it;' and another said it made her melancholy, by reminding her of the death of her dear first husband, the worthy Alderman, to whose memory she had erected a very genteel one.' Two vulgar-looking old men, declared their conviction that 'it was all a hum, for had there been such a place, Lord Nelson would have said *summut* about it in his despatches;' and another person of the same class said, that 'For his part he did not like foreigners; and why did no Englishman ever find out this *here* place? he should not wonder if, in the end, Mr. Belzoni, or whatever his name is, was found out to be like that Baron who wrote so many fibs.' The first speaker observed, that 'Any man, who would go for to say, as *how* men had apes' faces (though his own bore a striking likeness to one) would say any thing.'

"A gentleman who appeared to be a tutor, and two young lads, were attentively examining the model, and comparing it with Belzoni's Narrative; and the questions they asked, and the observations which they made, shewed a spirit of inquiry and intelligence pleasing to witness; while his answers full of good sense and information, marked how well qualified he was to convey instruction.

"'The tomb levels all distinctions,' though a trite observation, is one the truth of which has never been doubted; and, if it were, a visit to that of Psammis would convince the most incredulous; for here persons of all ranks meet, and jostle each other with impunity. The fine lady, who holds her *vinai-grette* to her nostrils, and remarks to

her attending beau, 'What a dreadfully shocking place it is!' and that 'there is not a single person of fashion there,' is elbowed by a fat red-faced woman, who looks like the mistress of a gin-shop, and who declares to her spouse that 'She would give a shilling for a glass of unseed; for looking at *them* there mummies made her feel so queerish.'

"An old lady, and her two granddaughters, are examining the Pyramid; the old lady has got on a pair of spectacles, and is, with evident labour, endeavouring to decypher a page of the Description; but unfortunately she has got a wrong page, and having puzzled herself for some time, at last gives up the task in despair; and in answer to one of the children's questions of 'Grand-mamma, what is a Pyramid?' the good old lady replies, 'Why, a Pyramid, my dear, is a pretty ornament for the centre of a table, such as papa sometimes has instead of an epergne.'

"A simple-looking country girl is remarking to her companion, that 'This is not a bit like a tomb;' for that she had seen many, but they were all quite different, being small and much of the shape of a large trunk, and all has 'Here lies the body,' or some such thing on them, with cross bones, death's heads, and hour glasses.'

"Two ladies of fashion now enter, attended by two *Exquisites* or *Dandies* of the first class, and their exclamations of 'What an odd place!' 'O dear, how disagreeable the smell is!' attract the notice of the fine lady before mentioned, who has been engaged in a flirtation with her beau for the last half hour; they now recognise each other, and the languid 'How d'ye do? I'm delighted to see you; how very funny that we should meet in the tomb!' are uttered at once by all three: and one of the *Exquisites*, who appears to be of the sentimental cast, takes this opportunity of lisping out, that 'The presence of such divinities converts the tomb into a heaven.'" A vulgar-looking man, who has been listening to their chit-chat, and eyeing them with derision, whispers, but in audible accents, to his wife, a pretty modest looking woman, 'My eye! did you hear what that *there* young pale-faced chap said

to them there painted women, about going to heaven?—They don't seem to have any more chance of that sort of place than they have thoughts of it just now.' The wife gives him an exploring look to be quiet, and whispers, that she believes the ladies are no better than they should be, by their bold looks, and loud speaking, and urges him to go to the other side."

"The party of fashionables now approached, and one of the ladies exclaimed, 'Do pray let us leave this tiresome stupid place, where there is not a single thing to be seen worth looking at, and where the company is so intolerably vulgar. I really fancied it was a fashionable morning lounge, where one would meet every soul worth meeting in town, for, as to looking at a set of Egyptian frights, it never entered into my head; I have not heard of Egypt since my governess used to bore me about it when I was learning geography; and as to tombs and pyramids, I have a perfect horror of them.' Another of the ladies observed, that she 'hated every thing Egyptian ever since she had heard of the plagues.' And the third begged, 'that in decrying Egypt and its productions, they would except Egyptian pebbles, which were beautiful, and took an exquisite polish.'

"'Oh! pray do look at the female ornaments,' exclaimed one of the ladies; 'did you ever see such horrid things? Only fancy any woman of taste wearing them: well, I declare those same Egyptians must have been dreadfully vulgar, and the women must have looked hideously when adorned in such finery. How surprised they would have been at seeing Wirgman's beautiful trinkets, or the sweet tasteful jewellery at Howel and James!' 'I have always thought,' replied one of the *Exquisites*, 'these lines in Shakspeare very absurd where he says—

Loveliness .

Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,  
But is, when unadorned, adorned the most.

For no fine woman ever looks half so well, as when she wears diamonds and other valuable ornaments.'"

"Some young people, attended by their mother, a very showy dressed woman, with many indications of vulgarity in her appearance, now stopped before the ruins of the Temple of 'Erments;' and one of the children asked her, what place 'the water before them was meant to represent.'—The mamma replied, she, 'believed it was the Red Sea, or some such place,' but recommended them not to ask questions, as it would lead people to think them ignorant. This sapient answer seemed very unsatisfactory to the children, who, having expressed their annoyance, were promised a copy of the Description, provided they did not look at it until they got home, as mamma was in a hurry.

"A lady next us, enquired 'if Egypt was near Switzerland?' and was informed by her friend that it 'was near Venice.'—The ignorance displayed by the greater part of the visitors of the Tomb, on historical, geographical, and chronological points, was truly surprising, and the perfect apathy evinced, was even more so. It was plain that they came to the Tomb merely to pass away an hour, or in the expectation of meeting their acquaintances; but as to feeling any interest in the scene before them, or drawing any moral inference from it, they seemed as little inclined, as if they had been in the round room of the Opera House on a crowded night. Wrapt up in their own self-satisfied ignorance, the works or monuments of antiquity boast no attractions for them; and, strange to say, the metropolis of a country that professes to surpass all others in civilization and morals, presents, in some of its inhabitants, examples of ignorance and want of reflection, scarcely equalled in any other part of the civilized world."

[A neat volume has just issued from the press, entitled "Sketches and Fragments," by the Author of "The Magic Lantern," which pleasing little work, we mentioned at the period of its publication, was from the pen of Lady Blessington. The present elegant companion to it is consequently the production of the same accomplished lady, whose taste and good feeling are perhaps still more delightfully exhibited in its pages than in those of its precursor. As an example of both, we have for this part of our work selected one of the Sketches.

## Voyages and Travels.

TRAVELS IN BABYLONIA, &c. BY SIR ROBERT KER PORTER. \*

VOL. II.

**J**OURNEYING through Media from Ecbatana, now Hamadan, its ancient capital, our countryman took a westerly course, and examined the sculpture at Be-Sitooon, which, from his description, seems to bear a strong resemblance to the string of captives in one of Belzoni's chambers. It is conjectured that the conquest of Israel by Salmenezer, King of Assyria and the Medes, may be celebrated by these figures, &c.

From Dermanshah Sir Robert took the direct road to Bagdad, passing from Persia into the ancient Assyria. Just before entering Irak Arabi, the escort and the pilgrim-host which had joined company were attacked by Arabs; but these banditti did not press their hostilities to any real injury. Not so fortunate were the travellers when assailed by the pestilential winds which prevail in this quarter. Many of the party were seized with illness, and the author thus relates its cause:—

—“In order to while away my anxiety in this untoward detention, I sent for the master of the khaun, to make some enquiries respecting the country and its inhabitants. He told me that they consider October the first month of their autumn, and feel it delightfully cool in comparison with July, August, and September; for that during forty days of the two first named summer months, the hot wind blows from the desert, and its effects are often destructive. Its title is very appropriate, being called the Samiell or Baude Semoon, the pestilential wind. It does not come in continued long currents, but in gusts at different intervals, each blast lasting several minutes, and passing along with the rapidity of lightning. No one dare stir from their houses while this invisible flame is sweeping over the face of the country. Previous to its approach, the atmosphere becomes thick and suffocating, and appearing particularly dense near the horizon, gives sufficient warning of the threatened mischief. Though hostile to human

life it is so far from being prejudicial to the vegetable creation, that a continuance of the Samiell tends to ripen the fruits. I enquired what became of the cattle during such a plague, and was told they seldom were touched by it. It seems strange that their lungs should be so perfectly insensible to what seems instant destruction to the breath of man, but so it is, and they are regularly driven down to water at the customary times of day, even when the blasts are at the severest. The people who attend them, are obliged to plaster their own faces, and other parts of the body usually exposed to the air, with a sort of muddy clay, which in general protects them from its most malignant effects. The periods of the winds blowing are generally from noon till sunset; they cease almost entirely during the night; and the direction of the gust is always from the north-east. When it has passed over, a sulphuric and indeed loathsome smell like putridity, remains for a long time. The poison which occasions this smell, must be deadly; for if any unfortunate traveller, too far from shelter, meet the blast, he falls immediately; and, in a few minutes his flesh becomes almost black, while both it and his bones at once arrive at so extreme a state of corruption, that the smallest movement of the body would separate the one from the other. When we listen to these accounts, we can easily understand how the Almighty, in whose hands are all the instruments of nature, to work even the most miraculous effects, might, by this natural agent of the Samiell brought from afar, make it the brand of death by which the destroying angel wrought the destruction of the army of Sennacherib.”

At the place of which we are now treating, Sir Robert was about eighty-five miles from Bagdad; the route lying through a howling wilderness of lions, wolves, hyenas, and jackals, which he passed in safety, and entered that famous city on the 17th of Octo-

\* Travels in Georgia, Persia, Armenia, Ancient Babylonia, &c. in 1817 and 1820. By Sir Robert Ker Porter. Vol. II. London, 1822.



ber, or in twenty-six days from Hamadan. The difference of habits, &c. is well marked :

"A stranger arriving from Irak Ajem, into this renowned capital of Irak Arabi, cannot fail being instantly struck with the marked difference between the people before him, and those he left north of the mountains. There, the vesture was simple and close, though long, with a plain-hilted knife stuck in the girdle, and the head of the wearer covered with a dark cap of sheep skin. Here, the outer garment is ample and flowing, the turban high and superbly folded, and the costly shawl round the waist additionally ornamented with a richly embossed dagger. With personages in every variety of this gorgeous costume, I saw the streets of Bagdad filled on my entrance. Monstrous turbans of all hues, pelisses, and vests, of silk, satins, and cloths, in red, blue, green, yellow, of every shade and fabric, clothed the motley groupes who appeared every where; some slowly moving along the streets, others seated cross-legged on the ground, or mounted on benches by the way-side, sipping their coffee, and occasionally inhaling a more soporific vapour from their gilded pipes, with an air of solemnity not to be anticipated by such a tulip-garbed fraternity. The contrasted appearance of the gaily coloured, and gloomily pompous Turk, when compared with the parsimoniously clad Persian, sombre in appearance even to the black dye of his beard, yet accompanied with the most lively and loquacious activity of body and mind, amused me much; and in traversing these characteristic paths, I could not but recollect I was now in the far-famed city of the caliphs, the capital of Haroun-al-Raschid, through whose remote avenues he and his faithful vizier used to wander by night, in disguise, to study the characters of his subjects, and to reign with justice. But history was not alone, in busying the memory with recollections; the delightful tales of childhood started up along with her, and remembrances of the *Arabian Nights* seemed to render the whole a sort of eastern classic ground, consecrating its bazaars, mosques, palaces, and

even cobbler's stalls, to a kind of romantic celebrity."

At the capital of Assyria and Babylonia, Sir Robert was most cordially entertained by Mr. Rich of whom he speaks in the highest terms. The Pasha of Bagdad, Dowd or David, can raise no force much exceeding 10,000 men: and the Arabs around him are in a state of complete insubordination. Respecting the seat of his government, the following extract gives information:—

"The latitude of Bagdad, from the mean observations taken by Mr. Rich and others, is  $33^{\circ} 19' 40''$ , and the longitude east of Greenwich,  $44^{\circ} 44' 45''$ . The climate in general has the advantage of parts of Persia, in not being variable in such violent extremes; but then its warmest months are certainly insufferable from the abiding effects of the 40 days' prevalence of the consuming samiell. At that season, the thermometer frequently mounts in the shade from 120 to 140 degrees of heat, according to Fahrenheit. When the heat reaches 100 degrees, the inhabitants betake themselves to the refuge of certain arched apartments, called the Zardaub; constructed deep in the foundations of the house, for this very purpose. From their situation they can have no windows; therefore catch their glimpse of daylight as it may glimmer through the doors from the chambers above. Thin matting supplies the place of carpets, and every precaution and method is pursued, that can bring coolness to these gloomy abodes; where the chief part of the natives of Bagdad pass the whole of the sultry day, while the atmosphere without retains its more scorching fires. At sun-set each family issues from their subterranean shelters, and ascending to the top of the house, take their evening repast beneath the arch of heaven. And under the same free canopy, "fanned by tepid airs," they spread their bedding along the variously disposed divisions of the roof; whose irregular forms are so contrived, to catch at every zephyr's breath that passes. In these elevated apartments, the natives repose, until the close of October; at which time the days become comparatively cool;

and sudden blasts blowing up during the night, from the north, and south-east, render sleeping in the open air dangerous."

"The wives of the higher classes in Bagdad, are usually selected from the most beautiful girls that can be obtained from Georgia and Circassia; and, to their natural charms, in like manner with their captive sisters all over the East, they add the fancied embellishments of painted complexions, hands and feet dyed with henna, and their hair and eyebrows stained with the rang, or prepared indigo leaf.—Chains of gold, and collars of pearls, with various ornaments of precious stones, decorate the upper part of their persons, while solid bracelets of gold, in shapes resembling serpents, clasp their wrists and ancles. Silver and golden tissued muslins, not only form their turbans, but frequently their under garments. In summer the ample pelisse is made of the most costly shawl, and in cold weather, lined and bordered with the choicest furs. The dress is altogether very becoming; by its easy folds, and glittering transparency, shewing a fine shape to advantage, without the immodest exposure of the open vest of the Persian ladies. The humbler females generally move abroad with faces totally unveiled, having a handkerchief rolled round their heads, from beneath which their hair hangs down over their shoulders, while another piece of linen passes under their chin in the fashion of the Georgians. Their garment is a gown of a shift form, reaching to their ancles, open before, and of a grey colour. Their feet are completely naked. Many of the very inferior classes stain their bosoms with the figures of circles, half-moons, stars, &c. in a bluish stamp. In this barbaric embellishment, the poor damsel of Irak Arabi has one point of vanity resembling that of the ladies of Irak Ajem. The former frequently adds this frightful cadaverous hue to her lips; and, to complete her savage appearance, thrusts a ring through the right nostril, pendent with a flat button-like ornament set round with blue or red stones.

"But to return to the ladies of the

higher circles, whom we left in some gay saloon of Bagdad. When all are assembled, the evening meal or dinner is soon served. The party, seated in rows, then prepare themselves for the entrance of the show; which, consisting of music and dancing, continues in noisy exhibition through the whole night.—At twelve o'clock, supper is produced; when pilaus, kabobs, preserves, fruit, dried sweetmeats, and sherbets of every fabric and flavour, engage the fair *convives* for some time. Between this second banquet, and the preceding, the perfumed narquilly is never absent from their rosy lips, excepting when they sip coffee, or indulge in a general shout of approbation, or a hearty peal of laughter at the freaks of the dancers, or the subject of the singers' madrigals. But no respite is given to the entertainers; and, during so long a stretch of merriment, should any of the happy guests feel a sudden desire for temporary repose, without the least apology, she lies down to sleep on the luxurious carpet that is her seat; and thus she remains, sunk in as deep an oblivion as if the nummud were spread in her own chamber. Others speedily follow her example, sleeping as sound; notwithstanding that the bawling of the singers, the horrid jangling of the guitars, the thumping on the jar-like double-drum, the ringing and loud clangor of the metal bells and castanets of the dancers, with an eternal talking in all keys, abrupt laughter, and vociferous expressions of gratification, making, in all, a full concert of distracting sounds, sufficient, one might suppose, to awaken the dead. But the merry tumult, and joyful strains of this conviviality, gradually become fainter and fainter; first one, and then another of the visitors, (while even the performers are not spared by the soporific god) sink down under the drowsy influence; till, at length, the whole carpet is covered with these sleeping beauties, mixed indiscriminately with hand-maids, dancers, and musicians, as fast asleep as themselves. The business, however, is not thus quietly ended. "As soon as the sun begins to call forth the blushes of the morn, by lifting the veil that shades her slumbering eyelids," the

faithful slaves rub their own clear of any lurking drowsiness; and then tug their respective mistresses by the toe or the shoulder, to rouse them up to perform the ablutional devotions usual at the dawn of day. All start mechanically, as if touched by a spell; and then commences the splashing of water, and the muttering of prayers; presenting a singular contrast to the vivacious scene of a few hours before. This duty over, the fair devotees shake their feathers like birds from a refreshing

shower; and tripping lightly forward, with garments, and, perhaps, looks, a little the worse for the wear of the preceding evening, plunge at once again, into all the depths of its amusements. Coffee, sweetmeats, kalious, as before, accompanying every obstreperous repetition of the midnight song and dance; and all being followed up by a plentiful breakfast of rice, meats, fruits, &c., towards noon the party separate; after having spent between fifteen and sixteen hours in this riotous festivity.

## Original Poetry.

### SONGS.

#### THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

All, look upon those withered flowers,  
And look upon that broken lute!  
Why are those roses scentless, dead?  
Why are those gentle chords so mute?

A sun-beam pass'd and kissed those flowers,  
Waked the young bloom, the incense sigh;  
But darkling clouds came o'er that ray,  
The rose was left to droop, to die.

A wind breathed by and waked the lyre,  
Oh never had it such a sound;  
But soon the gale too rudely swept—  
The lute lay broken on the ground!

These things are emblems of my heart;  
And what has been thine influence there?  
You taught me first love's happiness,  
How could you teach me love's despair!

#### LOVE'S LAST WORDS.

Light be around thee, hope be thy guide;  
Gay be thy bark, and smooth be the tide;  
Soft be the wind that beareth thee on,  
Sweet be thy welcome, thy wanderings done.

Bright be the hearth, may the eyes you love best  
Greet the long-absent again to his rest;  
Be thy life like glad music which floateth away  
As the gale lingering over the rose-tree in May.

But yet while thy moments in melody roll,  
Be one dark remembrance left on thy soul.  
Be the song of the evening thrice sad on thine ear—  
Then think how your twilights were past away here.

And yet let the shadow of sorrowing be  
Light as the dream of the morning to thee!  
One fond, faint recollection, one last sigh of thine  
May be granted to love so devoted as mine!

### MORAL REFLECTIONS WROTE WHILE ON THE CROSS OF ST. PAUL'S.

#### I.

The man that pays his pence and goes  
Up to thy lofty cross, St. Paul,  
Looks over London's naked nose,  
Women and men:  
The world is all beneath his ken,  
He sits above the *Ball*.  
He seems on Mount Olympus' top,  
Among the Gods, by Jupiter! and lets drop  
His eyes from the empyreal clouds  
On mortal crowds.

#### II.

Seen from these skies,  
How small those emmits in our eyes!  
Some carry little sticks—and one  
His eggs—to warm them in the sun:  
Dear what a hustle  
And hustle!  
And there's my aunt. I know by her waist,  
So long and thin,  
And so pinch'd in,  
Just in the pismire taste.

#### III.

O! what are men?—Beings so small,  
That should I fall  
Upon their little heads, I must  
Crush them by hundreds into dust!

#### IV.

And what is life and all its ages—  
There's seven stages!  
Turnham-Green! Chelsea! Putney! Fulham!  
Brentford! and Kew!  
And Footing too!  
And oh! what very little nags to pull'em.  
Yet each would seem a horse indeed,  
If here at Paul's tip-top we'd got 'em,  
Although, like Cinderella's breed,  
They're mice at bottom.  
Then let me not despise a horse,  
Though he looks small from Paul's high cross!  
Since he would be, as near the sky,  
— Fourteen hands high.

#### V.

What is the world with London in its lap?  
Mogg's Map.  
The Thames, that ebbs and flows in its broad channel  
A *tidy* kennel.  
The bridges stretching from its banks?  
Stone planks.  
Ah me! hence could I read an admonition  
To Mad Ambition!  
But that he would not listen to my call,  
Though I should stand upon the cross and *ball*.

## Paragraphs.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES—LITERARY NEWS—REMARKABLE INCIDENTS, &c.

On the most correct documents it is calculated that no less than *one hundred thousand* human creatures are likely to fall victims in Ireland, to Famine or Fever, in many cases to both; and if means are not *immediately* applied, other parts of Ireland, as well as the South and West, will most likely soon be visited with the same shocking scene of men, women, and children, living, or endeavouring to live, on the leaves of trees, sea weeds, and other vegetables, on which horses and dogs cannot be preserved alive: in consequence, the typhus fever is sweeping off hundreds of our fellow-creatures, where famine has not done so.

### CANOVA'S DEAD CHRIST.

Canova is executing at Rome a new group of figures representing a dead Christ, the Virgin, and Mary Magdalene. The same subject has often been treated by artists, and, among others, by M. Angelo. It is, however, asserted, that Canova bears away the palm from all.

### ANECDOTES.

*Posthumous Travels.*—The Royal Prussian General, Meme von Minnolt, lately made a scientific tour through Egypt and Syria, where he formed an excellent collection of Egyptian antiquities, and got safely from Alexandria to Trieste, where they were placed on board a vessel, to be conveyed to Berlin *via* Hamburgh. During one of the late violent storms, the ship was unfortunately wrecked, between Heligoland and Cuxhaven. A few light boxes, containing mummies, were lately driven ashore on the coast of Balje, in the dukedom of Bremen. The country people, on opening them, were not a little terrified on finding that they contained dead bodies—which they immediately buried. The mummies have, however, been dug up, and delivered to the Prussian authorities.

### ALOYS REDING.

When the French armies entered Switzerland, at the commencement of the revolution, Aloys Reding resumed the sword in favour of his country, and performed many splendid actions. But the armies of his enemies were too numerous, and treachery and cowardice thinned his own ranks. At length the time arrived which was to decide the issue of the contest. Certain death appeared to await the whole band of heroic Swiss. On the sublime heights of Morgarten, Reding appeared at the head of his troops. Morgarten had been a theatre for the performance of

great actions; and calling to mind the heroic achievements of ancient times, the brave general thus addressed his soldiers. "Comrades and fellow citizens! the decisive moment is arrived. Surrounded by enemies, and deserted by our friends, it only remains to know if we will courageously imitate the example formerly set by our ancestors among these magnificent mountains; indeed upon the spot on which we now stand. An almost instant death awaits us. If any one fear, let him retire; we will not reproach him; but let us not impose upon each other at this solemn hour. I would rather have a hundred men firm and steadfast to their duty, than a large army which, by flight, might occasion confusion; or by precipitous retreat, immolate the brave men who would still defend themselves. As to myself, I promise not to abandon you, even in the greatest danger. Death and no retreat! If you participate in my resolution, let two men come out of your ranks, and swear to me, in your name, that you will be faithful to your promises."

When the chieftain had finished his address, his soldiers, who had been leaning on their arms, and listening in reverential silence, instantly hailed its conclusion with loud shouts of "we will never desert you;" "we will never abandon you;" "we will share your fate, whatever it may be." Two men then moved out of each rank, as Reding had desired; and giving their hands to their chief, confirmed the oath their comrades had taken. This treaty of alliance between the chief and his soldiers, was sworn in open day, and in one of the sublimest scenes in all Switzerland; a treaty which, as the historian Zochockle observes, bears marks of patriarchal manners worthy the simplicity of the golden age. These brave men fought and bled with the resolution of heroes, and the enthusiasm of patriots; but fate having for a time decreed the subjugation of their country, they fought therefore in vain.

## SPIDER THREAD.

It had long been a question among philosophers, whether it was possible to render the labours of the spider subservient to the benefit of mankind. In the earlier part of the last century, this question was partially solved by M. Bon of Languedoc, who fabricated a pair of stockings and a pair of gloves, from the threads of spiders. They were nearly as strong as silk, and of a beautiful grey colour.

The predatory habits of the spider, however, would seem to oppose an effectual barrier to their being bred up in sufficient numbers to render such a manufactory at all productive. The following arguments against the probability of any real or permanent advantage resulting from this attempt were published by Reanmur, whom the Royal Academy, had deputed to inquire into the matter.

The natural fierceness of spiders renders them unfit to be bred and kept together. Four or five thousand being distributed in cells, fifty in some, one or two hundred in others, the big ones soon killed and eat the smaller ones, so that in a short time there were scarcely one or two left in each cell; and to the inclination of devouring their own species is attributed the scarcity of spiders, when compared with the vast number of eggs they lay. Reanmur also affirms, that the web of the spider is inferior in strength and lustre to that of the silk worm, and produces less of the material fit for use. The thread of the spider's web can only bear a weight of two grains without breaking; and the bag sustains the weight of thirty six grains. The thread of a silk worm will bear two drams and a half, so that five threads of the spider are necessary to form a cord equal to that of a silk-worm; and as it would be impossible to apply these so closely together as to avoid leaving any empty spaces from which the light would not be reflected, the lustre would consequently be considerably less. This was noticed at the time the stockings were presented to the society by M. de la Hire. It was further observed, that spiders afford less silk than silk-worms, the largest bags of the latter weighing four grains, the smaller three grains, so that 2,304 worms produce a pound of silk. The bags of a spider weighs about one grain; when cleared of the dust and filth they lose about two thirds of that weight. The work of twelve spiders therefore, only equals that of one silk-worm, and a pound of silk will require, at least 27,648 spiders. But as bags are solely the work of the females, who spin them to deposit their eggs in, there must be kept 55,296 spiders to yield one pound of silk; and this will apply to good ones only, the spiders in gardens barely yielding a twelfth part of the silk of the domestic kinds. Two hundred and eighty of them would not produce more than one silk-worm; and 663,555 such spiders, would scarcely yield a pound of silk!

## FRUIT TREES IN GERMANY.

In the Duchy of Gotha, there are many villages which obtain a rent of two or three hundred dollars, or more for their fruit trees planted on the road side, and on the commons. Every new married couple is bound to plant two young fruit trees. The rent is applied to parochial purposes. In order to preserve the plantations from injury, the inhabitants of the parish are all made answerable, each of whom is thus a watch upon the other; and if any one is caught in the act of committing any injury, all the damage done in the same year the authors of which cannot be discovered, is attributed to him, and he is compelled to atone for it according to its extent, either by fine or corporal punishment.

## SECOND SIGHT.

*Mr. Editor.*—Having seen in the *Literary Gazette* an extract from Colonel Stewart's admirable work,† mentioning an extraordinary instance of second sight occurring to a gentleman in 1773, I cannot forbear relating a conversation which I held with a young man at Brecon, S. Wales, within two years, on a vision seen by him and his father's servant at the same time, and therefore the more extraordinary.

*Mr. —* told me that he was walking from his own home to a village four or five miles distant, one afternoon, on some business which required the farming servant to accompany him; just as they came to the bridge which there crosses the Usk, they perceived a funeral procession, and he expressed some surprise to the man that they had never heard of any death in the neighbourhood, and they began to guess who it could be. The funeral advanced; they saw various people, both on horseback and on foot, with whom they were perfectly well acquainted, and with whom they would have spoken on any other occasion; and these persons came so near to them, that they found it necessary to stand close up into one of the corners\* of the bridge.

When the funeral had gone past they proceeded, and soon reaching the toll bar, enquired of the man who lived there, whose funeral it was they had met on the bridge? He replied, no

† See *Ath.* p. 221.

\* The bridges in S. Wales are generally built with abutments, which form triangular recesses on the bridge.

funeral had passed that day, nor had he heard of any person in the neighbourhood being dead. In great surprise, they eagerly mentioned the names of various persons, especially those on horseback, who lived in the neighbourhood; he knew them well, but declared positively they had not passed the bar that day, and it was not possible for them to have gone over the bridge without doing so.

Two or three days after this, a gentleman farmer in the neighbourhood died, and the man at the toll-bar through which the funeral passed, said it was attended by the same persons in the same situation described to him by these two men, so far as he could judge; and several of them Mr. — (the relater) declared *he had seen and questioned*, and they told him that they had attended the funeral mounted, or dressed, in the very way himself and his father's servant described them; but that on the evening when the vision took place, they were employed in their ordinary occupations.

The young gentleman from whom I received this account was well educated, and of good family. He appeared to be two or three and twenty years of age; was at that time improving himself in a solicitor's office of great respectability, and lived in the house where we had lodged for some weeks. There was nothing in his conversation or conduct which indicated either humour, or fancy; still less was there in him the appearance of melancholy or superstition; he was rather a dashy young man, who would have laughed at the story from another person. He was by no means forward to relate this circumstance; but being asked to do so by a lady in the room, in consequence of some conversation which had arisen, he did so in a plain and manly way; as one who sincerely wished the thing had never happened to him, but could conscientiously repeat the facts and assert them.

I enquired the time when this took place; he said it was between five and six o'clock in a summer evening, the year before, viz. 1819. I then said, „May I ask, sir, if you were perfectly *well* at the time, and if you had dined?”

He replied, “I dined with my mother at two o'clock, and might have taken a single glass of wine with her or not, I cannot recollect, but certainly not more. I was as well as I am now, and when the funeral first appeared, was speaking to the man on the business we were going upon, and had no thoughts in my mind whatever, nor had either of us the slightest idea that we had not seen a common funeral, until we were compelled to give it up by the toll-keeper, and many other people on the road, who must inevitably have seen it as ourselves; nor did any funeral take place in the neighbourhood until the one I have mentioned, about a week afterwards. To the circumstances I have mentioned I can safely take my oath, and so can the man that accompanied me; who is well known as a very honest fellow, and still in our service.”

There were many names mentioned and incidents particularized in this story, which I have either forgotten, or remember insufficiently for recapitulation; but *this* is the substance, and is too remarkable to be forgotten, or in my opinion accounted for by any ordinary elucidation; and being completely before us as to the time, persons, and place, has, at least, the advantage of being fairly examined.

#### SUPERSTITION.

The age of miracle has not followed the age of chivalry into oblivion. A very recent *Continental Journal* (June 1822) contains the affidavit of M. Donnadieu, the Mayor and Council of Bessagues, that on the 12th of last May, a girl of fifteen years of age, paralytic for more than three years, was miraculously cured on the day of the festival of St. Fulcran, the patron saint of the place.

#### PUNS.

A Waterman the other day boasting of the proficiency of some of his pupils in the now fashionable art of *rowing*, declared that one of them was so expert, he would soon “make a man of him,” “Then,” said a wit, “he must be a *Ro-man*.”

Puns do not deserve the reproaches heaped upon them; they enliven society; and we have heard hundreds of them in companies where no pocket was ever picked.—Bad or good, here are two. In a party, chiefly of medical gentlemen, discussing the power of animals to communicate hydrophobia, it was asserted by a learned Doctor, that the infection had been communicated in one instance by a duck. Many inferences were made from this fact,

till an extra-professional visitor observed, that the strongest lesson he could draw from it was, to "beware of Quacks."

#### THE QUAKERS.

Notwithstanding that the principles of the Quakers will not allow them to sanction war, much less to contribute to its support, unless when compelled, yet in the rebellion of 1745, a deputation of this society waited on Sir W. Yonge and Lord Ligonier, with an offer to furnish, at their own expense, to the troops employed in his majesty's service during the winter in the north, a supply of woollen waistcoats to be worn under their other clothing. The offer was accepted.

#### DUCHESS OF BOLTON.

Lavinia Fenton (afterwards Duchess of Bolton) was tempted by Rich from the Hay-market to Lincoln's Inn Fields, in 1728, by a salary of *fifteen shillings* per week : on the success of the *Beggar's Opera*, to secure this valuable actress, he raised it to *thirty shillings* ! and such was the rage of the town respecting her, that she was obliged to be guarded home every night by a considerable party of her confidential friends, to prevent her being run away with.

#### ORIGINAL LETTERS.

ANNE CLIFFORD, COUNTESS OF DORSET,

PEMBROKE, AND MONTGOMERY.

The letter, which she is said to have written to Sir Joseph Williamson, then secretary of state, who sent to nominate to her a member for the borough of Appleby, was first printed in a paper written by Lord Oxford for *The World*, and again introduced by that noble writer, in his article relative to this high-spirited woman.

"I have been bullied by an usurper ; I have been neglected by a court ; but I will not be dictated to by a subject ; your man shan't stand.

*"Anne, Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery."*

We have given place to the above, by way of introducing two other letters not generally known, one by a royal, the other from a humble, personage. The first is from *Queen Elizabeth* to Heton, Bishop of Ely, who, it seems, had promised to exchange some part of the land belonging to his newly-acquired see, for a pretended equivalent ; but demurred when he entered on the office, either from a hope of enjoying his dignity without the penalty, or from a sense of shame at so palpable an injustice towards the church, probably the latter, because the letter is

said to be preserved in the Episcopal Register of Ely, as a sort of proof of the compulsion.

"Proud Prelate, I understand you are backward in complying with your agreement : but I would have you know, that I who made you what you are, can unmake you ; and if you do not forthwith fulfil your engagement, by God ! I will immediately unfrock you. Your's, as you demean yourself,

"ELIZABETH."

We know not what punishment will be inflicted on us for inserting, as a climax to these royal and noble epistles, the letter of an unfortunate lieutenant of foot ; but it seems to us so characteristic, and so spirited a composition, that our readers shall have it. The billet was found by the Secretary at War on his table, after the loss of Minorca to the French, and is perfect of its kind.

"SIR—I was a Lieutenant with General Stanhope when he took Minorca, for which he was made a Lord. I was a Lieutenant with General Blackney when he lost Minorca, for which he was made a Lord. I am a Lieutenant still.

Sir, &c. &c. A. B."

#### DIFFERENT KINDS OF FEAR.

When the British under Lord Nelson were bearing down to attack the combined fleets of Trafalgar, the first Lieutenant of the *Revenge*, on going to see that all hands were at their quarters, observed one of the men devoutly kneeling at the side of his gun ; so very unusual an attitude in an English sailor exciting his surprise and curiosity, he went and asked the man if he was afraid ? "Afraid !" answered the honest tar, with a countenance expressive of the utmost disdain, "No : I was only praying that the enemy's shot may be distributed in the same proportion as the prize money, the greatest part among the officers."

When the brave Corporal Caithness was asked after the battle of Waterloo if he was not afraid, he replied, "Afraid ! why I was in all the battles of the Peninsula !" and having it explained that the question merely related to a fear of losing the day, he said, "Na, na, I did na fear that ! I was only afraid we should be all killed before we had time to win it."

#### BRITISH CARPENTER.

On the surrender of Lord Cornwallis in the revolutionary war of America, the crew of the *Loyalist*, a frigate of 22 guns, was immediately conveyed to the Count de Grasse's fleet. Of that fleet, the *Ardent*, captured off Plymouth, made one, but she

was in a very leaky condition. The Count being informed that the carpenter of the Loyalist was a clever fellow, and perfectly acquainted with the chain pump, of which the French were then quite ignorant, ordered him on board the *Ville de Paris*, and said to him, "Sir, you are to go on board the *Ardent* directly; use your utmost skill, and save her from sinking; for which service, you shall have a premium, and the encouragement due to the carpenter of an equal rate in the British navy. To this I pledge my honour; but if you refuse, you shall have nothing but bread and water during your captivity. The tar, surprised at being

thus addressed in his own language by the French admiral, boldly answered: "Noble Count, I am your prisoner; it is in your power to compel me; but never let it be said, that a British sailor forgot his duty to his king and country, and entered voluntarily into the service of the enemy. Your promises are no inducement to me; and your threats shall not force me to injure my country." To the eternal disgrace of Count de Grasse, he rewarded this noble conduct by wanton severity as long as he had it in his power to inflict it; but on his exchange Admiral Rodney appointed him carpenter of his own ship.

## Necrological Table.

For 1821-2.

Among the reminiscences associated with the date of 1821, will be found names of powerful interest; some of these belong to the historian, rather than to ourselves, whose purpose it is to record only those who have distinguished themselves in literature, science, and art. Yet there are *two* which, although they do not come within the immediate scope of our necrology, we cannot pass over in entire silence. The first of these is that of *Napoleon Buonaparte*, the hero of the republic, the founder of new dynasties, the imperial master of France, the humbled exile of St. Helena! He died on the 5th of May. The second is that of *Caroline*, the unfortunate Queen of England, who died on the 7th of August.

*Bancroft, Edward Bartholomew, MD.* was educated to the practice of medicine, and is well known by some professional works, especially by his *Experimental Researches concerning the Philosophy of Permanent Colours*, 1794. Having resided some time in the West Indies, he wrote a *Natural History of Guiana*, in South America, 8vo. 1769; and an *Essay on the Yellow Fever*. Dr. Bancroft did not confine himself to scientific subjects, for in 1770 he produced a *Novel*, in three volumes, entitled, *Charles Wentworth*. Died at Margate.

*Bonycastle, John*, Professor of Mathematics at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, was author of several popular works in the most useful branches of the mathematics. The principal of these are, *Euclid's Elements of Geometry*, 8vo. 1789; *General History of Mathematics*, from the French of Bossuet, 8vo. 1803; a *Treatise on Spherical Trigonometry*; and a *Treatise on Algebra*, 2 vols. 8vo. 1813.

*Burney, Rear Admiral, FRS.* was eldest son of the celebrated Dr. Burney, the elegant historian of music, and brother to Dr. Charles Burney, the Hellenist, and Madame D'Arblay, the distinguished novelist. The Admiral was not an unworthy member of so literary a family; his *History of Voyages of Discovery* displays extensive reading and research, as well as geographical knowledge. He published also another work on the *Eastern Navigation of the Russians*. Died suddenly of apoplexy, November 17, in his 72d year.

*Calcott, John Wall*, Mus. Doc. and Organist of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, was author of a *Musical Grammar*, and of a work entitled, *Statement of Earl Stanhope's System of Tuning Keyed Instru-*

ments. Dr. Calcott's musical compositions have been universally admired for the science and genius they display. Died May 15.

*Cappe, Mrs. Catherine.* This lady, who was the relict of the late Rev. Newcome Cappe, of York, wrote several religious publications, and one or two works relating to charity schools, and female societies.

*Cromwell, Oliver*, was a lineal descendant of the Protector, being great grandson of Henry, his fourth son, who was Lord Deputy of Ireland, and MP. for Cambridge. This gentleman is author of a very recent work, entitled, *Memoirs of the Protector Oliver Cromwell*, and his sons, Richard and Henry, illustrated by original letters, and other family papers; with six portraits from family pictures, 4to. 1821. At one period of his life he practised as a solicitor, but of late years relinquished all professional employment. Died at Cheshunt, May 31, aged 79.

*Gregory, James, MD.* Professor of the practice of physic in the university of Edinburgh, RCP. FRS., &c. was born at Aberdeen, 1753, and was the eldest son of the late Dr. John Gregory. In 1776, he was appointed professor of the theory of physic in the university of Edinburgh, and on the retirement of Dr. Cullen was chosen to succeed him. Besides some professional works, he published, in 1792, two volumes of *Philosophical and Literary Essays*; and in the *Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh*, a paper on the *Theory of the Moods and Verbs*. Aged 68.

*Holroyd, the Right Hon. John Baker, Lord Sheffield.* Early in life this nobleman became the friend of the celebrated Gibbon, whose *Memoirs and Posthumous works* he



published in 3 vols. 4to. His lordship was a practical agriculturist, and likewise the author of a variety of publications on Commercial and Political Subjects. He was created an Irish peer in 1780; an English one in 1802. Died May 30, in his 80th year.

*Inchbald, Elizabeth.* This lady (whose maiden name was Simpson) was originally an actress, and made her appearance on the Manchester stage at the early age of 18. Her person was beautiful, her talent was considerable, yet she was not destined to become a first-rate actress: she therefore left the theatre and commenced dramatic writer; here she was more successful, for her productions in this line, which are rather numerous, present some of the last scintillations of that "expiring art," Comedy. As a novel writer, her pen was less prolific, for she composed only two works of this description; but these are of very superior interest, and her "Simple Story" may be regarded as a standard and classical work. In private life her reputation was unblemished. Died Aug. 1, aged 65.

*James, Charles,* (Major,) a writer on military subjects, and a poet of some talent. His chief work is his Military Dictionary, which has passed several editions. His poetical pieces appeared in two separate collections, one in 1789, the other in 1791: among these, his lyrical effusions possess much merit. His Epigrams frequently enlivened the columns of the Morning Chronicle. Died April 14, aged 56.

*Jordan, Camille.* This celebrated orator, and political character, was born at Lyons, Jan. 11, 1771. He first visited Paris in 1790; and in 1793, when Lyons opposed the tyranny of the national convention, first displayed his eloquence. After the siege of Lyons, he retired to Switzerland, and from thence came to this country, where he formed a connection with Erskine, Fox, &c. and studied our literature, legislation, and constitution. Subsequently he went to Germany, where he also became acquainted with several of the first literati. In 1800, he was recalled to France, and opposed the pretensions of Buonaparte, then First Consul. During the imperial government, he lived in entire seclusion, occupied solely with literary pursuits. Attached to the Bourbons, he endeavoured to promote their restoration, 1814. Died 19th of May, in his 51st year.

*Knox, Vicesimus, DD.* a distinguished writer on subjects of education and Belles Lettres. His Essays obtained for him great reputation by the eloquence of the language and style; his Winter Evenings' Lucubrations are also a very agreeable collection of papers on literary topics. He also formed those popular compilations the Elegant Extracts, Prose, Verse, and Epistles. As a writer on religious subjects and divinity, he has not published much; but his productions in this line have been highly commended by those two eminent prelates, Horsley and Porteus. In his political

opinions Dr. Knox was a whig. Born Dec. 8, 1752: died Sept. 6.

*Keats, John,* a young man of distinguished genius as a poet. He died at Rome on the 28th of February, 1821, in the 25th year of his age. His works are, "Poems," published in 1817; Endymion, published in 1818; and Lamia and other poems, published in 1820. Memoirs of his life are announced, to be accompanied with a selection from his unpublished manuscripts, which, when they appear, will be so particularly noticed in this Magazine as to render any further account at this time unnecessary.

*King, Frances Elizabeth.* This excellent woman, who was relict of the late Rev. Richard King, and sister to Sir Thomas Bernard, was author of A Tour in France, 1803; and of several religious and moral publications; viz The Beneficial Effects of the Christian Temper on Human Happiness—Female Scripture Characters. 2 vols. 18mo, &c. Died Dec. 23, aged 64.

*Lindsay, Rev. James, DD.* was a native of Scotland, and succeeded the celebrated Dr. Fordyce as pastor of the presbyterian congregation in Monkwell-street, where he officiated 35 years. He published a few single sermons, but no work of particular importance. His death, which happened on the 14th of February, was very sudden; he expired while attending a meeting at Dr. Williams's Library, Red Cross street, convened for the purpose of considering Mr. Brougham's projected bill on the subject of Education.

*Nielson, Rev. W., DD. MRIA.* Author of several useful publications for schools; Greek Exercises, and Key; Greek Idioms exhibited in Select Passages from the best Authors, 8vo.; Elements of English Grammar; besides these, he wrote an introduction to the Irish Language and some single Sermons.

*Piozzi, Hester Lynch.* This lady will not be remembered so much for her own productions as for having been, during a long series of years, the friend of the celebrated Johnson. As a writer, though occasionally lively, she is frequently frivolous and flip-pant. Died May 2, aged 82.

*Rennie, John,* was born June 7th, 1761, at Preston Kirk, in the county of East Lothian, Scotland. In his earliest youth he discovered a taste for mechanics, and commenced life as a millwright, but fortunately soon afterwards connected himself with the late Mr. Watt, the inventor of the steam-engine. On the death of Mr. Smeaton, Mr. Rennie succeeded him in many public works, and was soon at the head of the list of civil engineers. He had now sufficient scope for the exertion of his talents; nor did he neglect the opportunity that now presented itself of acquiring fame as well as emolument. The London and East India docks, the harbours of Portsmouth, Plymouth, Liverpool, Leith, &c. the Bell Rock Light-house, the Quay at Woolwich,

above all, the Waterloo bridge, are indisputable proofs of his genius, and will perpetuate his name. M. Dupin has published a necrological memoir of him. Died October 4.

At Shiraz, in Persia, aged 35, Oct. 5, 1821, *Claudius John Rich. Esq.* (Author of the "Memoirs of Ancient Babylon," ) late resident of the East India Company at Bagdad; to which station he was raised before the age of 17, in consequence of his great literary attainments and distinguished merits. He was at Shiraz on his way to Bombay, when he was carried off by that fatal disease, the Cholera Morbus, the ravages of which, in that city, swept off, in the short space of five days, sixteen thousand persons. His untimely death will be the subject of most painful regret to many of his friends who remember his truly amiable character, together with his intense application and his ardent genius, by means of which he was enabled to make an almost unexampled proficiency in the Hebrew, Greek, Persian, Arabic, and Turkish, as well as in several of the European languages. Independently of his extraordinary acquirements, thus prematurely lost to the world, his death will excite additional regret in the mind of the Christian, from his having engaged in the most decided manner, to promote the circulation of the Scriptures through Persia, and other parts of the East; and an ample acknowledgement of his valuable services is contained in the records of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

*Rodriguez*, an eminent Spanish Astronomer. He was appointed by the Spanish government to assist Biot and Arago in measuring an arc of the meridian; and was for some time engaged in astronomical pursuits at both London and Paris. Died, aged about 45.

*Scott, John.* The particulars of the life of this gentleman, author of *The Visit to Paris*, *Paris Revisited*, *The House of Mourning*, a poem, and late editor of the *London Magazine*, are too important to be given in that brief space to which our present article would limit us. We wait with anxiety for the appearance of memoirs of his life, from the pen of one who is of all persons the most competent to undertake such a work, and when these are published we shall recur to the subject.

*Scott, Rev. Thomas*, Rector of Aston Sandford, Bucks, born at Brayloft, near Spilsby, in Lincolnshire, February, 1747, was author of several valuable theological and religious works. His *Force of Truth* is a popular publication, and has been frequently translated. Many of his writings were in reply to the objections raised against Christianity by infidel and speculative authors; such are his *Answer to Paine*; *Rights of God*, &c.; but he will be best known as a commentator on the Holy Scriptures. His edition of the *Family Bible*, on which he was employed for thirty-three years, has been frequently re-printed, and is a work of great ability and merit.

*Stephens, Alexander.* This gentleman who was a native of Elgin, in Scotland, where he was born, 1757, was educated to the profession of the law, which he abandoned for that of literature. Mr. Stephens was an author from choice, being possessed of handsome property. Died February 24.

*Thurston, John*, was a native of Scarborough; he designed a number of book-plates for popular works. Died, aged 48.

*Twiss, Richard.* This amusing tourist was born at Rotterdam, April 26, 1747, where his father, who was an eminent English merchant, resided. His works are *Travels in Portugal and Spain*, 2 vols. 8vo. 1772; *Tour in Ireland*, 1775; *Trip to Paris*, 1792; *Miscellanies*, 2 vols. 8vo. 1805. Died March 5.

*Vince, Rev. Archdeacon, M.A. F.R.S.* Plinian Professor of Astronomy at the University of Cambridge, known by his various writings on astronomical and mathematical subjects.

*Walker, Adam*, Lecturer on Natural and Experimental Philosophy. This gentleman invented a variety of useful contrivances, machines, &c. viz. engines for raising water; improved method of pumping vessels at sea; wind and steam carriages; the empyreal air-stove; the celestina harpsichord; the eidouranion; the rotary lights on the Scilly Islands; a boat to work against the stream; a curious weather-gauge, &c. Died February 11, aged 90.

*Weber, Anselm.* This celebrated composer was born at Manheim, 1766; he was at first destined to the church, and passed through a course of theological studies, but his attachment to music preponderated, and determined him to embrace that as his profession. He afterwards travelled with the celebrated Abbe Vogel through Holland, England, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden; became director of the band at the theatre at Berlin; and subsequently on his return from Paris, 1805, was appointed leader at the Chapel Royal at Berlin. He set to music many of the pieces of Goethe and Schiller; for the last he composed the music of Hermann and Therselda. His operas had great success. Died March 23.

*Walters, John*, Architect. His principal works are the beautiful chapel, in the pointed style, on the London Hospital estate; the auction mart, by the Bank; the parish church of St. Paul, Shadwell, &c. &c. Died Oct. 4, aged 39.

June 22, died, at the advanced age of 126 years and three days, Mr. Thadey Doorley, a most respectable farmer, residing near the hill of Allen, county of Kildare. He retained his faculties to the last moment, and was able to take the pleasure of any sort of field amusement within the last six months of his life. He was father of the renowned Capt. Doorley, well known in that country, and was married about 19 years ago at the age of 107 to a woman of 31 years of age.





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